

Midair Fragments

by

B. A. Varghese

Originally appeared in *Every Day Poets* April 2014

She stares, past frosty windows,
eyes push tears, refocusing on falling
snow. Returning his attention, shouting,
he swerves toward
a small tree. Wind swirls snow up, down,
all around like a dance only they know.
Branches shatter glass, floating
fragments in midair. She and all
flakes sway and twist. Airbags inflate,
gunfire speed, when metal crumples
against wood. She drifts out
then disappears into whiteness
as if to rest. Splinters and smoke shoot into
eyes. Snow, wind, and ice fill her with warmth.
His face bounces off cushions only to meet
sticks scraping, puncturing
his throat. In silence, she can hear herself
breathing. He thrashes, gasping,
words come out in grunts, in blood.
She smiles, forgiving. Gravity
lets go. The world outside spins upside down,
over into darkness.