

moment

every morning
I sit
quiet my mind
find a spec of light
sense the back of my neck
breathe in without breathing out
realize - I am alive – I wish to live
sense sexual energy up my spine

thoughts feelings evaporate
in the black hole of their inherent fiction
a wish to die dies

this moment
is the hearth of my existence
the embers flicker throughout the day
where on the sly I steal the light
knowing all along that this is my essential I

nothing else
but
this moment
is what I believe
is what I live for
is what I am