



MEMBERS SPEAK

POEMS BY

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THE GIRL IN UNIFORM

*She walks
past stares that carry
more weight
than her flight bag. Questions
masquerade as compliments—
“Are you really the pilot?”*

*She zips up steel
with every morning.
Her collar holds
the quiet grit
of someone who earned
not just her stripes—
but the sky.*

*Her uniform
isn't fabric—
it's resolve
pressed between long nights,
missed festivals,
check rides and
quiet victories.*

*She doesn't just
fly planes.
She lands
in rooms
where silence was tradition—
and speaks.*

*Every takeoff
is proof—
that sky,
too,
has room
for a girl like her.*

THE SKY BETWEEN US FOR THE PILOT MOMS

*They don't always meet over tea
or walk their children to school gates
together.
Their lives are charted by flight schedules,
early morning takeoffs
and soft goodbyes in airport lounges.*

*But somewhere,
above the clouds,
there's a bond—
invisible, like radio waves,
but just as strong.*

*They are mothers
who know what it means
to read bedtime stories over FaceTime,
to press uniforms and flight jackets
with the same love they fold tiny onesies.*

*Somewhere in a quiet hotel room,
one writes a note to tuck into her child's
lunchbox.*

*Another sends a voice message,
soft as lullaby,
before she slips into her cockpit seat.*

*They've shared tips
on pumping milk between layovers,
on hiding tears behind aviators,
on holding both the yoke and a child's
growing world
with equal grace.*

*They've missed birthdays.
They've landed in turbulence
both outside and in.
But they've also
shown their daughters
how to fly without fear—
and their sons
how strength wears a smile.*

*On Mother's Day,
they don't need grand celebrations.
A simple message from another sky sister—
"You're doing great. We're in this together."
is enough to lift a tired heart.*

***Not just a community—
but a quiet sisterhood,
woven through shared sunrises,
tears hidden behind cockpit doors,
and the soft knowing
that somewhere in the sky,
another mother flies beside you,
holding both the clouds
and your heart.***