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Standing in the Focus of Time

September eleventh was our President's Day.
As teachers, we waited to exclaim hurray!
Cleared by security, dressed in our best,
While the children sat quietly as if for a test.

First hour we posed for that Kodak moment,
Forever to cherish what this day meant.
Two hours had passed and we sensed he was near,
From the courtyard outside we heard the children cheer.

With aching legs, we stood at attention,
Smiling for the cameras with great apprehension.
Then secretly we were told of a sudden delay,
Planes crashed through Twin Towers this very day!

Now the national press flooded the back room,
Where the President conferenced on impending doom.
His attention diverted from children's education,
For he was focused now on the state of the nation.

Then the curtain flew open and the President appeared.
White as a sheet, straight to the podium he steered.
Shaky hands smoothed down the scribbled notes,
This speech was not about winning him votes.

He collected himself for what he would say,
Preparing the viewers about this shocking day.
Who would have known not a year had passed,
That our new President be handed such harrowing task.

"This morning our country was attacked,
By what seems to be a terrorist act.
Let us bow our heads in a moment of silence."
We could only imagine the occurring violence.

As swiftly as he came, he left in such a hurry.
Through the courtyard his entourage did scurry.
We were left to stand in a state of shock.
The education initiative had fallen like a rock.

In an effort now to pick up the pieces,
The Secretary of Education was to deliver the thesis.
He gave us praise for the job we had done,
And he gave us more promise of help yet to come.

The words now seemed empty in the light of the tragedy,
We would depend now on our own education strategy.
For our country at war had one focus in mind—
To stop terrorism with full efforts combined.