“I Saw You Walking” by Deborah Garrison

I saw you walking through Newark Penn Station in your shoes of white ash. At the corner of my nervous glance your dazed passage first forced me away, tracing the crescent berth you’d give a drunk, a lurcher, nuzzling all comers with ill will and his stench, but not this one, not today: one shirt arm’s sheared clean from the shoulder, the whole bare limb wet with muscle and shining dimly pink, the other full-sheathed in cotton, Brooks Bros. type, the cuff yet buttoned at the wrist, a parody of careful dress, preparedness — so you had not rolled up your sleeves yet this morning when your suit jacket (here are the pants, dark gray, with subtle stripe, as worn by men like you on ordinary days) and briefcase (you’ve none, reverse commuter come from the pit with nothing to carry but your life) were torn from you, as your life was not. Your face itself seemed to be walking, leading your body north, though the age of the face, blank and ashen, passing forth and away from me, was unclear, the sandy crown of hair powdered white like your feet, but underneath not yet gray — forty-seven? forty-eight? the age of someone’s father— and I trembled for your luck, for your broad, dusted back, half shirted, walking away; I should have dropped to my knees to thank God you were alive, o my God, in whom I don’t believe.

“Photograph from September 11” by Wisława Szymborska

They jumped from the burning floors —
one, two, a few more,
higher, lower.

The photograph halted them in life,
and now keeps them
above the earth toward the earth.

Each is still complete,
with a particular face
and blood well hidden.

There’s enough time
for hair to come loose,
for keys and coins
to fall from pockets.

They’re still within the air’s reach,
within the compass of places
that have just now opened.

I can do only two things for them —
describe this flight
and not add a last line.

(translated by Clare Cavanagh and Stanislaw Baranczak)

[Silence (over Manhattan)](http://poetry.about.com/library/weekly/aa082802g.htm)
by Paula Bardell

A black September shadow cloaks the dawn,
The City’s once white teeth now rotting stumps,
Midst choking dusty embers ether-borne,
Its shrunken soundless heart now barely pumps.
Infernos upon retribution rise,
Fanaticism maddening the flames,
Its once imposing deities abscise,
As the faceless antagonist proclaims:
A consummation sweet but unfulfilled,
A penetrative burst without regret,
A zealous passion never to be stilled,
An earthly instinct powerful, and yet –
This bitter loathing blowing from the East,
Curtailed but could not kill the feisty beast.