

# You Should Change at Jamaica

*by* Carl Santoro

I wake  
and immediately  
feel more vulnerable.  
The metallic voice overhead  
announcing a stop  
I had hoped to avoid.

Eyes across from me  
staring at my bare knees.  
The train pushing through  
gravity in its merciless  
forward momentum.

Now what?

Wiping my drool away  
seemes perfectly okay  
in this situation.  
Eat, Pray, Love had fallen  
between my heels.  
My laptop  
needs closing.

Time to  
gather, compose, leave.

Someone left a tin  
of Altoids on the  
seat next to me.

I throw it in my purse.

We all rise for  
the venture beyond  
the threshold of  
the sliding doors.

Like drops in a huge  
splash, I and the others  
disperse onto  
the concrete platform.  
An island of respite.  
A place to gather our thoughts  
as the steel snakes  
ooze by us, determined to  
feed on other  
holders of tickets.

My phone is dead.  
It is getting dark.  
Time for Altoids I guess.

The hinged container feels  
a little strange. Different.  
I shake it.  
No rattling of pebbles of  
menthol can be heard.  
Instead, feels more  
like only a single, solid object  
banging around inside.

I open it slowly. Cautiously.  
Inside is a black thumb drive  
resting on a bed of  
folded paper toweling.

A white label adheres to  
the whole length of it.  
On it, small, hand-written words  
intrigue and begin to scare me:

"Insert and be changed forever.  
Otherwise leave for someone else."

I reach for my laptop.

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