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The Pilot

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The Pilot

Brian J. Mackert

[Reflections on the Columbia Space Shuttle Tragedy]

Pilot . . . your craft, your steed.
Like knights of old readied for battle.
Your heart racing at the power beneath you.
Swelling with pride at the oneness you have created
The man and his mount.
But Pilot . . . your steed has stumbled.
He plunges headlong toward death.
And you, dear Pilot, are taken down with him.
Unable to separate from the oneness you created.
The oneness that once thrilled you is now your doom.
The man . . . the machine . . . and the sonic boom.
Pilot, you will be remembered.
We won't forget the adventure your heart dared.
You touched the stars and raced across the heavens.
From heaven's height, your doom visible to the whole world.
It scarred the heavens and shook our being.

Gabrielle Pruitt

