

Zenadth Kes Arrival

The plane is small enough its vibrations

Jangle through my nerves.

Air pressures quiver and buffet,

Propellers throb. Ailerons lift.

Like a scientist I gaze through the fishbowl eyepiece.

Glass misting. Crowded constructions shrink and microbe cars skim

On a plate of glass. Dotted peaceful gums, a birds-eye biome.

Ripped from its platform; the grounded, bush-lined world replaced by

aqua opalescent. Reefs like bioluminescence

shimmer below the surface. This bright, new world

bejewelled with islands. Ocean atremble.

Touch down. Close enough to sense

Stretched skin of drums throbbing.

Hands of elders crossed with currents of age.

Hold the rhythms, the swell. Lift my hands in theirs.

Eyes hold the depths of these mystical waters,

Quiver and swirl with knowledge. With knowing.

I the fishbowl. They the sea.

The wind whips round the compass. Waiben sinks under my skin.

A place small enough its frequencies

Reverberate through my heart.