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Plane Crashing over Boston

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PLANE CRASHING OVER BOSTON

You are thinking of something else
the fuselage could crumple up like
a piece of wrinkled fruit
wrenched steel
engines working against each other
raaa, raaaa
the riveted wing-seam ripped open like
a giant zipper
falling you are
falling the cockpit
canopy blistered like a gourd
before the captain's eyes the
baggage compartment cracking
suitcases banging together
spilling silly women's hats
hairbrushes
bottles of shaving lotion
sailing through the sky
20,000 feet down
breaking like
eggs against rocks a
woman's slip dangling by one
strap from a treebranch like a
deflated parachute like
satin slipcovers like the
loosed pages of a
magazine fluttering slowly to the
ground like leaves a
red-haired stewardess trips and falls
against you
as the plane veers there is an
instant of pleasure a
bundle of fragrant hair passes along
your cheek one
breast beneath a
sheer white blouse
brushes your
shoulder and then the

deadly impact the
collapsing vertebrae the
neck snapped loose at the
medulla oblongata the
windows exploded the
mouthful of debris and the
siren-like whistling of the black winds of
chaos

ONE READER WRITES:

She would see it in *Time Magazine*: a picture, himself in the foreground, still strapped to the seat, bent double across the belt, chin on chest, elbows limp, hands drooping and swollen, one shoeless foot two inches deep in muck, slightly deformed at the ankle, collar and cuffs amazingly spotless, a bolt from the tail-fin blown like a needle through his liver, blood and yellow bile oozing out through the stain on his suit, slowly filling the chromium ashtray in the arm-rest, cigarette butts rising to the top, overflowing; rust already setting in, melted plastic, pieces of burnt cloth, the ruined spirals of aluminum girders, lymph and ectoplasm flowing green in the mudpuddles folded unused vomit bags stirring in the wind.