

Lawnmower

The action inside is hectic. Four hundred and twenty ways to stop a bullet, and I can't think of a single one. My wife is a predator, I am her prey.

I hear the call...she calls, she calls. How am I to ascend, to emerge, into a blanket of fire so stark it seems that the steel street poles are melting? I have nothing to protect me from the rays of the Large Light.

She calls, she calls. I lower the volume on the television. Maybe if I'm silent she'll forget about me. The yard looks fine in any case; I'm sorry but the neighbors cut it at least three times a week, and that's just not normal. Who's looking at yards anyways?! No one.

Last summer when I was summoned to do my apparent familial duty, I'd put on my headphones and just walk around with the lawnmower. It wasn't turned on, mind you. But she didn't know that. How she didn't notice the lack of noise still baffles me. There she'd be, standing at the window, on the telephone, smiling and waving.

She calls, she calls. I'm getting up now. Her voice is like a million little daggers diving into my side. I put on my headphones, my shoes, go out the door in the garage. The grass is long, bright green, but I'd still rather just walk around with the lawnmower turned off.