The Flight Shadow of Lewis-McChord

In the span of my sitting here
Five large planes passed overhead
Though more may have come
Without my noticing

From heavy clouds they appear,
Headlights brave against the dread
Dark sky to strike me dumb,
Passage marked in my ear’s faint ring

Their rumble sets rattling bottles of beer
As if a god itself on high had said
Some decree passed down in fatal dictum,
The future decreed in sonic I Ching

What power governs the path they steer?
The worn trail firmament they tread?
Mechanical as my own moves: us numb
automatons programmed despite ourselves to sing

As neurotransmitters soar gaps far to near
like tiny planes that carry thoughts across synapse instead,
These chemical ferries for cargo datum
Execute orders with no say what they bring

The self plays no part in transaction, though dear.
Both politics and neural networks are read
As ineluctable impulses functionally random.
No soldier pilot knows why they take wing.