

*Fire & Flood:
A Ballad for First Responders*

The Age of Fire—
The Age of Flood—
Climates haywire—
Twisters, bad blood—

When flames shoot high
And tides won't drain,
Homes roast or fry,
Or dams show strain—

Gotta call firsts—
First Responders—
Fore things get worse—
Nurses, doctors....

Fort MacMurray—
Four walls of flame—
Folks scam, folks flee—
No time for blame!

Dial 9-1-1:
Emergency!
Panic button!
There's urgency!

Better call firsts—
First Responders—
Firefighters, nurse,
Police, doctors....

Icebergs unfreeze,
Quebec waves rise;
Rivers turn seas;
Lawns mirror skies;

Who's got sandbags?
Who paddles boats?
Who wades their legs?
Who pumps? Who totes?

Need heroes now!
First Responders!
They gear up; show
Brave; work wonders!

Blizzard camps snow—
Six metres high—
Cape Breton's now
Antarctic nigh.

Snowploughs bulldoze,
Highways shovel!
To shelter flows,
Folks ex-hovel.

Paramedics—
Ambulance-fleet—
Answer Ethics,
And bring the heat.

This Age of Fire—
This Age of Flood—
When weather's dire,
Asks sweat, tears, blood;

When climate's crazed—
Hurricane-wild—
Folks whimper, dazed—
Some earthquake-riled.

Better call first—
First Responders—
They face the worst—
And make no blunders.

Canadians proud—
To lead a crowd
To safety fast—
First unto last.

First Responders
Are "Miraclers"!

George Elliott Clarke
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