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National Catharsis

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Cover Page Footnote

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ALYSSA OSINSKI

WORDS

My temporary escape from
What I perceive to be negative,
My life is an avalanche
Of challenges and aspirations.

There is a strange comfort
In seeing my soul on paper,
What I want and should do,
Who I am, what I once knew.

Structure, rhyming, blah!
But I can contradict myself
The present is mine
And I will prove it with words.

NATE RIDER

NATIONAL CATHARSIS

they were just two towers,
two buildings amongst thousands,
maybe millions.
not even the tallest or
the most glorious.
Maybe the most important,
but just a minor detail.

only three thousand perished,
not ten, twenty or fifty.
it was no Hiroshima,
38th parallel or even Chernobyl.
a simple fictive dream,
an archipelago of thoughts,
a lapse of reality.

no sense of compassion.
only weeks, maybe months later
just indifference,
a desultory way of life.
a desolate response to death.
they were just two towers,
two buildings, amongst none.