

On My Oath

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Reflection about a law enforcement career

Words alone cannot portray,
Exactly how I felt that day.

To raise my hand and pledge to keep Safe
homes and schools and city streets.

Perhaps I could not really see
How much this role would mean to me,
Or how my actions would affect,
So many lives, in retrospect.

To be a model for the young,
A task that's never really done,
Or lend an arm to feeble feet,
Just long enough to cross the street.

To recognize each house and face
And know when things were out of place.
To memorize the statutes all,
Yet keep the spirit of the law.

To keep a watch through midnight dark,
Or try to save a failing heart.
To mend a family's broken ties,
Or hear the truth through spoken lies.

To champion the cause of right.
Protect the good and evil fight.
To apprehend the ones who'd prey,
Upon the weak, then run away.

No wealth, no fame, not one regret.
For never did I once forget,
Why, to that oath, I raised my hand.
To serve my God and fellow man.