



Angels In Black

by Ron Mullins



I sit alone in my room, but I no longer cry
It doesn't seem to matter to mom and dad, who only care about getting high
I don't go to school most days, I'm very sick and it's hard for me to breathe
No one seems to care about the things I really need
Dad cooks stuff in our house, but it's not for us to eat
It burns my lungs and my eyes, 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 late one night I hear the screams as the door comes crashing down
Mom and dad try to hide the things I know they don't want found
My mom and dad are put on the floor, their hands behind their back
The men 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 stops, 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
There are tears in his eyes as he lays me on the seat
I now have good clothes to wear and good food to eat
I can breathe good again and it's not hard for me to see
I know now there is a God, and when I prayed he sent an answer back
I know now the men who came to rescue me were the

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