

## Dynamite Girl

Lenni was a dynamite girl. All the time, pop-pop. People stopped, even gazed. Tried to move closer to her. Especially men. *Hey fellas*, she'd say, and *Well, look at you*, and *Ooooh*. They'd linger over her words as she spoke them, like they were love notes to fold and press beneath pillows. They'd study the fierce curve of her hip as she slow-walked away. But women too. They wanted Lenni's hair, icing-white, down her back, pieces in braids. They wanted to move like her, fearless. Watched as she seemed to eat her coffee, full gulps of it, how she dashed it with milk. They didn't notice the way she'd sometimes hide in the bathroom stall for an hour or two. They didn't see her at night, clipping her toenails too close. She'd watch the blood rise, form a perfect circle of black redness. When Lenni stopped showing up at the office, her co-workers shrugged. *Probably in Paris*, they thought, *whisked away by someone exotic*. After a few weeks, Lenni's boss stopped calling, and people stopped talking, except for a *Whatever happened to that Lenni?* now and then. *Don't know*, they'd say. *But what a dynamite girl*.