

AFTERSHOCK

for the police officers and firefighters of 9/11

Ground zero waits.
No hero in his mirror.
Just a soul in search of solace
from a senseless act of terror.
He showers, shaves, returns to what remains.

No time for tears or fear.
Anger pumps adrenaline,
good fuel for the fire
that he needs to fight the flames.
He showers, shaves, returns to what remains.

They've gone from search and rescue
to recover, desperate to discover
a gun, a badge, a body with a name.
He showers, shaves, returns to what remains.

Eyesight's blurred,
lungs are burned.
His leg is still infected,
but he doesn't feel the pain.
He showers, shaves, returns to what remains.

He's not feeling much these days,
digging through the smoldering haze.
No time to mourn a tarnished
silver skyline, scarred and stained.
He showers, shaves, returns to what remains.

from:

Spirits and Oxygen

Copyright © 2003

by Yolanda Coulaz

Purple Sage Press