

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

Tasha Poslaniec

Jet Lag

I am making my weekly trip to Mumbai
-though I will always say Bombay in my mind-
I am padding my sleep account
with a few extra hours
then I'll be off on my journey
at 6 p.m. Pacific Standard time
banking sharply on my descent
I land, twelve hours behind

Not really in India
just a hospital
more, a submarine
time capsule
that I climb into.
Where the buzzing fluorescent lights
flicker and mock nature.
The doors close, the hatches seal
and we move on
a liminal vessel
into a silent night

Twelve hours later
we return to California
but my body remains in Mumbai.
I drive home to a rising sun,
we people of Bombay
are tired, and ready for bed.
We are watching the sun set,
our eyes drift and close.
Two more shifts, and I can come home,
the Indian moon rises silently
into the bright, dawning, California day