

## BREATH

This is the long, long song that is never sung,  
What every lover of life has known as wine;  
This that is speech forever on the tongue,  
Forever missing shape of word, too fine  
A passion to be tempered by a sound—  
This that is honey of sun and the rain taste of  
the ground.

Little has ever been known of this or said,  
Little need ever be said and little known;  
This that falls away from the lips a thread,  
Impalpable and glittering, is blown  
And lost upon the elements like light—  
This that is water of dawn and the sweet black ice  
of night.

Over the head Time poises like a wave,  
Shielding an hour within its curving length,  
An hour that has no thing to offer save  
A curious pipe of madness and a strength—  
This rhythm mixing lightly with the blood,  
This tonic of dusk and leaves and drink of the moon's  
tart flood.

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