

Sitting on the Wing — Inspired by Frank O'Hara

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Perhaps it is for some stroke of fantasy
I carry my way over these fly-over states,
It's Christmas Eve, why haven't I seen you?

Age never did mellow.

Sitting on the wing, I'm half in my imagination
And half in reality, the way children are.
My watch says it's almost five, or is it eight?

I never did have a sense for time.

Little crystals form at the bottom of my window.
We embark into a wall of clouds.
I pick up my drink, and the wing flutters with turbulence.

How did I know to do that?

Misconstrued perceptions, what is the horizon at thirty-two thousand feet
But more sky? Are the Rockies the tallest mountains?
Does Phoenix own the sun? Maybe stained-glass windows were the first
movies.

The world is an iceberg; so much is hidden just below!

The sun sets over west Texas and projects stories of us from beneath.
The clouds appear a shade of gold I haven't quite seen before,
With hues of red along the ridges and puffs of blue among the fjords.

La vita è bella, in the moment.

You're the queen of hearts and I'll be the king of the air,
Bound to travel over this impersonal vastness,
The vault of heaven, it awaits our arrival, no?

But love never did look so good as when you looked my way.

And look! There's Polaris, never so far-reaching.
A view of the immaterial never so admonishing as the one above;
Reminding of brevity, perspective, and cohabitation.

I am interesting, I am modern, I am a catastrophe.

To be as constant as a northern star, I feel nothing new,
Only lesser versions of the past to singularity.
But what is reality, don't I have a right to be curious?

You were reality, and you've flown away.

Perhaps it was a flight like this one, or maybe it was just a thought,
You heard your captain speak to you as mine does now,
"Thirty minutes to landing." To board again or to go home?—I don't know.

Thoughts aren't decisions, but thoughts can be warm. Merry Christmas.