

Homeward Bound

Reunion 2014

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The reunion is over...

Memories, like sustaining pleasant shadows, will last another year. Some friends were not there as many did not return home from Vietnam and will never stand back-to-back with us again.

The puddle-hopper jet rolls smoothly into takeoff rocketing ever faster; runway markers blurring by, and I think of K9 Blackie padding along near the dangerous runway and sheltering from typhoon winds and rains lashing indifferent to the wants of good or evil.

Pilot rotates the aircraft for liftoff. Near runway's asphalt's edge a dark oval shape and instantly I remember the K-9 fighting-hole like bunker we covered in. When mortars rained down, and the water-filled bunker was not a concern.

Wings gliding on decades of shadowed memories, where sunlight bounced across serpent streams and terraced fields of multi-hues of greens and dark. I lean back, trying to relax; a last glance at wings of steel surfing and dicing dappled clouds as flickering-memories skipped rippled waters of long past dreams.

Eyes closed, relaxing not an option, I thought of other times sitting in my old chevy at a drive-in movie—I couldn't squint-away the strings of flaming pearls drifting, dancing. the night away before me.