

speedPoets

10.2

In Rome Airport

In the airport of Rome I waited
for a plane to fly to London
from one dead empire's capital
to another's.

Waiting in a passenger pen
fenced around, one entry,
enclosed by a flat roof sitting
on a grid of intersecting pipes,
a giant meccano, great bolts and nuts,
a polished marble floor reflecting struts
and the roof itself not even visible

Shops and cafés and herds of people
sitting and waiting, walking, shopping,
staccato bursts of Italian overlay
the unceasing background PA.

We were herded, seated, buckled, belted
and the plane took off and headed
over the Adriatic for the English Channel
from Fumicino to Heathrow,
from Caesar to Henry the Eighth.

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