



Remembering

This is not real. We've seen it all before.
 Slow down, you're screaming. What exploded? When?
 I guess this means we've got ourselves a war.
 And look at -- Lord have mercy, not again.
 I heard that they went after Air Force One.
 Call FAA at once if you can't land.
 They say the bastards got the Pentagon.
 The Capitol. The White House. Disneyland.
 I was across the river, saw it all.
 Down Fifth, the buildings put it in a frame.
 Aboard the ferry -- we felt awful small.
 I didn't look until I felt the flame.
 The steel turns red, the framework starts to go.
 Jacks clasp Jills' hands and step onto the sky.
 The noise was not like anything you know.
 Stand still, he said, and watch a building die.
 There's no one you can help above this floor.
 We've got to hold our breath. We've got to climb.
 Don't give me that; I did this once before.
 The firemen look up, and know the time.
 These labored, took their wages, and are dead.
 The cracker-crumbs of fascia sieve the light.
 The air's deciduous of letterhead.
 How dark, how brilliant, things will be tonight.
 Once more, we'll all remember where we were.
 Forget it, friend. You didn't have a choice.
 That's got to be a rumor, but who's sure?
 The Internet is stammering with noise.
 You turn and turn but just can't turn away.
 My child can't understand. I can't explain.
 The towers drain out from Boston to L.A.
 The cellphone is our ganglion of pain.
 What was I thinking of? What did I say?
 You're safe? The TV's off. What do you mean?
 I'm going now, but not going away.
 I couldn't touch the answering machine.
 I nearly was, but caught a later bus.
 I would have been, but had this awful cold.
 I spoke with her, she's headed home, don't fuss.
 Pick up those tools. The subway job's on hold.
 Somebody's got to pay, no matter what.
 I love you. Just I love you. Just I love --
 The cloud rolls on; I think of Eliot.
 Not silence, but an emptiness above.
 There's dust, and metal. Nothing else at all.
 It's airless and it's absolutely black.
 I found a wallet. I'm afraid to call.
 I'll stay until my little girl comes back.
 You hold your breath whenever something shakes.
 St. Vincent's takes one massive trauma case.
 The voice, so placid, till the circuit breaks.
 Ten minutes just to grab stuff from my place.
 I only want to hear them say goodbye.
 They could be down there, buried, couldn't they?

My friends all made it, and that's why I cry.
 He stayed with me, and he died anyway.
 We almost tipped the island toward uptown.
 Next minute, I'm in Macy's. Who knows how.
 I really need to get this bagel down.
 He'd haul ass, that's what Jesus would do now.
 A fighter plane? Dear God, let it be ours.
 We're scared of bombs and so we're loading guns.
 Who didn't have a rude word for the towers?
 The world's hip-deep in junk that mattered once.
 Hands rise to heaven as asbestos falls.
 The air is yellow, hideously thick.
 A photo, private once, on fifty walls.
 A candle in a teacup on a brick.
 They found -- can you believe -- a pair of hands.
 Oh, that don't hurt. Well, maybe just a bit.
 The Winter Garden's shattered but it stands.
 A howl is Mene Tekeled in the grit.
 Some made it in a basement, so there's hope.
 The following are definitely known . . .
 You live, is how you learn that you can cope.
 Yes, I sincerely want to be alone.
 Don't even ask. That's what your tears are for.
 The cats are in a shelter; we are not.
 Pedestrians rule the Roeblings' bridge once more.
 A memory of home is what we've got.
 Tribeca with no people, that's plain wrong.
 It's just a shopping bag, but who can tell?
 Okay, okay, I'm moving right along.
 The postcards hit two dollars, and they sell.
 Be honest, now. You're proud of living here.
 If this is Armageddon, make it quick.
 Today, for you, the rose is free, my dear.
 We're shooting down our neighbors. Now I'm sick.
 I can't do that for fifty times the fare.
 A coronary. Other things went on.
 It goes, like, something mighty, and despair.
 All those not now accounted for are gone.
 Here is the man whose god blinked in the flash.
 Whose god says sinful people should be hurt.
 The man whose god is kneeling in the ash.
 The man whose god is dancing on the dirt.
 Okay, I ate at Windows now and then.
 This fortune-teller went to Notre Dame?
 They knocked 'em down. We'll stack 'em up again.
 Oh, I'd say one or two things stayed the same.
 Some nights I still can see them, like a ghost.
 King Kong was right about the Empire State.
 I'd rather not hear what you'll miss the most.
 A taller building? Maybe. I can wait.
 I hugged the stranger sitting next to me.
 So this is what you call a second chance.
 One turn aside, into eternity.
 This is New York. We'll find a place to dance.

With resolution wanting, reason runs
 To characters and symbols, noughts and ones.

"110 stories"

by John M. Ford

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and so late came and a woke me up and she said "i just turned on the news and there's something about airplanes crashing and buildings being hit" and i got up and i went into the living room and it was the world trade center and for a few minutes i thought maybe it was a horrible accident like that bomber that hit the empire state building but i got there in time to see the second plane hit the other tower and it was a commercial jet and there was no doubt that it was intentional all i could think of for a minute was that it actually did leave an airplane shaped hole just like in a warner bros. cartoon and then the fire and the explosion and the towers were burning and then they were falling and the dust and the people running and they said another one hit the pentagon and another one crashed in a field somewhere and they were ordering all flights grounded and the planes that hit the buildings were commercial flights from boston and no one was sure who was behind it yet but someone on one of the planes had been talking to his wife on a cellphone and said it was hijacked and they were going to try to take it back and he said "let's roll" and people in the towers had called their wives and families to say good bye and hundreds of firefighters and police were trapped in the collapse of the towers and there might be as many as 50,000 people in there and i thought about the people in new york that i knew from rec.arts.sf.fandom online and i wondered if any of them were in the building or caught in the collapse or had anyone who did and the president was at an undisclosed location and he was going to make a speech sometime and were we at war we didn't know and with who if we were and the lyrics of billie joel's "wanna be 2017" kept going through my head "...i saw the lights go out on broadway, i saw the mighty skyline fall..." and when they did the concert he sang that song because it's about the defiant spirit of new yorkers and i knew that the greatest city in the world would survive but it would be bad for a while and i saw the video tape that that surgeon who ran to ground zero shot and it showed the dust coming and the debris and the doctor wondered if he was going to survive but he did and he was another hero he didn't have to go there but he did and there were heroes and victims and a lot of them were both because it happened so fast and why did the buildings fall down they were designed to withstand the impact of a commercial jet and they did but we found out that it was the fire that made them fall and some people below the fires had time to get out but some just jumped instead of burning and we kept the television on all day and the story just kept on getting sadder and sadder and i got madder and madder and even now i'm angry but i wasn't really surprised because kamikaze attacks with hijacked airliners was a logical idea that had to occur to someone eventually

"remembering 9/11/2001", a page for ofpa by mike weber, with "110 stories", a poem by john m. ford

ally in the real world i mean tom clancy already used something like it in one of his books even if you hadn't already thought of it yourself and weren't there rumours that the bomber that hit the empire state building might not have been an accident anyway so wait that wasn't true but remember that egyptian pilot who suicided and i wondered if the passengers on the planes realised what was going to happen before the very end or