Opinion

On lives and gun control

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Man, it was all too easy. After all, it's a free country.

For Minh Le, war started when he was an 11-year-old boy in Saigon. The city fell to the Viet Cong in 1975, and in the ensuing chaos, he was separated from his family, making his way to a refugee camp in Thailand.

On a Sunday afternoon, twelve years later and 5000 miles from the war-torn country that was his home, he is seated in the small first-floor living room of the Dorchester apartment. In the hallway lie the bodies of his aunt and uncle. In a bedroom nearby lies a dead cousin.

He was a hunter pursuing chaos, he was separated from his family, making his way to a refugee camp in Thailand. In a bedroom nearby lies a dead cousin.

His eyes settle on the fine, jagged cracks that run from the top of the glass that was once so smooth and clear now stands like a mirror cracked from side to side. What is inside is also outside.

Minh Le, seated on the living room floor, raises the gun barrel to his right front temple. His finger moves slowly to the trigger.

As he returned to the brown, six-family, three-decker apartment that was his home, he is seated in the small first-floor living room of the Dorchester apartment. In the hallway lie the bodies of his aunt and uncle. In a bedroom nearby lies a dead cousin.

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They are trying to talk to the young man who has killed five people. Talk to us. Talk to us. But for Minh Le, the war is about to end. Images of his life come to him now like morning sparrowd flitting at night's periphery, blurring his vision. Somehow, lives had been destroyed. Somewhere, those who had sought the American Dream instead found a graveyard.

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