

Jeffrey Arnett

God's Breath

I stand on the same bridge
and breathe in the fog
you called, *God's breath*,
your epitaph falling
into the ocean far below.

If you listen between heartbeats
you can hear the suicides
falling, always facing the shore.
Splashing more softly
than you expect,
most sinking so quickly
you barely notice.

When you jumped
did you look to the bright lights
of the city or close your eyes?

The fog lisp over the sea
and it could be God's breath
and this is the very bridge, brother,
where you let go your last handhold.

From here, I can barely see the shore
and the silence drowns your voice.
If we were deaf only our hands
could speak of love.