

New Poetry by Elisabeth Lewis Corley: “An Loc”



THE CHOPPING BLADES / *image by Amalie
Flynn*

Someone is running, there,
just out of call.
We all hear the air beaten into waves,
the chopping blades. I am afraid
I will see a face, I will fall.
As it is the hand, small with distance
claps the air.

Listen, a bitter churning,
lungs roar, ragged like yours
on your morning run.
You are out of breath, we are out
here.

From blank distance the helicopters
return for another pass. I say,
Welcome back. Facts are your only friends,
they say. There is nothing
I wish to forget.