

LOST PILOT,

MIA Pilot - 1970, RVN

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WILL THEY COME FOR ME?

If The Season is right and the Monsoon is elsewhere ...
If It is not raining, or too cloudy,
If The wind is calm, and the jungle canopies part just right,
If A sunburst of light glints from helmet's shattered visor
and catches a searcher's eye,
If skeletal bones and tattered uniform conspire to hold body
together.

If They are still searching?

If They don't give up on me.

If It is God's Will, they will find me, and Take Me Home.

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Vietnam and Thailand
by The Light
of a Silvery Moon

Composite photo, By The Light of a Silvery Moon, (c) 2012, by Don Poss

Vietnam: Forty years and more have passed since his aircraft was shot down. At first, the Rescue Search was furious. Then other pilots were lost. Transfers, new guys in old guys out, and the war raged on. In time, his file was relegated to a government issued file-cabinet bulging with files of other Lost Pilots.

For brief seconds the pilot had drifted under full parachute, then ripped through the upper jungle-triple-canopy jarring and shredding his way downward, like a steel-ball in an arcade pinball machine; bouncing, jarring, twirling over peg-like tree limbs that slammed him like a baseball bat.

He regained consciousness: Helmet shattered. Bones broken. Hard to breathe. Life seeping away, and he prayed he would see his family once more... and his girl, remembering their last moments together.

He didn't know how long he had been passed out, and awoke hearing Vietnamese voices below, shouting to each other. His vision was blurry, and couldn't see through dark shadows of swirling multi-hues of greens below, nor could he move his broken arm to grasp his revolver. The voices moved on, slowly, following helicopter rotor noises, by light of a silvery moon.

His dazed eyes searched drunkenly as he listened intently for sounds of rescue. Through the pain, he heard a chopper's whomping rotor-wash raking wind-trails through roiling treetops; a sudden squall of rain droplets shook-loose and fell noisily.

He awoke to a bright flickering of lights skipping across his face, like tiny boots of warmth. Dazed, he wondered if it was a doctor's flashlight. No, he surmised, he was just seeing spots—then recognized the jungle canopy was again dancing in the wind, teasing him with shafts of stinging-winking lights.

Dangling helplessly by parachute cords, the pilot could not see the forest bed below. In the clutches of tightly woven gnarly-twisted vines, he felt as if a giant boa was crushing him. Trapped in the growing vine-coils that squeezed the blood from his wounds down the length of his body—his mind feared he would be cocooned and devoured.

Semi-conscious, he sensed the darkness around him being cleaved by speckles of pale starlight—or was the light being bashed by *buckets of darkness*—he wasn't sure which. The jungle itself seemed a black-hole sucking light from day and life from all living things.

Time passed, and soon the aerial rescuers also moved on. The night was liquid dark as a cavern's midnight. Quiet, suffocating-stillness, abandoned, forsaken, alone. Delusion pursued his lucid moments, and offered no solace. He thought he was blind, as he could see no-thing.

*Maybe tomorrow they will find me ... and take me home. They—will—find—me.
Tomorrow. They will find me, and take me home.*

Lord , *have they forgotten me ...?*