

## Eagle Squadron · Vern Rutsala

Haze, and out of it we appear,  
my mother and I walking  
from the matinee. It is cold.  
We walk fast. I feel the ice  
in my chest. We have seen  
*Eagle Squadron* at the Laurelhurst  
and Spitfires buzz  
above our haze, Heinkels fall  
hard behind the watertower.  
It was a good show and like  
good ones follows us a while.  
But now the haze goes colder.  
Snow begins to fall  
and the streets all lose their names—  
but slowly, so slowly we  
don't know we're lost until  
we are. Then we wander  
the strange city for hours until  
my father appears, driving  
the roadster slowly, head  
out the window, and calls us  
to the warm dashlight of home.