

Wish for the Left Hand

by Ann Bogle

The woman thought she had no duty more important than to serve his *pierre* with her *mundo* and *genie*, and when not joined, to shine in his eyes, fawn, and accentuate his value by appearing to be an object, and that her duty to write mattered less—out of a rival survivalist necessity. To shine her eyes upon him could buy her quiet time to write down her work that showed vehemence. Hardly a soul could pin him for creating the vehemence that found a streamule to her pen if she wrote in cursive or a fanjet to her keyboard if she typed quickly and satisfyingly in print, employing eight fingers and two thumbs—the assigned task of the right thumb to type the space and of the left thumb just to be there—the left thumb prepared but idle, doing nothing except yielding during the typing procedure, the left thumb a guide or conversant with the right thumb, with the balance in the wrist, the rest. If she were to lose a manual digit, it was the left thumb that could go with ease and not injure her typing, her vehemence—she could go without distress to be missing her left thumb. Her shining eyes might seem piteous at first, their brightness misting. He might even forget—silly as he tried to be at times—that her thumb was missing or which, an exaggeration of their other worries, cut off on a windshield blade, or the horror or honor.

