

On the way to Denver

by [Jeff Gundy](#) in the [July 19, 2017](#) issue

From above, the clouds are always white. Color is a construct. Words are bricks & mortar, studs & drywall. Methane is invisible to the human eye.

Even this little bit of Nebraska, which may be Kansas, is more than I can take in, cloud-covered or not, the neat plots of fields & roads, wheat already green,

woods along the rivers still blurred & gray.

The arrow of an airstrip pointed northwest. The key to shalom is dismantling: racism, patriarchy,

oligarchy, capitalism, and the use of vast abstractions as markers of the so-called real world. From above the clouds are pale and pure as a vast range

of my mother's mashed potatoes. And now they are rising to meet us, we will learn how thin they are, how empty, how full. They will hold

us up, they will let us down, the wheels will shriek & bite into the irrevocable tarmac, the harsh & fine & gritty surface of our days.