

Winning Poems in 2022 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

6. Technology and the Human Condition, Second Place

**The Informal Building of Planes
in Depression Days**

He often trudged barefoot
under the dusty trees of our street
to the vacant lot by my house—
the six-year-old boy
who would become
an aeronautical engineer—
to see fabric and light wood
taking shape, an airplane.

One dim evening, the boy
and the plane's owner came into
a cavernous place,
a huge garage with dark recesses
and intense light under work lamps.
Banana oil was heavy in the air,
thick and choking under the glare.
Men in denim coveralls
passionate about planes
were climbing over
the balsa-wood wings and fuselage,
doping the canvas "skin,"
building a way to fly.

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