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## Flight

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# F LIGHT

CLAIRE DRUCKER

*For Gisela*

We were standing in cloroxed  
white-walled rooms, blue blanket  
covering your body, standing beneath  
dream-catcher hanging from  
ceiling fan, votive candles unlit,  
your body an ox, laboring to breathe.  
Ribs the rattle of a caged tiger, your family  
strangers of the moment, your body  
caressing the divide. Someone entered  
but had no shape, no voice, no country.

We crowded closer, the last  
breath a still marble on the  
linoleum floor. Moments, no movement,  
nothing. We forgot we were still  
alive. But then out of death your closed

eye opened to take in the still  
room, we watched as you unfolded

your body, arms extended like a falcon  
spreading her wings, slow motion,  
lifting off a distant mountain  
and turned over on the bed  
your breath had just left  
one eye facing us now

from across the room  
your spirit  
hovered, pulling strings,  
your torso  
a whisper of feathers  
pushing into night.