

Crying On Jets

Clouds roll by &, down there,
the toss of the Atlantic is so distant
as to seem flat.

So the globe may look from a space ship:
Smooth, that is, superb marble of familiar
otherness.

Yet, up close, & how interesting, how strange:
textures of the sensuous calling, “explore”...

On this jet of dim lights
as the trays of the stewardesses
rattle small anthems,
aren't we glued to our experience
so similar with the flattest of screens
& its flickering tug?

Pulled in, sucked, & that Heroine's drama,
our lives it becomes as, around, back 'n forth,
is passed the biggest box of tissues.

It is all we & our neighbor's shoulders,
we & our neighbors, the pages, the script
of this multi-voiced Epic,

unfinished for now.

(Based on a flight over the Atlantic where “For the Boys” was shown.)