I live in thin air,
bouyed tenuously
by mystery and hope.
I travel this airy tendril
honoring what has been
engaged in what is now
and envisioning what can be.
It is a place between
and above and within.
I breathe in this thin air,
inhale its possibility,
and am filled with expectation.
Breath of God,
Spirit mine!

Vicki M. Kabat