Art

Alison O'meara

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

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2005/iss1/23

This Painting 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.
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