

Nine Twelve

Nine Ten in Lower Manhattan
Sunny September spirits high
Whole crowds simply oscillating
With big plans, bigger ambitions
Nine Ten

Nine Eleven... Nine Eleven... Nine Eleven

Nine Twelve
Silence drifting through the streets
First in the silence of the ambulances
Returning to St. Vincent's and uptown
Empty of survivors
No need for desperate sirens
Carrying nothing but the dead

Tourists gone
New Jersey shopper
Connecticut commuter
Gone

All Lower Manhattan
Quiet for the first time since
The Dutch showed up

Slender young man, pin stripe
Dress for success business suit
Watching the river flow
Timeless the park bench
Still bound to life and tragedy
Or maybe he's the
Ghost of the man on the 75th floor
Who adjusted his tie and jumped
Holding hands with the woman with
the purse

Nine Twelve night
Washington Square
Living and dead
Illuminated by a thousand candles
Generations of stockbrokers and
NYU students

Long gone Five Points gangs
The Hudson Dusters
The Bowery Boys, The Pug Uglies

Powdered wigs and high button shoes
Noiseless carriages of top hat swells

Fanny Brice leaning on Frank Sinatra
Allan Ginsburg's arm around
Edgar Allen Poe
Sondheim and Sandra Bernhardt
Shirt factory girls and a seething
Martha Graham

Generations of pickpockets

All in mourning for their town in the
Inch thick microscopic dust of
Cop, computer and coffee room sink