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Title Poem

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CRAIG DEININGER

Title Poem

At sixteen, unannounced and unprepared for, the huge alien spacecraft descended upon me in the twilit hours. It closed out the entire sky and waited. And I did precisely what any sixteen-year-old should. With arms upraised and outstretched, I offered myself up to be their guest, their passenger. Indiana, at the time, seemed small and I had questions. Several ages, or perhaps, seconds, ticked by as the variables were weighed. But no rampway was sent down. Nor was I beamed up. Instead, they rose slowly into the sky, paused a moment, and shot off at what I could only guess to be the speed of light. They never came back. Still, I remained for some time looking off into the long empty corridor of space that had hosted their trajectory. I had questions.