

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.