

## *Fate*

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In an isolated incident people were taken from the bus. A machete chopped off a man's hands. Someone packed them in a cooler between bottles of Coke and orange soda. It looked like raspberry slush. The man would have cried into his hands if he still had them. The matrons would have held them. He might have prayed. His wristwatch fell to the ground. Horseflies followed him everywhere. When he got back to the city he joined the circus. They flew him from a cannon and pulled doves from hollow stumps. When people clapped he became a lesson in desire.