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Nothin' But Time

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Nothin' But Time

Cover Page Footnote

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IMECCA RODRIGUEZ

NOTHIN' BUT TIME

"Nothin' but time on my hands,
Nothin' but time on my hands.
I don't know when,
But I'll see the sun again,
Till then . . . nothin' but time on my hands."

He sat back,
Surrounded by time and his small cubicle where he now worked on his soul.
The days of big money, good sex, and eating well
Replaced with trading cigarettes, hoping not to get stuck in his ass and trays full of
swine for Muslims.
Pumping iron, "Nigga when I come home, it's a six pack and arms that look like they
got tennis balls stuck in 'em."
He ain't got shit now, but his word and his balls; and he could lose both of them, if he
says the wrong thing to the wrong cat.

"My sun was just trying to eat,
He was just trying to come up,
He wasn't hurting nobody."

But he wasn't helping nobody either.

"My sun was just trying to eat,
He was just trying to come up,
He wasn't hurting nobody."

But he wasn't helping nobody either, not even himself.

And now he sings . . .

"Nothin' but time on my hands,
Nothin' but time on my hands.
I don't know when,
But I'll see the sun again,
Till then . . . nothin' but time on my hands."

Waiting to hear the news of his firstborn,
Guards took his lessons, said it was gang paraphernalia.
In love with memories, hoping they will bring him home.

Hoping to murder the memories of the past that remind him he may never again see the
light of day free.

Free, Free, Free . . . shackled minds meet on planes no one else can see.

He has learned to travel the astros, though he waited 'til his ship was hell-bound to flee.
His first born was named, named after him.

B. Free, was how his black woman felt as she heard his voice in her head, singing the
song he sang during her last visit . . .

Nothin' but time on my hands,
Nothin' but time on my hands.
I don't know when,
But I'll see the sun again,
Till then . . . nothin' but time on my hands.

She holds her baby to her breast and bawls out . . .

"My sun was just trying to eat,
He was just trying to come up,
He wasn't hurting nobody.
My sun was just trying to eat,
He was just trying to come up,
He wasn't hurting nobody."

But he wasn't helping nobody either, not him, not her, not baby boy who she fast and
pray will not grow up to follow in Daddy's footsteps.
Earth uncovers her volcanoes and mountains, she now sings her own song trying to
convince herself,

"I'm just trying to eat,
Baby and me, we to come up,
I ain't hurting nobody, I ain't hurting nobody.
But I'm hurting inside, inside my womb that birthed the greatest nations that ever
existed, that protected kings and ensured them a safe journey from the spirit
realm into the third dimension, it was I, supreme mother, who always gave of
myself for the assurance of another black man's safe journey, back into my black
womb, the supreme darkness that now fills his head and his world as he sits in
his cell singing . . ."

"Nothin' but time on my hands,
Nothin' but time on my hands.
I don't know when,
But I'll see the sun again,
Till then . . . nothin' but time on my hands."

Tic Toc, Tic Toc, Tic Toc, Tic Toc, Tic Toc,
Time waits for no man.