

## Rubble

Elayne Sidley

A restaurant that stood on a corner  
All the years of my children's lives  
Was gone.  
Torn down.

How many times had I treated a child to lunch there,  
Celebrating an *A* in Math,  
Or winning a part in a play;  
Or solaced a child who lost a favorite pen,  
Or got *C* in History?

When that building came down,  
I looked at the rubble,  
Then telephoned my far-flung, now-adult children  
To tell them the sad news;  
They seemed unconcerned--  
OK, they're adults.

Yesterday, the phone rang so early in the morning,  
And the voice of my son in St. Louis said,  
"Turn on the tv, Mom; it's bad."  
I turned on the tv.  
It was bad.  
It got worse.  
And I watched and wept for the towers.  
Where once I had stood,  
Suitcase in hand,  
A tourist gawking at the buildings whose height I could scarcely believe,  
Now was a fuming rubble.  
Rubble--Sidley

Soon after, I drove past  
The site of the torn-down restaurant,  
Later, rubble,  
Was now drive-through drugstore.

And I sighed.