

To Al, my great American friend, and to all the American men and women that have deep in their hearts a dream of a better world.

A Cruel Legerdemain

A scarf of fire
Adorns the neck of one twin
Upon its head the other one
Wears a bizarre plume of smoke

The Apple has the power
To conjure up at will
Such confounding fancies

One night as in a joke
She had the Torch Lady vanish
And then
To the incredulous eyes of the world
She brought her back

The world once again is astounded
The Apple has made
Thousands of people disappear

Two hours elapse
The world is in anguish
Weeping it implore the Apple
To stop it with this queerness

The world wants
The Twin Towers to be returned
It will not allow
Human lives to be gambled with
Enough with this cruel prestidigitation

Lacerated
The Apple quivers

It's not a joke
I didn't do this
To impress you
I was struck
What you see
Is real death
Is real pain

Help me!

The world is stupefied
Then rushes to the aid
Of the Apple
And sees death
Where life was before

Evil has broken loose
Coming from a righteousness gap
With the heart of martyr executioner
And eyes delirious with glory and paradise

The world is powerless
And to the Apple brings
The breath of its bowels

Nothing else can it do
The pain drowns the words
In its mouth full of saliva
And hallucinates its stare
Stunned by a ruthless greed
That shall never prevail
Over the will of better men

In lieu of the Twins
A quarter-mile high
Water-fall in the sky
Majestically descends
To the ground
In a rainbow resplendent
With billions of atoms
Enlightened with justice
That spread all over the earth

A monster is defeated
A new man is born
Loyal
Just
Mild.

A thought on September 11, 2001, felt deeply for all the victims of a massacre... confident in the intelligence of man.

To have this voice of solidarity and hope reach the American people, instrumental was the linguistic assistance of the first generation Italian American Mike De Santis.