

Southwest

by Danielle K. Rash

I.

Clouds bank, scratching, waving and
duning
across day sands, night waters.
Horizons fade into warm,
digitally altered vapor.
Keira, full of Victor/Victoria moxie
smokes from the passenger seat.
Sun glints brightly off of wings through portals of glass. And meanwhile

II.

We're flying through the ocean
We're swimming in its shores.

III.

Rolling and boiling into cascades of froths,
the egg whites billow like floaty dresses
over and under the seeking
searchingripping
horizon's hand; land, like blushing, rouged and
muddied knees peeking,
gasps a lush and youthful immortality
into a very sunny being.

IV.

Here, too, we count, float, go
minute by minute.

V.

Your countenance slides and pants through clouds into solid, mounting turbulence;
postage;
the shrubs and scratch mar smooth plains, taste like sweat;
ridges of each rise and twist and breathe
like shoulder blades and notches
in spiral spines.

VI.

We are travelers
and these are our friendly skies.

VII.

Higher and higher we climb
until love
crystallizes on windows, freckling the arms of the passenger inside
who is being frowned at by a grumpy staid in a nearby seat

who is arguing with her spouse.
She is loudly pained, loudly stern
and frowns on our gawky, oblong,
gloriously thick
modes of flying.