

## Breath

Ella Morton

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# Breath

Poetry • **Ella Morton**

April of freshman year, it stormed so loud  
the cinderblock walls of my dorm rattled.  
I could hear the rain splattering  
Against the screen of our open window  
I wondered if it was coming into the room  
And rolled over in bed.

When I panic I breathe too fast  
Pushing as much air out of me as possible  
I create a windstorm around me  
As if I could take off from the ground  
Or breathe fire, if I ventilate fast enough.

But sometimes, when I feel out of control, I just breathe in and in  
Expanding my lungs to full capacity  
And I hold it for as long as I can  
Until I feel like I could lift off like a balloon.

My roommate, who is a better person than me, climbed down from the top bunk.  
She shut the window quietly  
She thought my even breathing  
Meant that I was asleep.