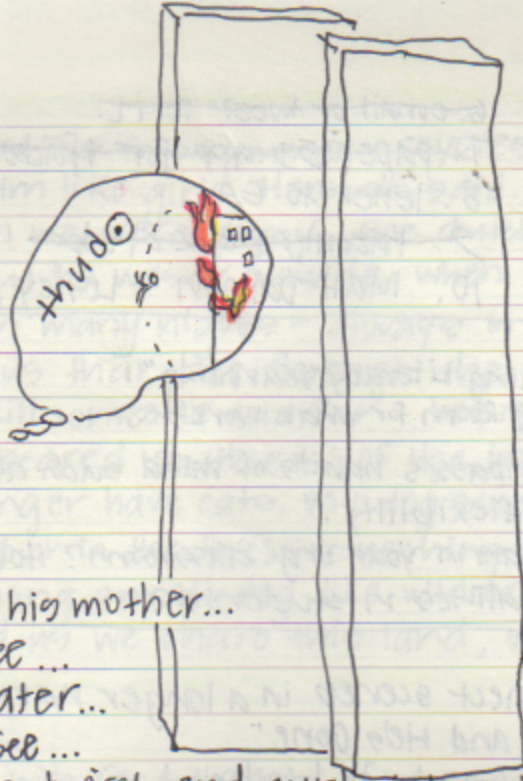
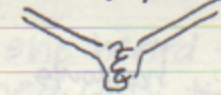


9-11-13



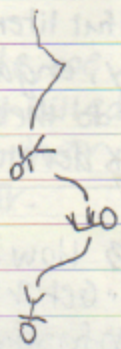
choose between a fireball and



to jump holding hands...



alone or 2 or a few...



twirl and curl -

the flames of a fireball curl and twirl and look beautiful & frightening

I am his mother... and I see...

12 years later...

I will always see...

I saw him twist and curl into a thud.

September 11th

... my friend's birthday & I miss him. the singular date of this generation to mark a moment thousands of people disappeared ... gone.

September Twelfth, 2001

By X.J. Kennedy

Two caught on film who hurtle from the eighty-second floor, choosing between a fireball and to jump holding hands,

What is the content of writing?

Photograph from September 11

BY WISŁAWA SZYMBORSKA

They jumped from the burning floors— one, two, a few more, higher, lower.

The photograph halted them in life, and now keeps them above the earth toward the earth.

Each is still complete, with a particular face and blood well hidden.

There's enough time for hair to come loose, for keys and coins to fall from pockets.

They're still within the air's reach, within the compass of places that have just now opened.

I can do only two things for them— describe this flight and not add a last line.

aren't us. I wake beside you, stretch, scratch, taste the air, the incredible joy of coffee and the morning light.

Alive, we open eyelids on our pitiful share of time, we bubbles rising and bursting in a boiling pot.

To read like a writer... an analysis of function and craft To learn to live like a writer - open to the writing that comes to you, calls you, thrums inside of you.

The Falling Man [and every person who jumped from the twin towers as they fell to the ground]

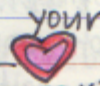
You walk, like an open wound, your heart peeking from the skin, swallowing the pain of the city. He is in every curve of your face. As life becomes ordinary for passersby you want to scream, "I am his mother. I am his mother and he died and I saw him twirl and curl into a thud. I am his mother and I know all of his limbs, the scars, the edges of his knees and heart and I saw him twirl and curl into a thud. I am his mother and I feel bits of him left in my uterus, they pinch me from the inside when I'm about to forget and I saw him twirl and curl into a thud. I am his mother and I kissed his eyelashes when he told me he wanted to be ordinary and I saw him twirl and curl into a thud. I am his mother and I know how his eyes tighten and fingers bend when he laughs and I saw him twirl and curl into a thud. I am his mother and I taught him how to love with reservation so not to get his heart broken but he never listened and I saw him twirl and curl into a thud. I am his mother and I know that when he eats he chews slowly to protect his teeth from decay and I saw him twirl and curl into a thud. I am his mother and I watched him cross the street for the first time and I saw him twirl and curl into a thud. I am his mother and when I dream of him I see him standing." ↪

~ Tala Abu Rahmeh
Time You Let Me In

pages of your notebook after an innocent invitation to tell your story. But now you're in ~ and you're not here.

↪ I am not your mother, but I know your scars. ↪ see you twirl and curl and cut and cry in line after line. Asked of a writing teacher - a knowledge of secrets - a willingness to walk beside the broken and lost - to be a Band-aid - to hold the wound with enough pressure to stop its flow. To hope when you release it, the clotting will hold. You, my child, will hold.

You walk, like an open wound,



your heart peeking from the skin...

swallowing the pain of the city.

You walk, like an open wound, swallowing the pain of stuffing feelings beneath your skin, then cutting them free with a polished blade, deeper and deeper. You bleed to stop hurting. You never cry. You release the stream of insults and lies, the sneers from those who won't try to understand.

You, too, leap from a tower - a tower of shame and disbelief. You cannot save yourself. And today you are absent again. Out of the hospital just 3 weeks. You bleed your life across the