

Velez! Moore

Running Man

He watched the plane
Slam into through the tower
Over

&

Over again

He listened to the radio announcer's account
Of the fanatics' ruinous flights
As he tread the wooden floor
Of his studio apartment
Fearing and dreading
What might lie outside his door
Invisible chains
Began to form
Shackled 'round his head
His bed
Seem to transform into a coffin's shell
Months later
He would admit
He cried

Curled up

Silently

In fear
Frightened tears/tremblin' lips
& the thoughts
That his land of freedom would disappear
Become a page in history's twilight
So he
Packed a bag
Crossed his dreaded threshold
Headed for the nearest train
Destination: Get the Hell Out of Here!
To a state that the terrorists would ignore
& maybe even fear
It took two weeks
Before he'd return
It took two weeks
For him to abstain

from running

To swallow & not choke
On the realization
that
New York is not what the enemy hates
But it's our everyday American ideals

of
Freedom, self determination and hope