

swigs of bourbon straight from the bottle pass the time      35,000 feet in the air.  
all my other goonies from Montreal to Utica, Mississippi stretch out      living out our childhood dreams  
one chartered flight at a time. some of us waterboard our livers      to numb sprained ankles and  
knees that sizzle and pop like grease in a pan that we acquired      hurling our bodies -  
human missiles clad in cleats. others imbibe to cauterize lacerated hearts      we've suffered  
from family deaths and ex-lovers we still covet who've left      reality rolling over our chronically  
aching shoulders like a wave when the clock stops at 0:00.  
every pull from that opaque brown bottle a tap on the shoulder      taking us further away  
from the miles we've put on.

## **away game win [frequent flyer miles]**

by Alex Hoffman-Ellis

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