

Breathing Brave by Scott Mason

A pause,
A moment,
suspended thinly in time
for the brave, who by simply
being brave, prove their bravery
as surely as they disprove their doubt.
For as that suspended moment then rushes on
and in the eyes twinkle the lingering
of questions and weight of thought,
and a quick pulling inhale,
it is in that thinly hanging breath
that the brave see, they know, they sense
doom, impending deafening consuming...
Uncertainly wears a cloak of fire
and fear feeds that flame with every
molecule of oxygen that remains.

And so the brave hold their breath, squint their eyes
against the fire, rationalize a thousand
escapes from this moment and then...
Then muster a resolute, small but firm nod of the head
pulling one foot out of that moment and forward
mirrored by the other foot, eyes set upon the next moment
and knowing only that against reason, against
fear and desolation and swarming doubt,
against that foreboding flame, lies hope,
suspended thinly in a moment
proving itself to be hope by simply being
A shadow that is but a shade lighter than all that is around it.
and this is enough to exhale.