

Jet-Stream, Let's Do It!

Bending my neck, I'm watching passing planes up overhead; I look up at planes floating bright over top of me. I'm looking up at planes, and I see the bellies of planes flying so huge, so lovely, and glittering.

I'm watching bodybuilders bodybuild in videos. I'm watching as bodybuilders organize their parts and exaggerate their bigness in videos, and I see their bellies there, their bellies in such lively states of revision. Their bellies are changing shape through their efforts, their bellies are being made into so many excellent six-packs through arduous and planned repetition. The abs are the multifidi, rector abdominis, the internal and external obliques, erector spinae, the transverse abdominis.

I'm watching planes overhead, looking up, and I'm seeing the bellies of bodybuilders overhead. I'm seeing the bellies of bodybuilders up overhead precisely where the planes are. I'm seeing the bellies of bodybuilders flying up there, so high and so gorgeous, bellies fibrous, bulbed with muscle, slick and shining, bellies hundreds of feet long and 40,000 feet up in summer's very, very blue air.

The hugeness of the emergent airliner was considered important. In 1971, a recorded voice says: that flying the 747 is the *in-thing*, and he wants to know why the big, wide-body jet did what it did up in the air so well. Chrome bellies of the early model super-jets, sunlight rubbing along the jumbo length of the plane in hot and visible waves. An airport worker posts a video from inside the belly of a Dreamliner jet, the innards of the belly show packaged objects moving into position along rails, the video is one minute and three seconds long, the video is hashtagged "superhuman". Videos arrange themselves in a line across the screen, *Loading the belly of an airbus 321 in record time (exclamation point); Inside the belly; how bags look inside the belly of a plane hashtag 'satisfying'*; and stills on-hand as well, Getty, with a glut, offers *209 jet-belly stock and high-resolution photos* arranged in tiles down my screen.

The exercising with weights, has helped them to stay with a note sung during a time when strength is required in the abdominal cavity, to force the last bit of breath out from inside of themselves. *Muscular miracles*. . .inspired, he continued to work hard on the side-bend (dumbbell in both hands, hands with dumbbell up and above the head. . .feet fixed at shoulder width. . .torso bends to the right, pauses there, torso to neutral, torso bends to left, pauses, and torso to neutral). And, like a person who enjoys their dessert the best of any part of a meal, he placed the side-bend at the end of the workouts, and this kept his enthusiasm aroused, because, he could always say “Just a few more reps and I will be up to the side-bend again, and my abdomen will wind and buckle under its own mass and expand as I move blood there through my own moving. . .”. It is that classical look of mid-section. . .build deep abdominal muscles of very sculptural beauty. . .be rid of constipation and have good protection from rupture. . .learn. . .the importance of leg training and physical type. . .in abdominal training. Boundless energy, the dynamic appearance of the most healthful and so surely. Conquer constipation while correcting disorderly digestion, prevent hernia, removal of dead tissues, removal of burping, bloat, of distressing episodes of flatulence. Vital in health, the abdomen, the dangers of drugs, laxatives, your abdomen. Yours, is, authentic, fearless, your abdomen is very scientific. . .lavishly illustrated.

The weights had helped them to stay with a sung note abdominally. The cavity had been filled in record time, with all the best equipment and was satisfying. Rails full through the stomach, through the belly and through the belly of the chrome airplane and in full sunlight. Bloat and constipation? Not for a Dreamliner, bags stacked proper throughout the rounded walls, rectus and transversus abdominals up there at altitude, billowing huge, defined, and smiling.

A Lufthansa webpage, the title: *Our Aircraft's Bellies*. The adult human stomach has a median capacity of 1.5 litres, the full belly is 1.5 litres. Lufthansa's page tells me that the Boeing 787, the Dreamliner, accommodates 20 standard air freight containers in the forward compartment of the plane belly, and 16 in the aft of the belly, with a maximum weight capacity of 3,500 pounds. An adult human stomach holds 1.5 litres of content, 3,500 pounds converted to litres (using water as a standard density) is 1587 litres. The stomach of the Dreamliner is a 1587 litre cavity, a jumbo-abdomen, that flies.

Every belly makes waste to fit that belly or that belly would die. What goes into a belly to make a body live cannot stay in that belly. Arnold Schwarzeneggers Mr. Olympia diet, one gram of protein for each one pound of bodyweight, in a day, as follows: three eggs; one half pound beef patty, breads, two glasses of milk, *it was how to come up sunny in the morning with a whole smile spread wide over the ready face*; half meat sandwich, eggs boiled, glass of milk again; meat sandwich; cheese sandwich; glasses of milk; plus fruit; one egg with three slices of cheese glasses of milk; three quarters of a pound of ground beef; potato; vegetable mix; glasses of milk; a drink of mixed liquids: two glasses milk, one half cup milk solids, egg, plus one half cup ice cream.

Each day a human body renders and evacuates one pound of feces. A human body flatulates 13-21 times, a day.

The 787 Dreamliner, in full flight, consumes five thousand four hundred litres of fuel every hour. In twenty-four hours the 787 Dreamliner consumes one hundred and twenty-nine thousand six hundred litres of fuel. Contrails are the linear spew running out the back of jumbo jets up at altitude, these are hot exhausted impurities, runoff from the imperfect combustion of fuel, composed largely of water and carbon dioxide, often run through with sulfur. I'm looking up at the bellies of planes and I am seeing huge abdomens, with great plumes of shit running out from behind their droning charge—the loud fecal evidence of their fullness.

Bending my neck, I'm watching gigantic abs flying up overhead, two-hundred-foot six-packs flying up overhead sun bouncing bright against their meat. I look up at planes floating bright over top of me, loaded heavy with ground beef, boiled eggs, various milks, planes deeply committed to their generous scale. Looking up overhead, and I see the bellies of giants flying so huge, lovely and glittering.