

## Lady Of The Sky

Glenn H. Fisher

**T**HERE among the sunlit spaces you came to have a talk with me. I saw you first standing on a sunbeam with your head thrown back and your hair streaming in the wind. On tiptoe you were—laughing—and your laughter was a harmony to the wild, strange music of the sky. How lovely you were—like an angel who had showered in the gold dust of the sun.

Impishly you came tripping down the sunbeam to stand on the cold-blue muzzle of my guns. And yet, almost shyly you asked to come inside—my answer was a smile. I opened my arms and you were in them, your lips warm and willing as I held you close.

And then, as if you anticipated the terse command "On Target," you pulled away to sit beside me with your hand just touching mine. "Do not be afraid," you

whispered, "we'll take this ride together."

All my fears left me then. I watched the purple flak puffs fill the sky and felt them rock my plane. I saw another plane shudder, hesitate, then gently fall away to burst into orange flame and plunge into the sea. Through it all—the thunder of the bursting shells, the shout of "Bombs Away," the breathtaking descent of "breakaway," the monotone on the interphone—I still could hear your song above the tumult—joyous, thrilling, and free!

Then, in the strange stillness that follows a battle in the air, I felt you lift your hand from mine. You stepped through my turret window and poised on my guns again. Your smile was a caress as gentle as shafts of sunlight and your words that shouted down the windstream are etched upon my heart—"Goodbye—goodbye, we'll meet again in just a little while."