

Ghost Planes
by Rocketeer

I see a plane...
No, I see two planes.
And there are the ghost of two more...
They fly low, heavy with sorrow...
Prayers and goodbye's unsaid.

I see a woman running through dust with tears in her eyes...
Glad to be alive, yet afraid more is to come...
I see a man, with glow stripe raingear go into a burning building
A hero... Will they ever find him again?

Twin icons fall...
Glass rains like water, and rubble chokes like a killer.
Charred beams, and bodies and the cruelty of a few strangers...
Hundreds run in the street, yes, they are running from death itself.

A black face looks white with ash...
A white face looks black with soot...
We are all the same, staring upward with blank faces in disbelief.

Hundreds give red life blood, on the hope that someone will live...
We all go onward, forward, but yet we look behind us...
To be sure we are still safe.
Do I hear the ghost planes whisper a hundred goodbyes?

We will make it...
In grief we stagger forward, like those stunned from the rubble.
We cry for the missing, and still have breath to call for justice.

I wrote this September 11th about midnight. I just could not sleep as
those images kept coming back from the day. -- Rocketeer