

ANGELS IN BLACK

I sit alone in my room but I no longer cry
It doesn't seem to matter much to mom and dad who only care about getting high

I don't go to school much these days, I'm sick and it's hard for me to breath
No one cares about the things I really need

Dad cooks things in my house but it's not for us to eat
It burns my lungs and my skin and makes it hard for me to see

Why does no one hear me? Why does no one care?
My mom and dad don't love me back, and I don't think that's fair

Then one night I hear the sounds as the door comes crashing down
Mom and dad rush to hide the things I know they don't want found

My mom and dad are on the floor, their hands behind their back
The men all have guns and helmets, and they are all dressed in black

They move from room to room as they continue to yell Police!
I am very frightened as I fall upon my knees

Then one of them looks down at me and he can tell I'm a child in need
He puts the gun away as he reaches down to me

He picks me up from the floor that has become my bed
The hand that held the gun, now gently holds my head

I can only see his eyes but they look so very sad
I wonder if he has a BOY like me, I wish he were MY dad

He rushes me from my house to an ambulance on the street
His eyes fill up with tears as he lays me on the seat

I now have good clothes to wear and good food to eat
I can breath good again and it's not hard for me to see

I know now there is a God because when I prayed he sent an answer back
For the men who came to rescue me are really

The Angels In Black!

Poem by Ronald V. Mullins
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