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## Selected Poems

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*Security*

I am the  
    four thousand  
    six hundred  
    fifty-third  
    body  
to pass through this scanner today.

I raise my hands to the heavens  
as though at gunpoint.

I am declared safe.

She is the  
    four thousand  
    six hundred  
    fifty-fourth  
    body  
to pass through this scanner today.

She raises her hands to the heavens  
as though at gunpoint.

She is declared safe.

## *Turbulence*

Flying is safer than driving  
but we are not sure why  
when the plane rocks &  
shocks & shakes  
our spines.

The unknown entity  
speaks from the heavens:

*I'm gonna do the best I can, folks,  
to get us through this  
little rough patch.*

What must we do to be saved?

*Just sit still.*

We met Yolanda an hour ago, and yet  
she holds my hand like a mother  
as I hold my sister's head  
against my chest.

We sit still, and still  
we reach out.