



Danang
Vietnam

ĐÀ NẴNG AIR BASE

LOST PILOT

*POW * MIA*

by Don Poss.

366th SPS , K-9, 1965-1966

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Vietnam and Thailand
by The Light
of a SILVER MOON

LOST PILOT

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Forty years and more have passed since his aircraft was shot down. At first, the search was feverish. 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 somewhere that was beginning to bulge with added files of other Lost Pilots.

For too brief seconds he drifted under full parachute, like god's hand trying to slow his fall, then ripped violently, fatally, through the upper-triple jungle-canopy. Helmet shattered. Bones broken. Quiet. Life was seeping away. He thought of home. He thought of family whom he deeply loved. He could not focus sight through the swirl of multi-hued greens and dark shadows below that swallowed all light. He was dying, and knew it. He felt a sharp sunburst of light sweep across his body, dangling by parachute cords ensnared and now a part of the twisted vines. How bright the light, like a white beam from heaven, he thought. Maybe... they will find me and take me home. No

man's left behind -- *everyone knows that* -- they... will... find... me. They *will* take me home -- *If...*

If
The Season is right...
The Monsoon is elsewhere...
It is not raining...
It is not cloudy...
The wind is calm...
The jungle canopies have not closed...
A sunburst of light flashes between countless leaves and branches,
glints from helmet's shattered visor and catches a searcher's eye...
If he is looking up...
If skeletal bones and tattered uniform conspire to hold human form...
If they are still searching? If they don't give up on me.
They... Will... Find Me, and take me home.

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