

from *On the Phantom Air Ship Mystery*: 17 April: Aurora

The railroad passed
An epidemic just

The West Side burned down
Weevils got the cotton

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One came in from the north low over Wise County with the sun
Ten twelve miles an hour dropping toward the ground
Clear over the square right at Judge Proctor's windmill

Three miles away they saw the flash and explosion
Fragments over three acres east and northeast
Windmill and watertank wrecked
 flowerbeds ruined

What remained of a small man disfigured past human resemblance
And his hieroglyphic log panned in violet
Together were buried in the cemetery that day

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I was in school that day and nothing happened
 He saw the air ship when it swung in low to crash
 They wouldn't let me see it but told me all about it

 They went to the crash and saw the wreckage and torn-up body
 I heard about it all my life
It passed like any other story

In the Masonic Cemetery no unmarked graves
Never was a windmill at the Judge's
Tons of metal found by the son down the well years later