

In Dark Colors

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Numbers and letters in bright colors Bordered the carpet we were sitting on. Our backpacks hung on the hooks With our lunchboxes sitting on top. In front of the classroom displayed The alphabet in print and also in cursive. There was confusion as to why School was going to release early. The smoke was nowhere near us. We were in a town with buildings Far less extravagant and streets far less busy. The only big apple we knew was the one Hanging on the door with our teacher's name. Perhaps our parents could explain What had happened a little better Than our teacher who was terrified To say the word that started with a T. Our parents had a look of relief in their eyes As they picked us up from school And gave us hugs tighter than usual. There we were miles away from it all Hoping to cope with the lives we did not Know and how they were lost.	Words and images in bright colors Crossed the televisions we watched. They wanted to keep the television On the news, but tried to keep us From watching the nightmares of the fire. We sat on the couch begging To watch cartoons because What was on the television was boring. Little did we know it would change Everything we were used to. One day ignited the essence of hope That we all felt we were lacking. From sea to shining sea there we all saw. Statistics and images in bright colors Are what our children now see when They turn to page twenty-six Of their history book. The image we saw on the television Now printed on a page of a book That also covers the Revolutionary War. The bounded and covered book Can only tell so much of that day. It cannot show the truth in dark colors.
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