

The space between the Twin Towers  
is that gaping chasm  
where meaning melts into chaos.

Where men fall to their deaths knowingly, intentionally,  
and the sound of the bodies hitting ground zero  
deafens the soul forever, for it allowed this travesty and  
remained silent leaving this space complicit  
in permitting their free fall.

She did not change the rules of nature and become dense  
to soften their landing she failed to ask gravity to suspend  
its laws for those poor souls hurtling to their deaths  
she stood silently by.

The space between the Twin Towers  
allows for the absence of human and nature's compassion  
the pressure holding those twin towers of human greed  
and capitalism apart, yet binding them in a partnership  
becomes too unbearable for her  
and, while signing on to a suicide pact with the devil in two  
jets, she betrays the towers by staying, and surviving  
while they crumble and melt.

She has signed a death pact with nature, the devil and  
gravity unbeknownst to all of us.

The space between the Twin Towers  
is the space that allows us to breathe  
an airlock of concrete-free reality  
in the tip of concrete lower Manhattan  
a lebensraum, but destined to be filled with the Pompeii-  
Like ash as they melted downwards to the earth.

The space between the Twin Towers  
has remained after the towers have fallen  
these ten years, bearing witness to what was once there  
as if it has been released from its confinement forever.  
And annually the blue lights that fill the footprints of the  
towers leaving two eerie ghost-like columns in the sky  
that space is exposed once again in its guilt.

The space between the Twin Towers  
will be forgotten unlike the towers themselves,  
yet it eerily presses on my consciousness  
making itself felt in uncanny times.

When at a loss for words theologically, an inability to make sense of a divine order where human life has become so cheap my mind wanders to this space;  
when the unfathomable horror of human cruelty of man's inhumanity to man makes itself felt in the heart  
I am drawn to this space;  
and when my own heart of darkness reveals its inexplicable presence  
in my relationships, my little betrayals of self and others, I find a paradoxical solace in this space.

For me it has become the metaphor for the absence of meaning for cruelty and torture for the appropriation of 9/11 as an icon to make profit and punditry and for all the trade center represented but hid so well, the darker side, the underbelly of capitalism and Wall street.

It also reflects my own failure to confront and act to just sit on the sidelines of history and watch (oh how I remember in my idealism of youth questioning those in Germany and Europe

in the 30's for their inaction and passiveness.)

Now guilty of the same I feel the presence of this space  
bearing down on me.

These last 10 years,

the insane rebuilding to "show them"

the lockdown of our freedoms,

the lack of fundamental change in our society,

the inability to "learn from the tragedy",

the absence of new vision,

the upsurge in world violence,

the ongoing internecine hatred...

all points to the presence of the absence

the ongoing effect of this space

the presence of its effects

continuing despite the loss of the twins it held together

in tension despite the release of their hubris

it is present the space between the Twin Towers.