

Voices
Their piercing voices scream to us
From their entombed graves
Entrenched in a building standing no more
Blood oozing out of their flesh
As their remains are no more
They are now scattered in the dust
That blows through New York
Love from all over surrounds them now
They are never really gone from us
As long as we live
We will remember the day New York cried
Being human is to feel the suffering of all man
Boundless tears fall with deep emotional pain
If only we could turn the clock back
And this disaster never happened
But it keeps ticking into time
Only memories exist now
Of riding up the elevator of the World Trade Center
Higher and higher and then disappearing forever
God help us now

Renata Dawidowicz

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