

As Above, So Below

by

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Sometimes I watch the planes at night above my house  
Still yet miles from the airport  
And think of all the thoughts they have at takeoff  
But over my house have found some sleep  
Above the clouds  
With mouths open  
And I whisper kind words for them to breathe  
Before being jolted back into headspace by tires hitting the runway  
And I think  
My home is still a place of peace.