

## September

I'll never forget that September day,  
When I came home from school to find a tower ablaze,  
"It's been hit by a plane," my mother explained.  
It was at the moment that the second one came.

Now two towers were burning and we watched on in awe,  
Endless replays and a city in panic,  
What looked like an accident was an act of war.  
This once peaceful day grew ever more frantic.

We watched in amazement as people started jumping,  
It looks like a film, but no movie prepared us for this.  
It could be a thriller, or action, or horror.  
But this was real life, in an act of sheer terror.

One by one, the towers collapsed,  
The world's capital city was under attack.  
Rolling dark clouds coated all in their path,  
But nothing prepared us for the aftermath.

Elsewhere we were hearing that others were hijacked.  
One hit the Pentagon, yet another was thwarted,  
When the land of the free proved the home of the brave.  
Their sacrifice to be remembered by the people they saved.

Over the next couple of weeks, the scenes grew more shocking,  
Volunteers dug through rubble for survivors,  
But for the few found alive, many more were found dead.  
Perhaps worst of all were those never seen again.

In the years that have passed since that fateful day,  
Everything has changed, the world will never be the same.  
Security has tightened and people are more cautious,  
But to keep ourselves safe there are sacrifices to make.

Each generation has one thing to define it:  
The Summer of Love, seventies disco,  
The eighties had synth-pop and the nineties had rave,  
But my generation got one solemn September day.