

# Breath

Kathryn Williams

He knows who I am  
He looks at me slowly  
Each morning he gets up  
I lie and miss his body  
It's not a waste of time  
To feel the heat  
Leave the sheets

Because breath between talking is life  
Waiting for the end of now is life  
The gas on the sun sizzles  
We wait around like rain inside clouds  
Inside clouds clouds

I don't have a plan  
I've usually got one  
I want this to last  
I think I can hold on  
It's not a waste of time  
To drive past his work

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