

grounded by your country (poetry)

vincent a. cellucci

2021

not since I was seventeen
have I been in a similar state of lockdown

.
back then it was
beaming home with the early light
with complete disregard for any promises
of minding a curfew or sobriety
jeep a degenerate comet
reeking of beer and weed
and I an alien approaching a staircase
where I cross paths with my captors
for a mild chest bumping match with pops
before crashing into bed with my keys taken away
slurring some confining threat of my own

.
the only comfort
is all my new countrymen
are grounded too
no restaurants no bars no cafes no museums
but they did spare us our beloved coffeeshops
public transit still runs if you dare
but what's the point of going
to the ghost town next door to yours

.
and all our spaceships
that jet us around the expanse
of sea and earth
have fallen too
left looking at the sky
longingly like flightless birds

.
at schiphol
I see them roosting
on the runways
fixed bright blue

in the callous sun

.

next we submit our codes to our captors

authorities with our best interest

at heart if not mind

there is no other choice

but to click accept

burrow workers

into the illusion

that you

haven't

selectively

lost

your

wings

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