

# Flying Inside Your Own Body

By Margaret Atwood

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Your lungs fill & spread themselves,  
wings of pink blood, and your bones,  
empty themselves and become hollow.

5 When you breathe in you'll lift like a balloon  
and your heart is too light & too huge,  
beating with pure joy, with pure helium.

The sun's white winds blow through you,  
there's nothing above you,

10 you see the earth now as an oval jewel,  
radiant & seablue with love.

It's only in dreams you can do this.

Waking, your heart is a shaken fist,  
a fine dust clogs the air you breathe in;

15 the sun's a hot copper weight pressing straight  
down on the think pink rind of your skull.

It's always the moment before the gunshot.

You try & rise but you cannot.