

Where Were You When...

Rory Waterman

...those girders gave? There were signs we cared:
reams of sympathy, uncertainty;
relentless shots of figures treading air;
wreaths and crosses; services; silences.

We knew it meant that thousands more would die.
Of course. Some said they'd once been in that Square
between them both, and watched illusive sky
overbalance concrete, over there.

In Lincoln, in respect, a few things shut.
Daily, the Minster's tower cut the ground
with shifting shadow, like a huge sundial
no-one could read, and pushed the baskers round.