

**"After Words: September 11, 2001"**  
(to a rap of your own making)

**Today, it's another city, they say.  
Another New York. Another L.A.  
Another America changed forever.  
Newscaster, generals, and presidents say.**

**Today, it's another city, they say.  
Bring Third World terrorists to justice.  
Look for someone slightly darker  
(than even me)  
Maybe a guy not so slant-eyed, taller,  
Who speaks Arabic or Farsi,  
Not Chinese or English.**

**Today, it's another city, they say.  
He, or she, or they, may be praying or plotting  
In a Mosque. In a Temple. In a Church.  
In a truck, car, or plane.**

**Today, its another city, they say.  
Nah. Mexicans don't qualify as the enemy.  
They just hop borders, everyday, they say.  
Not even Chinese, or Russians are enemies  
Isn't that another place, another time?**

**Today, it's another city, they say.  
But what if the enemy lurks within?**

**Within the alley of the aorta.  
Within the barrio of the brain.  
Within the gutter below the skin.  
Within the bullet of the eye.  
Within the twist of the blade  
Within your back?**

**Look me straight in the eye, I say.  
Dead or alive, I'm a different person  
Than who I was yesterday.**

— Russell C. Leong