

## Flying High

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By William True

Fear flies with me as we lift from the ground,  
A true silent partner ne'er making a sound,  
But the terror cries loudly inside of my brain  
And my guts are all knotted with a great searing pain.

My mouth is like cotton, my knuckles are white,  
Those wing flaps are grinding, that's surely not right?  
Why are we banking? Is the pilot okay?  
O please keep him healthy, I fervently pray.

My heart's a trip hammer, my eardrums may pop,  
My stomach is churning, did the aircraft just drop?  
Oh why do I do this? Why endure all this pain?  
Let this flight land safely, then never again!

At last here's the drink cart, the attendant seems calm,  
Her looks give me comfort, and act as a balm,  
My security blanket, when up all these miles,  
Is plenty of booze, and a crew with warm smiles.

"We're at 38,000" says the intercom voice,  
No crash on the takeoff at least, I rejoice,  
But there's storm clouds ahead which we'll doubtless go through,  
We'll surely hit turbulence – we always do.

Up comes my belly to jam in my throat,  
We're dipping and rocking like a leaky rowboat,  
How can this aeroplane possibly fly?  
The tornado has got us! I'm not ready to die!

My panic continues for hours untold,  
Thank God for martinis, they've helped me keep hold,  
And at last: "Fasten seat belts, please put up your tray,  
Don't forget your hand luggage, and have a nice day."

She wants to sound soothing, but she's not fooling me,  
We'll not make the runway, it's easy to see,  
We're diving too steeply, "Pull it up!" "Pull it up!"  
Time for one fast Hail Mary, then I'll pass on my cup.

It's a miracle! We've landed! And I sigh with relief,  
But the flight has confirmed again my fixed belief,  
God gave us two arms to accomplish great things,  
But if destined to fly, He'd have given us wings.