

You're Asleep

I think
on automatic pilot
in a commuter plane.
Flying at night is the most peaceful thing.
these lights are our own Tivoli,
a cathedral of sky. Going so deep
while floating as if through glass
as it forms, is to apprehend
wow significant smallness can be;
meaning us in this vast cavern,
meaning those spires,
those good window faces-----
Look---down there in the dark.

That dark is as good as chocolate
& maybe we are almonds
for some god to swallow,
unless perhaps it's already happened
& here we are in the thick
of god's roomy bowels....

When I say *God* I mean you, so
move over, you air-bound Dutchman,
dozing at the controls,
your headphones on Wagner.
Someone's paging us from his booth
on another jet I cannot see.

Listen, it must be long distance
& I think you better wake up.
I think maybe we are like prayers
that voice now needs.