

A Poem for Heroes

Author's Note: *A poem of thanks to 911 dispatchers & men in blue*

The phone keeps ringing all day and all the night
Calls from the faceless, wounded voices in a fright
Whether sick, injured, or a home ablaze,
They'll dial three numbers right away
The voice that answers knows just what to do
They call on the blue, bravest and few
They come without haste any time or place
No matter the creed, age or race
They come to all, the old or the young,
No matter what you've done, or where you're from
They will risk their lives to save another
Sons and daughters, fathers and mothers
They do this without even knowing your name
Nor seek any riches, glory, or fame
These men and women we all know
Share one name...hero.
And for those heroes that didn't make it home
Fear not for they are not alone
A pair of wings they now do own
Together, protecting those heroes and voices on the phone

Christy Horton