

# Musical Tragedy

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This is a poem I wrote from my Creative Writing class. It metaphorically combines 9/11 with an orchestral band's performance.

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# Musical Tragedy

The lights come up on

A musicianâs stage.

A lone flute drones a

Haunting note.

She begins to taper off,

And just before the silence

Engulfs her the rest of

The band filter in.

Strings flow softly up

And down chromatically.

Trumpets blare obnoxiously

Over the others.

Fog rolling slowly across  
The ground. Eluding to the  
Massacre to come.

The dawn is rising.

The bustle of a new  
Day is unfolding.

People stepping into  
Elevators, carried to  
Many identical office  
Floors.

## Musical Tragedy

Traffic becomes thick

As more of the world

Awakes.

The baritones and tubas

Converse musically with

One another.

Groggy people walking along

The road.

Clarinets frantically rush

Through sextuplets.

Workers run along the ascending

Stairs, chattering to themselves.

A cluster of oboes rise above

The swell in a piercing note.

The sun is now at its highest.

Melodic lines become more

Frantic, leading into the

Inevitable. One Contra

Bassoon speaks out, low and

Menacing.

A few men drive the controls

Of religious madness.

Saxophones trill out

Dramatically.

## Musical Tragedy

Innocent people taken along

For a deathly ride.

There is one measure of  
Silence; then the horrifying  
Clash of cymbals.

Flames leap up to fill the  
Newly opened hole.

The Orchestra screams out  
In a final forte then, one  
By one, die loudly away into  
Nothing.

People stand at the edge  
Of sanity, and leap into  
The void of fear and pain.

Glissandos, marcattos, crescendos,  
Staccatos; all being choked at  
Their highest point.

Survivors watch as the  
Structure slowly falls.

Half the band is lost; the  
Remnants crying out in a  
Closing pianissimo.

Cries for loved ones lost  
Can be heard throughout

## Musical Tragedy

A shaken nation. Smoke

Is rolling thick; mixing

With the afternoon fog.

Lights, slowly, fade to black.

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