

IN AN AEROPLANE

by Valerie Bloom

The ground recoils beneath us as we speed away from Earth,
There's a roar like a volcano or a hippo giving birth,
Our silver stallion leaps the clouds and thunders
Towards the blue,
and we gasp in wonder at the sight that opens to our view.

The golden ball is sinking, but before it goes
it sheds its light on blue and white and fashions bright rainbows
Forms drops of moisture – tears of mist and sweat of hurrying clouds,
Wispy trees stand to attention, ethereal and proud.

The Cotton-candy mountains rise
like titans on the right,
Below, the azure rivers lap the
beaches of the night,
Wide fields of fleecy crops stretch
for miles like virgin snow,
And softly shifting fingers point
the way that we should go.

