

5-1-2005

ROUNDTRIP

Carter Hudson

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

Recommended Citation

Hudson, Carter (2005) "ROUNDTRIP," *Forces*: Vol. 2005 , Article 22.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2005/iss1/22>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.



Art by Alison O'meara

ROUNDTrip

Two hours from home
on my midnight flight to Dallas.
Everyone is asleep, dreaming of jet
engines,
and migratory things.

Her head is on my shoulder
and I look out past the wing.
One hundred miles to our starboard
side I see the peaceful
fury of an electrical storm
below me.
The thunderhead nebula
is just a piece of history.
By the time the light radiates into me
I'm already looking into the past.

The raging hot anger of
an ion-charged aerial
war doesn't crackle with white hot intensity —
it sings a distant jazz song.
A saxophone riff of light
that's over before I even see it.
It's a Charlie Parker song in
a smoky jazz club.

It's a vision that I can't
quite see completely
unless my ears drink in the
music my brain is stirring.

Beauty on the rocks.
Awakened not stirred.

The lightning storm,
so far away,
is slipping past my window frame.
Gone.

The weather pattern and the flight path
like adolescent children at a junior high dance —
the eye contact fleeting and ravaging your bravery.
You feel alone and small so you put your
hands in your pockets and walk away.

There's a grandeur to the world
when seen from a different
view,
and in my coach seat on row
17 the world seems bigger
than I remembered.

I start to wonder about
my future,
where I'll go and who I'll be –
I want to be the kindness of
lingering showers following
summer droughts.
I want to be a quenching
refreshment falling
on your head.

In this world change must
come.
Furious, agonizing, revolutionary, cyclonic
change.
Until those who hate have been
sucked out of their storm cellars and into the
open. The wind will rip their
coats off their backs and
blow their sickness off of them
and out to sea.

Change doesn't follow its
flight pattern.
Change takes a right hand
turn and plummets forward
into the lightning storm.

And my plane might crash.
But who cares?
Sacrifice is a virtue I need to learn.
Forgiveness is my calculus –
hard to study,
difficult to memorize,
impossible to master.

Jazz gives way to rock n' roll.
The world erupts in cataclysmic
thoughts.
Thoughts genetically evolve into
the species of action,
and action welcomes change.

The intercom dings.
The pilot prepares his final
descent.
The storm is hundreds of miles into the past.
The jetliner groans and
complains to gravity.
The passengers awake and
reposition their luggage.
We press down hard
onto the runway.

Back on the ground.
Back at home.
Back beneath the sky,
no longer above it.
Back in my world where
growth is just a theory.
Back at my house where
communication is a burden.
Back in my bed where
thoughts go unrestricted.

Time for change.
For jazz to reinvent.
For life to move.
For God to protect.

There's rain on the runway
and I'm soaking wet.
Change is possible
when thought has value.
When a storm sings choral
odes miles away,
then light will come if only
in small, appetizing doses.

So, wake up, Carter.
Help us reinvent.

Carter Hudson