

# IN FLIGHT

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Dark morning over Ohio, scattered patches  
of cities alive like embers. Farther west,

occasional silos, square fields of snow.  
If, in the striped whiteness of field and road,

too small to see, a woman without a sister  
walks without carrying a single thing,

do her arms grow heavy? The man next to me  
snores as the wheels touch, the slight bounce

like the word *welcome*. He continues to sleep  
as everyone else unbuckles. I think,

*I'd be him*, the fortunate thing, arriving  
without knowing, oblivious to the gentle tug.