

Ode to a Wingman

Like the twin suns rising over the cliffs,
I watched the sky get ever brighter,
While his ship tore asunder from shining rifts,
His suit and body too, until only ash.

Never again to fly beside me,
Never again to serve our Corps,
Only his spirit, strong like Royalty,
Worth more than all the Empire's cash.

With ship and body no more,
Still I feel his ghost flying high,
Helping me through this nightmare war,
Keeping death at bay, teeth all a-gnash.