

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Da Vinci's Dream

By Catherine Mayes

Wearing a red hoodie, blue jeans, and tan work boots,
he moves across the dune parking lot, strings hanging
like a marionette. Then leaps up into the air, crossing
his legs at the ankle, to strap himself in. Powered
by a lawnmower engine with a fan behind and a silver halo
on his back—it all weighs 45 pounds—he is sitting.
Then he is airborne!

The blue-red-yellow-white parasail floats delicately above him.
He leans back and waves at the dog walkers as he glides over
their heads. He leans forward to change direction and flies
over the dune toward the ocean. The engine sound ebbs and flows
as he dips and turns. He pops up from behind the dune to fly
back over the parking lot. Spinning toward the river, he is gone.

Dog walkers watch the sky full of clouds and sea birds.
Planes are descending to Logan. Planes are ascending.
The dogs are circling, impatient to be on their way.

The engine sound comes closer and fills the sky again.
Reappearing above the parking lot, the motor slows.
He lands, stretching his legs like a great blue heron.