

Terminal

An abundance of light
in the symmetrical infinity
of the terminal,
leftlit, the country low
and flat in the idle distance

Spires rise above marshes,
brackish mud the foreground
to pearly milk-jug afternoons
while metal blades rip
through the charred soot air

Customers in the faux-leather
flip and scroll, finishers
of the course, bodies
and passports scanned and stamped,
eyes tempted and often seduced

It is all a pleasure deferred;
the stalls propose sex
with the gods, spirits of unsullied
origin, exquisite herbs to layer
a throaty timbre in the lungs

Gleaming sin supported
by the virtue of thrift;
in another life they sought
pears or strawberries
in fluorescent aisles

Produce ripe for journeying
over asphalt; driven away
to clapboard castles
on sterile greens, preserved
and now rotting on a cold shelf

Teddy R and TJ in the fanny packs;
George and Abe in plastic sleeves;
their snoring compatriots immovable
as the mountains, now crossing
deserts and ridges, a harvest

sleeping under the Star Alliance;
the new world buckles under the weight.