

Artist's Statement

The media coverage of the 11th of September twenty years ago was compelling.

The what, where, how, when, who and why at the touch of a button, but eventually information overload was reached. Time was needed to process such a heinous act.

I went to the studio and painted.

Two green towers – one positive, one negative. And apples, lots of falling apples. The perspective is wrong. The Big Apple (New York) is in serious trouble. It was all wrong.

Information and stories abounded. The writer of words turned to poetry to give voice.

Twenty years on there are other people who are experiencing such terror.

Our own land is not exempt.

We remember that day.

We remember today so we can change the narrative.

Jackie Francis

Her Hands Were Tied

Lord, what about her - did she win or lose,
Or did she fall outside?
She struggled, but to no avail.
In the end her hands were tied.

They overcame her in the narrow aisle -
They tied her hands with wire.
Then hurled her at the Northern Tower,
To perish ... on that awful pyre.

So did she win or did she lose?
Or did she fall outside?
They found her in that pile of steel,
And still her hands were tied.

The President told us on the morning news
He was going to track them down.
“America will win,” he said,
From his bunker under ground.

Well, tell that to the air hostess,
And three hundred firecrew.
And tell that to the ones with photos,
With loved ones overdue.

They didn't lose and they didn't win.
It was taken out of their hands.
Some folks don't get a choice, Lord.
Their plane just never lands.

Tell me it's true, there's a better place,
Where hands are free, instead.
Where good folk get to live again
When the cellphone line goes dead.

Ken Francis