

Incognito

“All set, Julian,” the uniformed TSA officer
moves me on to the conveyor belts
to empty my pockets into a kitty litter tray,
having scanned my boarding pass
like a bomb-sniffing dog.

“OK, Deborah,” her toneless permission
for my wife to follow me,
lugging her rolling carry-on after me
like a ball and chain.

In real life we go by Charles and Abby,
though our passports and driver’s licenses
list us by first name-last name.

Do I feel like a secret agent
penetrating enemy lines?
Or do I feel like a prisoner?



Charles Rammelkamp is Prose Editor for BrickHouse Books in Baltimore and Reviews Editor for The Adirondack Review. A chapbook of poems, *Jack Tar's Lady Parts*, is available from Main Street Rag Publishing. Another poetry chapbook, *Me and Sal Paradise*, was recently published by FutureCycle Press. An e-chapbook has also recently been published online *Time Is on My Side*. Another chapbook, *Mortal Coil*, is forthcoming from Clare Songbirds Publishing.

The Pangolin Review – Issue 12