

A.D. 09.11.2001

Pacing back and forth
East and West
anxiety in this millennium has a new name.

Even autumn birds, snowbirds, and butterflies
stay closer to home ground:
why fly south if the return is not secure?

This latest terror has no boundaries,
no color, no red brigades, or black shirts,
no white K-hooded phantoms in the night:

it lurks inside the theaters of our homes,
in perfumed, powdered envelopes,
a colorless, nameless,
invisible menace
without a voice
this terror hangs
like black storm clouds
on the rooftops of our minds.

Vera Golini