

Transcendental Reunion

Mary Chapin Carpenter

From 20,000 feet high,
Saw the lights below me,
Twinkling just like Christmas.
We descended slowly,
And the curve of the world passed
With all of that flying
Above a mighty ocean.
Now we all are arriving. Grab the carry-on baggage.
Join the herd for the mad run.
Take a place in the long line.
Where does everyone come from?
As we shuffle on forward,
As we wait for inspection,
Now don't be holding that line up.
At the end lies redemption. Now I'm stamped and I'm waved through.
I take up my position
At the mouth of the canyon,
Saying prayers of contrition.
Now please deliver my suitcase
From all mischief and peril.
Now the sight of it circling
Is a hymn to the faithful. Forgive me my staring,
For my unconcealed envy,
In the Hall of Arrivals,
Where the great river empties,
It's handcarts and porters.
All the people it carries
To be greeted by flowers, grandfathers, and babies. There is no one to meet me;
Yet I'm all but surrounded,
By the tears and embracing,
By the joy unbounding.
The friends and relations
Leaping over hemispheres,
Transcendental reunion.
All borders vanish here. We are travelers traveling.
We are Gypsies together.
We're philosophers gathering.
We are business or pleasure.
We are going or coming.

We're just finding our way
To the next destination;
And from night into day. In a giant bird's belly,
I flew over the ocean.
From 20,000 feet high,
How those lights were glowing.

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