

Snoopy Verse the Red Baron

Below my little square of white
Upon white fields, white poppies blow.
White clouds surround my lonely flight
Hanging black-bordered high and low.

Somewhere beyond the frame he flies
Where the white air meets the white mud
Waiting to blaze across my skies
And trace his scarlet streak of blood.

Eternally elusive foe
A figment of a figment's dream
Bullets and curses noiseless flow
You bank and turn to slip the stream.

The dogfight aces ceased their reign
With all the heroes of their age
But, doggedly, I still remain
In motion on the yellowed page.