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Logan

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Logan

by Anne Oleson

Sometimes I forget about all these things,
so familiar to me: checking luggage,
going through security—those long,
long lines snaking back and forth—
the hit-or-miss temperaments of TSA workers,
where someone ahead of you draws
a friendly, joking sort, while you
come up against a guard whose curt voice
and narrowed eyes, as he directs you
through the scanner, just dare you
to protest your innocence—sometimes
I forget these things, until I shepherd
my two kids onto the concourse, Gate 7,
at the end, where we'll wait three hours
to board an overnight flight to Heathrow.

I look at them in surprise, thirteen and
fifteen years old: old enough to carry passports, yet
young enough to visit the currency exchange breathlessly;
young enough to post online shots
of each other before the sign, at the food court,
which reads London 3260 miles;
young enough to huddle a bit closer to me
at the first boarding call for BA 214;
young enough to let me take my own picture
of this last moment: the two of them,
together, taking off into the wide world.

