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Pale Hummingbird

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Esther Marie García, "Floating Tree," 2018

Pale Hummingbird
by Esther Marie García

I forgot to breathe
and in doing so I forgot to live
I forgot what it was like to live
and in turn forgot when it was I had last lived
I had forgotten the golden glitter sparkle shoes of a dancing 3-year-old
I forgot about my journey
focusing on the destination
I forgot to take refuge under the shade of the floating tree
I forgot what it was that made me laugh
I forgot to eat or when it was I last tasted something good
I forgot that the wind would bring me overdue faith
I was unable to smell a beautiful man, fresh from the shower
I forgot hungry daughters
I forgot to remind myself to exhale before my chest was about to explode
I forgot what it felt like to feel the breeze of wisdom from my mother
I forgot I was holding the breath
that was preventing
and stopping
and yielding
A life
sacred lives
Also seizing the breathing of little children
I forgot the desires of a child
who wanted a warm bath with mermaids
or maybe wanted the hummingbird to be vibrantly pink
the trophy of a poisoned teen un-seen
I forgot what lace felt like
I forgot to notice that the mystic trunkless tree was ahead
I forgot my name and who I was
I have truly become unaware of what a breath is
and was confused about breathing
I forgot a blessing
many blessings
I forgot to breathe
to live