

9-11: *New York* by Barbara Findley Stuart

The sunlit towers soar--
trim, pristine, powerful--
sheltering
mothers...husbands
sisters...sons
here from home
to transact
the world's business.

Now,
in a searing instant
of hate-fueled inferno,
these thousands,
these beloved innocents,
vanish into thundering clouds
of ash
and released spirit.

The towers dissolve
before our eyes.
Only anguish remains.

For this brutal holocaust,
endless horror;
For these fragile ashes,
tears that burn;
For these vanished souls,
our emptiness.

9-11: *Pennsylvania* by Barbara Findley Stuart

Four silver planes,
giant bullets
bearing fiery destruction,
streak through sunny skies,
captured by fierce hatred
secretly targeting
freedom,
targeting the flawed, free people
leading America.

These four planes carry
businessmen,
technicians,
mothers with children,
flying
to attend meetings,
see a new baby,
or just come back home.

Ordinary, everyday people-
not soldiers,
not trained rescuers
pledged to sacrifice-
just ordinary people
pledged to love their family,
pledged to love their freedom,
pledged to love.

Now on one plane of the four--
one plane
flying above the hills
of Pennsylvania--
now these ordinary people
know their mission,
know horror,
know they are a living weapon
aimed at the heart of America
aimed at the government
of, by, and for the people,
aimed at the people chosen by vote,

gathered at the capitol
to govern us.

These ordinary people
now lean on their love,
searching among themselves
for a plan,
calling their loved ones to say,

Goodbye.

I love you.

Remember me.

Not much time.

We're going to vote.

Goodbye.

I love you.

These ordinary people
pledged to love,
pledged to freedom,
these ordinary Americans
now vote,
vote to unite,
vote to rush to meet fiery death,
vote to rescue
our government.

A shout goes up,
"Let's roll!"

And the phones go silent.
There is no greater love
than this:
to give our lives for freedom;
to give our lives
for love.