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GROUND ZERO

RAKE GENTLY ON MY BROTHER'S GRAVE
SPEAK SOFTLY WHILE HE SLEEPS -
HIS SOUL ASCENDS - HE SPEAKS TO US -
HIS SPIRIT RAISED - RAISED WELL ABOVE -
THESE RUINS OF DEATH.

WE'LL STAND ERECT - AMID THE NUMBING BREEZE -
OF WINTER'S BREATH - AND RAISE OUR PALMS - RAISED
WELL ABOVE OUR BROW - WE'LL CREASE OUR BROWS -
OUR MINDS AND HEARTS WITH PALMS OUTSTRETCHED - WHERE -
UNDERNEATH OUR BROTHER LYS - IN SORROW WE SALUTE
YOU

By POLICE OFFICER BRENNAN GAY