

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

C.B. Anderson

Audaciously she climbed aboard the poor
Unsteady craft, its tiny cockpit just
A bucket formed to hold one man. She swore
 As sailors might, to spark that lust

For derring-do, to galvanize The Press
Who watched in awe. Photographers were here
To capture this defining hour of, yes,
 The current Woman of the Year!

Her garb was aviation standard, worn
A bit too tight they'd later say. Her smile
Was large until her brittle wings were shorn
 Before she'd gotten half a mile.

Long after, they would speculate on why
She'd spent her pheromones on aeroplanes
For, to a man, they'd often ached to fly
 With her, not stare at her remains.

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