I FELT NOTHING

when I, again, rode

the rollercoaster at

a certain American theme park,

hoping that it would bring me

some joy; the thrill that comes

with being shot through air

I’d never, otherwise, experience.

Yet, not a single feeling passed

through me, save for the discontent

that comes with knowing that

no matter how little time it takes

for me to turn point A into point B, I will

never become wind — I will always be

a skeleton marked by the flesh that holds it;

attire that can get me through a turnstile,

but not necessarily a checkpoint

at the airport or the other airport or
a border. Do you see it? How lovely

it would be to become something

that cannot be contained; to become

something so present, yet so far out

of reach that no man even thinks of trying

to lay his hands on it.