

## **Our Ground Time Here Will Be Brief**

Blue landing lights make  
nail holes in the dark.  
A fine snow falls.  
We sit  
on the tarmac taking on  
the mail, quick freight,  
trays of laboratory mice,  
coffee and Danish  
for the passengers.

Wherever we're going  
is Monday morning.  
Wherever we're coming from  
is Mother's lap.  
On the cloud-pack above, strewn  
as loosely as parsnip  
or celery seeds, lie  
the souls of the unborn:

my children's children's  
children and their father.  
We gather speed for the last run  
and lift off into the weather.

by *Maxine Kumin*