



*...january 25, 2010...*

*wrapped beneath a blanket sky  
far above the snow-burst ground  
i am flying corn-chip wise  
into a huge and hidden night –*

*somehow slipping over clouds  
between the mountains and the moon  
i sip at pop and fill an hour  
rustling in-flight magazines –*

*a thousand miles – maybe more  
moving through suspended time –  
cabin still – yet traveling  
the nowhere realms of make-believe.*

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