

Thursday in New York      By Ron Douglas

As 50 brothers, wives, and friends gathered for a thursday trip

To the 911 museum in NYC.

The day was sunny and bright,

just like that dreaded day of fright.

As we rode to the city the sight of the skyscrapers

left us aghast.

The vision in our heads of the towers past.

We arrived at ground zero with thoughts of serenity

and pity.

As we toured the memorial museum that day we were left with thoughts

of dismay.

Of all the artifacts, pictures, mementoes, and

torn equipment on display.

As we left the museum we grew closer to the magnitude of death

and destruction that lay that day.

As we strolled around the memorial ponds of the towers.

We imagined the plummeting of steel, concrete, and the poor souls

That fell to the ground in the exact spot were the ponds lay.

As we left the grounds we appreciated the effort to remember that day.

And to brush a tear away.

Thank you brothers.