

## From an Airplane

Iris DeMent

Versts by the hundred, miles  
By hundreds, hundreds  
Of dim kilometers beneath our track

Reaches of salt marsh, feather  
Grass that billowed  
Beyond, the somber cedar  
Groves showed black

As though, for the first time I saw my country  
And, with a pang of recognition, knew  
It is all mine and nothing can divide us  
It is my soul, it is my body, too

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