

# THE BODY OF THE PLANE

—  
A Flight for Love and  
Hope



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# **The body of the plane**

## **THE BODY OF THE PLANE**

I have seen expectation  
on the faces around me  
as we embark through the  
lit-up sloping tunnel to the  
DC9 airplane emblazoned with  
the name of a Greek hero/  
and some people in midst of  
the crowd we have just seen  
before in the last tax-free shop  
that sells liquor in a preferred  
two-pack-box with an advert  
promising a good present  
with make-believe economy.

Faces/ somber/ disillusioned,  
enquiring like the businessman  
detached and without illusions  
like the man who sits in the  
wrong seat/ investigated by  
he clued-up young woman  
with her Dell laptop and the  
sharp wide-awake talk.

Then as the long-haired and  
mustached friend sat down  
next to her/ she's nervous and  
seeks another seat/ put-off  
by his macho vibes.

There is tension before any  
take-off/ the usual shuffling of  
feet, of bodies settling down  
and this pushback movements

of a bald-headed silly man  
in front of me/ however it's not  
easy to write into my journal  
if he moves back and forward  
continually on this tight air ship  
sailing into the winds of hope  
and it may bring some comfort  
to a friend, a best of many friends  
now hurt by some misfortune  
as darkened clouds that have  
hovered for a while across her  
most fragile being...  
Now it's pushing through the  
inky clouds towards the free  
cleared-up heights of an  
'Arcadian' peace of mind  
but then/ will I have some  
peace I never had since  
a year and a half/ seeing her  
the last time?

She told me of her wings  
being clipped and I still  
have not let go of her body  
I do cling to with tenacity  
her body of a goddess that  
lies stretched-out above the  
sheets of vanilla-clouds  
in this high-altitude flight.

The airplane like the body  
that is the spirit  
of that trace we still feel  
we still be touched by  
from stone/ tree/ and the  
marble-works of man

embodied in the wonders of  
their creative worlds  
shining from their secular  
buildings and their  
sculptural dedications  
with the story carved into  
the plinth's surround in a show,  
of a traditional procession  
as the decorated *cella*-wall  
in this overflow from the  
sculpted fields of the tympanum  
that sets the artistic tone.

Under dire circumstances  
without even a task light  
working on my pad  
I am determined to finalize  
this journey's mosaic  
thought-flashes of your  
country  
that has drawn me like a  
migrating bird above  
the Sacred Rock  
that has never lost its  
magnetic forces on either

flocks of birds or man of culture  
who seek his beloved woman  
in the marble's fluted trunk  
that releases her slender body  
in a style of a sacred ceremony  
with the horses' fiery galloping  
that moves the walls and  
blows the roofs sky-high  
catapulting its broken  
image into the four corners