

*rae desmond jones*

## TERRORISM

is it the trip wire of mediocrity  
that sets the clock running down?

do the dead in their mathematically imprecise millions  
ask with their silence  
for a justice which does not exist?

is it a pneumatic lift shooting through the clouds  
to open with a smile?

is it a budget which can't be balanced,  
except at an appalling price?

is it the careful collation of statistics  
spewed from the electrons of stars?

no.

it waits like an old lady on a chair in the sun.

it has no destination tag  
or we would be sure that the universe must implode.

no one is coming to claim it  
& it doesn't matter:  
it might be full of lingerie or explosives.

a suitcase rests beneath a table.

the dancers drag their steel legs  
across the floor,  
determined to have no regrets.