

A Lesson in Futility

one small dip
the lights dim briefly
the captain tells us
 we're getting ready to
 land
the impossible softness
 of cloud
swallows us
I push up
my tray table
tense as a trapeze artist
who nearly missed the bar
and found gravity

thick green mats
separate into trees
the silken scarf
 is the sea
the strip of grey-black ribbon
fills my window
until I can't look
 last time we hit the ground
 so hard
 I lost myself in aftershock
 and then we all laughed
 because we had to
this time I'm holding on.

Sherryl Clark