

Lifting the Camaro

We've heard the story of the woman
who lifted the car to save her child,
and though it is hard to believe,

it happens. Faced with saving a life,
we find the hysterical strength
to do what seemingly can't be done—

I think of those women today,
and I think of my son, trapped beneath
the chassis of teenage torment.

It may not be a two-ton car, but it feels
no less urgent. We save a life in seconds
or we save a life in years—

of course, I'd lift it right away
if such a lift were possible.
I'd hold that Chevy up until

he could roll right out from under.
Instead I try lifting other impossible things:
The crush of being misunderstood. The weight

of should. The press of daily surviving.
And I think of those mothers who lift cars.
And I bless them, and keep on trying.

—Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer