

Airmen

As the sun set
We watched the plane
Spiral out of control
Heard the clump
As it hit the ground
Beyond the wood

Saw the thin plume of smoke
Grey, laced with pink
Rising above the crash
Like a question mark
Then we saw the parachute
Caught in the sun
Like a drifting star
And that night in bed
I listened to the whistles
As they searched the wood

I imagined him being frightened
Far from home
And I pulled my eiderdown
Around me

And thought of dad
And offered up a prayer
For lonely airmen
Everywhere