

JFK to LGA

Sliding doors, driven again
(one airport to another),
the low driverless sun
gets in, gets over everyone,
patterns us front and side,
makes us slit and turn
red undefended eyes,
the out-of-focus shuttle-
passengers and I, swaying
as a man from bend to bend,
from shoulder to hard shoulder,
gathered here together,
amidst the illuminated
snot-trails of the windscreen
reflecting on each other.