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Flight, Ohio Turnpike Opens New Rest Areas, Lake Superior
Rocks

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boys who insist
 they are mermaids,
 the bowlegged gymnasts,
 is oft confused
 with Elkhart, Indiana,
 the Band Instrument
 Capital of the World,
 and in certain fog
 with Sheboygan.
 Each after all
 has a barber
 named Felix
 and on occasion
 a lunar eclipse,
 half a hill
 strewn with marigolds.

Jim Daniels

Flight

I'm looking for the last cloud's
 dark lining, the last true sin
 for those who didn't stop counting.

Why demand bedtime stories
 when morning's shards
 slice them to ribbons?

Tonight I ate fresh eggs
for dinner, true dawn.
I have met these small hens
and I will testify

I'd eat *them* too,
me lips bleeding with their juices.
My screen glows in the dark
just like yours.

When I pick cherries
I pick the stem too,
just to throw it away later.
That's the only explanation I have

for red wine and dark secrets.
Somebody's sighing in the other room,
a late request for explanation.

It begins to rain on all my misspelled
scenarios. Two dogs fight viciously
and everyone forgets. Even sin

is not so easily named or located,
identified, specimined. If we could be
innoculated against it, would we?

One cloud drifts by as if it has direction.
On our first flight, my children were amazed
to watch the plane's wing disappear,

wondering what held us aloft.
We are still wondering.

Ohio Turnpike Opens New Rest Areas

A bee stuck to my windshield wiper
 as my daughter sings
 "The Sound of Music"
 in her car seat behind me
 wanting the bee gone.
 It swishes and smears stubborn
 on the wiper. We talk about Nazis
 and nuns. We both have to go
 but we wait for the new rest stop
 with the private family bathroom
 though when we finally arrive
 we wait squirming minutes before
 a woman unlocks the door
 and steps out alone, her eyes
 glazed with locked-door drugs.

My daughter didn't want to get out
 of the car. I said *no Nazis here*,
no bees here – another lie. I got out
 and brushed the dead one away.
 I held her hand and led her in.

Lake Superior Rocks

My children collect stones each day,
and each night I return them to the lake.

Off shore, an island looms, tempting.
You can walk out to it, but every year

someone drowns doing so. The children
are beginning to harmonize when they

sing in the backseat. July here, but still
signs of snow everywhere – ramps

and flags to stay above the snow line.
The rocks are beautiful enough

to be called Pictured Rocks and declared
a national lakeshore. The cold water

numbs us instantly. Swimming
is a relative term. The low waves wash

over our pretty stones. We lift them –
toss and watch the splash. Nothing
ever changes. The children are amazed

by sheer numbers. Heavy
with color and the iced years,

the rocks endlessly line the shore.
Who put them here? my son asks.

I did, I say, and it's partly true.