

One

By Cheryl Sawyer

As the soot and dirt and ash rained down,
we became one color.

As we carried each other down the stairs
of the burning building,
we became one class.

As we lit candles of waiting and hope,
we became one generation.

As the firefighters and police officers
fought their way into the inferno
we became one gender.

As we fell to our knees
in prayer for strength,
we became one faith.

As we whispered or shouted words of encouragement,
we spoke one language.

As we gave our blood in lines a mile long,
we became one body.

As we mourned together the great loss
we became one family.

As we cried tears of grief and loss,
we became one soul.

As we retell with pride
of the sacrifice of the heroes
we become one people.

We are

One color

One class

One generation

One gender

One faith

One language

One body

One family

One soul

One people.

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