

Changes

If you're like me it's happened more
than once before: waiting, patience frayed,
until your flight, delayed, is finally in store.
At last they open up the concourse door
so all your fellow passengers can surge
ahead as if to be the first on board.
But time soon passed in longed-for sky,
In tiny seats while breathing air so dry
it drives one to despair, forces us
to realize our terrible mistake, and so when
destination's gate is reached at last, an entire
cabin's complement stands up en masse
each wishing s/he might be the first one off again.

Steve Bloom
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