

Final flight

Jack McCourt – Aug 2018

*Dedicated to **John 'Breeze' Martin** - friend, classmate, and naval warrior*

In the Ready room I sit alone, for this my final flight
My zoom bag donned, I listen on, but no briefer here tonight
This sortie will be bittersweet, but no flight-plan need I write
As I recall, the good times all, in a life that is finite

My G-suit fits me snugly, it wraps me in its warm embrace
My helmet visor shows no scars from years shielding my face
I climb the several ladders until I reach the ship's fight deck
My eyes well up as I approach my last Tomcat to inspect.

An awesome ride my Tomcat sits, she is no worn out stray
This feline can exceed Mach-2 on any given day
But I won't have that need for speed on this my final mile
Cause I got a Cat with Cat class and she's also got Cat style.

I walk beside her slowly and take in her splendid form
Her skin is smooth, her tail is sleek, her engines also warm
I look around the flight deck, no colorful shirts are seen
No matter, as I climb aboard, for me this is routine.

I strap myself into my seat, of Martin-Baker fame
I trust in this ejection seat, in which I share a name
I check the Cat for Go-Juice, I have all I'll ever need
I finish with the launch checklist, my last that I will read.

The aircraft moves slowly forward, as the wind blows off the bow
A cool **breeze** envelops me, and breezes I'll allow
As I anticipate zone 5, just before my last cat shot
My head, my heart and soul are one, my family in my thoughts.

My canopy lowers o'er my head, I check my three-nine line
I offer up one last salute, as I hear the engines whine
The cat-shot is hot, 150 knots, feet wet in launch plus 2
Then climbing high, in the blue-sky, I thank God for the Gold and Blue.