

## Boarding Flight 2517

watching  
waiting  
unable to hurry  
feet deplaning

those reaching their destination want to push through the artificial birth canal,  
to rush through our world of cheap plastic seats, half-eaten sandwiches &  
discarded cups with ice melting littering the floor, children bouncing from one leg  
to another, the nursing child unsettled by this stale air, her mother casually  
releasing her from the nipple, the only natural act in this human-designed world

they walk without a glance  
pulling only a memory of baggage  
no time for a life review at this end  
they are arriving  
we are going  
our bags packed  
hoping to be  
the lucky ones  
to make it  
into  
the overhead bin lottery  
and move  
into  
the world  
they just left

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