

## Safe Again

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I look out the window,  
at the land my brother protects,  
wishing he were here.

Watching the clock,  
I see the minutes tick by,  
at any one could he be killed.

Turning on the TV,  
I watch the news,  
waiting,

to see if he's dead or alive.

When the door opens I run to see  
if it's him.

When he steps in I shout and  
scream with joy.

Happy to see him,  
my brother safe again,  
from the harsh war.

Not in Iraq,  
but on the streets,  
saving lives day by day,  
as he risks his own.

Today he saved my life by arriving  
home,

safe and sound again on  
Thanksgiving morn.

He tells me tales,  
of cases he's taken.

I listen in awe,  
to those wondrous tales.

Many lose their lives far away  
that's true.

But more lose their lives on the  
streets.

Think and pray for them but most  
of all,

be grateful for those you have.