

Simply Preserve The Survivors' Staircase

We went up and down those stairs
To and from lunch at Odeon.
Then hundreds fled from the Saudis,

Whose idea of success is death,
Down those same pocked steps.
Where Real Estate interests now stand,

Hand in hand with local politicians,
Cranes ready to fulfill their immodest plans;
Where tourists now purchase souvenirs;

One can still find, in the crowd,
The fireman or cop or co-worker,
Staring at these stairs. Those who died,

Once may have climbed, here,
Through their shortened inglorious lives.
One cannot memorialize that.

Eugene Schlanger, The Wall Street Poet