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New York to Shannon

Laura Winther
Western Michigan University

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Hovering above the landing strip,
I am waiting to be received.

It is 5 a.m. and the island is
so black I cannot see where the
sea sloshes over the edge of land, only
tiny sects of confetti light,
scattered, jumping and waving
out of the dark.

I prepare myself for descent,
for the moment those tiny wheels will shock the pavement,
when I will feel my bones jar and realize
the amazement of where I've been
floating, beatified, thousands of feet above anything,
and the amazement of where I am.

Soon I feel the fall and hum,
coming, coming
entire cabin holding their breath,
but always it only knicks the ground
and I exhale and smile.

The neon airport sign is blinking and buzzing red,
like I've landed at a cheap motel.

And I'm begging it not to be America with an accent, expecting
more than a stamp in my passport.

After customs I step outside, daylight has switched on,
and the green is blinding and crayon perfect.