

Haiku for 9/11 and for Opening Up in COVID Country

1

**Diners sit outside,
reopening our country slow –
Friday fish smells good.**

2

**Fear leaves slowly,
my cousin had COVID – 19 –
closeness scares him now.**

3

**Fall days approaching,
yellowing leaves turn in wind –
city mourns with flags.**

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"9/11 2023 in COVID and in War" by Carole E. Gregory

Years after jetliners crash into the Twin Towers,

I sit on a bench by a saddened river,

and noises of war for revenge linger.

Every 9/11 the city brings back buried coffins and tears.

I eat a salad & watch the sun dance on the river,

remembering at 8:46 am a jetliner was thrown

like a toy from the hand of an angry child.

At 9:03 am another jetliner rams into the other tower

like a steel hammer.

The military calls up breast nursing mothers

and macho men to fight.

They signed up to pay for college, to buy a house later,

and ignored the atrocities of war.

Others oppose this fight like they rejected the Vietnam war.

Muhammad Ali shouts, "No Vietnamese ever called me "n-----!"

even poets cried out,

Margaret Walker protesting young soldiers

coming back to Mississippi in body bags.

The ordinary resisted a 9/11 war,

I walked in a Peace March down 5th Avenue with survivors of Hiroshima.

In 2023 we are still a family that does not know brotherhood,

quarrelling over who can invent the deadliest weapons,

our pilots now training to fly with robots for ongoing wars.

**Yet, our prayers for justice are heard,
August news shows a president indicted for election interference,
and the 9/11 mayor facing consequences for his January 6th call
to insurrection at the Capitol Building,
This year we look up to the steel hope called the Freedom Tower,
a silver dream standing in Mercy.
Covid chains fall away like mixed up puzzle pieces
for 9/11ers surviving from International Love**

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