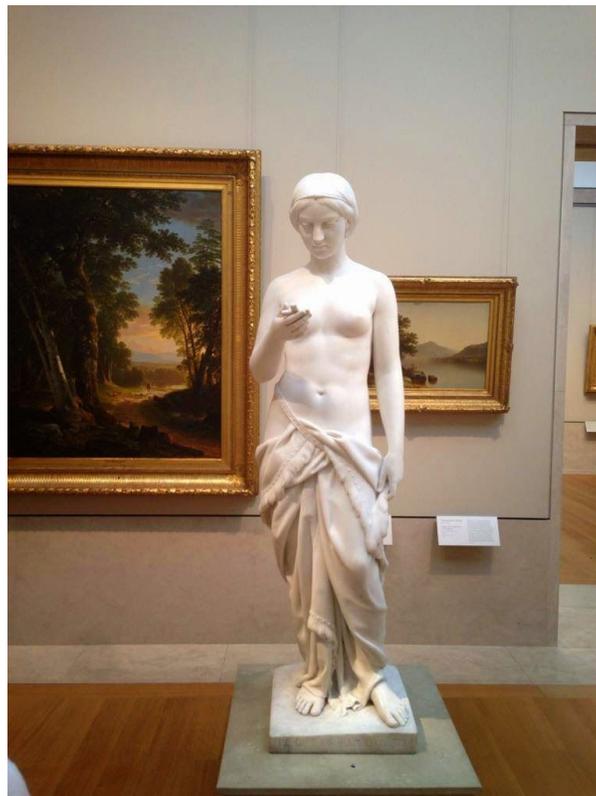


# *Flight Time*

by Albatross, January 2015



Off a pillow in morning dark  
my companion chirps and sing-songs me from dreams with a timely tune  
and remembered night click at an a.m. arrived decision  
could I have been wrong?  
my sleep addled head drunkenly calculates and misappropriates  
some skulking time hidden between my bedsheets  
No, my friend, we are both incorrect and sleep the tap beneath waking is the bit tapped  
Back to my pillow  
Hello!  
Good morning again my friend

My companion, who I grasp and agitatedly, with blurry eyes  
seeking searchingly for lost time, once again greets me

OK!

and slide to the bedside with a deft piece of practiced clumsiness

My companion remains in his nightly dock

whilst morning ablutions drag me robotic

through splashing water, creams and raking threshers that scrape face grains

buzzing blades, humming bristles, cellular murder scenes that scream, I am clean!

Clean!

I am an un-animal preened

Then, uniformed and blend-ready I hop into the saddle of my wheels

Cobalt blue steely speed that once inside I set my companion in his co-pilot place

sink in the pitchfork of usb, and say,

my friend play me something warm under this cold starry sky

and reaching through space, he in concomitance with the entire,

the whole in completeness sounds out boots of Spanish leather

and I think the times they are a-changin'

Three of us in concord ricocheting the streets with swiftness

the turning sphere tuning tones of magma over us

Stay right at the ramp, my companion warns, the airport is but a song away

Goodbye now my trusty speed I must gallop to something faster

and long striding, hauling house in tow through long autonomous walkways

as quickly as you can, my companion says, slow down my friend

We rule the world albeit nature still tells us when we can move

Flight is yet a privilege

Sat in wait my companion tells me stories of friends and fiction

He sings songs only for me in voices few used to hear

Around electronic campfires we wait for battle

and he teaches me to speak Spanish and German

He sends out his carrier pigeons with messages of love to those we love

We are sound in our – what's the word my friend? Travails

Thank you!

He weaves the wrack for me for me

Boarding flight 5723

Up and on we climb aboard the beautiful bombardier

She's rough and tumble, a tiny growler surfing shining cloud wake

The props hum hard and at times certain sung tones will shake her body like shivers  
or goosebumps on dips and drops

Spread in her blue dress over fluffy pianos at eighteen thousand feet  
she serenades me to sleep

Drowsily after her foot stomp we spill into anthill number two  
and the throng carries me along to our next site

Drop down delayed and once again, my companion, he reads me Hemingway

'Later he became conscious of his damaged wings and of their construction  
and he learned to think and could not fly any more

because the love of flight was gone and he could only remember when it had been  
effortless.'

My companion is dimming, his energy is fading

Indeed it has been a long day I say to him as his lids close and face darkens

He drains, is drained, and I unawares

I search for some means to keep him sustained

Don't go, I plead, at least tell me of our damaged wings

A last mistap misleads my friend and quotable quotes an app his last gasp,

'Computers are useless. They can only give you answers.'

-Pablo Picasso

Making my way to a stranger screen it boldly announces:

CANCELLED

And I wander the Terminal unanswered alone