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I Don't Need to Breathe

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I Don't Need To Breathe

Kristin Rothell

| It suffocates. | |
|--|-------|
| It destroys. | |
| It consumes. | |
| It hurts. | |
| Blood red on bone white, | |
| Scorched skin on fragile frame, | |
| Everything gone, gone in a | |
| Split | |
| Second. | |
| I can't bre | athe. |
| | |
| It grows. | |
| It learns. | |
| It breathes. | |
| It lives. | |
| | |
| Blistering heat blackens uncovered skin, | |
| Pain a distant thought until adrenaline fades, | |
| Everything alight in | |
| Dancing | |
| Shadows. | |
| I can't bre | athe. |

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The Promethean, Vol. 25 [2017], Iss. 1, Art. 59 It invades. It spreads. It overruns. It kills. Breath overcome by pain, Blessed air no longer sweet, The dark of oblivion beckoning— So Close. I can't breathe. It hurts. It lives. It kills. It's here. I feel it in my lungs, stinging in my eyes, My legs burn with every stuttering step, My very self is being consumed. Slowly. Deliberately.

I can't breathe.

I no longer have to.

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