# Borrowed Breath

I reached the top and stared out at the valley of golden hay bales;
the hills, the trees, grazing cows and the lone horseback rider emerging from the wooded trail;
framed beneath a blue sky with wispy clouds drifting gently.
The hawk spiraled lazily above the brown corn field in the distance,
perhaps seeing his breakfast crawling below even as a crow cawed with daybreak delight;
Realization struck me as I heard my own breathing.
My breath is not my own.

I am living on borrowed breath.
This morning air, the cold in my lungs, has been breathed before.
From the moment I took my first breath out of the womb,
I have borrowed this breath that has been breathed throughout time;
whistled by birds; snorted by horses; panted by cows; whispered through trees.
Shared by all living things.

The rider waved to me with a smile.
Her pony-tail swished like the horse's tail and she held my eyes briefly;
willing to share her joy of her morning ride.
I waved back to her with a full heart;
a  moment of connection speaking to this revelation;
that we all live and move in a sea of others.

My breathing, the clop of horses hooves, the crow-caw,
all songs written in the same key;
the key of communion that binds us together;
And saves us through and for each other.

I took another deep breath;
breathing in this air gifted freely as I descended the hill;

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Feeling the simple joy of existence,
so thankful for this moment;
willing to bring the truth to whoever and whatever awaited.



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