

WORLD TRADE CENTER TOWERS

by

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The urgency of that alarm instantly resonated in the most protected recesses of America-loving hearts and souls, for the now-new possibility of sudden and unexpected death can awaken ancient memories of overwhelming threat to existence.

Like the ghosts of violations past, awful images of soul searing events can leap out of their deeply buried time capsules to haunt us in waking states that more resemble nightmares. Much attention for those early wounded is needed here.

But, thank goodness, such alarm also awakens the ancient heroes of our blood stream, our brains and body chemistry. From the depths of our souls spring inner rescue brigades of urgent sensations, charging us with life-loving impulse. We find ourselves filled with kindness, passionately dedicated to heal and help those in need.

When the towers crumbled and fell, so did for many, the psychic landmarks of personal navigation they represented. Where did their North Star go? Where did the stalwart, upright parents of Manhattan disappear to -- that magnificent pair so much standing for a watchful mother and father over the island center of world commerce. Hopefully those mythic symbols can be permanently internalized so that nothing external can destroy the comfort we gained from them.

Now our human task is clear. No one, anywhere, in any country, can anymore ignore the plight of every single one of others less fortunate than ourselves. Our planet is now a single web of existence. Unlike Gertrude Stein, there is only there, there -- nowhere is truly nowhere. We can no more forget the other than we can forget ourselves.

I and you – we – are everywhere.

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