

“When the World Dials 911” by Russ Vaughn

Description

I’m honored to share this poem with you, from a man who “gets it.” A Vietnam vet, with a keen mind, has “penned” another great one!

Pulled from [The Mudville Gazette](#) (a “paper” you should make a habit of reading), here’s Russ:

When the World Dials 911

Disaster strikes a world away
We get the call, what do we say?
We move at once, to ease their plight,
To aid them through their darkest night.
But come shrill cries from carping Press,
That “it’s not enough to fix this mess.
We know that, fools, but give us room,
To counter Mother Nature’s doom.

America gives to those in need,
With no regard to faith or creed.
We’re there for all when need is great
A helping hand to any state,
That “fallen under Nature’s wrath
And needs a lift back to the path.
So what they may have mocked our ways?
We’ll turn our cheek ‘til better days.

But there are those who hate us so,
They’ll carp and snipe and hit us low,
Who’ll bend disaster to their needs,
And try to choke us on our deeds.
They’ll play their dirty liberal tricks,
For them it’s only politics.
In the face of massive human pain,
They only think of their own gain.

But the world knows sure whom it must call,
When disaster strikes, when nations fall.
America is the beaming light
That fades, dispels disaster’s night,

And standing firm provides relief
To salve the pain, allay the grief.
So to Hell with what our critics say,
America's fine, still leads the way.

Russ Vaughn

Russ; Thank you!

Category

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