

## **Altered Landscape**

**By Ron**

On a yet uneventful fall morning  
we tuned in, all channels, to news breaking.  
We saw the monolithic twins tower  
beyond the New York City skyline, higher arching

emblems of America's enormous  
wealth, unassailable power,  
and leadership in world affairs;  
and life-source of our nation's busy-ness

The planes appeared, at first,  
at the bottom of the screen,  
by their diminutive presence,  
simply to augment the scene,  
then, turning toward the center,  
disclosed their sinister intent:  
to shatter our national serene  
and apprise us of the error  
of our culture and content,  
by a sacrifice obscene,  
and realize the awful threat of terror.

then collapse in a cascade more sudden  
than our startled eyes and minds could follow  
into a burgeoning mountain of rubble,  
the billowing dust veiling the vast hollow,

and watched the constant replay, mesmerized,  
unable to withdraw our captive sight  
or avoid awareness of the massive scale of life  
entombed within that monumental blight,

on the altered landscape of our lives  
condemned always to carry the remnants:  
seared mercilessly in each mind's eye,  
the indelible images and events.