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| **September Eleventh** |
| http://z.about.com/ |
| **by Penny Cagan** |
| I could tell you what it was like to be there -the sky black with bodies - humanity colluding with gravity -people jumping in pairs - linked lives spent working togetherin towers so tall it must have felt like heaven to sit at a deskand watch the city transform with the light of the seasons -the moment sealed windows were liberated with office furniture,the moment of shattered glasswhen doomed colleagues linked hands and decided to jump -the early fall air washed with morning coolness -the escape from the rattling of downtown, suffocating smoke, the heat -to be a witness to all this, on the ground, not quite safe,but spared from all but the watching,yes, I could tell you what it was like,but that would require the crafting of a narrativefrom the singed paper raining down like confetti,the sky blackened with terrorist graffiti,the towers stricken, and then stricken again,their dark shadows erased from the sky,my clothes soaked with dust and ash -that gorgeous autumn day - the kind that makes late Augustbearable because of the promise of its crisp breath,and the light, the pure sweet morning lightof September Eleventh,the event that I could speak of -if there was something here to say. |
| **911**by Ken Adams aka Dudley Appleton |
| http://z.about.com/ |
| i close my eyes doomed to ingestall the paper, all the dustall your melted steel plunging to earthi hear the sirens, taste the cementsucking to my lungs your powdery mastsrunning in suit and tieuntrained legs no match for the colossus of haildevouring lampposts, shelling windowsreviving with shards cries of Armageddoni feel your rumble razor pastdust and documents lashing my breathwith the ghosts of Pearl Harborphantoms on deck, chokingjumpinglike surreal cremate sprouting from your neckcashing in jet fuel for waterless seai run past the weeping, hands to wetted headsas pillar two sinks to its deathextracting in its molt the last of morning sunimpaling forever yesterday's assurancesas i close my eyes and tumbleweeddown the sidewalks of Nagasakireplaying newsreels shamelessly displayed |