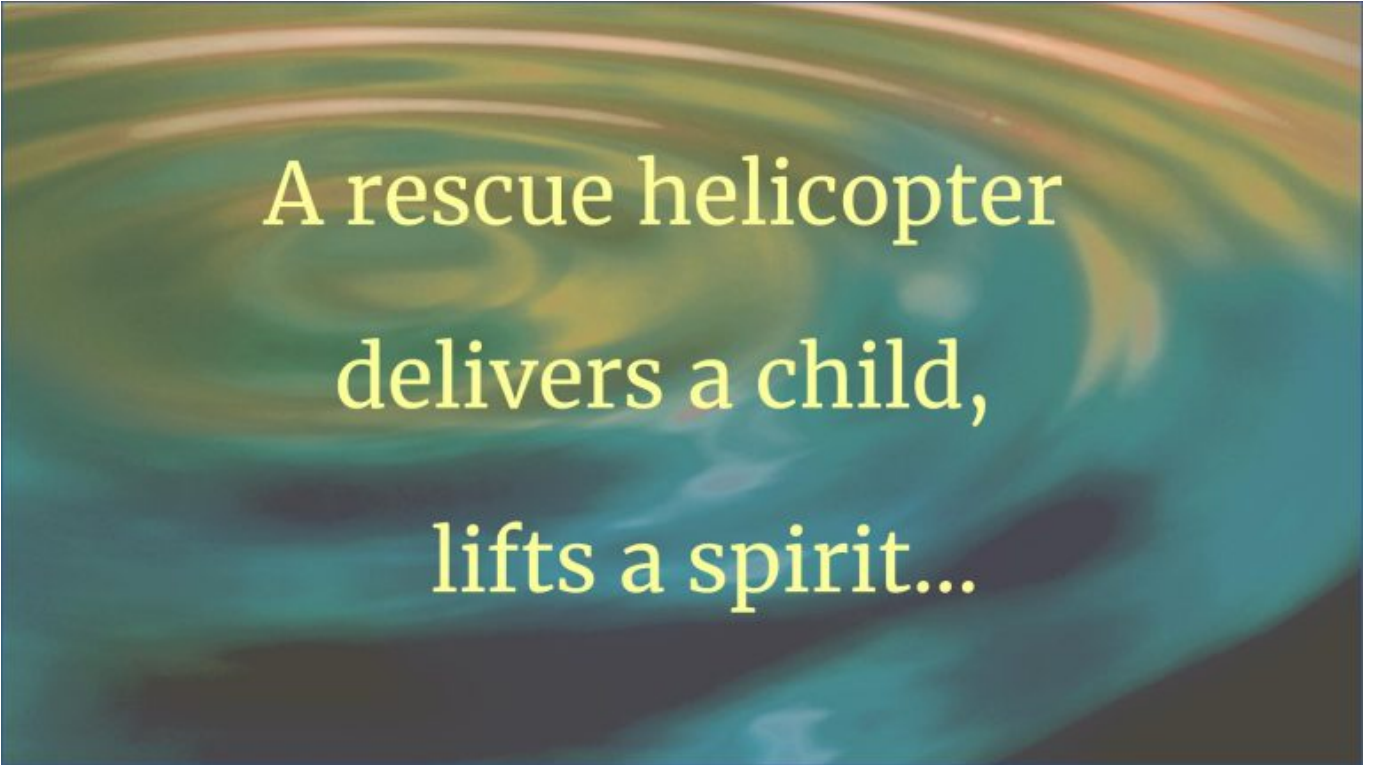


Seated on My Hospital Bed

Category: Poems

written by Dianne Silvestri | December 24, 2021



A rescue helicopter
delivers a child,
lifts a spirit...

My seventh-floor window vibrates,
the room throbs in crescendo
as a rescue helicopter stitches
a curved seam across the sky
bound for Children's Hospital.
Balanced like a dragonfly
it settles on the roof.
As the blades stretch to slow,
curled jumpsuits spring free,
deliver a cot, coax it up
to stand on baby deer legs,
urge it toward a door.
My mind draws in close,
imagining the injured child
or fevered unconscious body,
the nearby ashen parents.
I blink. My self-pity has vanished.