

# Loyalty

By Robin B Lipinski

9-11, the towers fell from their lofty heights,  
Victims waylaid by ambitions of hate,  
Smashed with force by those lost to love.

Body's rendered,  
Count rising high,  
As the cries of loved ones reached the empty sky.

Brick and mortar,  
Blood and sweat,  
Turmoil spiraling as they fell,  
Great news in the making,  
The TV crews were streaming it live,  
While their tears fall.

And through it all,  
Un-noticed,  
An old man alone,  
Was pulled.

Walking the street once vibrant with life,  
Now filled with acidic dust and hell,  
Who could only hear it, not see it,  
He was blind from birth,  
He too,  
Fell.

The Shepard was not the Lord that day,  
His collar read, 'Sarge,'  
A large helping dog that tended his flock,  
The blind man who fell.

Pulling with might,  
In a day turned to night,  
The dust took the dogs sight,  
Yet he lunged forward to safety with only the thoughts of his job.

It's over now,  
Years have passed, as did Sarge,  
Yet the old man still remembers his lick of love,

The nuzzle of his dust covered nose,  
It was his loyalty that day that saved him.

The End