

EN ROUTE, PDX TO VIE

During the flight to Vienna
a gentleman seated across the aisle from me
is watching a *National Geographic* documentary
on a small TV screen attached to the back of the seat
directly in front of him.
A wolf is taking down a caribou.
Behind me, a few rows back, a child starts crying
inconsolably.

We're cruising at 35,000 feet, just off the southern tip
of Greenland.

Shortly before departure
a telephone message informed me
I have exactly "three-point-five years left"
in the battery life
of my pacemaker.