

The Quiet Birdman

by Vern Dallman



Oh, I am the
Quiet birdman
Who taught the world to fly.
One of the few
With sticks and glue
Who learned to tame the sky.
To pay our debt
To Lafayette
Above the cannon's roar,
I took the chance
To die in France
In the war to end all war
I flew the mail
Through rain and hail,
Barnstormed across the land.
I found the way
For meager pay
Where airline routes are planned.

I looped and spun
Against the sun
At shows and county fairs.
I raced the best
So we could test
The aircraft factories' wares.
I tested ships
With stalls and slips
Until the way was clear
To find the way
One wonderous day
Up to the stratosphere.
I've trod the moon
And one day soon
I'll reach beyond the sky.
For I am the
Quiet birdman
Who taught the world to fly.

