

Remembering the Day

by Lauren Cole © September 2001

As the Pillars burned, the world watched
And all felt the tremble of their final breath
But though I was there, I still saw like through a screen
The devastation of a moment too unreal to forget
Though thousands ran, too many never could
In exodus to the border, where I would remain
As though from the front, sending word back home
To tell and learn that at least some were okay
And though my roots cried for D.C., where the five-sides flamed
Part of me now would be forever in New York
Where out my window, sirens screamed
And there grew that two-toned cloud that would not lift
From then on no escape, paralysis out and in
They glued us to our TV's while they shutdown all the roads
Helicopters like vultures, ever circling the scene
But though the rest may see, they'll never really know
And so we sat, as helpless as the haze
That crept up from the south, and burned our throats and eyes
Painful in its shock, as unrelenting in its guilt
Because we didn't see it come, and could not make it go away
As the numbness faded, the rest rolled in in waves
Electric as the lightning that lit up Thursday night
Bringing with it a new kind of mourning
And teardropped rain from twice-so graying skies
With the Pillars gone, we clenched our fists
Amidst sanctity shattered, patriots renewed
For whether worse or similar, nothing compares
To the day the red spread across the white and blue