

Diana Raab

Two Poems:

Jet Blue Flight#1 to LAX

I sit in the second row
beside some army guy—
probably my nephew's age
and all I think about of is how I abhor war.

I imagine him hunkered down
on some foreign battlefield, frozen,
rifle in hand. Waiting.

How I miss him—
remembering his childhood

when we drove to the zoo
ate cotton candy, watched snakes
and how mesmerized he was
by the slow moving sloths.

His awe, honest smile and blue eyes,
wisps of blond hair framing his innocent face.
I miss all that. I hate war.

What awe does he know these days
as he defends our country
and trains others to do the same.

No news from him in years—
akin to a long forgotten love, disappeared
as he succumbs to larger life issues

of combat. Today, early evening,
I rock in the same chair
I rocked him as a baby:
salty tears on my face,

waiting for the plane
that will bring him to me —
to see those eyes again, vibrant,
blue. And those dimples.

The Trigger

Who will pull it
when it needs to be?

Who will offer you a bullet?
Give you permission?
Or tell you to stop?

Who will kneel over you
— your childhood trauma,
your mother's detached indifference,
the grandmother who committed suicide in the next room?

Who will stop you?
Who will tell you
it is not yet time?

When you look into
the mirror and confess—
enough is enough!

Who will save you?