

# NINE ELEVEN

No spoken word  
Will ever tell  
The story told  
By blood and bone  
By flesh burned through  
By tear and moan  
By fearful cry  
That was a life  
That was a hand  
That was a tongue  
That was a head  
That was a part  
Of all that is  
Of all that had  
Humanity  
And all that had  
Sense and beauty  
Joyful easy  
Loving laughter  
A kind embrace  
A handshake firm  
An eye-met eye  
A lover's face  
A friend's good-bye  
A father's smile  
A mother's voice  
A son's strong limb  
A daughter's grace  
A stranger's place  
Amid the pile  
Around the pit  
Of steaming ash  
Twisted metal  
The shattered glass  
That fell and fell  
Until the earth  
Could catch no more  
Until the street  
Was filled with smoke  
Until the throat  
Was choked with dust  
And fuel and flame  
And iron ablaze  
With the paper  
Blowing paper  
Falling paper  
Drifting paper  
Forever lost  
Forever blown  
Around the world  
In images  
Forever played  
Forever etched  
On vinyl tape  
On photon tube  
On radio  
On photograph  
On satellite  
On our only  
On our lasting  
Our permanent  
Mental surface  
Collectively  
The future state  
The final say  
In memory  
In that one space  
We thought was safe  
We thought would not  
Betray our self  
Our sense of right  
Our thin veneer  
That overlaid  
White-knuckled death  
Surprising flash  
Another still  
A puff of smoke  
Of orange fire  
Of shaking floors  
Concrete jellied  
Dead lights except  
The exit sign  
A mocking leer  
Of red before  
The crowded stair  
That led to hell  
Beneath the street  
A grave of parts  
A place so far  
Away from all  
We thought we knew  
We wanted to  
Believe was true  
A sunlit place  
Of illusion's  
Sanctuary  
Where we could play  
And work and love  
And have a dream  
And be alive  
And have it all  
And never pay  
The price we paid  
One clear fall day  
In September  
On a Tuesday  
On a bright and  
Sunny morning  
Where blue sky reigned  
And life was changed.

We anger now  
And grieve beside  
Each other's grief  
And make our vows  
And live our pain  
For all to see  
We will survive  
No terrorist  
Can quell or quench  
Our spirit's call  
To persevere  
To reach our goal  
To have our just  
And rightful due  
And vengeance will  
Taste so sweet when  
We have meted  
Out all our pain  
To those who would  
See us suffer  
And we will find  
That vengeance is  
Unfulfilling  
Unforgiving  
Our pain is still  
Unremitting  
And then one day  
A long long time  
From now when we  
Think the pain is  
So deeply hid  
It will never  
Come back again  
It will and then  
We have a choice  
How we will use  
Our energy  
Again to give  
More pain away  
And feel again  
A glorious  
Fury released  
An elusive  
Finality  
That we will have  
To live again  
And yet again  
To feel less of  
Our own great pain  
That throbs and burns  
And will not let  
Us sleep at night  
Without a dream  
That haunts us in  
The light of day  
A specter grim  
That follows us  
And shrieks at us  
Never far from  
Our consciousness  
Or we will find  
A way to peace  
That lasts for long  
In our own time  
And for those who  
Come after us  
Who will carry  
The burden we  
Give to them and  
Make them carry  
Forever and  
We can give them  
The memories  
The echoes left  
Smashed on our souls  
Mangled spirits  
Of our other  
Spirit risen  
From an open  
Wound that was healed  
In time by grace  
Not forgotten  
Not fogged over  
Not diminished  
By time or place  
But by our own  
Recognizance  
That was it not  
For all horrors  
That we endured  
And overcame  
Without our sense  
Of righteousness  
Of with instead  
A heart that beats  
Inside a breast  
That feels what was  
In each victim's  
Heart like it was  
Just in our own  
Our completeness  
Would forever  
Be a missing  
Piece of puzzle  
Lost among all  
Other pieces  
On the ground in  
The past where all  
Was lost and hope  
Was surely found.