

On Call

I'm on call again tonight, and it's two a.m.,
Dispatch is calling; it's a meth lab again.
God, I'm so tired, but I get up and yawn,
I'll grab a cup of coffee; I'll be out past
dawn.

I meet the officers, their faces are red,
We found four kids, Katie, and the baby is
dead.
Their parents arrested, been cooking meth for
weeks,
You see, nothing else matters, for meth speed
freaks.

The little ones have had no food, the house has
had no heat,
They stand in filthy, stinking clothes, no shoes
upon their feet.
Those precious little faces, so sadly filled with fear,
No child should feel such sadness; no child should
cry such tears.

I want to say, baby, it will be okay, but I know that's
just a lie,
How can anything be okay again, when a little child
has died?

We strip them down and change their clothes,
We wash their little faces, and blow their little nose,
We rush to the hospital and blood levels are run,
X-rays and bone scans and liver tests are done.

Phone calls to foster homes, where will they go?
It's 6:00 a.m. in the morning, and I still don't know.
Their whole lives have changed, in the blink of an eye,
Their parents are in jail, and baby brother has died.

We have to stop this, we just can't wait,
Because for one more child; it's just too late.

--Kate Finnearty-April 2005

