

Poetry Brigade.

**Step one you say, 'we need to talk'**

With poetic licence that opens windows, lets in light  
Our words grow, sprout hands, limbs feet  
That dive into burning buildings  
Whilst perpetrator thoughts flee the crime scene  
Through the heat and smoke, a spoken search  
For life on the razors-edge  
I delve left as your page burns right  
Five not nine-letter countdown scores  
Letters swarm into a vertical alphabet ladder  
Rungs, strings, a carry-down rescue if you please  
Script coils a hawser laid rope  
Sanity hauled up to escape rock-bottom pit of gloom  
Stretchered away  
Pump, nozzle, defibrillator sing  
A thermal image lost in a heart's conflagration  
Mouthed pleadings for benevolence, spiritual salvation  
The brave new world  
To your God, pray for redemption  
Benediction, reconciliation  
The facts not fiction, don't let spin  
Write the right  
Words harmonize cardiopulmonary resuscitation  
Redact that addictive penny dreadful  
Fresh breaths, gulp down the arc of an alternate narrative  
Pre-empting deadline busting all-nighter  
Modern manuscript, it's chronicle taught  
Healing handbook co-authored  
Personal, purposeful, poetry – that's how to save a life

The Fray: How to save a life

