Hold it in.

Hold it in. Conserve the air. You only have so much left to spare. Hold it in. Let it out, and suffocation is all there is. Thieves stick around, waiting cruelly for the moment to steal your oxygen, like they always steal you and the palm of your hand, the home of your love and your life.

Hold it in.

Hold it in. Conserve the air.
Don't waste it on those who long ago decided that your right and your wrong are wrong; their right and their wrong are right. Spitting words like sour milk, they say, "leave me at peace."
But they have never struck a balance with chaos so challenged by those who have heat-ridden hearts in this summer of caustic climate.

Hold it in. Conserve the air. Already have they claimed their right to your liberties. They can dismantle, eradicate, destroy, murder, demolish, eliminate, corrupt, break, wreck, raze, annihilate. From the start, they taught you to willingly and patiently suffocate.

Hold it in.

Hold it in.

Hold it in. Conserve the air. On this ground, they drown you though no water is to be found. They made you desperate, dehydrated. "Beg," they say. "Beg for a drink." But a drink is to drown, and to drown is to surrender to think the way they think.

Hold it in.

Hold it in. Conserve the air. For every breath you keep from them is one less time they innocently shoot six times, arm themselves against toy arms, kill a boy, kill a man, kill a girl, kill a woman, kill any and all. Kill without consequence till we choke.

Hold it in.

If they fail to teach us how to suffocate on our own, they'll come with hands ready to wrap tight. To grip, to choke. To persevere as we gasp, "I can't breathe."

Hold it in.

Hold it in.

Conserve your air.

With oxygen on our side, next time —

Hold it in.

— maybe we won't die. Hold it in. Hold your breath.

Deny their suffer suffocation. Knock them off. Break their grip. Clock ticking, breath slipping.