

Layover

D. A. Cooper

The mystery of flight times and of paths
that pierce the sky, scarring the flesh of heaven,
hangs just above and gently seeps into
this temple to the god of taking trips;
this holy church built for the patron saint
of nomad wanderers; this sacred shrine
where pilgrims stop to pray while passing through,
each headed to their final destination.

I sit here in this sanctuary waiting
for my next flight, which never seems to come
just when I want it to. I'm always waiting
for the unknown, unknowable creator
of timetables to tell me it's my turn.

D. A. COOPER is a poet from Houston, Texas. Aside from *Dialogue*, his poetry and translations have recently appeared in the *ARCH-HIVE*, *Light*, *Irreantum*, *New Verse Review*, and *THINK*. In his free time, he likes to read, write, and ponder.