

## REQUIEM FOR AN AIRFIELD

Bill Berle

Gone is the panic - the struggle in which it was born  
gone are the machines and the men  
And though it lives on in a peaceful time  
it slowly fights a losing battle for life  
Without a sound

Stand on the fading, dying runways - walk among the dead metal bones  
and you become very sad  
A thousand ghosts are making plans to fight  
a war only remembered

The creaking wood of buildings has somehow remained  
against the forces bent on erasing their existence  
Their doors and rafters cry for help  
to the trees and the ears of those who do not listen - the end is near

Yet this place has only yesterday breathed of life  
of the sights and sounds that made it special  
A new era brought new machines, but the same breed of souls  
and ironically it once again did as it was born to do  
making pilots out of men

It sparkled with the love and reverence it deserved  
and they came here, to challenge the sky  
and ride the razor edge of sanity  
in machines that whispered back at the ghosts

But now again it lies dying  
not of age and wind, but loneliness  
The world incessantly gnaws at its border  
and the souls who care cannot look without tears

But I have been here, to this magic place  
before it is ended  
I have felt the emotion of its spirit, and mine has become stronger  
It has given me a gift, and let me learn  
and it can therefore never die . . . but  
if only El Mirage could talk