

# grounded by your country (poetry)

vincent a. cellucci

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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# fifth Estate

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