

Juliet P. Howard

9/11

the familiar is unfamiliar.
picture perfect blue sky,
sun shining
autumn, almost in the air;
we walk, by the thousands,
over the Manhattan Bridge
on a road where cars should be.

women in navy blue business suits
walk barefoot, high-heels in hand
grey ash covers hair, clothes, face:
forms a second skin.

we are one now
shock and sorrow envelop us.
we walk in silence,
occasionally the siren of a passing
police car jars us.

our eyes drawn over there,
to the broken skyline.
a reminder of why we
walk away from Manhattan
towards Brooklyn,
searching for the familiar
as we go.