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Poetry: Night Flight from Denver

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Night Flight From Denver

That’s no country for the thin-skinned, however inured to dark-of-night escapes. When wind rushes upslope, the small flakes fly, and the sun, that boon companion, bruises an exit through the clouds. Once I stepped out and found myself floating above the front range in a sea of hail. But true west has run dry of characters and flooded east long ago abandoned all orientation.

Flying over,
the barometric changes still transform us.
Settle where we will,
    winter follows,
bearing the cargo cult of our ambitions,
and the grounded heart
    waves its bouquet of losses.

Phil Tabakow

Phil Tabakow joined the English Department in the Fall, 1996 as an Assistant Professor. He studied creative writing and completed his Ph.D. in English at the University of Denver.