

To Breathe a Full Breath

When I take a breath
I feel the air enter my lungs
and stop.
Dead in its tracks
grimy mucus ordering halt!
Prohibiting the air to have full-access,
but I will not let physical sensations define who I am.
I am more than an illness.

One day when the cure is found,
I will take a deep breath
with nothing in the way;
fresh pure air gliding into my lungs,
entering every bronchus,
all muscles working,
breathing without pain or assistance.

And I will shout in exuberance,
voice louder than ever before,
“I can breathe!”
“I can breathe!”
I will repeat in encore,
“I can breathe!”
“I can breathe!”
How could I ask for more?