

Fall Of The Twin Towers

by Jerry Ratch

Sitting at an outside table at the Bassett Café
on West Broadway, I remember, in the background

always the Twin Towers behind me
in the photographs from that time

And the sparrows in New York, bolder than anywhere
working over the scraps left on the tables

even as we sat there
unafraid

flying off with them to their nest
behind the streetlight

Or sometimes begging from a business man
at a table two tables away

"She's hungry," I said. The bird, head cocked
waiting for something to fall, or to be given

The grumpy business man saying
"Must not be a working bird"

And as in any nightmare
or bad and oily daydream

he gets up and
flies away

