

In the Anderson

By Amy Clennell

Together in cave-like confinement,
tortured screeching, ground shudders,
silence.

My muted mouth an oval like a Christmas card chorister;
an escape route for my stampeding heart.

Entombment, smothered, gasping.

Shrinking from encroaching walls,
sinking to the floor,

scrabbling for the door.

Then her arm around me,

calming words in my ear,

“It’s alright dear, wait for the all clear.

Breath in through your nose and out through your mouth.”

Arthritic hands stem the trembling in mine.

Interminable wait until;

muffled voices. Doors slide apart.

Anxious faces greet us. Lift engineer nods.

Guiding hands offered as we walk free.

“Come with me Gladys, it’s time for tea.”

(Based on actual events)