

# Breathe

By Angela Guzmán

I'm sitting in a room struggling to breathe  
Anxiety building  
Self-perpetuating thoughts of failure and weakness grab hold of my mind forcing me to  
Stop dead in my tracks  
I can't breathe. . .  
Using a paper bag. . . I. . .  
Breathe in. . . and out. . . and then in again. . .  
Hoping that the gases exchange and facilitate the restoration of blood to my core. . .  
Somewhere in my brain  
I convinced myself that I'm not supposed to be here. . . yet I long to be nowhere else  
Breathe  
In confidence so that it may radiate from your skin  
Breathe  
In acceptance of self-limitations and self-affirmations of success  
Breathe. . .  
In self-love and let it pulsate through your veins  
Breathe. . .  
Don't forget to. . . Breathe. . .  
Every time that you struggle to stand  
Just. . .  
Breathe in and walk again. . .  
So now I breathe  
Life back into self  
I breathe. . .  
Longevity and mental prosperity  
Elevating thee. . .  
I breathe and speak life back into your broken vessel  
Now you are ready to return to the sea again. . .  
So. . .  
Just. . .  
Breathe. . .  
And be encouraged. . .



Pablo Rodríguez

## Progress Note

By Elena Reyes Ph.D.

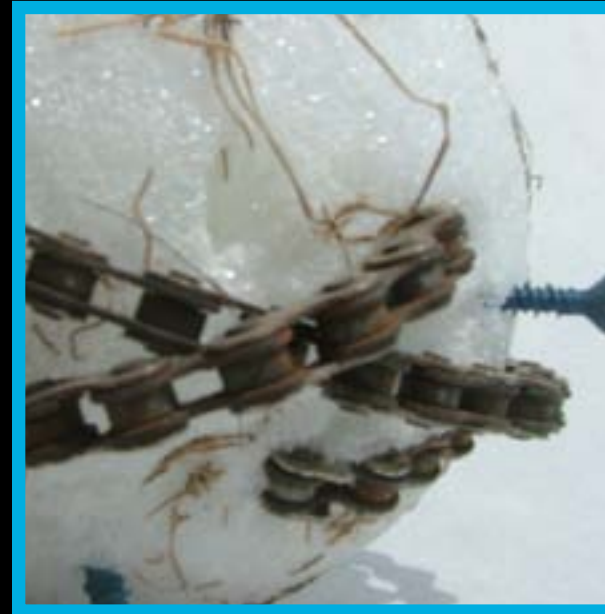
You can hardly talk,  
eyes cast down,  
tears streaming down your cheeks...  
Silently

The pain so deep,  
the history of abuse so long  
that the memories torment you...  
Silently

You walk to the edge of the dock,  
you think about your son,  
a hand taps your shoulder; you turn back...  
Silently

You are not ready yet  
but you have to leave,  
you shyly smile good-bye looking hopefully down the road  
Silently

I watch you go,  
proud of you...afraid for you,  
sending a prayer on your behalf,  
Silently



Camilo Fernández Salvador