

**Newsflash! Osama bin-Laden Dead - May 1<sup>st</sup>, 2011**

On any summer day  
in Manhattan  
the steaming streets run rich  
with glistening diamonds –  
gathered, wet and dripping  
from the brow of sidewalk  
hawkers – running down  
air conditioned cold  
café windows – hanging,  
in real-time, on fingers  
of uptown girls – the only  
relief from their acknowledged  
uniform of the city – black,  
the color worn by the authentic  
Manhattanite –

and the hot smell  
of money mingles  
with sewer gases, hotdogs,  
pretzels – the occasional whiff  
from a sleeping body  
beneath cardboard  
piled in a doorway –  
the aromatic distinction  
of marijuana from huddles  
in alleyways, and the mélange –  
the honk, buzz, screech, slam, thwak,  
white noise against the black –

and on that brilliant  
late summer morning, we watched  
small, black silhouettes drop  
from tall buildings – that spewed flashing  
red with billowing clouds  
of grey, that came before  
black veils –  
yet the city lives,  
has an under-life  
that sustains and rises  
like Lazarus – never dead,  
just dormant.  
A decade later – no one  
wears black  
for a perpetrator.