

# A Sonya Sones Poetry Collection

## American Airlines Flight 161

I'm not *that* depressed,  
considering that this  
gigantic silver bullet with wings  
is blasting me away from my whole entire life,  
away from Lizzie Brody,  
my best friend in the world,  
away from Ray Johnston,  
my first real boyfriend.

Not *that* depressed,  
considering I've been kidnapped  
by this monstrous steel pterodactyl  
and it's flying me all the way to L.A.  
to live with my father  
who I've never even met  
because he's such a scumbag  
that he divorced my mother  
before I was even born.

I'd say I'm doing *reasonably* well,  
considering I'm being dragged  
three thousand miles away from all my friends  
and my school and my Aunt Duffy  
and the house I've lived in ever since I was born,  
three thousand miles away from my mother,  
and my mother's grave,  
where she lies in a cold wooden box  
under six feet of dirt,  
just beginning to rot.

I'm not *that* depressed  
considering that I'm trapped  
on this jumbo poison dart  
shooting me away from everything I love,  
and there's this real weird guy  
sitting in the seat right behind mine,  
who keeps picking his nose  
and eating it.

Depressed?  
Who? Me?

## Watching Murphy

He is so homely,  
so downright ugly  
that none of the girls  
even think about him.

He's too lowly,  
too pitiful  
to even bother  
making fun of.

So something must be  
very wrong with me,  
because I want to kiss him.  
I want to kiss him real bad,

even though his nose is crooked  
and his ears are huge,  
even though his hair's a mess  
and his lips are tight and scared.

I want to kiss away  
those circles under his eyes  
that make him look like  
he's never slept a second in his life.

has just bubbled up, burst ablaze,  
and cremated me,

And those arms of his  
seem like they're just aching  
to hold on to someone.  
I wish I could let them hold on to me.

When no one was looking,  
I'd walk up to him  
and say, "Hey, Murph.  
Would it be okay if I kissed you?"

And he'd look hurt  
because he'd think I was joking  
and he'd turn away  
to hide his face,

but I'd touch his shoulder and  
look at him with gentle misty movie eyes  
and say, "Come on. I mean it.  
I really want to."

And he'd look dumbstruck,  
and all the gray  
would fade out of his eyes  
and this light would come into them

and his lips would look like  
they were getting ready to smile and then,  
before I had a chance to change my mind,  
I'd kiss him.

And he'd wrap his skinniness around me  
and his arms would be shaking,  
and suddenly I'd feel all this love,  
all this need pouring into me

### His Touch

So soft  
And smooth,

swirling  
across my wrist...

His thumb  
tracing circles in my palm...

The pressure...  
so achingly light...

I close my eyes,  
and imagine

Its his tongue...

## Levitating to my Sixteenth Birthday Party in My Brother's Mustang

Shooting through the night  
like an arrow on the wind,  
we're zooming past the orchids  
with the top down.

Breezing down the road,  
listening to rap,  
my fingers have to tap  
have to dance to the music of the ride.

The car and I are one,  
swaying through the dark,  
swaying to the rhythm  
of the drums.

I could drive like this for hours,  
I could drive us anywhere,  
drive us right up past the moon  
to the stars.

## To the One-Pound Bag of Oreos I Just Bought

It's so sad  
to think

that just moments  
from now

you  
will be gone

and I'll  
be a cow.