

## Snapshot of a Trail in Life

I wonder if I am still holding my breath.  
While Ray dictates a fib she believes.

So many circles my feet have tried.  
A redundance.

The path is still there but it has changed.  
Arching concrete grows, crumbles, and divides.

A warm hand slides across a frozen pane of glass.  
The imprint breathes for a moment with tears streaming.

Steam is a sign. But fleeting.  
I've been told many fibs.

I knew what was true when I wasn't supposed to.  
My youth was stretched into something different.

That true north path.  
My lungs yearn to live while my breath is held in suspense.

Mike Coyle

Inspiration: *Two Blue Horses* by Reb Roberts