

## "Anonymous Voices"

**W**e sit in a room...  
So dark and small...  
Waiting for ...  
A 911 call...

**W**e listen to your voice...  
And hear your pain...  
We want to help....  
Although at times it seems to be in vain...

**O**ur job isn't glamorous...  
It isn't for all...  
We're there to help...  
When you make that call...

**T**here's crying...  
And screaming....  
And small voices in pain...  
That breaks our hearts....  
But in that there's no shame....

**T**o hear a small child.....  
Scared because mom isn't home....  
Or the voice of an old woman....  
Who's husband just moans.....

**W**e don't ask for fanfare....  
Or even a cheer.....

It's enough to know....  
That help is finally near.....

**O**ur job is to help.....  
To make you feel safe....  
To make those long moments...  
Go quickly as they came....

**A**nd at the end of the day.....  
When we can shut off our fears....  
We get in our cars.....  
And shed a few tears....

**B**ecause the next day we'll be back....  
In a room dark and small....  
Waiting for....  
A 911 call.....

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