

## **John K. Samson**

### **"Airport Lounge"**

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Slouch down in my puke-orange chair and sigh  
The air is full of nerves and human cells  
Beside me sits some awkward girl who lies  
Fell half in love within the airport lounge

Captain says "No smoking, if we crash try not to die"  
Flying some preposterous amount of meters high  
The lavatory has smoke alarms and lukewarm water  
and I can see  
The clouds outside stretched out to nowhere, ribbed  
and textured easily

So aimless for so long I think I might have lost my way  
It's far too late to talk about tomorrow  
These are things I feel and things I think and try to say  
Still waiting for the morning, I'm still waiting for today

We'll try to make you see there is no way  
Attempts at comprehension always miss  
She lays her body down and tries to say, she tries to  
say, she tries to say:  
"There is no answer to a kiss"

These people make me angry, what is your's and what  
is mine  
Talk of shopping, pure white noise, abide by every  
"Don't Walk" sign  
Dinner at the restaurant so isn't very nice  
Nineteen dollars and fifty cents for some tasteless  
chicken and wild rice

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