

Masthead Logo

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UFIs

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*Diane Furtney*

UFIs

*Columbus, Ohio 1998*

Not a terrible day,  
exactly, just a longish, afternoon foray

into Stupid Land, with the usual souvenirs:  
compression, hurt, some disarray. But in the near

distance, over the mall's parking lot, crowds  
are ambling now the way that fish know how

to amble, and clouds in the east, thin and dusky,  
frond up over the lighted movie marquee

under which a couple of friends already wait,  
both expert at opening the gate

to the Land of OK. Still,  
it's from somewhere entirely else, the sudden feel

of lift, it's like an inner flare  
after a breath of something like an off-Earth air,

and abruptly all the molecules  
in this medium-sized organic module

find themselves well across the border  
into the Land of Fine, re-intact and in good order.

Oh, I wouldn't claim that it isn't routine,  
just an epi-event: a burst, maybe, of dopamine

after a protein dinner; or ATP, charging  
across membranes F and R, thereby enlarging

a lot of peace-of-mind receptors.  
Even so, it's the kind of thing that could appear,

being such a specific experience,  
on a life list of emotional events:

the giant loves, the moderate loves, the graduation  
out of loss or into loss, this occasion

and that of motherhood and fatherhood,  
the repetitions of bad and good

varieties of heartfelt self defense,  
plus, oh, a hundred and seventeen instances

of Unidentified Flying Integrations,  
each independent of the will,

arriving out of nowhere and good, maybe, for hours,  
who knows? Who knows a thing about the ordinary powers?