

Unbroken: In Memory of the Twin Towers

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Far greater than the Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian in their surpassing glory
Shooting straight skyward, two columns that surpass the grandeur of a pagan Olympus
Audacious and daring in their forthright, proud faces
Slab-sided, standing tall in defiance of the roiling sea
Flanking the sea-washed Mother of Exiles, they silently cry
“We are of the greatest nation on Earth, the republic of Freedom!
The New World, vast in its strength, built on the resolve of the free!”

They complement the defiant decree of the symbol of liberty
As they rise a quarter of a mile into the sky
What shall bring their hoary heads down from their lofty height?
Two planes, Chained to the will of a religion-crazed maniac
Pulled from their noble duty to commit an act of death
Flying to destroy the cause of freedom
Bearing the lives of those confused and enslaved
Slam into those proud towers

In the eyes of the evil, as they burn
They see the death of freedom
As the towers crumble and fall
They see us humiliated in defeat

They are wrong.

Out of the sky dark with ash
Out of the rubble filled with sorrow
The glory dragged back down to Earth
The anguish of a grieving city
Arises a new nation

United in resolve and defiant spirit
Fifty states working together, spread in great glory across the face of a continent
Forged into the hardest steel from the flames of that fire

From the place where they once stood arises a new song
Like a phoenix from the flame
For we are proud to be American
And we are unbroken
From the rubble of dreams thought by evil to be extinguished
Arise two beams of light, high into the heavens

Now those twin towers symbolize much more

The goal of their destruction has been futile
They symbolize not finance or wealth of a pompous nation
They symbolize the steely resolve of a people united by their freedom
To us they still stand tall
For they will always live on in our hearts
Though they have ascended in all their glory
Finally surmounting the heavens that they tried their best to scale

As the new column, resplendent in its glory,
Rises above the greatest city on Earth,
We remember those who died on that awful day
And rejoice in the new tower, brimming with its clear message.
With its own silent voice it cries,

“Thou art futile, devils of evil! For your attempts to break us have been in vain. In smiting us so we fall down, you have caused us to rise higher! For Liberty can never be broken, for freedom can never be extinguished! For right will always win and evil shall never prevail! See, ye people of the Earth, this testament to the resolve of the American people! My Spire soars ever high above the golden door!”