

Peggy Garrison

EDGY

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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 marnin’?”
A lanky teen gnaws his thumb
then snaps:
“The sun came up
by itself.”