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Words

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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.