

# Hold Your Breath

## The Acorn

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 morningHold... 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 gravitationHold...  
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 breathingHold your breath...  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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