

VALERIE STETSON

## Jet

Often a jet slips  
through the sky  
at a crash angle  
its pollution parading  
in broken streams  
its noise, trailing  
like a poorly-dubbed  
foreign film

aerodynamic as a bus  
it does, sometimes,  
topple confidently  
from the radar screen  
and hide a thousand pieces  
in a body of water  
the trick of it  
locked in a black box  
like magic, fathomed  
and unfathomable