

# 9/11: A Grief So Large I Cannot Speak It

[BY LISA MARKS](#)

*9/11: The Sound Of Wings On Metal*

There it is again, the sound of wings on metal,  
small beings in trapped spaces.  
I listen as they fall, two stories into the stove.  
I listen as they fall.

One day 5 birds fell down the stovepipe.  
It was September 11, 2001  
and we cried together.

After the 2nd, I opened the stove and the back door.  
There would be that sound,  
as wings clean years of soot.  
Then the bird stands at the door  
before it flies to freedom.

It has never happened before or since.  
I feel like America fell down the stovepipe that day,  
or maybe it was long ago.  
I wish someone would open the door.

Sometimes, I find a dead bird  
perched close to the vent,  
dried and desiccated.

I think about falling into a darkness  
that has no opening,  
waiting for something to come,  
to be saved.

But sometimes it is too late.  
All that greets me is death,

and a grief so large  
I cannot speak it.

### ***Lisa's Heart Howl:***

***Our journey is taken one moment at a time. The Earth's unfolding breaks the journey into manageable steps as we build personal power. Crossing into the unknown, subtle experiences, psychic events and the world of matter manifest our steps of reclaiming wholeness. Leaving personal history behind we emerge as co-creators with the Earth. Together, we are the Awareness Revolution the Earth has been waiting for!***

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For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Confidence Gap: A Guide to Overcoming Fear and Self-Doubt](#) .

### ***Sip a little more:***

***Some Days My Heart Is Stone-Heavy***

***The Cloak Of Leaving***

***When We Go Inside Ourselves And Stay – Finding Still Center***

# SHE

## [The She Book](#)

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