New Poem by Eric Chandler: "The Path Through Security"

my family lived there before it was Maine before this was a even a country

they still live there so we visit we fly in and out of the Jetport

we place our shoes in a tray empty our pockets on the way home out west

the guy asked which one of us was Grace I pointed to the infant perched on my arm

she was selected for enhanced security screening



it's possible that happened in the same tunnel of air the hijackers passed through

the imaginary tube the human-shaped ribbon through time

the permanent trace of their movement through space I could see it all at once

we have repeatedly walked in the steps of those men

the hotel manager where they stayed had a nervous breakdown

I flew over the Pentagon and Manhattan one year afterward

other deployments far away that all blend together

we drove by that hotel again as we left Maine this summer

we take off our shoes in a new part of the terminal

and our departure gate is always next to the old closed security line

little kids run around under a big toy airplane that hangs over that spot now

a child-sized control tower and terminal building instead of x-ray machines

we wait to go home and I always look over

at the playground in the path of destruction