

The Skydevil and I: My First Flight

Wing-over-wing
He gives the 150 a flop
 belly up belly down
We nose dive
pressure takes everything and
 leaves me suctioned to the seat.
Down
 down
 ridgepole rushes in
shingle-count is ten and then some
but then he catches a good drift
up
gives the roof the kiss-off
and leaves it far behind.

Throbbing with the rush
I see my neighbors grounded far below
playing
fliptongue just for The Skydevil
and I.

Master of every drift—he brings her down again
Sky pretzels curled under an older thumb
tickle me inside
and leave me wanting more.
I've got the fever, now
and when I get my wings together
 nothing will be able
 to bring me down again.

JACK WRIGHT

Blank Pages

Blank pages
Totally full of things we cannot see
Blank faces
Totally full of looks of non-belief
Shallow pools
So we can see everything therein
Shallow feelings
That keep us from learning how to swim