LAIRD HARRISON

Stop the Fast Motion of My

For an establishing shot, let's show the time I lowered my baby into the bath with his brother. Pulling off my shirt, I knock the soap into the water.

Pan slowly over the faces in my grandparents' living room. My grandfather nods into the camera and doesn't know to smile.

Capture my parents in whispered conversation. Her laugh sounds red with wine. Edit out the voice-over that foreshadows their divorce.

Zoom in on the Mexican jade brooch blossoming on my grandmother's dress, until she loses it to a burglar.

Where you reveal the interior of my bedroom, cut to the detail of my flip-top desk, the Royal Quiet Deluxe with a blank page scrolled into its platen before its keys stick and I give up my novel.

Linger on my wife's face in the scene where we meet. The light glances from her glasses when she asks my name. Replay that scene. Replay it.

I suggest a close-up of her watch, its black dial framed in gold on a narrow band. She forgets it on my bedside table and I fasten it to my wrist.

I want to restore the scene with the girl from two doors down. When we strip in her basement, we have no pubic hair or words for what we feel.

Slow down the motion of my baby turning the doorknob to his dorm room. End with his face filling the whole frame, eyes round, lips parted. Freeze that frame.

Laird Harrison is the author of the novel *Fallen Lake* (Verdant Books, 2012). His journalism has appeared in *TIME*, the *Nation*, Audubon, and Salon. He has produced audio for KQED and WUNC radio stations and video for Smithsonian.com. At the San Francisco Writers' Grotto, he is at work on a novel connecting alternative realities in physics and literature.

PERKY EDGERTON

Blind Date, 2016 Mixed media on canvas, 39 x 45 in

