

Kristin LaFollette-Samson

Alexithymia

All I hear are the airplanes flying over
and I watch through the window as

they glide to the ground. The lights remind
me of ice and gold and I think of my father—

I think of when I stood in the back of my
brother's pickup and watched the planes

take off and land, but this was at a smaller
airport, a different one than
this.

I was wearing a Red Sox sweatshirt as a
plane left the Earth and the air smelled like

mud and wet grass. The old truck we were
standing in broke down two months after that—

I remember that much.