

Mechanics

by Paul de Denus

The concrete floor is cool to the touch, cold against my cheek; I don't like the sideways view much. Perhaps it's all these bodies around me.

This wasn't my problem, this mess that occurred. I worked in this garage, just a mechanic doing his job. Seems I was in the wrong place, wrong time.

Fixing old cars is what I loved, getting my hands dirty tinkering with their idiosyncrasies, refurbishing their wrecked souls. If I were able to get them up and running again I was a satisfied man. Not anymore. All this wreckage will never be up and running again. All our problems are done.

Not so for that fellow standing over by the door. I can tell he loves what he does by the way he caresses that smoking Tommy gun. He cradles it as if it were a newborn baby, cuddling the weight of its possibility. He's fully aware of the potential, the promise of destruction. Like me, he intimately knows the tools of his trade, applies his differently that's all. Like me, he's a problem solver. Trouble is, his problems will come looking for him and they'll most certainly bring their own solutions.

