

TSA agent looks at driver's license

by [Sally Witt, CSJ](#) in the [November 17, 2021](#) issue

I would have 30 seconds of his day,  
maybe 45 because of our exchange.

His brief glance at my driver's license  
showed him I live on the street  
where his parents once owned a restaurant.

The place had a fire, he said,  
and they sold it.  
How are they, I inquired.  
He didn't know;  
they are estranged from him.

I wished him a good day  
then walked away,  
my words dissolving  
into the airport crush.

He remained to scrutinize other licenses,  
some peaceful names:  
Pine Road, Spruce Street, Poplar Place.

On no other license would a single syllable  
open up the emptiness  
tight schedules usually  
keep at bay.