

ICE AIRLINES: Flight 06-10 with service to Galeão International Airport

No cookies or watered down

mimosas get served. Stewards

sealed the windows shut with hot glue

and screwed in bars for

good measure, in case

the impulse arises, to look

down onto the place where

America ends and

The Amazon begins, and to discover

there are no borders

far as the eye can see.

When the plane takes off,

it rises from concrete.

One man rests

his head on the seat in front of him,

face smooshed against the plastic leather,

arms swaying along to the rough air.

*He has taken a souvenir without
permission:*

In his pocket, he hides the moment of

sunlight he saw

between the last cage, and this one.

(He keeps that to himself.)

He imagines landing

in an empty Rio:

when thrown

off the plane, no line at

customs. Nobody

asks for his passport ever again.

It is Carnival.

Feathers on the street

dance, swirling around

in a bloco for one, where the floats

silently follow

him in procession all the way to

the beach

vacant of volleyballers

or offers
to wash his feet of the sand that will stay in his sneakers the whole
winding hike up to Christ; the only other inhabitant of the city, carved in soapstone and—
Concrete is what he has known best, for ten months.
How to sleep on it,
how to clean it.

But, when he is *really* thrown
off the plane, it is not into the arms
of a cement redeemer.

The man's fall is caught by an ocean
of party goers and a bassline
so deep it wells up in his esophagus,
knots his throat. They carry him,
on a sedan throne, passing Caipirinhas
and piping hot bowls of Bobó de Camarão,
before setting him down at the arrivals gate,
where everyone who tried to call is waiting.