

THE AGING PILOT



On silver wings he soared up high,
It was his joy in life.
Above the many traffic jams,
That caused him so much strife.

The purring engine up in front,
Was music to his ears.
The thing just ran for hours on hours,
And this allayed all fears.

The clear blue sky and air so clean,
With puffy cotton balls all 'round.
Was something never seen,
By others on the ground.

Alone up there in his little plane,
It seemed like another world.
A place where man was meant to be?
Where wings had set him free?

Or was it just what man could do,
To realize his dreams.
By overcoming gravity,
Through artificial means?

The works of man so far below,
Looked like little children's toys.
While green and quilt-like farms,
Were evidence of poor men's toils.

Little ponds shined like mirrors,
Reflecting light from the sun above.
Streams and rivers marked their path
Making their way through dirt and grass.

Hills were merely bumps below,
While mountains reached quite high,
In a mighty gallant effort
To snatch him from the sky.

But he was wise to nature's ways
Always keeping on his toes.
Ready for any ill winds
That in his way might blow.

He flew high and low, fast and slow,
Above the tortured earth.
Enjoying every moment
That provided him with mirth.

He could go where 'er he chose
North, south, east or west,
Using all his instruments
To go the way he thought best.

One time he flew from coast to coast
A cross-country trip he cherished most.
Close calls he had for sure,
In spite of which he did endure.

But as the years went by
They began to take their toll.
As his vision blurred
He knew he was growing old.

They put eye glasses on his face,
To slow the fading vision's pace.
And little gadgets in each ear,
So others voices he could hear.

Three pills a day keep him alive,
With vitamins he's fortified.
But hang it up he will not,
Although his plane someone bought.

Now much to his delight,
He can continue flight.
The answer to his plight,
Is a low performance ultralight.

Now if this story sounds familiar,
Or to another one that's similar.
True this one has got to be,
As the aging pilot is none but me.