

POETRY

tiny arctic ice

Inhale, exhale
6.7 billion people breathing
Some of us in captivity
Our crops far-flung
Prison is a place where children sometimes visit
Jetted from Japan, edamame is eaten in England
Airplane air is hard to share
I breathe in what you breathe out, stranger
We send tea leaves to distant friends
Aracauna chickens won't lay eggs in captivity
Airplanes of roses lift above Quito mountains
When the fish diminish, folks find jobs in prisons
Sometimes children visit
Terminator seeds are hard to share
And the fish diminish
The roses, the tea, and the edamame, far-flung
The roses, the tea and you
You breathe in what I breathe out, friend

—*Kaia Sand*