

Poem by Lionel Kilberg

A Gate to Hell

They opened a gate to hell that day. September Two Thousand One. The fire and smoke belched to the skies and thousands began to run.

The souls within, spirits above cried out for mercy, help and love. As flames engulfed and mortar flowed and time, itself twisted and slowed. The screams of voices dwarfed by sounds of rending beams and bursting ground. As sidewalks tore and windows smashed and solids turned to liquid trash.

The clouds from hell pursued the crowd with sounds that were much more than loud. As Eyes turned glass, mouths opened wide and Lady Liberty's eyes cried.

The heavens would have poured down rain, but even they were shocked with pain, and so the open gate remained engulfing all and all aflame.

Time will go by and maybe then. For some, the memory will dim. But not for me, No, Not for I, I'll see it Clearly 'till I Die'.