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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 together in towers so tall it must have felt like heaven to sit at a desk and watch the city transform with the light of the seasons - the moment sealed windows were liberated with office furniture, the moment of shattered glass when 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 narrative from 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 August bearable because of the promise of its crisp breath, and the light, the pure sweet morning light of 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 ingest all the paper, all the dust all your melted steel plunging to earth  i hear the sirens, taste the cement sucking to my lungs your powdery masts running in suit and tie  untrained legs no match for the colossus of hail devouring lampposts, shelling windows reviving with shards cries of Armageddon  i feel your rumble razor past dust and documents lashing my breath with the ghosts of Pearl Harbor phantoms on deck, choking  jumping like surreal cremate sprouting from your neck cashing in jet fuel for waterless sea  i run past the weeping, hands to wetted heads as pillar two sinks to its death extracting in its molt the last of morning sun  impaling forever yesterday's assurances as i close my eyes and tumbleweed down the sidewalks of Nagasaki replaying newsreels shamelessly displayed |