**Iowa From a Plane**

Lucky me, I got the window

seat, peering down

through whisked powder

sugar clouds, I could be

standing in the paint

sample section of Lowe’s

so many blocks of

 greenyellowbrown

checkerboard, pixels, videogame? I am

suddenly not in earth at all

Where are all of the trees?

Born into this moment

I’ve only ever heard of

to know a tree

what beauty

I imagine

What breath, how clean how fresh

 probably

like chewing wintergreen

gum abrasive sting and grip

to the nostrils—

 dopamine

rush I want to

breathe in deeply, desperately breathe

myself full,

I cannot get enough

cannot breathe in

cannot breathe