

Sister's Brother

By Rebeckah Beale

Dropping to the floor, white as
a ghost, breathing is shallow, feeling
for a pulse, it isn't there,
in a flash the mind is panicked,
looking around the place, eyes filled with
fear, stay calm, down on the knees, remembering that
one advert, the lyrics fresh in the head,
clasping hands together, placing them upon
their chest, singing the song quietly,
'Ah Ah Ah Ah, staying alive' one pump,
two pump, three and four, working up a
sweat, like I haven't done before, arms ache,
and the knees hurt, and wondering if the
effects given, would really work, ambulance
arrived, but keep on pumping, their voices
lingering, but the words never heard, then being
told to stop, watching as they are taken away,
exhausted, not knowing if the hard work paid,
running inside the mind, all day as I worked,
wondering, praying, trying to stay occupied, then
back home, the cell phone rang, number
unknown, but answer with nerves, I say hello,
the voice on the other end, soft and too quiet, I
could tell she had been crying, waiting, the heart
sank, the atmosphere dim, until she spoke her next
words, then it wasn't so grim,
"I want to thank you, for what you did today,
You saved my husband's life;
I don't know what to truly say"
I smile as I tell this story, I tell it over
and over, even if people have heard it before,
I hear huffs and puffs, and some are a resister,
I don't really care, repeating it again and again,
after all I am the proud sister.

This poem is based a true event,
The young man who saved their life, is Autistic.