

Airplane

by Sophie Combs

So little,
I look out the tiny peek-hole window,
and see only blue
and wonder
what would happen if the earth didn't catch me;
So little,
that the flight attendant would always pause
and smile
and slip me an extra bag of pretzels,
and I didn't even have to say please.
So little,
that I tingled with excitement,
when the pilot said
"we're landing"
and didn't even have a chance to worry one bit
when I felt that plunge,
that core, internal feeling;
I was so little,
I squeezed my mum's hand,
Not because I was scared,
But because I was ready.