

Max Gramins

Mod 9 Final Creative Work Package

Pilot Window

Through any other window
We see life grounded in soil and water
When I fly, I feel the weight of the world
Falling below me, leaving a feeling of
weightlessness

As I look through the window from above
There is light and movement
Clouds forming into images from life
And dreams we may remember

I can see roads leading to home or away
And tiny images of people living life
With little thought of what is above,
Or me high in the sky looking below

Through any other window
I can see green and blue movement
Reflecting on how simple the world
Seems to be from above and how
Challenging it can be when below.

Looking out of my pilot window I can see
Roads that move us to where we need to be
And heads turn to look above to think
Where I may be heading today
As if I am simply floating away

Turbulence

I learned today that
Turbulence
Is waves in the sky

Movement that shakes
Air that tosses
You and I

Waves that are unseen
By the naked eye

That sudden violent
Shift in the sky

Jet stream disturbed
By waves passing by

No warning
Cloudless sky

We Speak a Different Language

We begin with **Alpha**
And worked toward **Bravo**

Charlie listens carefully
When **Delta** talks to ATC

Echo back
Foxtrot toward your gate

No time for **Golf**
Head to **Hotel** for rest

Tomorrow it is on to **India**
With co-captain **Juliette**

85,000 **Kilo** bird taking off
Heading over **Lima**, Peru

Mike checks in from the cabin
Haven't seen him since **November**

Oscar, slang for cash in Australia
I am reminded, I owe some to **Papa**

Tomorrow it's on to **Quebec**
Where **Romeo** has lived

Moved from **Sierra** after flight training
He loved to **Tango** in bars

I could never do it in **Uniform**
Victor was the opposite

Whiskey was his only vice
Airport lines to **Xray** crazy long

That's why this **Yankee**
Flies cargo on **Zulu** time

Runway

There is a place I go
To clear my mind
That is not calm or quiet
It has no soft edges
Or incense to soothe

There is a place I go
To align my goals
That keeps me focused
It has rough roads
And metal fencing

There is a place I go
To watch from below
That metal bird
Its spread-out wings
That generates lift

There is a place I go
To smell the air
That reek of jet fuel
It has a forceful draft
And dreams that come true

The Road Above

I try to imagine the road above
with my feet set firmly on the ground
The highway above is cold and vast
with bright skies and cloudy paths

I try to imagine myself flying high above
With mountains and fields below
The plane holding fast to a path I know
With faith in the process in tow

I try to imagine the road above
With guidance from charts in hand
The knowledge I know leading the way
With process and practice to show

I try to imagine the road above
with cockpit lights guiding me on
the way to and from, away I roam
with exhilaration to let go

I try to imagine the road above
With safety and climate intact
The practice and hours all come into play
With confidence and worn footpaths

I try to imagine the road above
With myself as a traveler
The white paths crisscross above your head
With guidance from my cockpit radio

I try to imagine the road above
With never-ending ways to travel
The map as my guide, opened wide
With bright skies and cloudy paths

Night Sky

I will never forget my first night flight with the
sky lit up with lights ever so bright and darkness
so blinding that the cockpit lights set off a warm
glow with black all around I look with a turning
head at all the cities and towns with windows
and streetlights lighting up the ground below
and dark skies above With focus so strong and
attention to detail, we fly with only the intention
of taking time in darkness and gaining
experience with a dark sky no clouds to distract
and no sun to align your horizon we fly and
practice just the feel and understanding of what
a dark flight can be then I look up and down from
notes to the night sky trying to locate the runway
and see the long line of white runway lights
guiding me straightaway I look to my right and
see the faint outline of my instructor with his
notes in hand and eyes darting from sky to dials
calculating my movements and determining my
plan with my shoulders up and tight my back
straight against the worn sheepskin that tends to
be on all pilot seats I push and pull the yoke to
stabilize my decent, uniform and smooth looking
toward the runway my flaps are lowered to allow
the aircraft to slow and approach a safe speed
with eyes forward I glance back to the sky above
with its faint stars and waning crescent moon my
instructor lets out a sigh of relief as we touch
down with first contact on the asphalt and
concrete and once again leave the dark sky for
another

I Share the Sky With...

I share the sky with birds who can fly and monarchs traveling through, gathering to survive the cold weather only to seek solitude in June

There are falcons and hawks searching for prey from frightening heights with guidance found from within, and sight that moves much faster than if they were human

I pass by planes headed from New York to Nice filled with travelers seeking respite and adventure, only to stand in lines once again while viewing Matisse near café Le Sejour

There are Life Flights and Med Flights all sharing the skies to transport those that are in need, hoping to bring someone quickly to respite from an unwelcome plead

I share the sky with those who can fly and hope to find joy in the journey...