

## *Breath Catches*

The me that sings green  
hops across crusty snow  
while the me that hums brownly  
huddles in my bunched scarf on the merry-go-round  
I came here to hop around and get my blood flowing  
but I got sweaty and hot and sat 'n  
unbundled to dry out a bit  
meanwhile the me that whistles yellow  
is swinging on the tops of evergreens  
while the me who blackly whispers "Boo"  
scurries to and fro 'neath the  
monkeybars – looking for shadows

I don't know what I want from  
Christmas except for it to go away  
And the me who is silent and listens  
carefully, clearly, climbs up my  
nose then quietly sits upon  
my eyebrow.

Ray B.  
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