



The Airport Arrivals Hall

I'm poking my brother and bugging my mother,
'cause waiting's a pain and the flight's running late.
But look! The plane's landing! My brain's understanding
that soon crowds of people will flood through the gate.

My brain sends out orders that whiz past its borders
and flow down my spine, coursing out through each nerve.
My blood vessels tighten, my vision is heightened,
my glands pump out hormones they've held in reserve.

My heart's pumping quickly, my skin's feeling prickly,
my breath's coming fast as I scan each new face.
My muscles propel me as joy overwhelms me.
I race like a rocket toward Dad's embrace.

by Jennifer Thomas

