

# Ground Zero

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Just another day at work,  
The sirens wail their mournful cry  
The newly homeless passing by  
The spirits of the near and dear  
Need no longer struggle with their fear

Just another day at work,  
The acrid air smells of sulfur  
The stench of blood and mortar  
The blinding rain of ash and water,  
Mixed with dusty light and milky powder

Just another day at work,  
Broken windows and fallen beams  
Step high and lightly across the seams  
Pathways to the sky are broken  
Words of commerce are no longer spoken

Just another day at work,  
Nostrils filled with sooty glaze  
Eyes peer through grime and haze  
Pads scraped raw by rough terrain  
Aching limbs no rest attain

Just another day at work,  
Sniff this mound, is someone here?  
Search that pile, is something there?  
Too much ground to cover, will I be in time?  
Could use more help from those of my kind

Not just another day at work,  
Many have answered Valhalla's call,  
And now serve within those hallowed halls  
Yet, glorious the sight  
When one is found who has not given up the fight

Not just another day at work,  
Too many have died, sentient beings everyone  
With olfactory prowess I'll search until the task is done  
Too many are missing, loved ones are in doubt  
With limbs of steel I'll climb and dig 'til my strength gives out

Not just another day at work,  
Hope and love shine from the volunteers  
We smile and bark and try to hide our tears  
As long as there is hope at all  
I'll continue to answer humankind's call