

Zhan Zhuang Before Sunrise

Always there is the same self-satisfying discipline, the monkish training, early every morning, rain or shine, like the sex that I imagine taking place when I am lonely— always, every minute of every single day or night of every year, somewhere on this planet someone is making love with someone else while I am breathing in and out and following the breath with no attachment or purpose other than being and doing nothing but this, breathing in and out, in and out, slow and steady, smooth and easy, light and true, for as long as it takes, with no concern for anything else anywhere.

Originally published in *Orbis*

Issue #152, Summer 2010

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