

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' 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 tower 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 Wal 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.