

Early Morning Brief

The farts and snores are left behind,
Four Papa Two, and groping blind.
My thoughts of schedule - most unkind,
Long-johns bunching - in a bind.

By Gar, it's early morning brief,
Of sleep deprived, old time's a thief.
Coffee's on... now that's relief
"Now settle down" says Joe the chief.

We aircrew have a special cook,
A-hiding in his special nook.
Short order stuff? He wrote the book!
A "B.L.T". by hook or crook.

With jaws a-chompin' our grub a-munchin',
extremely early morning luncheon.
We all grab seats, the crews a-bunchin',
While Johnno's head our cook is a-punchin',

Don't know why the altercation,
maybe cook ran out of bacon.
we'll never know what caused the row,
'coz Johnno isn't with us now.

In spite of this we start the brief,
this schedule is our sleep-time thief.
We're off to hunt the dirty Red,
when all would rather be in bed.

They squirt us off into the wind,
by inertia to our seats we're pinned.
As cat propels us off the bow,
a muttered prayer; we're airborne now.

By John Thompson