

## Airmen

Saw the thin plume of smoke

Like a drifting star

Heard the clump

And that night in bed

Like a question mark

As the sun set

And offered up a prayer

Spiral out of control

And thought of dad

Around me

Grey, laced with pink

I imagined him being frightened

And I pulled my eiderdown

Everywhere

We watched the plane

Rising above the crash

Then we saw the parachute

Far from home

As it hit the ground

Caught in the sun

As they searched the wood

For lonely airmen

Beyond the wood

I listened to the whistles