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Breath

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Breath

by Lance Nizami

Sky, the sky so big, it streams in breezes into open mouths
The sky's exhaled by me, inhaled by other me's, the sky-inhalers
Air: it's colorless, yet blue with smoke and grey with grease and yellow-gold with pollen

My breathing's strained; I gasp to pull in air
My chest is tight with load of air, a burden, mass of smoke and grease and pollen
Can any man endure the stress upon the rhythm of his lungs

There must have been a prehistoric time when air was clean, invigorating–

Imagine that; primordial and pristine, imagine that–
Imagine atmosphere so clear that every night reveals the Milky Way
Imagine air so clear that every day reveals a blue horizon-line

Imagine subtle scents of flowers carried far on wind, or on still-air
Imagine sky, the sky so big, it streams in breezes into ancient mouths
The sky's exhaled by ancient mouths, inhaled by other ancient mouths, the sky-inhalers–