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A Vision

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KERRY JAMES EVANS

A VISION

I spin a pistol on a plywood desk. Unloaded, it is no threat a scant resolution molded by machines. To hold it is another thing to load it, to continue to hold it, and finally, to pull it from the desk —to cock.

The trigger is hardly important, though why mention it? I place the pistol back in the drawer. I walk to the kitchen, then stand in the dumb air, while the motor drones. I pull a jar of beautyberry jelly from the door and build a sandwich. I pour a glass of milk. There is still a loaded gun spinning in my desk, but I am eating lunch.

Hence, a vision, a stalemate, a blown fuse. I replace the garbage disposal with a ¾ wrench and a flathead screwdriver. I flip the fuse, then wash my hands, running the garbage disposal. It works.