

Someone's Angel

by Mary Leonhart

I heard the whispers in the dark

I walked alone—the street was stark.

From the shadows came those who would cause me harm,

Pulling me down with a grab of my arm.

Suddenly hands were clutching and tearing,

Eyes all over my body were staring

I used my voice to raise alarm, my only weapon against strong arms:

Yelling, screaming, and—yes—swearing, my utmost terror LOUDLY declaring.

Even though I was far from home, my buddies came—I was NOT alone.

They stopped the violence, stood up for me,

Raised me up and set me free.

They sent the evil ones to jail, the ones who prey on those more frail.

I owe my friends a debt forever, and I'll not forget them, no not ever.

Stand up, be strong, and do the right thing.

Be someone's angel and earn your wings!