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untitled

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Untitled

KYRA BLAIR

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Blair: untitled
right now

in this moment

there is a collective breath

the seconds just willingly escaped from

the calloused palms of my hands

in the time that it took me to write those words

there was a collective breath

from eight billion people

from eight billion pairs of pale pink lungs

listen to the drum line

confident and mighty and strong

listen to it cling closely to that melodious sound

inhale, exhale

inhale, exhale

the same oxygenated breath of air
like clockwork for the mechanism
of body and chest cavity and lungs

there is a beautiful innateness

in the way that man was made

from a single divine breath

inhale, exhale

inhale, exhale

a simple act of biological nature

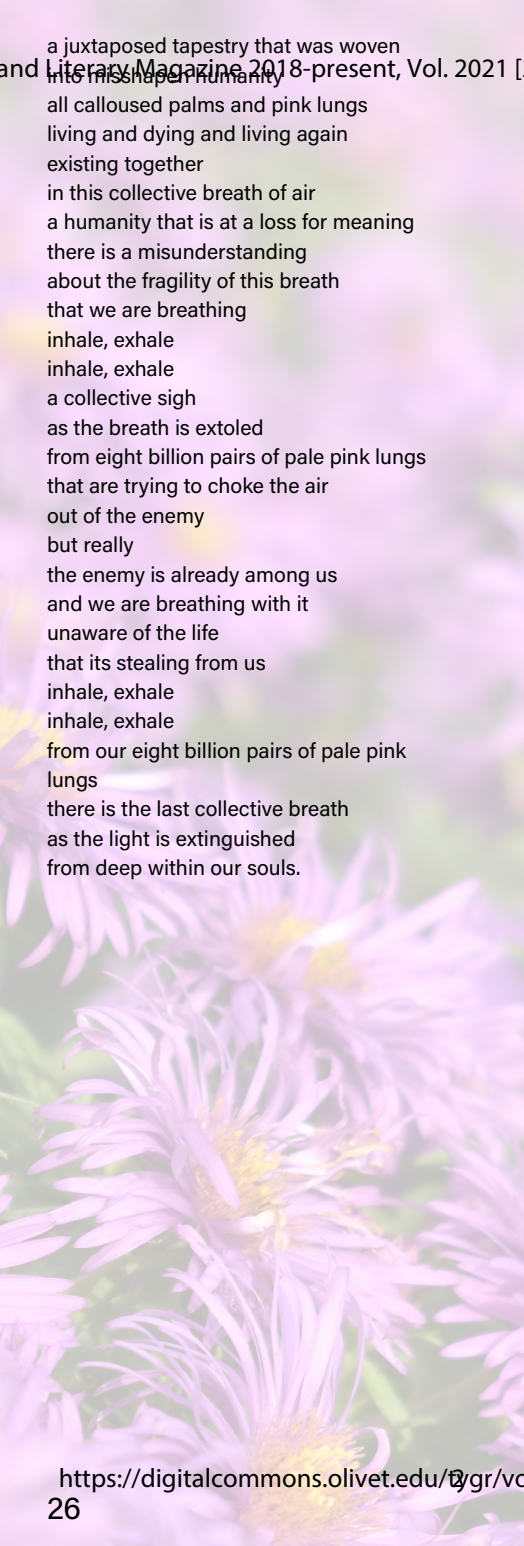
stirred the dust from its harrowed home

brought life into these lungs

carried existence into these bones

generations upon generations were born ¹

from that very first breath



a juxtaposed tapestry that was woven
and Literary Magazine 2018-present, Vol. 2021 [into misshapen humanity
all calloused palms and pink lungs
living and dying and living again
existing together
in this collective breath of air
a humanity that is at a loss for meaning
there is a misunderstanding
about the fragility of this breath
that we are breathing
inhale, exhale
inhale, exhale
a collective sigh
as the breath is extoled
from eight billion pairs of pale pink lungs
that are trying to choke the air
out of the enemy
but really
the enemy is already among us
and we are breathing with it
unaware of the life
that its stealing from us
inhale, exhale
inhale, exhale
from our eight billion pairs of pale pink
lungs
there is the last collective breath
as the light is extinguished
from deep within our souls.