

United Airlines Flight 2317: IND->SMF

Nisha Cavendish

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tells me Christmas will be without my blood,
spent instead in a condo barely with room for two;
I'll imagine tasting Mom's lamb and candied yams
while I'm scarfing down duck and rice, folding bao
knowing here the gifts will bear my name,
thousands of miles from doubling up on sports bras,
tensing from hugs, praying no one can feel the straps.

They'll call, squee about how cold it feels—
not having their three sons there. I'll nod,
the chill rushing to my face as I speak,

the ball of my voice shoved down as I grit with every word.
Add some shoyu, ginger, cooking wine, a drop or two of oyster
sauce—
my partner, her mother, and I our own Saint Nicks.
I've no need to peer in from the cold,
there's plenty of room for us three leftovers here.