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Arrivals Gate

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Ruukel: Arrivals Gate

ARRIVALS GATE

Romy Ruukel

Say you are at a train station, or an airport, meeting someone,
and you feel yourself poised as if on an edge
of something stupendous, you hold your breath,
nervous, waiting, waiting, your own sense of life on hold,

you are a rock in a stream, all flows around you and all blends together,
from the portal of the arrivals gate pour forth stories,
lives, faces, which, after a while, all begin to look familiar,
and you think of your mother's neighbor,

a seventy-year-old man, whose wife drives him every day,
regardless of weather, a mile from their house
and he walks back alone, assuring himself that he still remembers
the way home, you feel that you have no such insurance,

you begin to panic that your friend has already arrived,
passed by in disguise as an old man with a guitar case
or that girl in pink, or as herself while you
have suddenly, irrevocably lost the ability to recognize your life

as your own, you are a rock in the stream and the stream itself,
for whom are you waiting? and who is doing the waiting?
And then you see a distant figure, you spot her
from the sea of faces and now you are standing with her,

her scent about you, you exhale, safe, you feel that you yourself
have arrived. And of course, you have. All that time, you, too,
were traveling with barely enough time for greetings in passing.
Hello, you whisper, turning to her. Hello, rock, stream, restless mind, hello.