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**Red Sink** 

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Red Sink Alexis Noga

The deep red sink in the kitchen is clogged again, choking on leftovers or a forgotten spoon. The garbage disposal sputters—a stalled engine during winter in New England. The blades hum, rotating and hesitating, rotating and heslike a windmill on a still August day attempting to grind wheat into snowflakes. The honeycomb blades turn slowly, then stop motionless, patiently waiting like a childless pinwheel for a rare gust of wind.

> Picnic For One Anna Berrato