

A Pilot's Epitaph

by Bob Kirkby

Don't cry for me for I have flown
Above the earth, above the clouds
Above the crowds in space so free.
My open biplane pleasure gave
Beyond duty's call, beyond compare.

One with the sun,
We've risen together, earth to sky.
Mile long shadows I've watched appear,
Stretch one farm house to the next
Extending morning's greeting.
My plane has flown itself
Whilst I absorbed the twilight beauty
On air so clear, it isn't there.

O'r fields of yellow we have soared
Two thousand feet, the hawk and I.
I've kissed the clouds, and in the sunlight
Scribe the ground with shadow pen.
Skimmed the surface, hopped the fence,
To wif Canola's pungent fragrance.

The mountain gorge I've ventured through,
Been humbled next to granite peaks
Unequaled in magnificence,
Swept the valleys' morning mist
Then climbed to hop a snow-capped ridge.

And, yes, I've flown the scud as well,
Felt the ceiling crashing down
While dodging obstacles up close
And searching for a nest to rest.
A miracle I've also seen, when suddenly
The sky was clear for two miles square,
An airport in the centre lay.
God must have found it, I could not.

Most beautiful of all from high
Is sunset's crimson glow,
Bursting forth from Rockies' spires,
Fading to every hew of blue.
To be replayed at will,
By flying higher and higher.

Don't cry for me, but cry for those
Who have not flown.

