

Goodbye, Colonel

by Shay Wills

That afternoon I took the call
The sun was napalm danger-close.
My skin shrank from the news,
And my shoes skimmed the asphalt scalding lot.
Get to cover! Only when I'm in
The shade of the vehicle,
Engine churning heat snakes
From the hood, did I break
The rank, my workday face,
And burned with awe that such
A strong full-bird colonel
Was brought down
Piloting a mower in
Straight runs under summer's cover.
If only he had flown at dawn.

An army brat, **Shay Wills** graduated from the University of Arizona with a BA in English and Creative Writing. He, with his spouse and son, live in Tucson, Arizona, near his two older children. Recently, he followed a different passion, earned his MS, and works as a mental health counselor. He has poetry appearing in *The Abstract Elephant*, *Hive Journal*, *Wingless Dreamer*, and *The Closed Eye Open* among others.