

# “CROSSING PATHS”

By

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I set out,  
the Saturday after,  
to see  
the fruits of hate-

not knowing  
that we would  
cross paths;

it was a sunny day-  
much like Tuesday was-  
but everyone knew  
that it was different;

on the train,  
most of the passengers  
in my car  
were silent,  
and those who did speak  
whispered in hushed tones;

twenty minutes later,  
I arrived at  
Penn Station;

I stepped onto the platform,  
ascended the stairs  
to the concourse,  
and  
what I *saw*-  
and what I *felt*-  
made me wonder if-  
somehow-

surrealism had escaped  
from the museums and galleries;

law enforcement;  
military-  
weapons-  
nervousness,  
anxiety-

a twisting of reality  
as I had know it;

immediately,  
I felt  
the pulsating stress  
of the “armed camp”  
that I would find to be-  
Manhattan;

surrealism and tension;  
fear and suspicion;  
confusion and uncertainty;  
hope and despair;

they drew me  
and  
followed me  
and  
accompanied me-  
intensifying-  
as I made my way  
down Broadway-

and then detoured  
so as to go past  
the Lexington Avenue Armory;

and,  
all that I was feeling

was visible there  
in the faces of the people  
on the street  
and on the faces  
in the photos and posters  
of the missing;

continuing on,  
it became stronger still  
in Union Square Park;

finally,  
I found it “caged in”-  
below Canal Street-  
exactly where  
the Twin Towers once stood-  
now the epicenter of disbelief;

for the next couple of hours,  
I prowled the perimeter of the cage,  
trying-  
and on rare occasion, managing-  
to catch a glimpse;

the streets were immaculate,  
but still covered in a dusting of white;

and I saw people,  
pressed up against  
a chain-link fence,  
trying to pull  
sheets of paper  
toward them;

I watched and then I realized  
that I had to admit,  
maybe that’s all that remained-  
maybe that’s all that survived-  
just loose pieces of paper;

in time, I felt  
that I had seen enough  
and began to leave;

I was crossing a greenspace  
that divided a street,  
when it came to me  
to pull back the branches  
of the low growing evergreens;

there,  
I found “testimonies”  
that the street crews overlooked;  
an eight-by-ten photo;  
a page out of a desk calendar-  
a pair of women’s shoes-  
and a business card;

it belonged to  
David Rimington;  
he was,  
in his own way,  
face down in the bushes;

I saved the card,  
but waited years  
before I called to find out-  
what happened to him;

yet,  
over all that time I could not help  
but continually  
wonder and repeatedly call out-

David Rimington,  
where are you?

**END**