

DIANE KENDIG

From the Terminal Tower

Lately places overlap in my memory
like the stripes in a mackerel sky,
the time between them, air, miles deep,
as invisible as never having existed.

I am standing in all the lookouts I have ever known:
my father lifts me up to this window in Cleveland
and a love points out Seville from the top of the Giralda
and alone above Niagara Falls I watch whirlpools form.

And the whole while, I am with my friends
who lingered in a fortress to watch sunset
and found themselves locked in the turret.

I'm at the end of a tangent, with snow falling
and all the color gone from a view where once even
the cars were primary red and blue and green as toys.
And all the neon pink clouds are blinking off, stacking up gray.