

Your Breath

Your breath whispers through the trees,
A gentle wind that sets me free.
No weight of sorrow pulling me down,
No heavy air, no restless sound.

The world slows down, the rush subsides,
In your arms, a stillness hides.
My lungs fill deep with open skies,
A peace reflected in your eyes.

Your breath becomes my calm, my song,
A place where broken things grow strong.
The pain has passed, the storms are gone,
I stand renewed, and I carry on.

No fear, no mask, no need to hide,
Your breath becomes my faithful guide.

It feels like a truth I somehow knew,
A hidden road revealed, coming into view.
To hold the quiet, release the past,
And let what matters be what lasts.

So here I stand, beneath the sky,
With open lungs and open eyes.
The air feels different than before,
Like I have found an unlocked door.

In your breath, I find my way,
A steady light through every day.
And with each breath the old world fades,
As something new in me is made.

No chains of yesterday remain,
No borrowed fear, no breathless pain.

I breathe you in, the sky turns blue,
And every breath, now begins with you.