

The Airmen

*It is winter and they're hours old,
Brought into life from warmth to cold,
Weak and puny they cannot stand
Alone, without a parent's hand.*

*The seasons pass and so do they
From the myst'ry of puberty,
As sun returns and warmth it brings
Soon they are grown these boys of spring.*

*These men, nay boys, so young, so bold,
They came as from a common mould.
Their mission was, take to the sky
To fight the foe, few to survive.*

*The valorous, so much they gained
Through lessons learned, when life sustained,
Skills now worn to memory they cling,
Those men of steel once boys of spring.*

*The battle's ended, its rigours met
And always they'll be owed a debt.
Those who endured recall these things,
But now they're tired these boys of spring.*

*Time wearied them, and years have passed,
Their fallen comrades greatly missed.
Thoughts return to the time they knew
When so much was owed, to so few.*

~ G. G. Symons