

Something to Believe In...

Molly McDonald

“Fuck,” he heard from the next room, where his wife was cutting sweet potatoes into angular chunks that would be roasted with olive oil and curry powder and then digested by their respective intestines before being expelled from the colon and eaten up by the city’s sewer system and treatment plant where he’d done 100 hours of community service years and years ago.

“What’s that?” he called back.

“I need something to believe in,” he heard, over the sound of the furnace and the onions spitting on the stove.

The man was not surprised at this offhand exploration into deep and life actualizing issues. His wife existed on a higher plane than most and even when doing something as mundane as preparing supper, she was unconsciously solving the world’s problems in her head. The man was humbled by this invisible agency. His empty thoughts were spent building birdhouses or planning menus of the future – not destructive thoughts, surely, but fairly benign and self contained compared to his wife’s elaborate projects of feeding the hungry and organizing marches for prisoners rights, or bicycle awareness, or... something.

Maybe I should read more, the man thought, so many ideas that I could absorb and assimilate, then I could have more interesting conversations and combine my thoughts with hers and we’d have little baby thoughts that we’d explore together. This visualization made the man realize that perhaps, someday, in the unforeseeable future, he wanted to have children. There was a deep and unwieldy thought and it certainly went beyond the realm of the comfortable existence that he’d bricked in with birdhouses and dinner plans. Maybe he needed something else first, though, something to believe in.

“Fuck’s sake!” his wife yelled again.

The man ran into the walled in porch to see the woman he loved and admired holding tightly onto her wrist to slow the flow of a startling amount of blood.

“You piece of shit,” she hissed through clenched teeth and wincing lips, “Get a bucket. I need something to bleed in.”

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