

A Burnt Nine Eleven

*Dark dreams of an apocalyptic world,
Of dinners uneaten and lonely dogs
Seen prowling behind lengths of fence unfurled
To make me outcast and lost in the fog.
Something like snowflakes fall from above me:
These horrors are burning, lighter than breath;
They thicken the ground and make it heavy,
Never rain would they be: they stink of death.
Our warm butterfly nights, gone forever?
When I sleepily murmured by nightmares
Of the towers melting in the river
And fleeing with animals who were scared.
My eyes see sun, this is not happening....
It is just Tuesday and I am napping.*