

The Fog, the Bay

by Steve Smith

The fog rolled in while we slept
 Funneling glacially through the golden gate
 Truncating green hilltops
 Wrapping around the flanks of Mt. Tam
 Filling every valley
 Shrouding this landscape
 Consuming everything

Morning traffic on the 101 rolled to a stop
 Sat silent and unmoving like fog
 Bending around corners
 Resting on offramps
 Filling every lane
 Gliding slowly into the future
 A concerto of brakelights
 Stretching east to the horizon

Now my plane rolls back from the gate
 Lights dimmed for takeoff
 We taxi towards the runway
 Accelerating
 Rush of engines
 Runway whipping by
 Seat pressing hard against my back
 Weightlessness
 Ground falls away and
 Everything is swallowed
 Everything is swallowed
 by the fog