

## Remembering

Thirty years later, the sun sets slowly behind aging train tracks.  
Twin colonnades twist reverently framing the grassy knoll.  
The seven story brick building stands unashamedly upon a corner  
Where activity flourishes as it did on that fateful November day.  
The historic plaza that once looked so large on the tiny television screen  
Has shrunk with time....like so many things.

An oversized flag, shrouded in benevolent light, bangs against its pole while  
Tourists of all generations mingle, speaking in hushed tones,  
Pointing from building to grassy knoll to the V-shaped grass island  
As they respectfully try to recreate it in their mind.  
Oblivious cars hum hypnotically toward the triple underpass while  
The wind dances through the aging columns seeming to whisper his name.

As I close my eyes in reflection, the old scene slowly unfolds once again.  
East on Main Street, right on Houston, left on Elm  
A bouncing film, mysterious umbrellas, clouds of smoke, unexplained drifters.  
Our young leader, the hope of our future, grasps his throat,  
And slumps forward and back as hysteria reigns about him.  
The shots of that day rang out abruptly, resonating from coast to coast.

And now, as I somberly stand on Dealey Plaza, paralyzed by my emotions.  
I can hear the roar of the motorcycles.  
I can hear the screaming of the children.  
I can see the speeding limousine rush beneath the train tracks  
Taking him to a better place, but leaving us so devastated and confused as  
A large piece of our hopes and dreams left with him on that unforgettable day.

**Frank Allocco  
On Dealey Plaza**