

Inhale,  
exhale,  
in,  
out,  
in,  
out.

The air surrounds us,  
A presence we can't quite ignore,  
Impinging on our awareness,

Like sitting next to a stranger,  
waiting for a bus;  
silent but aware of each other.

Air turns to breath,  
When it enters our bodies.  
Breathing is bad for your health.

Air is sticky, it's viscous, it's thick.  
Feel it on our skin,  
Between our fingers,  
Pressed against our faces.  
Feel it getting thicker,  
Smell its thickness,  
Breathe it in.

Inhale,  
exhale,  
in,  
out,  
in,  
out.

Continue without losing conciseness.  
Cling to our nose hairs as we breathe it in,  
The more it sticks, the stickier it gets.  
Catching on the already caught,  
Sticking on the already stuck,  
Thickening on the already thick.

A threatening vulnerability  
Our bodies expand,  
An attempt to get deeper,  
Not before it sticks in our throats.  
Slowly moving through our airwaves.  
A thick sludge,  
Thickening, accumulating inside

Inhale,  
exhale,  
in,  
out,  
in,  
out.

Sticking to our flesh  
The air penetrates.  
Can't escape the stickiness.  
It reaches our lungs.  
Fill us up.  
Touching every bit and becoming attached.

We can't stop, our bodies won't allow it.  
This sticky air is keeping us alive  
A breathing body  
Is a living being.  
Poisoned with each breath.  
An itch  
Of inner discomfort and anxiety.

Inhale,  
exhale,  
in,  
out,  
in,  
out.

No getting out now,  
Deep inside and stuck.  
The sludge seeps in,

A sponge being dropped into a hot bath,  
Absorb the surrounding

The walls of our lungs, and into our blood.  
Carried to every tip of our bodies,

Inhale,  
exhale,  
in,  
out,  
in,  
out.

Poisonous,  
Automatic,  
Unavoidable,  
Natural,  
Not natural,