

## The Acorn

### "Hold Your Breath"

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There's a river that parts the valley of this town,  
following the road up to your father's farm  
Your rosy lungs will empty on the day that you were  
born  
And no one thought you'd make it past the morning

Hold...

Your brother said your mother was a firefly you buried  
in the earth  
And every night the firelight warms the tender bits  
of skin beneath your shirt  
The climbing constellations move in semitones  
And sit behind the county line in the melody of  
gravitation

Hold...

Calling on the colours of the globe  
Sleep amongst the mango trees and poisoned oaks  
A flood for every footprint, for every mile we forgot  
Though your hands were little, we always?

Hold your breath...

The sanctity of soil  
Wandering roots and living oils  
Unions underground

All around, mountains like diaphragms  
The rhythms of a landscape that is breathing

Hold your breath...

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