

Victor Ly

"Stub"

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The clouds slowly swallow up the plane
I stand silent and still, looking at the sky
The wind picks up but here I remain
Thinking about how we said goodbye
The summer breeze wisps across my face
And I can almost feel your touch on me
I picture us in our final sweet embrace
And gravity brings me down to my knees

Your plane ticket stub escapes my grasp
And the wind makes it dance in the air
Struggling to get up, I can't help but collapse
The stub continues on its journey, unaware
Doesn't it know that half of it has been torn?
Only a part of it is floating now, continuing on
It glides happily and does not know how to mourn
Within seconds it leaves my view; it's gladly gone

Who will take care of a ticket stub that is lost?
I wonder if it knows how to survive on its own
Will the wind be kind to it, or will it get tossed?
And does it remember how to find its way home?

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