

An Ode to the Liberator

Poem by an unknown author on the Liberator

For there's a sort of maniac madness in the supercharger's whine,
as you hear the ice cubes tinkling in the turbo balance lines,
and the runway strips are narrow, but the snowbanks, they are wide,
while the crash trucks say, in a mournful way, that you're on that final ride.

The nose gear rocks and trembles, for it's held with baling wire,
and the wings are filled with thermite to make a hotter fire.
the camouflage is peeling off, it lends an added luster,
while each pitot head is filled with lead to help the load adjuster.

The bomb bay doors are rusted, and close with a ghastly shriek,
and the plexiglass is smeared with some forgotten oil leak.
The oleo struts are twisted, the wheels are not quite round,
and the bulkhead's thin (Ford build with tin), emit a wrenching sound.

You taxi out to the runway, 'mid the groans of the tortured gear,
and you feel the check-rider's teeth gnawing at your tender rear.
The co-pilot dozing on the right, in a liquor laden coma,
mingles his breath, like the kiss of death, with the putt-putt's foul aroma.

So it's off in the overcast yonder, though number one is missing,
and the hydraulic fluid escaping, sets up a gentle hissing.
The compass dial is spinning in a way that brooks no stopping,
and row by row the fuses blow with an intermittent popping.

It was named the "Liberator" by a low and twisted mind,
but the men who came to Liberal, no freedom ever find.
There is no hope, no sunny ray, to dry their tears of sorrow,
for those who land, and still can stand, must fly again tomorrow.

The stranger's voice was silent, a tear shone in his eye,
and from all his honored audience arose a vastly sigh.
Great Caesar rose toward him with pity in his face,
and bowing low, he turned to show the stranger his place.