

## ACROSTIC LAMENT

Ah, she is awry! And all her beauty is anguish!  
Behold the broken bone of my bold city,  
City that once clamored and careened like a caffeinated Doberman.  
Dust is now her dessert, death her deal.  
Even the elms embrace ash and filthy embers;  
Forgotten are her favorites, aflame her great fortress.  
Gone are the good, the governed, the greedy, and the gallant!  
Heavy-hearted, her heroines inquire, "How did this happen?" O!  
I am ill with imagery, with the imagined, the imminent, and "this just in."  
Jarred, even rage escapes me. I am havocked.  
Killers and kings alike are keeled over with shock. Yea, our loss is  
kaleidoscopic,  
Looming large like some magnificent Leviathan,  
More mountain than monster, a new feature of our minds and memory.  
Never again will nerds, nymphs, or nurses need reminding.  
O, my people! My oatmeal-eaters and olive pressers!  
Petty and pathetic seem the predictions I pandered from Quarry  
to Passaic.  
Quaint and quirky my omens! How quickly my regular rants and  
Ridiculous ravings have assumed sinister resonances!

Still, I will say my piece amidst these stones. Stay sturdy, fellow citizens!  
Tomorrow the Twin Towers will again teach us transcendence.  
Unfasten the umbrellas of your souls! Unleash your uncles' vitality!  
Verily will our valiant wills be revamped into vigor.  
Wherever we wander we will wage war on excuses and weariness.  
Except for our expressions, we will nix our excesses and yearn  
for examples.  
Young girls will yell in yellow jumpers. Yea, Your city will rise,  
Zestier than it was, wiser and more zaftig, zealous to be Zion!