

DES PETERSEN

IN FLIGHT

Among the dying, tonight,
I cannot pause to pray.
Propped here, flying
anywhere, I can only say
do not argue,
let him fade, her too;
I cannot suffer hard
for any down there or far away.

It may be difficult to agree
with me, I know, but wait -
there's a sudden wall
and then, beyond, death.
It may seem easy
said so many times
that death is no fear
but, I agree, pain is not kind....

Beyond the metal wing
stars hang, or twist,
or beckon in the window.
Light I do not miss.
No, I admit it's the dark
that troubles, not that
of death, but stark
shrill dark: that patch

that can blot the heart out.
If I shut my eyes
night covers up
awareness, thought dissolves.
This way night or day
will come as I want.
Yet, I know, balanced here,
distance too is a wall.

Far off below a ship
steers towards day,
towards a rainswept shore.
Amid dying voices you wait.
So I, breezing here across
these unfathomable waters
towards this rendezvous, await
the morning slowly turning gold.