

The Iron Lung

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Above: Iron Lungs at Phipps Ward, South Western Hospital (Date unknown)

In a space within a place,
That hosted odd equipment.
Of iron lungs and other things.
All tasked with life commitment.

When late at night, without a light,
A breathing sound ensued.
All eerie and all out of time,
Not calming nor subdued.

The folk that knew, death overdue,
But in this place of healing,
Appreciate both heart and soul,
And gratitude appealing.

Continued...

Each life machine, its' look obscene,
To some, and some impartial.
Whichever stance they took indeed,
Could only, simply marvel.

Each breathing aid, each tender made.
Were built by folk of vision.
Who worked and built the iron lung,
Resulting in provision.

I've worked on these, and if you please.
I've written of their story.
The history, those lives they touched.
Their power and their glory.

A being breathing thoughtful breath

The History of the British Iron Lung. 1832-1995 – Richard Hill

<http://richardhill.co.uk/ironlunghistory.pdf>