

## FLIGHT

Emily Shaffer\*

He takes me up in his Cessna,  
Says he wants to show me the world from above.  
The roaring in my ears is so damn loud,  
I can hardly hear his words of love.

We soar high above the Hudson,  
Tiny boats pass by, far down below.  
To my left, the Jersey cliffs,  
To my right, a gaping hole.

I grip the seat beneath me.  
He says he loves the thrill of the flight.  
My trembling feet long for the ground;  
There'll be nightmares tonight.

As we fly forward, his love so bold,  
My heart stops beating, my thoughts grow cold.

We touch down so gently,  
He smiles and asks if I'm okay.  
He's grounded, but now I'm flying,  
Soon, Love, I'll be running away.

I'm already gone, I'm flying away.  
Can't hold on, I'm flying away.

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\* **EMILY SHAFFER** grew up in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and has been writing poetry, fiction, plays, and essays since she was ten. She has an MFA in film production from Boston University and has worked in publishing and film in New York. She is currently co-writing a script and writes book reviews on young adult fiction for several websites. She has lived in Israel, London, and France, but considers home to be New York City.