

Yellow Cessna
by Candace de Taeye

first this old man dapper despite his body
odor, worn mink cap. offered me a flight

small yellow Cessna. we flew over the fields tobacco potato
tombstones of dead pets my childhood home a quarry

the whole town could tessellate into
unbeknownst to me. we start and end low

over the house where my future
father-in-law will die in my arms.

decades ago the man in the mink cap was paid
\$50 a piece for each snowy owl he trapped.