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## Flying Machines in Pieces on The Ground

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## Flying Machines In Pieces On The Ground

What is it you think when you look into  
the polished wood and your face glares  
back at you, dead as the woman lying inside,  
and the ceiling light shines clear against  
the oak surface and blinds you as the sun  
must have spotted her eyes when she glanced  
at it from the same airplane window which now lies  
in fragments embedded in burnt patches of dirt  
in those Carolina hills, dirt charred a shade  
darker than the casket in front of you;  
the rich grains in the oakwood catch your eyes  
and you fall into their coiling pattern  
while the preacher's voice fades out as each grain  
circles like the plane must have spiraled, twisting  
against the still sky, tail spinning downward until  
it smashed into the earth and exploded into a shower  
of flames and ash which covered the wreckage so completely  
that when they hand you the shovel, you will pass it on, knowing too  
well she has already been buried.

*Kelly Bondurant*