

## **Nine Eleven**

I was in the shower when  
My wife called out to me.  
I rushed out wet, I'll not forget  
The footage on TV.

One of two twin towers  
Already had been struck.  
Was it done on purpose or  
Was it just bad luck?

Doubt flew out the window when  
Another plane flew in.  
Two buildings now were belching smoke,  
Thousands of doomed within.

Aside from that, the day was fine,  
The skies were bright and dry.  
For vermin seeking virgins 'twas  
A perfect day to die.

How lucky that employee who,  
Because he had a cough,  
In order to see a specialist  
Took the morning off.

What must he be feeling now?  
Glad to have survived?  
Does he also feel some guilt  
That all the others died?

Once I saw a curious film --  
Frogs fell from the sky.  
On nine eleven people jumped  
Preferring the fall to fire.

Not just here and there they leapt  
Bodies fell all around.  
A glancing blow from a jumper's foot  
Killed a fireman on the ground.

At least one couple jumped together  
I saw them holding hands.  
Was their closeness consolation  
Before they hit the land?

*Some say the world will end in fire,  
Some say in ice.<sup>1</sup>*

For those who made that desperate leap  
The cause of death was height.

What a shame the guilty died  
When they struck the Towers.  
I wish I could have talked to them  
With a blowtorch and some pliers.

And after several days of that,  
When their bodies were all smooshed,  
I'd fly them up to tower height  
And give them a little push.

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Blog 9.11.21

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<sup>1</sup> Robert Frost, *Fire and Ice*