
**Second Place
Poetry Arbuckle Award**

2009 - 2010: Landing in YYT the Month was August

Joshua Long

St. John's is a strange place to land
at four thirty in the morning,
with red eyes and the fleeting comfort
of being a coach passenger.
Like everything else in my lifetime,
I would make my way through it.
My exploded ear drums
and broken down leather soles,
rolling down the escalator with the rest of my body.
The end result,
involving an attempt to retrieve my luggage
from the gentle-cycle of the carousel.
Drifting outside
to take my first inhale of proper nicotine,
in its most Virginia of forms.
All as my thoughts turn to 777-7777,
the only cab number I could ever remember
anywhere in the world.
The immigrant driver
loading my dignity and my luggage
into his trunk,
knowing it would be a good twenty minutes
until me and her would fall together
on the west-end of her bedroom.
I hadn't seen her in months,
and before my departure
she gave me word
that we had a new house of cards
to knock down.