Cassandra: *Oh the grief, the grief of the city ripped to oblivion.*

I’m standing on the crowded No. 2 (because of The Attack now running local), a voice—loud, louder, loudest—there she is in the aisle—beige felt church-lady hat, pillowy body, backpack slung to the side (a type we usually ignore).

“...dee Lawd...
...Armagedd’n...
...Jay-sus...”

words I pick out from an English turned island foreign.

The blunt-cut woman by the door tries to huddle into her glossy black *New Yorker.*

(Shut up crazy lady—not today.)

“...Armagedd’n...
...dee children dyin’...
...everybody dyin’ ...”

Blunt-cut gives up covers one ear with her hand,
pushes her cell
into the other—

23rd Street,
the doors open—
    “...dee end is cawmin’...
    ...Armagedd’n...”
the words ricochet
off white tiled walls—
crocodile doors clamp;

she’s getting closer,
shuffling up the aisle—
    “Who mad dee sun
cawm up
dis mamin’?”
A lanky teen gnaws his thumb
then snaps:
“The sun came up
by itself.”