

Christ, George  
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Here we are, how many feet up, the right engine  
givin' out & some holy roller in the back  
suggesting we sing hymns. Amazing Grace.  
Nearer My God To Thee. Well, I guess you  
can't blame her. I, myself, would rather belt Bessie  
Smith or just stick with these Pisco Sours  
while drawing pictures in the clouds.  
That might at least prove a distraction.  
Now come on George, don't look so scared.  
Count your blessings. Ha Ha. Know what I mean?  
I mean, after all, we are together & we're finally  
able to see Rome, Piccadilly, Brussels.  
Thank god for your retirement. Thank Allah for scotch.  
At this point I'd be willing to thank anyone, shave  
my head, sell flowers, convert to Hari Krishna.  
Wait a minute. What's that stewardess say?  
*Bockle. Bockle.* That PA needs a new battery.  
Oh, so this is how the oxygen mask works. Just  
press a pillow here between the knees & the chest.  
Breathe easy. Who's she kidding? No George,  
you're not turnin' too blue. Sure they should have  
Parachutes, an ejector button or, beneath seats, maybe  
some special flap that could open right up. We'd  
float down like insects, taking in the view;  
perhaps buildings with windows large enough  
to see lights, faces, every individual expressive  
as plants. Yes, try that idea, landing on an island,  
a kind of tropical symphony enveloping us both  
like the time we sat in that restaurant, some waiter  
playing the violin. My head, heart, is on his bow  
now. Funny, a nice switch, not to feel abandoned  
or bitter. Certainly the sky has large hands, & so  
does the earth, for when it happens. George, until then,  
just sit tight. I won't let go of yours either. Promise.