June 2014

New York to Shannon

Laura Winther
Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol1/iss1/20

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.
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
total 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.