Shokaku’s Children

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Shokaku’s Children

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

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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.