

You let me catch my breath

I always thought
it was *my* job
to do the work
of breathing

the in and out
the lungs' labour
to try
to catch my breath
before it vanished

but now I know
I am surrounded
by your breathing
into my nostrils
your breath of life

your out-breath
my in-breath
my rest your gift
your gift my rest

here
let me breathe
in time with you
Christ be my breath
Christ be my breath

*Andrew Rudd, 2020
for Foxhill*