

This issue of *WORK* is dedicated to those individuals no longer with us
from the tragedy of September 11, 2001

NITZAVIM

When stars come down
And meteors fall
We all are victims –
One, and All.

As disbelief
Transforms to grief
The cries arise
To seek relief.

An anger deep
Disturbs our sleep.
It seeks release
Or else to steep.

We fear a dark,
Disordered clime,
The lonely self
Exposed in time.

Yet in the end
The measured thought,
A wisp of Why,
Cures those distraught.

So if instead
We see our dead
As martyrs dear
We raise our heads.

We stand erect,
Our souls to keep.
In God we trust,
No more to weep.

Matthew Gold
September 14, 2001