

# 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.