

Coonagh Airfield
by
© Joseph Hennessy

Down wind leg into Coonagh,
Two eight looks long and wide,
No problem landing there,
I can take it in my stride.
On base it's not as long or wide,
As it was when I did choose to decide,
To come and meet the group down there,
Who operate all over Clare.
Turning final on to , two eight,
The length or width is not all that great.
Cleared number one is just grand,
While those on the ground stand to watch me land.
Approaching fast is that strip,
Oh Jesus, it's coming at an awful clip,
Missed approach I contemplate,
And have those on the ground with a look berate.
Grabbing the plate for the length to check,
It falls to the floor, oh what the heck,
It's not as long as they insist,
No doubt it was measured when they were pissed.
It's coming up fast what will I do,
In front of that Coonagh motley crew.
Over the 'keys I feel for the ground
But for my life cannot hear the sound,
Of screeching rubber as wheels go around.
Finally feeling the land I seek,
With a sigh of relief I no longer feel meek,
And like a veteran stand on the brakes,
Making me feel I'm in line with the greats,
Such as Kearney, Fincher, Cusack , Pratt,
Toppin , Creagh and others like that.
Landing at Coonagh is like landing at sea,
Where a Carrier's deck, looks big when you see,
While into wind she can turn,
Which saves having rubber to burn,
So's you can make the first left turn,
And with bloated chest then disembark,
Saying " I landed here just for the lark."

