

Ronald P. Silverio

Shokaku's Children

Today he receives the honor he's been waiting
for all his life.
"Death."

"Military History" Magazine

I watch
figures kneel as one
in the Rising Sun. Praying,
silent, sworn.
They honor us.

Feet, knees, hands lay
low on the island of steel.
Rising to commitment,
pilots stride to their waiting
wings.

We watch the Four Winds
carry them away. We
are the children wishing
to be them, kites in the
clouds, dancing.

I smile, and know
they take their honor.
Caskets on the wing
strike.