

ROBERT HEDIN

Lakehurst, 1937

By the time you look up
It's no more
Than a hundred feet
Off the ground,
And already deadweight
And going down.
Struts, girders,
The whole ship buckling
And breaking up,
Roaring like a furnace.
And now someone
On one of the rooftops
Begins to pray,
And you hear a man
On the radio
Repeating the hour.
The century's not
Even half over,
And there's no choice,
No way out
But to ride
The wreckage down.
Austria, Poland.
The black smoke and ash.

Robert Hedin is the author, translator, and editor of two dozen books of poetry and prose, most recently *At the Great Door of Morning: Selected Poems and Translations* (Copper Canyon Press, 2017). He lives in Frontenac, Minnesota.