Centerfold Reflected in a Jet Window

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There is someone naked flying alongside the airplane. The man in the seat in front of me is trying to hold her. But she reflects, she is below zero, would freeze the skin off his tongue.

Beside me also someone is flying. And I don’t say, “Put on your sweater.” And I don’t say, “Come back in this minute,” though she is my daughter.

And there is an old woman riding inside the earth. Metal shoulders wear her dresses. She believed she would be an old woman flying alongside heaven because she loved, because she had always loved.

Barn Fire / Thomas Lux

It starts, somehow, in the hot damp and soon the lit bales throb in the hayloft. The tails

of mice quake in the dust, the bins of grain, the mangers stuffed with clover, the barrels of oats shivering individually in their pale

husks—animate and inanimate: they know with the first whiff in the dark. And we knew, or should have: that day the calendar refused its nail

on the wall and the crabapples hurling themselves to the ground... Only moments and the flames like a blue fist curl