



## MAKING SENSE #6

**Every breath in  
Lebanon feels like a  
gamble with fate**

***By Najat Saliba and Rashad Rafeh***

Each morning, I wake up to a world thick with poison. The air [in Lebanon](#) grows heavier, each breath a struggle as the death that hangs around us tightens its grip. Many people are falling ill, suffocating from this noxious haze that seems to settle deeper into our lives with each passing day. The night sky is shattered by explosions. As the sounds of bombardment fade, what's left behind is a choking, white haze that hovers in the air.

Every inhalation feels like a gamble with fate, the invisible danger lurking in each molecule. I stare at the smoke, billowing without end, feeling an unshakable dread as I wonder how much worse this nightmare will get.

Our firefighters - who might offer a glimmer of relief - are powerless to act. Israeli drones patrol the skies above, keeping them at a distance and leaving the flames to burn unabated. This toxic fog doesn't just float over the city; it permeates every space, every breath, creeping silently into our bodies and our futures. It's a catastrophe unfolding in slow motion, one that demands a response. How can the world stand by and watch in silence? How can humanity ignore this relentless destruction?

This article is posted on The National News, to read more:

<https://www.thenationalnews.com/opinion/2024/11/19/every-breath-in-lebanon-feels-like-a-gamble-with-fate/>