

Flight

If love was like clouds and I leapt
from the plane, could I fall into you?
Could you bear me softly like faith,

muss my shadow with woolly devotion,
fold me into your core, where I could not feel
the rush of grave air?
Would you blind me, temporarily, please?

Let me glean this when I unbuckle, head for the exit:
your turning mass like milk in the belly,
your lack of certainty, the way your edges furl -

Or let me make my own cloud
here on the pane - let me hush you into an oval window
wipe a line through my breath with a finger
as if proving I have agency over love, and water and air.

Sarah Westcott