

AIR DROP
By Gerry Knight

The roof of the jungle is spread out below
as our lonely mission we fly.
In search of a tiny patrol of our troops,
for we are their source of supply.

To give them their rations is our only aim
as they wend their long way o'er the heights.
For the jungle is famed for its merciless grasp
against those who infringe on its rights.

And so a lone chopper beats out its tatoo
and flies over foliage green.
To bring in supplies to a few lonely lads
who are tired, hungry and lean.

We pick up their signal, a faint Blip-Blip-Blip
and circle to find them, eyes peering.
No knowing what to expect down below
a landing pad, creek, cut, or clearing.

Then down thro' the carpet of green we can see
arms waving with frantic emotion
The patrol we have sought with our usual care.
A job with the greatest devotion.

The trees are too tall and its too thick to land
so down on the rope it will go.
What joy is seen on the faces down there
on the floor of the jungle below.

Our mission's successful, it now is complete
so back O'er the same course we fly.
Back home to our base and the welcoming meal
and change into clothing that's dry.

Devotion to duty. a job that's well done,
we continue our search for the few.
Till the end of the day when dusk falls like a mask
and our long, searching day's work is through.