

Lungs to Fill

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Husk the inner eye of its prismic film, distorting
like a carnival hall: with unclean air whirling fine
dust and sick-sugar. So much a miracle that you can,
and have reason to: breathe. Deliberately—not unnoticed,
but still automatic. That it forces itself unobtrusively
to keep you living. And rerealize you're alive. Stain
your face with tears that prove you: amber exfoliant for pearls.