



YOU LIKE TO FLY AT NIGHT. . .

—NADINE CHAPMAN

You like to fly at night  
the calmest time and cool  
no threat of thermals      downdrafts

For you the elements connect  
at angles far above the earth  
Despite motion sickness  
fear of heights  
I must scope the North Sky  
night dance with you  
across a floorless stage

A midnight sun blazes  
over the Alaska Range  
At cruising altitude  
we burst onto the Yukon Basin  
Double vision  
In your face joy fractures fear  
and carries me away

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