

Howard Lee Kilby

Kind of a Death Poem

Gone my key to the airport door
Gone my key to the Mesa Airlines office
Gone my access to the internet in the early hours of dawn
Gone the TV, the microwave, the computer, the printer, the telephone
Gone the sofa where I sleep on snowy nights
Gone the bright orange vests to wear on the runway
Gone the orange wands
Gone the passengers who love to travel to and from Hot Springs
Gone the space that I am when I am here
Gone the money that comes
Gone the free travel just showing my ID badge
Gone the beautiful ladies who smile hello
Gone the businessmen who make brilliant decisions daily
Gone the celebrities who come to town, like Sir David Attenborough
Gone the sights on the runway at night
Gone the colored lights, the distant stars, the moon in its splendor
Gone the joy I have known and songs I have sung