

## Time of the Lungs

All I can do is collect dust. Mix with holy water and rub it on the part of your body in need of healing. Rub balls of earth between your palms and into the flaking debris of reliquaries in holy shrines, picking up remnants of gold.



**T**hyme bends and alters, flattened in my back pocket, unexpectedly releasing its aroma anytime it experiences pressure. I encounter a few thriving branches close to Santa Cova, nourished by a trickle of water from the rocks above. I collect water at the Chapel, and there I say a prayer for peace, and for peace of mind.