
Flight

Samantha Atkins

Perched on the edge of
Seat D Row 33
I am a featherless eagle.
Flying so smoothly
reminds me of us sitting
calm in that empty fountain
in the August midnight.

With your long arms wrapped round my waist
we sat on the concrete lip,
our knees bent and feet resting on
copper pennies. You kissed me
hard and quick
pecking at my lips with your sugary beak
as though trying to crack me open.

I rested my right hand on the ledge
my left on your leg, and let the
spiney pricks of our biting kisses surge
from my groin to the base of my brain.
We were nothing then but stars
with legs and darting tongues
yet we were everything.

Under the moon, I said,
You are the blood my heart moves.
But you, quiet, wrapped the pads of your
fingertips
round my shoulder bones,
pressed your cheek against my nose
and whispered,
We're two drops of water in a pool.
Who knows what cloud will pull us back.

Now, after a thousand miles,
I am eyeing the bus lines on a map
colored purple and blue
and thinking of the veins in your too-distant
arms.

I am staring at my shoes
hoping you will await the December moon
to collect me like the fractured bits
of starlight I will be.