

VOLUNTEERS

(where would we be without them?)

When your weary hands are trembling and the load appears immense,
When trouble like a Terrier comes scratching at your fence,
When waves of devastation flush your spirit from its core,
And common sense would have you kneeling down in very awe,

***Watch them come with helping hands,
Rolling forth like marching bands,
Against the odds they'll persevere
And stand their ground to Volunteer.***

From some place west of nowhere, by the truckload they'll appear.
Leaping down to fight beside you, on your shoulder, at your rear,
Armed with all the best intentions, firing gestures of goodwill,
Then retreating to the trenches when the spotlight starts to spill,

***They couldn't give two hoots for fame.
Their ever-ready boots are game.
Time is wasting! Crank the gears,
Saved again, by Volunteers.***

My Mother knitted jumpers in a cake-stall down the street,
And volunteered a smile to every person she would meet.
To her, their grateful eyes were worth a thousand Souvenirs,
For twenty years she sat there with her mates the Volunteers.

***No matter where their anchor lands,
They dedicate their helping hands,
For hands are valued more than cheer
When someone needs a Volunteer.***

Now all around the world, it seems, the troops are checking in,
To lend a hand as old Miss Fortune tries her best to win,
And should her shadow swallow us, the message will be passed
To start evacuating and, one guess who's going last...

***As the boats that harbour rich and poor
Go scrambling from each fatal shore,
The final hand to cast them clear
Will belong, no doubt, to a Volunteer.***

Marco Gliori

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