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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.