

POETRY

# Dying to live

I die many times each day  
Up close and personal  
With my self

In small humiliaties  
And moments of distance  
Shedding the unneeded,  
unwanted

Travelling downward all the more  
Holding onto the letting go  
The lessons of death

Waiting to bottom out  
And break through  
Reformed, re-formed

As what has always been  
Covered up falsely no more  
Dying to live

*Jim Deeds*

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