

Flying

by Jack Ales-Oruam

I gazed into her soft eyes. I was a little scared. This...this meant something.

We'd "accidentally" played footsies and I could feel my lonely feet finally touching the floor.

"Please listen carefully to these safety instructions — even if you are a frequent flyer — as they are specifically for this aircraft."

I didn't say anything because you just don't at times like this.

"Look in the seat pocket in front of you for the safety instruction card. Please make yourself familiar with it as it explains the safety features of this aircraft."

I looked at her again and wondered how I had missed everything before me when we had first met. How those strands of her hair parted like a lovely, velvet curtain to reveal a dainty face that blushed without needing blush. How those cheeks stood like tall hills around a valley of happiness. How it all flowed together like one of her paintings.

I had to see it to believe it.

"All carry-on luggage should be safely stowed in the overhead lockers or under the seat in front of you."

Cocoons burst upon in my stomach. I was glad that I had gone with "not hungry." Funny, I thought, so had she. I wondered whether she had butterflies too and, if so, whether mine and hers would mate some day. Only time would tell.

"Click your seat belt closed and fit it snugly around your hips. Seatbelts must be worn at all times when seated."

Her eyes soul-searched me. I broke the eye-kiss. She knew too much. But - I turned my eyes back - I kind of liked that. Like puzzle pieces, our gazes fit back together. I felt...secure.

"If oxygen is needed in an emergency, an oxygen mask will be released from above you. Place the mask over your mouth and nose and tighten the strap."

How did she do this to me, I wondered.

"No smoking is allowed on this flight in any part of the cabin, including the toilet areas."

She was just so...right. It was like some unknown high and she was the drug.

"As we are about to take off, make sure your seat is fully upright and your seat back tray is stowed. Sit back and enjoy your flight."

Finally, we got up to leave. For the first time, I took her hand.

Relationships are always different when your mom is a flight attendant.

