

Fear of Landing

The take-off is exhilarating,
a space launch sensation which breaks
barriers, sound. As a rubber band,
the stratosphere stretches-----

Come sail intangibility, air,
air everywhere distilling the earth
into a patchwork movement encompasses.
An eye roves to rest on a cerulean sky.

Here we are kites taking breath.
Here we are an ascending congregation.

What we give back is a miracle:
flight in the face of gravity, flight
hurdlng the naysayers.

To land is to become an artifact:
the last embers of a ritual gathering back
Icarus weighted, a parachute shot.
He comes down whistling the way stars do,
echoing fossils that burn bright.

To land is to relinquish our hold of suspension
and have the ground greet us, greet us,
an old collection of statuary the windows press in.
Apprehension rushes up as former ties come down
with a sinking inexplicable foreboding:

the returning terrain will not hold.
the severed bonds not reconnect,
the fusion won't happen, we'll skid off, break away,
center-less particles of mere feeling,
lost luggage reeling,

spilling open on that great horizontal floor-bolted carousel:

lives unclaimed.