

A poem written while 28,000 feet in the air

We board
the flying death machine
and take off down the runway
toward the metropolis

the roar of the gigantic engines
like there is a group of charging lions
running with us

and then with one shrill yell
ping
like a metallic slingshot
we are in the air

cutting through wind
like a swordfish's nose
through water...

you can really admire
the genius of man
from this height

the plan
the form
that everything has

the patterns we've made
through gravel and manure

and as you break
the surface of the clouds
it is as if you're
sailing atop cotton balls

or when you barrel
through one
everything is so perfectly white
you can almost expect to
find God in there
somewhere

like a lost man
calling out to an iron bird

we are all given
the miracle of flight
as easily as
buying tuna fish
from the supermarket

a steady hum
fills the cabin
to remind you
of your
sentiments
that plummet
just as easily
as the plane

and soon
the green pastures
turn to orange rock

and I've done
what it used to take
thirty years to do

I've gone
home.