

## Carrier

*P. V. LeFotge*

In her handbag, she smuggles  
death into the place where the  
people dance.

Too young to buy a pint of ale, and too  
plain to be noticed, she lights a cigarette  
with a match that might be a flaming  
fingertip pointing her out to her dancing  
sisters.

She leaves her purse under a table and  
walks out to the rumbling tube station  
beneath the disco where the wind from  
the trains grasps her stockinged legs and  
dances her around, while up above the  
Leicester night screams out as the  
frenzied dancers begin to spin to the wild  
melodies of falling brick and rending steel.

The people on the train grasp their packages  
and read their tabloids.  
They don't know that the whey-faced  
teen across the aisle with her hands in her lap  
is a celebrity. She is the Mad Bomber.  
She is Doctor Death, Typhoid Mary,  
she is the flea that jumps from rat to rat.

She has other bombs that she'll leave  
on other dance floors, in theaters,  
under the very seats they're sitting on.  
It's nothing personal.  
It's just that there's a basic flaw to things,  
a hole in the fabric of the universe  
that grows with each new atrocity.  
When it's large enough, maybe she can escape.