

The Last Page

Osama bin Laden is Dead

Osama bin Laden is dead. Killed by the Americans in Abbottabad, a garrison town in the night on a skillful raid, photographed dead, but without the pictures released, dumped at sea in debated accordance with debated scripture, from an un-debated carrier, it seems.

A plotter of death to Americans, once funded by Americans, now dead, intransitively.

In Kabul, how do the families sleep, the scattered spiritual offspring of Rumi, clandestine delighters of the cup of living, curios of the unknown? Under the love bed, is there stashed a pistol from the bazaar?

Are the same sparrows lifting their smudged black throats and filling feathery willows with unreflecting longing each morning in the sun as the moon recedes without notice like the moist underside of a breast in a merchant's pre-waking dream?

In the sun-rusted high mountain desert, in the cool caves that are a mountain desert's harbor, in the jangling cymbals of awakening of a common goat herd, the one truth that never changes, the Great Teacher's students' students teach, is change.

So what will posterity remember in the secondary history books in Cincinnati, Sana and Mazar-i-Sharif? Where will the turning turn in memory? Osama bin Laden is dead. Justice briefly, rightly is praised. But how will Kabir's death live?

Gregory Shaffer