

POETRY

Lung Capacity

By **Rachelle Bramly**

I hold today like an offering:
there is so much about this world
I do not know. The sky
is a vibration of billions
of beings: all life communicates –
where does voice originate? The depths
of the oceans: less explored
than outer space. Great abysses
I dreamed of as a child –
helmet intact until it cracked
and I suffocated. What
are we trying to find out there?
The universe will expand forever,
I'm told. The ocean, in theory, has a floor –
will we ever be satiated? We eat
until we're sick. I dream
of what it feels like to be filled
with outer space... I can
finally breathe.