

Reflection On 9/11 (aka How The World Changed)



It is on the day after a date burned into my brain that I humbly offer up a poem I needed to write on the-day-after a couple years ago.

This event, that affected (and continues to have effects) the entire World, comes in so many shock waves to so many people, that not spending some moments of our precious time to reflect would be an abstract way to live.

To those who were there and now can no longer interact with us. To those who's family foundations were literally ripped apart. And to those who feel the actions of that day ripple through how we all live.

I offer this poem, a window to my soul, in hopes that you realize the past/current pain is not forgotten. Thank you world for listening. After reading, I would love if you left a

comment on the effects you are feeling.

Reflection On 9/11

A day to remember and reflect from inside,
a date recorded in history and questions of why?

September 11th from so many years ago,
a day that two towers turned to heavy gray snow.

A city first shaken, then its people were aware,
that a black wave floated, reflected in stare.

Burning eyes at first, then hearts burned as well,
all lives altered, changed as some fell.

I watched the people, parents up high,
clutching their valuables, and I began to cry.

Some valuables were print, silver and gold,
others were children, young and the old.

The years have allowed heavy reflection,
___granular detection,

_____and primordial fear.
They have also supplied deeper affection,
____life choice's selection,
_____and visions more clear.

For all the persons, past to the present, who could,
who sacrifice themselves for the greater good.

I raise my virtual glass and toast to your lives,
I drink to life itself, and hope for hope to thrive.

link to the doodle: <http://timeforyourmind.com/davesArt/tfymArtIndex-588.htm>

Sincerely,
David Mielcarek, September 11, 2012