

"Firefighter's Gloves"

A Firefighters Gloves hold many things,
From elderly arms to a kids broken swing.
From the hands they shake and the backs they pat,
To the tiny claw marks of another treed cat.

At 2 am they are filled with chrome,
From the DWI who was on her way home.
And the equipment they use to roll back the dash,
From the family of 6 she involved in the crash.

The brush rakes in spring, wear the palms out,
When the wind does a "90" to fill them with doubt.
The thumb of the glove wipes the sweat from the brow,
Of the face of a firefighter who mutters "What now?"

They hold inch and three quarters flowing one twenty five,
So the ones going in, come back out alive.
When the regulator goes; then there isn't too much,
But the bypass valve the eagerly clutch.

The rescue equipment, the ropes, the C-collars,
The lives they saved never measured in dollars.
Are the obvious things firefighters gloves hold,
Or, so that is what I've been always told.

But there are other things Firefighters Gloves touch,
Those are the things we all need so much.
They hold back the rage on that 3 am call,
They hold in the fear when you're lost in a hall.

They hold back the pity, agony, sorrow,
They hold in the desire to "Do it tomorrow".
A glove just a glove till it's on a firefighter,
Who works all day long just to pull an all-nighter.

And into the fray they charge without fear,
At the sound of a "Help" they think that they hear.
When firefighter's hands go into the glove,
It's a firefighter who always fills it with love.

Sometimes the sorrow is too much to bear,
And it seeps in the glove and burns deep "in there".
Off come the gloves when the call is done,
And into the pocket until the next call.

The hands become lonely and cold for a bit,
And shake just thinking of it.
And they sit there so red eyed with their gloves in their coats,
The tears come so fast that the furniture floats.

They're not so brave now, their hands they can't hide,
I guess it just means they are human inside.
And though some are paid are others are not,
The gloves feel the same when it's cold or it's hot.

To someone you're helping to just get along,
When you fill them with love, you always feel strong.
And so when I go on my final big ride,
I hope to have my gloves by my side.

To show to St. Peter at the heavenly gate,
Cause as everyone knows, firefighters don't wait.

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