

The Breath from My Lungs

by Danielle Ginchereau

Hundreds of thousands of bats
like a tornado sweeping the summer sky
emerged from their dark hollow
in search of mosquitoes.
Strand by strand
their synchronized cyclone unraveled into a single thread
that stretched far across the dusky sky.
With them fluttered the breath from my lungs
as I watched
Invisible, Insignificant
from outside their nocturnal sanctuary.