



NEW YORK, I HEAR YOU

DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK AND AMERICA

by William L. Jenkins

New York, I hear you.

Through the terror- laden skies, I hear you.

Over the roar of planes and the crashing of buildings,

I hear you.

I hear the mournful wails of your millions, the infant cries of your
terror-made orphans.

I hear mothers weeping at the cement grave, and fathers cursing that
damnable deed and day.

I hear a symphony of sadness composed of a thousand separate
cries.

I hear your groans of pain and your prayers of hope.

From the deepest places of your hurt, I hear you.

I even hear the voices of your dead crying out from the dust.

And beyond it all I hear the rumblings of your overcoming.

New York, I hear you.

New York, I see you.

I see your desecrated monuments and your bleeding hearts.

I see your tender fragility and your stoic determination.

I see your firemen and your policemen, your ordinary nobility.

I see your politicians and your priests equally honoring their calling.

I see your courage and your kindness, your toughness and your ten-
derness, your clenched fist and your outstretched hand.

I see what the terrorists never saw and what their cowardly deeds
could never destroy.

You are taller than your fallen monuments ever were.

Your courage reaches the very throne of God.

I see your unbeatable spirit rising up from the ashes.

Even in this present darkness, I see your ultimate triumph.

New York, I see you.

New York, I feel you.

I feel your hurt, your anger, your utter horror and disbelief.

I feel the ache from the gaping hole in the center of your being.

I feel the disdain for the ugly scar and the devastation of the assault.

I feel the violation, the intrusion, the raping, and the loss
of innocence.

I feel the fear that follows and the helplessness it brings.

I feel the loneliness of your loss.

Above it all, I feel your unrelenting resolve, your determination not
to be defeated.

I feel your pride, and the power of your unity.

And I feel, even now, your ultimate victory.

New York, I feel you.

New York, I am you, an inseparable part of you.

An attack on you is an attack on me.

It was me they were after, all 280 million me's that inhabit this
great land.

You took the blows in our stead.

Your blood is our blood,

A multitude of cultures, colors, languages, religions and races

Mingled into one precious stream,

Into which we have all bled; from which we are all transfused.

New York, all of our roads lead to you.

All of our hearts are linked to yours.

In you we are truly one nation under God.

A thousand terrorist-flown planes will not shatter us.

A million voices raised in hate will not dissolve us.

And countless angry armies will not destroy us.

We are here by the Grace of God.

On Him we have built, in Him we trust, and by him we are sustained.

New York, I hear, see, and feel you.

New York, I am you. We are one. We are America.