

Survivor

Flights off course
caught the world by surprise
Hear the cries of thousands
Fire, Smoke, Confusion
Dirty Dust, Destruction, Dissolution
and Death
Mass Confusion

No time to say goodbye
They died
Choking on the reality
Many fled, Some escaped,
Hero's ran toward their own fate
in hopes of helping others
Many wait at home
clutching useless cell phones
Can it be? Is it true?
To many love ones won't be coming home

Glued to the T.V.
Right after the first attack
Afraid to go outside to see
Awaiting answers to the mystery
Even still

Week after week
Questions rumbling through our heads
With each day, more missing, assumed
dead
Loosing hope

Friends and relations call with concerns
We long for yesterday
No way to turn back
No one knows
Where do we go from here?

Have we taken to much for granted
Serious concerns about life on this planet
Our leaders reveal no real truths

Weeks, Months, Years roll by
All that we hear seems like lies
On 9/11 to many died
To many cried
Depression hung over our city
And has lingered in our lives

As soon as I tell myself life is ok
Mom dies and it's just like that day
Doom, Gloom, Confusion, Dissolution
Depression that simply won't go away

I'll just lay here and maybe
Tomorrow I'll feel better
I'll write to mom another letter
I'll burn it as a symbol of letting her go
One day this gloom has got to leave
I'm ok, it's ok to grieve
Will time heal all wounds?
Hell No

One year, Two, Years, Three Years, Four
No motivation, No passion
No rational reason for this season so dark
For the first time in my life
I can't even sing
I no longer write, or recite poetry
I can't paint or create
I hate not being me
I miss my smile
I miss my sanity

Can I imagine a life with nothing but joy
Can I imagine
world leaders sharing and caring
A Dream of acceptance
Like John Lennon said,
"Nothing to Kill or Die For",
No War

I lean not to my own understanding
Knowing life is to demanding
For me to live without Faith
I kneel down and pray today for yesterday
For a brighter tomorrow
For a minimal amount of sorrow

I'm grateful that I survived it all
We will fall, get back up and seize the day
I will drink from the cup of life
Thank God I'm here
Thank God so many angles have gone
and are yet so near
So dear to me
I hear you mama
You were right about me
I'm your common sense child
I'm your survivor

by : Deborah Davis