

Hugh Fox

On The Plane

Guy on the plane next to me
on the flight to Chicago, some
kind of big shot exec with his
i-pod writing notes, "You speak
Portuguese?," "I'm afraid not," I
get on my cell-phone, call
daughter Alexandra in Kansas
City, no one answers, leave a
message, nice and loud so Big
Shot can hear, "Hello, General...
see you soon in Kabul. Don't
worry about the guns, I've got
it all figured out, have the
fix-it-up equipment with me...no
problem," then my wife across
the aisle pissed off in Portuguese,
"Ya da...demasiado bobagem.../
Quit it, too much B.S.," I lift the
phone up again, try a little Hebrew
for my next (fake dialled) call:
"Ani lo me daber Ivrit. Shalom
aleihem, malachai, hamalachim...
baruch atta Adonai, Elohainu
melech haolam, borei pri hagafen,"/
"I don't speak Hebrew, Peace to
You, King of Kings.... blessed are
You, oh Lord, creator of the fruit
of the vine....," too bad I look so
un-middle-easternish (right out
of County Cork), when the drinks
come the guy next to me out into
deep dreamland.