

**Marie-Lynn Hammond****"Flying/Spring of '44"**

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he had twelve days leave when I met him in Montreal  
we courted a week then got married  
he wore his uniform  
I wore my grey silk suit and a hat with a veil  
my mother shook her head and said  
you hardly know the boy

but it was spring of 44  
it was such a crazy time  
and he seemed so brave  
so full of glory  
with his talk of planes and the sky  
I remember him saying

oh flying  
well the Hurricane shes a damn fine plane  
and I wish you could see all the boys and me  
doing loops and dives in tight formation  
chasing the wind  
like eagles in the sun

it was spring again when I went to meet his train  
they sent him home a hero  
with medals and that look in his eyes  
and a cane  
I hardly knew him  
and most nights hed wake up shaking and scared  
but hed never tell me  
what he was seeing

but it was spring of 45  
it was such a hopeful time  
when he was finally on the mend  
wed sit on the porch  
and hed watch the sky  
like he was looking for something  
2.

oh flying  
sun on the silver wing  
its so silent out there

like a blue cathedral  
you can climb and climb  
till the earth falls away  
and youre finally alone now  
youve finally come home

well the doctors told him he could never fly again  
but a heros a hero  
and the Air Force takes care of its own  
oh they let him fly a desk for thirty years  
and except for the drinking  
nothing much has changed  
you know hes still got his medals  
and his aches and his pains  
hes still got his bad dreams  
ah hes still the same stranger I met  
at the train

but there was a boy in 44  
he always talked of flying  
and one day his plane took off-acap

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