

In Case of a Loss of Cabin Pressure

In case of a loss of cabin pressure
do remember the incandescent Romani women
with peanut butter on a spoon almost a lollypop
chickadees in maple syrup snow that blew in
during the humming purple night as we dreamt
of flying as liquid rainbow children in a flock.

In case of a loss of cabin pressure
I must remember my own Mardi Gras mask
before I tend to the sheep or the hamsters
needy as they may be and darned cute too.

In case of a loss of cabin pressure
a million tiny lights will glow perfumed
poems to gently guide us through the messes
we have made here quarrelsome mud pies
iced with wilted Queen Anne's lace stones
thrown prehistoric warheads sorry I didn't mean to.

In case of a loss of cabin pressure
we are to remember the rabbit under my seat
and yours that buckle around to keep us safe
when the plane falls from the cirrus sky

In case of a loss of cabin pressure
follow navy blue uniformed spirit guides
who come with only a fragile drum beat
squishy terms and conditions no promises
as the oxygen depletes we see the wonder

of all the molten icicles and random suns.