

9-11 left me completely devastated psychically. I cried for more than 3 weeks. I still can not express how I feel the loss of all those souls, the potential greatness of their shared dreams and lives. To witness the unspeakable grace of those who simply chose to let another live and those who suffered unspeakable loss will be a wound on my soul for the rest of my life. My poetry sometimes takes time to percolate, or my waking mind can not deal with the aching and pain. In August 2002, I was invited to a poetry slam, there was a very serious woman reading deep stuff and then she asked for people to come up and read. As this guy was reading, this poem came screaming out of me, written on the brown butcher paper covering the table. My friend Klink was there and we just sat together staring at the poem. I could not read it aloud and still don't think I could.

I have always wondered why there is no reference to the pentagon, my only answer is this poem came to me like this and that is how I offer it to you.

Holly Hewlett

8/14/02

9-11

I ceased being a hyphenated American that day
My history degree useless
Against this open book pop quiz
I still don't know if I passed

I have stopped regretting not having met Jesus or Gandhi
I am overwhelmed by this gaping psychic hole
Wishing to have been just once the recipient of the countless instances of humanity
Dignity given by those who knew in an instant, this would be their last kindness
In a blinking gone

What a thing to have to tell their loved ones
"I'm sorry; they were hit by a plane."
"But, they were at work on the 87th floor!!"

I am shamed, ripped bare
Would I have gone unflinching into the fray of molten metal, of crushing stones?
Yet people brush aside the hate, the everyday inconsideration

Was I an unwitting contributor to my enemy's pain, indignity
Breeding his hatred?
At what point did a nation far away
People I have never met decide that I
And those like me should die?

So, the decision was made
By a blinded, wounded indoctrinated soul
The planes flew, the towers fell
And we thought we were undone

But they did not account for love
The reason nations fall. And rise
The love of brother for brother
Friend for friend
Citizen for country
American for American

The red of their blood
The blue of the sky
The white of the plane,
An American too
Hate stopped dead in a field in Pa.
From this day forth I honor their sacrifice

For my beliefs, my nation
I will stop. I will be kinder to my fellow humans,
Regardless of the colour of their skin,
Or the face of their God
I will simply be
An American