

## GROUND ZERO

*by William A. Cook*

He came to us in our hour of tribulation,  
His face as ashen as the cinders on which we walked;  
He heard our wail and joined our lamentation  
For those who perished in this inferno.

And he heard our cry in the fire's glow,  
And he saw the steam rise from our tears,  
And he felt the depth of our pain flow  
And swell in the morning's light.

We cried to him on behalf of all  
Who lost their lives before the day began,  
Who heard the thunderous roar of death  
At the door, unheralded and unknown.

Who designed an act so savage?  
Who willed that it be fulfilled?  
What tormented heart raged  
In darkness all alone?

He listened to our cries,  
As we dug through the rubble of the world  
Seeking the sighs of those still alive,  
And he vowed revenge!

We lifted our hands in triumph to the skies,  
Our vengeance red as the fire's light.  
Blood raging in our veins,  
As darkness shrouded the night.

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