

THE DAY THAT CHANGED THE WORLD FOREVER:
**A meditation on Sept.11, a year on – a parabolic
parallelism**

With rapid descent the fire-fighter dropped
Despairingly into the bottomless pit
The black hole of cruel carnage
Sucking in the fires of hell
With its foul odours, choking dust and *Cries of terror*

Blasted hopes, battered bodies, broken dreams
Forever buried in this sinister place
Yet strangely sacred site
Eerie images forever etched into the recesses of the mind
Twisted steel, unholy rubble, suffocating darkness
The dust of death – settling, yet unsettling
A hovering cloud of disillusionment and doom

An evil spectre of dark deeds and
Murderous ideologies
Suspicious minds self-imploding
Security shattered, soft targets
Raw nerves, palpable pain
Charred remains and searing loss
Unanswered questions and dark doubts of God
Depress the spirit,
A dog's day breakfast
An aching void in the soul
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back!

Screaming sirens pierce the gloom
A rush of emotions bursting forth, reeling,
An erupting Vesuvius, spewing,
Off the meter, shocking
Fault finding

Yet unable to shake the sorrow and the sadness away
Locked in, Rocked to the core, Self-examining
Tension without resolution
Placid placebos and acrid innuendos will not do
No trite, but tested answers wanted!

A raft of 'resolutions' soon forthcoming
Avid injustice collectors
In search of the murderous perpetrators
Vows of vigilance
Lethal intent
Promise of vengeance
Still hugging to the imagination
Still clinging to the illusion
Still believing the delusions
O do-it-yourself
Doctrinaire deceits

Urgent calls back to the front line
To enlist a new breed of soldier
In a war that never ends.
An end game with no final solution
A pyrrhic victory
Symbolic gestures
Symptomatic solutions
Short on the real answers
Shirking the hard questions
Always pointing the finger
Away from self

A journey inside with a searchcam
Can be shattering
To the prideful, independent
Self-sufficient ego
'No place to go, no place to hide
No place to heal.'
Yet the search for meaning
And the quest for truth and hope
Goes on
And cannot be extinguished

Yet it seems for many, it must now be
Business as usual
It's about big business bouncing back
And reclaiming maximum rental space and profit
In downtown Lower Manhattan
It seems easier to numb the soul pain

And settle for lesser pleasures,

Take matters into our own hands
And no more - let go and let God!
So with tight-lipped resolve
We take over responsibility for our own lives.
Resorting to our own city building
With its
Corrupting assaults,
Cheapened appetites,
And competing agendas
Babel once more

*Yet there is another more sacred site
That's much more real, and definitely
Not trite.*

Do you recall the Other Day
That changed the world Forever
When the twin towers of Hell's Babel fell
And its fiery fiend sped forth
To do his worst, 2000 years ago?

When our conscience was examined
A dossier of damning evidence opened
Dark deeds, misdeeds, even 'noble' deeds
But still darker nature, corrupting all
A judgment was made
A verdict was delivered
A curse was invoked

But another stood up to the plate
He told the ugly truth, yet full of grace
Nailed to the Cross he suffered our loss
Yes, we put *Him* in the terrorist box
A person of interest, with *our* DNA
Conveniently scape-goated,
An innocent but willing victim
Racked in unspeakable agony
Soul tsunami - tides of terror, waves of woe

Have they washed over you?

Spirit encounter – incomparable heroic feat
Surreal scene - demons, dissonance, disease and death

Then lightning flashed and fell
And God's thunderbolt crushed Lucifer
Like a bug, head crushed, but not yet dead!

Transaction done – blood of God, blessed expiation
Truth proclaimed, a
Verdict delivered – evil defeated
Justice vindicated – grace exalted,
Mercy extended
Victory assured –
But much more than a salvage sortie
The greatest search and rescue operation
The world has ever known
Emergency over

Did you know? Who have you told?
Have you paid your dues?
Have you buried your dead?
Have you honoured your head?
'No place to go, no place to hide, no place to heal!'
No more,
Where is your heart? Who is your hero?
Get help, go home, get closure
You can be free
A future no longer bleak or blocked
No longer destined to oblivion!

Get addicted to the adrenalin rush
Of saving lives - body, soul and spirit
Will you choose
To be part of the problem or
Part of the solution?
Please answer the call
Let's build this city, together.

The pay may be low
But the pay-off is high
The social contact is exhilarating they say
"Real survivors tell amazing stories
They force-feed me with tea and biscuits

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And think I'm wonderful.”

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