

WYATT TOWNLEY

THE BREATHING FIELD

Between each vertebra
is the through line
of your life's story,
where the setting sun
has burned all colors
into the cord. Step

over. Put on the dark
shirt of stars.
A full moon rises
over the breathing field,
seeps into clover and the brown
lace of its roots
where insects are resting

their legs. Take in the view.
So much is still
to be seen. Get back
behind your back, behind
what is behind you.

—from *The Breathing Field* by Wyatt Townley (Little, Brown and Company, 2002).
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