

Late

CHAD DICKINSON

You were late.
The strong Hawaiian sun peers through
The window on that December Sunday morning
As your head aches with the thought
Of possibly one too many drinks while
You rush to put on your uniform.

You mistake the sound of a low rumble
With your hangover, yet
It grows louder and louder
Like cicadas in mid-July.

Struggling to put on your shoes
You head out the door only to see
Multiple shadows falling from the sky
With smoke erupting along the horizon.

Your jaw drops as you watch the
Paradise you live in fade away
As it becomes shrouded in darkness.
How could this happen?

Smoke engulfs your nostrils with
Tears rushing down your face
As you watch crew members scream and
The USS Arizona plunge beneath the surface.
You should have been there.
You were late.