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## Respirando (Breathing)

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## ***Breathing***

I feel the air from his lips;  
    the rhythm of his lungs.  
It touches me like the breath of  
    the night;  
    the nights I know well.  
The darkness envelopes me and his sweet  
    breath is the cord that  
        keeps me in this place.  
He turns and I do the same;  
    we are back to back:  
        like brother and sister.  
Our feet touch and the night is solitary.  
I only hear the air from my mouth;  
    it smells like cigarettes:  
    it is not sweet, but bitter.  
There was a time when to sleep was  
    welcome.  
And then, in the fires of passion, when it was  
    unnecessary.  
Later, sleep becomes the shared space of  
    loneliness...

Tanya J. Chor

## *Respirando*

Siento aire de los labios;  
    el ritmo de los pulmones.  
Me toca como el aliento de  
    la noche;  
    las noches las conozco bien.  
La oscuridad me envuelve y su aliento  
    dulce es la cuerda que  
        me mantiene en este sitio.  
El se vuelve y yo hago lo mismo;  
    estamos espalda a espalda:  
        como hermano y hermana.  
Nuestros pies se tocan y la noche es solitaria.  
Solamente oigo el aire de la boca;  
    hoele a cigarillos:  
        no es dulce, es amargo.  
Era un tiempo cuando el dormirse  
    era acogido.  
Y entonces, en los fuegos de pasión, cuando  
    no era necesario.  
Luego, el dormir convendrá un espacio compartido de  
    soledad...

Tanya J. Chor