

The Bombs & Blood of Texas & Boston

by Patti Hall

Running into the fire, the smoke and the chaos;
selfless first responders, innocent bystanders,
and dedicated runners; all garner our deep pathos.

Their universe completely tilted by such grievous wrongs;
despicable company and inspectors too, despicable brothers--
blame pours down on their shoulders, where it surely belongs.

Pain and agony courses through innocent bodies and minds,
ripples through their families and friends,
then stranger's arms open, where kindness unwinds.

This was no disease that seeped into bones and veins,
these deeds were done with thought and choice,
by people who belong in rusty locked chains.

That little town in Texas, that iconic marathon in Boston,
what you mean to your people, what you mean to the world;
your torture and suffering will not ever be forgotten.

