

**The Day After...**  
(9/12/01)

In the hinter, beyond our lands, they toil, they feast, they slumber...  
They go on... moving along, and carrying on their daily rituals... their 9-5-  
or moreso's,  
With but a glimmer of the 'accident', turned tragic-to devastating, they  
resume...  
...while we-here-are nomads in our own land...  
    wandering... waltzing in 4/4 time.  
Our souls aching. Our minds searching for normalcy.  
And our hearts breaking-with hope. Hope for the "soul" survivor...  
While our bodies are heaving from the spurts of tears that control the  
uncontrollable...the inconsolable.  
We are the walking insomniacs in the city that never sleeps...