

A Plane's Soliloquy

by  
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I am the Corsair.

Far above the clouds, I fly, over land and over sea.  
Pardon, please, my vanity - but all men are forced to admire me.  
I wing through the air, with the sea gull's grace;  
To the combat zone - then back to my base.  
Looks are, sometimes, deceiving. Think me not timid and complacent as well.  
For I can fight, and fight to excel.

I honor my Pilot

With outstanding courage, he guides me in the theater of war,  
Keeping ever alert, he operates precision controls, while I zoom and roar.  
I stage a fierce battle - but it doesn't last long,  
My Pilot returns on two wings and a song.  
I fight for Justice. Continuous action won't cause my spirit to break.  
I'll stay on the beam - Freedom at stake.

Please bear my compliments

To the vast multitude who strive to make possible my mission.  
Place faith in me to accomplish great feats and hold to tradition.  
At my base I am known as the Goddess of Flight,  
But the enemy styles me that Demon of Might.  
I make promise of increasing laurels 'till the end of this war,  
Then? In peace let me rest for evermore.