

## Some of the Air, Qualified

Louise pilots the helicopter, while  
I cling to one of its skis  
for a better view of the new  
building created after 9/11.

She banks on its river side,  
dropping low so we can see  
the underwater floors of a memorial  
museum. Through glass

I see people, but cannot tell whether  
they breathe water or air  
as they study archived debris, sit  
holding their heads or wander

bruised granite floors in cruel  
contemplation. Are they underwater  
equivalents of my hands' striking  
the sea for protection?

Landing, we enter, stop  
at a counter to look in cylindrical  
display towers at jewelry recovered  
from Ground Zero. One piece,

a red-orange ceramic heart. Changes  
wait here for anyone who  
may claim them, trying to make  
the transparent show up.

Who taught my friend to fly? I wonder  
whether she can teach me to fly us, now,  
to our next destination, the two of us  
one circulating psyche.