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The Flight

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The Flight

In a trail of candles
he was painted against the stars,
largely because I placed him there,
my high trailed love,
like an airplane
pressed to the lip of the sky.

I packed my bags two days
ahead, excited to fly,
to see him, to be in the air,
so close, like the
wobbled lines, red
tipped black birds, to have someone

to look forward to. It
takes lift-off, births me into worlds
that esteem romance, pink post-its
with love on them,
trifles like gold
bookmarks, journal bound in leaves,

“botanical miracle.”
I wear the green of forests, black
velvet coat from the thrift store,
and when his tall
father, sheepish,
turns away his head at our kiss, know

we are true, the couple
in the airport annoying tourists.
And then there it is: the goodbye,
flight follows then ends,
landing, touching
timid the earth as I touched his skin.

Sarah Bishop, '06