



INSIGHTS

The last rodeo. An ode to neonatal transport

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Racing towards the calling hospital.

In the back of the ambulance
the dozing young nurse
brushed by a beam of blue light.
No more talk of girls, of football, at last the driver falls silent.
Only the sound of the rumbling engine
and the rolling tires.

The long highway ahead
snaking forward into the rainy darkness
headlights illuminating
glistening strips of asphalt
quickly slipping away
beneath us.

Time to think, a chain of thoughts.
Thousands of transport mission memories surface.

So many tiny newborns
at the dawn of love
in need of care
trapped inside a high-tech incubator
kidnapped for the first daring trip
of a just-blossomed life.
So many frightened mothers

orphans fearful of losing their new love
sobbing tears and deferent thanks
for help not yet given.
So many anguish-filled miles and nights
fragrant food
the once fearless rookie
long-gone
now an aging maverick survivor
not yet weakened or worn out indeed.
The blues spring up
invading a brave heart.
A gaping fence opens up
for the last rodeo.
My cool transport life
is winding down.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

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¹Neonatal Emergency Transport Service, Department Mother & Child, IRCCS Gaslini Children's Hospital, Genoa, Italy
Correspondence: Carlo Bellini (carlobellini@gaslini.org)

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