

Tender surrender
to the airport security
by those
who are proud of their immunity to spicy food,
'You call this spicy?!'
'Excuse me, could I have some chilli sauce?'

Tender surrender
to the airport security
by those
who take off their shoes, lift up their hands, organise the trays.
They want to collaborate.

Tender surrender
to the airport security
by those
who want to do their full body scan RIGHT.

Who feel accomplished when the security stand does not beep.
But if it does,
it's okay, too.
They spread their legs
and smirk at their partner as the officer's hands slide down their thighs.

Tender surrender
to the airport security
by those
who painfully hand over their moisturiser.
Whose gate closing time is their gate opening time.
Who carry their passports
but rarely get to show them
as they cross countries, and seabeds, and stretches of land.

Tender surrender
by those
who witness the collapse of air-travel glamour
when the airport staff folds up a portable duty free stand
in the middle of the night
while they wait for a flight information announcement.

Tender surrender
to the airport security
by those
who will give the dissolving profession of stewards their desired
attention
when they do instructions in incomprehensible English,
on what to do in case of an emergency.

Tender surrender
to the airport security
by those
who won't clap at the end of the flight,
who are making life decisions
while looking over the sunset
through someone else's window.

