

She waits

She waits
In the late twilight,
Shivering

Over
the chalk cliff.

Listening to
engines
the squadron nears

She waits
For a glimpse
Gauntleted hand
Waving at her

Keeping watch

Waiting to count
the missing.

Waits for the missing..
Waits..
And waits...

By Astrud P7

St Mary's Dunblane