

T H E P O L I S H Y O U R B R E A T H G A T E

Breath clouds mind's clearer mirror,
Shatters pure reflection when inner furor
Bitches and complains at all the living light you do,
Spits hate's insults at the sweet star in you from where you do,
Sucks a secret death's silently suffocative smog soup,
Smothers vision in that negative fog loop
That fills, what must
Be empty.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. In the vast dark in back of that a small diamond star squeaks on a measureless rack: Thee. The. The.
That's time is for the beginner. Breath is for the finisher. Inside breath is strife. Outside breath is life, folks.