

Iowa From a Plane

Lucky me, I got the window
seat, peering down
through whisked powder
sugar clouds, I could be

standing in the paint
sample section of Lowe's
so many blocks of

greenyellowbrown

checkerboard, pixels, videogame? I am
suddenly not in earth at all

Where are all of the trees?
Born into this moment
I've only ever heard of

to know a tree
what beauty

I imagine

What breath, how clean how fresh
probably

like chewing wintergreen
gum abrasive sting and grip
to the nostrils—

dopamine
rush I want to
breathe in deeply, desperately breathe
myself full,

I cannot get enough
cannot breathe in

cannot breathe