

New York

New York
That skyline
Oh, how it stirred the soul
An open door
To the poor
To the downtrodden of the world
A beacon of hope
A last "farewell" to men and women sailing off to war
A "welcome home" to those who returned

New York
For over fifty years
I have walked its streets
Ridden through miles of underground tunnels
Reveled in the majesty of its tallest buildings
And the beauty of all its seasons

New York
Its vibrancy, its excitement, its uniqueness, its generosity
Its art, its theater, its churches and synagogues, its spirit
The opportunity, the fulfillment it has given to millions

We have all been wounded
Flames of death
Crashing steel and mortar
The breath of life snuffed out
A gray brooding cloud settling around us
Death
Destruction
Pictures seared into our memories

The fury of hatred has invaded our land
America!
Attacked by cowardly vipers
Whose fangs struck deep
So many dead
Innocent men, women and children
Families left behind
Our lives shattered
Our world changed forever

But with God's help we will rise again
With God's help, we will mend
With God's help, we will heal
Rededicating ourselves to courage, duty, freedom, justice
To the values our nation holds dear

God bless New York
God bless America
The land of the free
Peter Thomas
September 11, 2001