

## **That Day in September**

The buildings were burning,  
the planes were burning,  
and the world caught fire too.

When the grief abated,  
hatred found a home  
in the hearts

of the orphaned,  
the widowed,  
and the people.

And then the mosques were burning  
and the people who set them aflame  
were the same people

who brought their fists  
down on the woman in the hijab  
at the school playground,

as she was picking up her children,  
about to take them  
to their piano lessons.

And now, ignorance wearing the hood  
of fear wearing the hood  
of hatred will rage on,

like the fire that tore  
through the windows  
that day in September,

engulfing the buildings,  
the streets,  
and the people,

until all that remains are  
ashes of what might have been  
love for thy neighbor.