

Jets to Never forget

What a beautiful September morning in NYC!

But 8.46 am changed that by what I could see.

A hijacked Flight 11 was crashing into the North Tower,

Another hijacked Flight 175 struck the South Tower.

Oh nooooooooooooooooooooo!

Devastation and death, death and devastation

Oh nooooooooooooooooooooo!

There was chaos and more chaos and deafening cries,

Terrorists are people I despise.

Nearly twenty thousand people tried to escape,

The police were busy tying the tape.

Trapped and hurt,

A shocking disaster that we could not avert.

Nineteen al-Qaeda terrorists brought down 220 storeys,
All the turmoil, bloodshed, cries for help and too many worries.
These fanatics were still not content
and flew a third plane into the Pentagon.

New York! New York! A tragedy was unfolding
Trauma after trauma, the sleepless city was breathless and dying.
Three planes crashing and 99 elevators halting,
93 nations and 2,977 people dying.

God, where were you when these Islamists tarnished your reputation?
Does religion dictate that it is wonderful to marvel at destruction?
The fire from the jet fuel raged as did my fury,
The Fire Brigade did their best shouting “ Save a life! Hurry”

The Twin towers began to cave in,
The onlookers stared in disbelief and were shocked by the din.
Tears were flowing and bodies were piling
Volunteers rushing here and there and always trying
To turn Ground Zero into a scene of rescue whilst uncontrollably crying.

Today there is a Memorial that is very painful to visit,

Convinces us that the War on Terrorism was worth it!

The two architects, Arad and Walker captured these terrible moments of sadness

The largest man-made waterfalls in North America, names of the dead because of this madness.

More than 400 swamp white oak trees remind us today,

That the victims should never be forgotten come what may.

Interactive exhibitions, contemplative areas, and programs that convey

Individual and collective stories which break our hearts always.