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The Insomniac Awakens Frightened from a Dream of Flight

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THE INSOMNIAC AWAKENS
FRIGHTENED FROM A DREAM OF FLIGHT

Leaning on one
elbow he's awake
again thinking about
sex and airplanes.
He remembers once
while flying over Kansas
his wife told him certainly
houses in Wichita
could never be filled
with mist. But anyway it
curls in there now around
their bed glowing
articulating the curious
knot of her sleep.

He sees out the window.
The moon. Orion's sword.
The land way down.
He loves the curving
the wide weightless drift
the engine's moan
her thighs full of heat
his finger a luminous jet trail
tracing her spine arched high
her mouth open
his mouth climbing
her belly's smooth sky.

His wife sleeps on
like a vast distant plain.
He hangs perilously
on night's great wing
watching far below the
blue line of lights

in a vein behind her knee.
It blinks through now
warning of the ground
coming up fast.