

## Poem by Ethel Lebenkoff

### Halloween 2001

First bike ride after the bombing Central Park's trees bend in sadness  
The city aches with pain Our cheeks are no longer rosy — now sallow with sorrow  
We try to get past Nevertheless, we mourn

We no longer can play like children in freedom — a limited timed freedom  
They didn't tell us our time was up — GAME OVER

All conversations are contaminated by terror's visit