

DENVER INTERNATIONAL

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On nights like this, I dream
about being delayed
at Denver International

because walking around this airport
doesn't leave me with any dread
though its air is thick with delay.

There's no fear; I don't long for home
as the small whispers
of ticket counters breathe *delay*.

If you've had occasion to visit Phoenix,
you know what I mean: the dry
desert air just can't hold longing.

When I say I miss *Denver*,
its intoxicating necessity, I'm a lunatic
on the surface of the moon.

When I say *Denver* at the bar,
the word is smoke
and the glass at my hand is a talisman of ambergris.

When I say *Denver* at the gate,
(on time) the word is the sea
and I am the dinghy resting dockside.

And later, when I say *Denver* to you
in the dark, you are the ticket counter,
and I am the chill on the Lucite surrounding you,

as planes fly in from everywhere
and hover in a holding pattern
above Denver International.