

Carrie Magness Radna

In mid-air (no. 32 of E verses)

I feel
you.

I feel you're always with me,
even though you're not there.

I am heartsick;
my nose and ears are stuffed up,
my fingertips tingle
for no reason at all.

When my heart
hangs helplessly in mid-air,
I sleep a lot;
I dream of you.

I cease to wander,
I stay home and try to think
about how to live
the rest of my life.

Although
it is almost second nature
to disappear, I try to keep visible

Even though
I dream of riding trains
to exotic locales,
you are still in the world
somewhere.

I stay behind
so I can find
you eventually,
but I can't wait around forever;

This bird must fly,
and not keep hanging out
in mid-air.

Carrie Magness Radna is an audiovisual cataloger at New York Public Library, a choral singer and a poet who loves traveling. Her poems have previously appeared in *The Oracular Tree*, *Mediterranean Poetry*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Poetry Super Highway*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *Vita Brevis*, *Home Planet News*, *Walt's Corner*, *Polarity eMagazine*, *The Poetic Bond (VIII & IX)*, *Alien Buddha Press*, *Jerry Jazz Musician*, *Rye Whiskey Review* and *First Literary Review-East*. Her first poetry collection, *Hurricanes never apologize* (Luchador Press) was published in December 2019. Her upcoming collection, *In the blue hour* (Nirala Publications) will be published in early 2021. Born in Norman, Oklahoma, she now lives with her husband in Manhattan.