

Sirens

By Rachael Clarke

Seven sirens,
Ardent.
Past my home.

Somehow I know this time is different.

It's breath-catching how you will run
toward danger,
Volunteer to sacrifice everything,
To give everything you have to save us.

I pull on my boots and run through the
cold,
Blanket trailing like a cape as
My daughter runs toward me in tears.

There's a blaze down the street
So large,
The sky is a fiery Van Gogh.
Orange-red,
Black smoke billowing,
Rushing as I know water must surely be
surging.

I'll learn later,
From over 60 fire companies.

As generations of history are lost,
As you will not let us lose what we have
built, are building.

You work in frigid temps.

For hours and hours.

As ice thickens and flare-ups are
abated.

As we sleep in our homes with windows
closed,

Streets silent,

Save for your siren song.

How can we ever thank you?