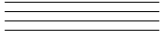


# T H E M I D D L E S E A T



E L I S E P A S C H E N

What space can we attempt to claim  
bracketed here inside a plane.  
The seat-back drops: a paradox.  
You're packed inside a folding box.

Each book-end stakes out territory.  
Is this her arm-rest; whose fresh story?  
Embrace your own invisible.  
In fiction find a miracle.

Invent a life from something lost.  
A ticket to another coast.  
We land where we've lived before.  
The heart darts through the open door.