

At The Swatch Watch Store I Newark's Terminal C

I'm going home.

I look at Swatch watches

at a store of timepieces for people who wait.

Once there was a purple inside space called deep of night
where God's amygdala made time. The Newark moon
did not shine. No travel delays, all fine.

The past kept living inside me
like a cheap Timex.

"Where are you going?"

the store clerk said. But I heard my father in my head,
practically dragging me from bed to bon voyage me
out of Newark when this terminal was merely stairs,
no moving sidewalks, when we were people still,
not consumers, flying nineteen dollar flights into Burlington,
Vermont on People's Express.

"Get your ass on the damn plane."

My long dead father still waving me goodbye, his Barry White voice in a bubble
floating above me like a cartoon, or a synapse or brain protein.

"You're making me late."

Scotch still in my pores like milliseconds

collecting for takeoff into minutes. O, briefcase:

The Wild Blue Yonder song he used to sing me.

On my own. Then. Now. A store of timepieces
for those who wait. Once Amelia Earhart dedicated
this airfield and hangar. Deep inside God's amygdala,
I tick-tock. "I'm going. I'm going"

And he's gone into a parade of pinstripes.

I hold a swatch watch. It has a big cherubic face
that says 11:11. The angels are watching.

They haven't aged. My hand to God's portal.