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## Lift

*Dan Champion*

The helicopter flies over our house  
To reach the trauma center roof two miles  
Away. I think of scissors, tape, a douse  
Of antiseptic, air tanks' twirling dials.  
What's really going on in that cramped space  
Is private, naturally, but rotor blades  
Announce somebody's life demands they race  
Above us. Dopplering, the whirling fades.  
I pour us tea. The helicopter lands.  
You turn a page. The elevator glides  
To triage's dense wood of IV stands  
And sliding curtains, where the outcome hides.  
We're midway through long volumes, you and I.  
Air ambulance lifts, floats, rejoins the sky.

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