

**Aluminum Bird**

by M.L. Crider

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Tick.  
tiny pointed hands alive on my wrist.  
Tock.  
on time.  
Tick.  
a minute passed.  
another.  
old dry dead air.  
flat.  
vapid.  
An evacuated blue living room.  
Anonymous.  
Erect.  
Previous peoples' energy still buzzes around  
as if this is not my seat yet.  
Compartments stuffed with carry-ons.  
noise.  
too early.  
cold.  
loud clicks.  
things lock.  
into "place."  
everything will fit.  
lights flicker.  
battery tries hard.  
power turbines wake  
callous to the hour,  
like a cold surgeon's tool  
digging machine  
the weather.  
dank.  
grime crusted vent.  
peanuts on my seat.  
tiny wheels.  
big bird.  
heavy bags.  
heavy humans.  
white noise blades.  
tiny wheels.  
backing up.  
pointing whale nose  
bound to part the sky.

Forward now.

Slow taxi on the yellow line.

Slow taxi on the yellow line.

Precision.

Stop.

Pause.

Se

Nose lined up on yellow.

quiet.

pause.

Inhale.

Go.

Exhale.

Engines full throttle.

I surrender.

Umph.

power.

focused

straight arrow.

power.

suction back.

sexy fast.

power.

tiny wheels.

speed.

pushing speed.

adrenalin.

now more.

tiny wheels.

faster.

slant.

going...

up.

shake.

quiver.

more power.

UP.  
Airborne.  
faster now.

Loud brainless feet move in  
they tuck inside automatic cold metal doors to stay-  
clang.  
under helpless human feet.  
locked shut.  
safe now.  
brainless machine feet.

Ascension.

Power up.

Thrust.

UP.

Ding.

Do not get up.

Your fate now resides in four anonymous human hands you will not see.

bolted door.

protects the big bird's brain space.

Strapped down

in a seat

in a bird.

I am its guts.

Its eyes' pupils are two humans.  
two human pupils donning hats.  
hatted-humans pecking buttons  
controlling motion in the bird brain vat.

Double-paned window  
rushes up and sideways a vacuumed view  
away  
above the tippy-tops of now hundreds of trees.  
now dots of green.  
pools of water  
now glistening drops.  
the whole world could be but one leaf  
if the bird does not stop.

I am the insides of an aluminum bird.  
I sit next to you.

All of the cars beneath--  
Systematic flow,

Orderly.  
Tiny blood platelets pulsing through designed veins.  
A follow-the-leader blind ant-hill groove.

All of those cans--  
of liquid shake.  
Ice. Tomato juice.  
Little bottles tease.  
Little babies sneeze.  
Crated drinks.  
Pre-packaged cheese.  
Promised Cheap Coffee locked in place.  
A Mommy Dearest Museum floating in the valence of cloud space.  
"Menus" in a pocket beg to be read  
which teach of life preservers and beverages;  
of how to walk out on the bird's wing and the bird's many exits.  
The bird just pierced through the cotton.  
Billowy- in its way.  
Its wings can't flap.  
Trapped.  
I breathe.  
I peer out into nothingness.  
White motionless cotton seas  
Hide one vehement voluminous watery sea.  
Hundreds of aluminum cans full of liquid tucked in perfect place.  
Hundreds of humans full of surrender tucked in perfect place...  
Stuffing one aluminum bird.  
Some lackluster lady's voice drones on for her fifth time today.  
Old Words. Old Make-up.  
Both by lifeless rote.  
How to walk, how to buckle, how and where to throw up.  
Aluminum cans.  
Aluminum air.  
Boundless sky,  
Aluminum words.  
Soaring high  
Away and unheard.  
Automatic  
Aluminum  
Bird.

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