

“CROSSING PATHS”

By

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I set out,
the Saturday after,
to see
the fruits of hate-

not knowing
that we would
cross paths;

it was a sunny day-
much like Tuesday was-
but everyone knew
that it was different;

on the train,
most of the passengers
in my car
were silent,
and those who did speak
whispered in hushed tones;

twenty minutes later,
I arrived at
Penn Station;

I stepped onto the platform,
ascended the stairs
to the concourse,
and
what I *saw*-
and what I *felt*-
made me wonder if-
somehow-

surrealism had escaped
from the museums and galleries;

law enforcement;
military-
weapons-
nervousness,
anxiety-

a twisting of reality
as I had know it;

immediately,
I felt
the pulsating stress
of the “armed camp”
that I would find to be-
Manhattan;

surrealism and tension;
fear and suspicion;
confusion and uncertainty;
hope and despair;

they drew me
and
followed me
and
accompanied me-
intensifying-
as I made my way
down Broadway-

and then detoured
so as to go past
the Lexington Avenue Armory;

and,
all that I was feeling

was visible there
in the faces of the people
on the street
and on the faces
in the photos and posters
of the missing;

continuing on,
it became stronger still
in Union Square Park;

finally,
I found it “caged in”-
below Canal Street-
exactly where
the Twin Towers once stood-
now the epicenter of disbelief;

for the next couple of hours,
I prowled the perimeter of the cage,
trying-
and on rare occasion, managing-
to catch a glimpse;

the streets were immaculate,
but still covered in a dusting of white;

and I saw people,
pressed up against
a chain-link fence,
trying to pull
sheets of paper
toward them;

I watched and then I realized
that I had to admit,
maybe that’s all that remained-
maybe that’s all that survived-
just loose pieces of paper;

in time, I felt
that I had seen enough
and began to leave;

I was crossing a greenspace
that divided a street,
when it came to me
to pull back the branches
of the low growing evergreens;

there,
I found “testimonies”
that the street crews overlooked;
an eight-by-ten photo;
a page out of a desk calendar-
a pair of women’s shoes-
and a business card;

it belonged to
David Rimington;
he was,
in his own way,
face down in the bushes;

I saved the card,
but waited years
before I called to find out-
what happened to him;

yet,
over all that time I could not help
but continually
wonder and repeatedly call out-

David Rimington,
where are you?

END