

# Calabash

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*Edgy*

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**Start Page:** 151

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*Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters* is an international literary journal dedicated to publishing works encompassing, but not limited to, the Anglophone, Francophone, Hispanophone and Dutch-speaking Caribbean. The Journal is especially dedicated to presenting the arts and letters of those communities that have long been under-represented within the creative discourse of the region, among them: Aruba and the Netherlands Antilles, Maroon societies, and the Asian and Amerindian societies of the region. Calabash has a strong visual arts component.

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## *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—

23<sup>rd</sup> 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.”