A Vision

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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.