

DRUG ENDANGERED CHILDREN

Silent victims in our town,
Our country, across the states,
Children of all size and age
Fearful of their parents' rage.

They come from drug endangered homes,
Where meth is used and sold.
No food, or lights, clean clothes to wear,
Most often head lice in their hair.

They watch the parents mix and stir,
Using bottles, jars, and jugs.
Chemicals so poisonous
The fumes destroy their lungs.

They have no bedtime, no routine,
And beg for food nearby,
While people come and go all day
To get their dime bag high.

Innocent eyes see everything,
The meth pipe passed around
Through foggy haze the kids breathe in
Where pornography abounds.
The violence is predictable,
As parents kick and shove,
Broken windows, holes in doors
Where there's never any love.

How many children have to die
Or suffer molest or be maimed,
Because we didn't put kids first,
We all should be ashamed.

For cops and politicians,
Social workers, judges, too,
It's time to save the children
Who have no one else
BUT YOU!

By
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