Who hasn’t been dispirited by today’s air travel? Yet the experience brings happiness to Kristen Lindquist of Camden. Her uplifting poem shows what the rest of us may have missed.

**Transportation**

*By Kristen Lindquist*

Everyone in O’Hare is happy today.
Sun shines benevolently
onto glorious packaged snack foods
and racks of Bulls T-shirts.
My plane was twenty minutes early.
Even before I descend into the trippy light show
of the walkway between terminals,
I am ecstatic. I can’t stop smiling.
On my flight we saw Niagara Falls
and Middle America green and gold below.
Passengers thanked the pilot for his smooth landing
with such gratitude that I too
thanked him, with sudden and wholehearted sincerity.
A group of schoolchildren passes on the escalator,
and I want to ask where they’re going.
Tell me your story, I want to say.
This is life in motion.
A young couple embraces tearfully at a gate;
she’s leaving, he’s not.
How can I bring this new self back to you, intact?
He yells to her departing back,
“Hey, I like the way you move!”
Any kind of love seems possible.
We walk through this light together.
So what if it’s an airport?
So what if it won’t last?