

lily

stretches orange shoulders from its base
recurring into soft kaleidoscope
to yawn the alien valley of its face:

six nuns bow before a bulbous rope
nodding triple-headed into space
folded in a hexagram of lace

this time, i saw the thing itself
it was naked and sad and sharp and sweet
it was the ache of heat, life's heat
spilling into space

and it was mute, animal, aware
with eyes like moons, as when
the white-tail deer stare
at you in the hills where i'm from

i think i saw myself, maybe, from
what vantage point i do not know

First-time airplane flying as an adult

A sizzling constant of fear
Bureaucratic quality to the fear

Belted into a sardine can
Bodies in a hollow metal shape
Tightly packed
Bureaucratic, impersonal, undignified; a sense of shared fate

Dying in slow motion—
It's the feeling of your coming out of your body in slow motion

In dying and in the airplane, you're **relinquishing control**: you're not in charge of what's going on in the airplane

Dying in slow motion really does convey something about being in something larger than you are

Because of the takeoff and landing, it feels like everything slows down—I don't move, I'm paralyzed, and every movement I do make is very slow and I don't move much

Start to feel constricted, cabin pressure

When your ears finally pop you come back to life, "I'm in this plane, I have no control"

Terrifying—loss of control

Birth—labor

"Flying is like driving: **trust everyone around you and trust in grace**"

A car crash that ends well

Time suspending until there's a successful landing

Time slows down to almost nothing—"Won't it be sad" that the driver will no longer be there for us

Wedding or marriage: **trust everyone around you and trust in grace**

Dying in slow motion—see your whole life, happens in an instant, getting there fast but feels it's going slow

Feels slow but it's really very fast

Lucid but you can't talk—but you understand

You're lucid, see everything around you, but can't speak, can't affect anything

Strapped into a metal tube, lots of technology, professionals bustling around giving instructions

Like dying in an MRI machine

Strange rules, people telling you what to do

You can freak out, or not—those are basically your options

If you die in there

Suddenly the clouds

Flight attendants have seen it all, are like angels, "Oh, sweetie, is it your first time?"

Have vomit bags

You have your ticket

Shot up, shot off the surface of the earth
For the first time you're looking down on the world
How to talk about

It's so small now that it's not in your face for the first time ever

Flying without a plane if you're dead

The pull as it leaves the ground—pushed back into your seat
Excitement—can be pure excitement, the power of the engines

Droning, boring, and scary if there's turbulence

Ascension to another world, planet, place
Following the sun
Entering a fairy tale and becoming the giant
I love seeing everything from way above—I'm the giant looking down
Wanting to walk outside on the fluffy clouds, the clouds look like they'd definitely support us

“How am I going to land?—safely?”
Landing: you are joined by your family who embrace you but you have gone through a
transformation
You're in a completely different place
You're wearing a coat but it's hot

Rejoining your family

