

Joe Moskowitz

Flight 28

Janet asks me where we are.
Ah, the Riviera,
she says dreamily into her book.
Hours ago, the aircraft icon was like a pawn
nudging east over Newfoundland, then, the blue void—
Okeanus Atlanti written in Hebrew on the screen.
We fly towards dawn.
My emotions will awaken to soul music overhead
almost making me weep as a pilgrim, for joy. But I won't
kiss the land some call "holy."
As for holiness—
doesn't every clod of earth down there qualify?
Above Mediterranean waves, we're
flying to revisit the land overflowing now
with walls in place of fields,
back to the Galilee
where I've been long summer months
a teenager in a time of optimism.
 In the terminal,
we'll go with the crowd.
I'll rest my heavy bag,
stand on the moving sidewalk
and tell Janet to slow down, wait,
because she with her backpack can go fast,
and will want to,
straight through Passport Control,
through Customs, the door,
the wall of desert heat,
Hebrew words burning on her lips.

Joel Moskowitz, an artist and retired picture framer, has had poems published in *burntdistrict*, *J Journal*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *Midstream*, *The Healing Muse*, and *Whiskey Island Magazine*, *Muddy River Review*, *Boston Poetry Magazine* and *Soul-Lit*. Two of his poems won Honorable Mention for the Reuben Rose Poetry Prize in 2012, and another one in 2013.