

A Job Worthwhile

By: Cheyenne Albro, Director of the Pennyrile Narcotics Task Force

I yell police as we breach the door
Our next command is "Everyone down on the floor!"

We search through the smoky haze of this man made hell
This is a scene that we have come to know far too well.

We find lab components and toxic chemical are every where
We find meth on the kitchen table and a gun in a chair.

We find a working lab in a room near some toys.
The lab is reacting and making noise.

The toys trigger our greatest fear.
Children have been exposed to this deadly atmosphere.

I find a small boy; he's hiding behind a bed
At first, all I could see was the top of his little head.

He looks so small and helpless hiding there
He's showing no emotion, just a blank stare.

All these chemical vapors have to be burning his eyes
But there are no tears I guess by now he's learned to hold back his cries.

He looks like he may be having trouble getting a good breath
He is starting to shake and I know he's got to be scared to death.

I clear my mask and bend down so he can see my face
Now he knows I am a man and not some being from outer space.

As I take him from his hiding place
He reaches out for my embrace.

I turn with him and quickly make a retreat outside
I am met at the door by CPS whose arms are open wide.

We put him through decon making sure no contaminants are missed
It's so sad that any child should have to go through all this.

His skin is pale and he appears to be weak
I wonder how long it's been since he's had something to eat.

He sees his mom and dad in handcuffs being taken away.
At least now he's safe and soon will have a good place to stay.

He likes his new clothes and when I give him a toy he starts to smile
That in its self helps to make my job worth while.

As he leaves the scene I see his tiny hand wave to me goodbye
I then write on the warrant PLEASE CALL ME I WANT TO TESTIFY.

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