

Suspended Ethical Space – the Sky? This Mid-air Ek-sistence

Suspended ethical space – the sky?

...in the sky, sense is not already given.
yes the frisking and the passports and
“Ma’am you have to take off your jacket.”
the unveiling of bodies with laser technology –
X-race and other requirements.

The charade of looking as unsuspicious as possible,
which some people cannot help but do
because they are viewed by suspicious eyes,
continues inside the plane. Would you
like some wine? Some sleeping pills?
On board entertainment? Lights off.

When the sun glows through the shut blinds,
like a metaphor for being in heaven,
you notice that you’re above the clouds
and you have to catch your breath
just to remind yourself that you still can.

This Mid-air Ek-sistence

In mid-air, time doesn’t stop; it envelops.
Post-flight, my identity still feels scattered;
a gut-twisting anticipation gnaws from the inside –
anticipating longing
for the worlds I’ve left behind.
I sleep the jetlag off and try to dream of stasis.

I used to dream of overflowing,
of spilling from the seams of my skin because
it didn’t feel *mine* enough.
Pulled and pushed away, I tore myself off from the budding roots.

I wanted to know whether I would be enough
to nurture me. Whether I could move myself.
Kept dreaming about my mom, outraged,
because she found out that I dream of her.

The newness wears out shortly after landing,
then the same sorrows rise up again.
More more more so many more scabs than before actually.
Much more otherness sedimented on my bones.
Which, on one hand, cultivates my solid posture.
Until I remember how – I let myself unravel;
gave myself away just to feel a closeness.