Honor Guard, Ground Zero

Rake gently on my brother's grave
Speak softly while he sleeps
His soul ascends, he speaks to us
His spirit raised, raised well above
These ruins of death.
We'll stand erect, amid the numbing
breeze of winter's breath, and raise our
palms, raised well above our breast
We'll crease our brows, our minds and hearts,
With palms outstretched, where underneath
My brother sleeps, in sorrow, we
Salute you.

By Thomas Brennan, student, Suffolk County Community College