

# Paratroopers

by Kevin Knight

Casting our parachutes,  
We welcome the night air into our lungs,  
Slipping away to the fantasy of a perfect jump.  
Exiting aircrafts in synchronized harmony,  
Shouting for the canopy's arrival,  
Before preparing a finale of pirouetted landings.

*Who knows this place between the clouds as we do?*

The man in the moon smiles back at us  
Looking down two thousand feet above the landing zone,  
Preparing the wind streams of a flawless evening.  
The jumpmaster's bellows guide my descent back to reality,  
Then empower my movements to the pickup site over yonder.  
The second wave's perfect execution  
Distract the mile long travel back to the trucks.  
Cheerful chit chat and laughter amongst the masses,  
As we journey back to the hanger for jump number two.

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**Major (Dr.) Kevin Knight** is an Army Medical Service Corps officer and adjunct educator for Columbia Southern University. Kevin was born and raised in Brooklyn, NY. His work is currently featured in Wingless Dreamers' *My Glorious Quill*, and is forthcoming in Genre Urban Arts' *BLACKOUT* edition, Southeast Missouri State University Press' *Proud to Be* edition, and the *Line of Advance*.