

I love that  
airport-headiness.  
That heightened-emotioned  
thickening  
of the airless, too-conditioned air,  
that suspendedness.

The departing business men  
buying for their wives  
lacy contrition in a C-cup  
in lingerie boutiques;  
the arriving business men  
getting knickered-out  
with racy, flimsy things  
for mistresses.

The over-stuffed toy koalas  
wielding giant felt gum leaves  
like weapons  
the over-sized ken done T-shirts  
the over-priced chocolate boxes  
that won't pass through customs  
anyway.

The bent-backed,  
dragging baggage  
almost bigger than themselves.  
The red-faced weeping,  
the hysterical hugs.  
Those in-transit,  
groany-limbed and grating-jointed  
on impossibly hard plastic chairs,  
flicked-through glossy magazined  
and soft-washed-over  
walkmanned,  
bored brain-dead,  
glass-eyedly inert,  
even the children too listless  
to pull at each other's hair  
or ask if they're nearly ther

that waiting,  
all that waiting,  
time taxiing past  
so slowly by the tarmac,  
all that waiting.

The mad mingling-  
the turbans  
the urbanites  
the backpackers  
the briefcases  
the strange music  
of muddled-in languages,  
that irrelevance  
of origin, and destination,  
that suspension.

That suspendedness  
between arriving and departing  
in bigger cities  
and broader lives-

That all-portending  
airport-headiness  
I love.