

## Thoughts From The Empire

The sky is pure Montana blue with a few soft gray and white clouds drifting in their enviable lazy way. I had to smile as I compared my last three years to the loafing clouds overhead. Not much difference except I stayed in one place. Then into my vision cutting through the blue and leaving four distinct trails is a huge jetliner. So high that the silver body is more a shape of beauty and power than solid form. I gaze in wonder when suddenly my mind cracks as a soaring redtail hawk enters my left eye vision while my right eye stays on the jetliner. Being a poet I like the concept but not the pain. What the hell, as I struggle to keep the hawk in focus at five hundred feet with my left eye while dividing my brain as well as my eyes. In my right eye vision this silver man made giant is tearing up the sky at twenty thousand feet. Smoke starts coming out of my right ear as I compare these two flyers in various ways to the point of I'd rather the hawk shit on me instead of a frozen turd from three miles up. As it would be tapered you can imagine the speed it could attain.

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