



The Poetry Of Persuasion

Yesterday, as the sun set—
taut hot rays straight
in my eyes through the clouds
over the Safeway parking lot,
I carried three bags of groceries:
oranges and strawberries for breakfast,
avocados (three for a dollar), white corn
tortillas, cat food. I was smiling
because tulips were on sale—
\$1.99 a bunch, and here they are
now on the table beside me, orange
waxy ruffles mixed with daffodils
about to burst. It didn't seem unusual,
any May first, when a warm loneliness
I thought was the sun, left my skin
flushed and tingling as I put the bags
in the passenger seat, the car into reverse,
and drove west.

It would've taken a mere slip of my foot
off the break as I neared the stop
at High Drive. Not even thirty seconds,
one for each year of my life, to press the gas,
push through the guardrail,
finally feathered and wild, fly out
over the canyon. As I rise to the farthest wall,
reaching to the light, then turn and float
down. With the grace of hollow
bones, what would I be
thinking, staring past the sun?

Who am I kidding? I wouldn't think
of anything. I'd simply be happy for \$1.99 tulips,
or any ordinary loneliness I could carry.

FLIGHT

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