

into our red-&-black
Rambler parked on the street below our room
& only stole my high-flown plans
for airplanes I drew up in hopes
of beating gravity with lines of force
arising, in my mind, from earth's
magnetic field. My parents tried
raising my spirits with a blue-&-orange
wind-up plastic seaplane from the Waldorf,
but in the future I found other means
of transport, took new steps
to leave the ground behind, & put myself
on paper in a way that led to making
tall stories out of my short history.