



DARREN ORANGE, 'GROUND ZERO' (2001)

## snow on new york city (2001)

snow falls on the city,  
 soft pattering muting  
 traffic,  
     footsteps on slick sidewalk,  
     stark glaring headlights  
         of taxis.  
 endless curtain of white  
     one, yet many  
     stifling —  
     drifting slanted.  
 creamy sky,  
 white snow  
     imperceptibly,  
     one ends  
 and the other begins.  
     snow somehow  
     pulls away,  
     separates from sky  
 mingling with gray  
     of ruin's ash.  
 it's winter now, in new york,  
     across the united states  
     (in afghanistan as well)  
     and snow is falling on the city  
 the empire state building  
     frosted white  
     the chrysler building  
     snowy  
 snow is cloaking  
 the people;  
 spattering black leather jackets,  
     umbrellas,  
     ice crystals gathering  
     on the backs of volunteers,  
     sifting through the rubble  
     of the towers  
     trying to find the remains  
     of yet another human soul.  
 it's winter 2001-2002  
     and snow is falling on  
     new york  
     and amid the broken towers  
     crushed.

nearby storm drains  
     choked with ash  
     now overflow with snow...  
     no one  
     bothers to clean them.  
 a lone flag  
     stands atop the ruins  
     not hampered by the weather  
 red, white, and blue —  
     the only colors  
     apart from the gray of  
     the towers  
     waving proudly.  
 new york has been  
     dealt a blow too cruel  
     for words to express.  
     dumbfounded, we  
     watched our blaring t.v. screens,  
 witnessed the world trade towers  
     crumble.  
 many have donated money  
     to help victims' families,  
     to aid in the excavation.  
     i have too small a sum,  
     i am too young to volunteer.  
     so all i have to offer  
     are these empty words,  
     trying to make sense  
     of a tragedy  
     that, in an instant,  
     brought a nation to its knees  
     and created a date  
     that would live forever on in infamy  
     9-11-01.

~MARGIT BOWLER

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Margit Bowler visited New York City on Veterans Day weekend in 2001. She is 12 years old and lives in the Astoria on the other side of the continent from New York's Astoria. She is an award winning poet and the author of *The Christmas Eve Ball*.

Darren Orange, a native of Yakima, Washington, lives in Astoria also. "As a need to act after 9/11, I found myself violently throwing industrial material at a canvas for no other reason than cathartic venting," he says. "When we're cut we bleed and we remember what's important. September 11 we bled."