Blue Angels

The one shows off her celebrated thighs;
The others cross and uncross in the skies.

And who, if the attractions were reversed,
Would storm the exits to be reimbursed?

The same voyeurs see Lola-Lola soar,
And Air Force jumpsuits dropping to the floor,

Cadet leg muscles on a kitchen chair,
A lady baritone high in the air.

If role reversal shows sex acts the same,
How know who is the moth and who the flame?

Spaced F-16s collide; no skill can bar it.
And if their wings burn, well, there’s nothing for it