

The Window Seat

by Eunsae Lee

I am tempted to dive out of my oval window into the endless white beneath.

I can't decide if I'll float effortlessly in the haze

Or land on the fluff with a bounce.

Maybe I'll bounce along with ease

Travelling whole cities in a leap, the Vancouver sky to Seoul's in an instant

Or it might take an age just to take a step,

Feet sticking to the chewy whiteness.

Passing a rough terrain

Frosty mountains that dare me to trek and conquer,

But what if I fall straight through

Or slowly sink, heavy boots weighing me down?

I do my laces up loosely.

I'll free my feet and swim under the surface

Each stroke gliding me far

Far further than it might in cold, heavy blue waves way below.

I spot a smooth, massive hill and I make up my mind.

I squeeze out of my little opening into this vast and lavish haven,

Heavy skis weighing down my tingling legs.

My head peeks out, armed with reflective goggles,

Then my arms, clumsy with poles hanging from loops around my wrists.

I sit just like that,

The oval window my ski lift.

There must be others down there

Perfectly hidden

From the monochrome chaos of the world below them,

Waving at each plane that intrudes on their private wonderland,

Occasionally racing them

Until the aircraft realizes it is beaten and gives up

Dipping down

Down

Down

Back to where it came from

Where it no longer looks down on magic

But up at clouds.

The green seatbelt sign flashes

And I quickly clamber back inside.

My ears pop; we are landing shortly.

I wonder if

on the flight home

I'll have another window seat.

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