

FLT #140 24E

Eat cold quiche
with arms crossed
from ivory melmac
with a real cloth napkin.

“Orange juice or champagne?”

“Both please, and coffee.”

“Coffee will be on the next cart, sir.”

“Folks, we’re presently over
Great Falls, Montana.”
The two on my left have bad colds.
His air vent blows towards me.
His breath is bad.
His elbow is over the line.

“Coffee sir?
Cream and sugar?”
Roller Derby Queen.

“Nothing.”
The medallion of beef has a nickel center,
freezer burn and lampblack seasonings.

“Lewis and Clark spent seven days
at the confluence of the Missouri
and Judith Rivers.”
Four seats to my left,
four seats to my right.
Wingtips in empty ports.

“Lewis named the Judith River
for a teenage girl he’d met
just before leaving St. Louis.
Upon returning he married Judith Hancocks.”

The girl in 17b is spectacular.
Miss Teen America.
Massaging her Dentine,
she idly rubs her left hand
inside her blouse.

Seven seats ahead,
eight seats behind,
one hundred and fifty folks
in the middle section.

“Well now on the left is Bismarck
and on the right,
behind that little puff of clouds
is Holbridge, South Dakota.”

“More coffee?”

Miss Dale Carnegie.

“Sacajawea was buried by that bridge
outside Ft. Mannet in 1814.”

“Cream and sugar?”

“Sitting Bull was buried there too.”

“Nothing.”

Tiny painted fingernails explore
back from seat 23E.
Her sister cries.
The headset pounds the song
“...it hurts so bad”
for the third time.
LAVATORY OCCUPIED.

Wide World of Sports.
Skydiving on a DC-10.
Windsurfing the Sahara.
“We will be closing the bar cart
in five minutes. White sox caps
will be raffled to the kiddies.”

Climb over your neighbors
and retreat down the aisle.
Duck into a closet to pee.
Gold rattan wallpaper
and a damp seat.
Blue flush.

One the mirror a captive fly
flies the friendly skies.