

Freaky Slinky Fly
by pg

In the center of Uncle Field
We sink deeper.

Pick at grass

Dismantle dry leaves
Gossip about westward breeze.
Spread our legs and feel... itchier.

I point to the sky and say, "That plane just took this
world for its own."

In row 18, seat B
She's sitting to my right.

She says, "This flight's going to be the worst ever."

I don't *think* it's because
I'm sitting to her left.

She asks me if the wing is green.
I look at her toenail, then her, then the wing.
It is green.
Mediterranean mossy.

We fly through snow, through grits.
I peruse through the useless inventions
black out black.
Two eyes in an ad look uncertain
like they have no place to go.

Alone, I'm scared and hide, barefoot in a creek, with
tempered toenails and cement eyes. I can only recite:

Pick the UFO's off the trees
And take a bite
Accept what's around me
Except what's around me.