1996

Untitled

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1997/iss2/3
He bent down and looked at my brother, like a doctor looking at a patient. Then he looked up at me, frowned, and shook his head. The confusion on my face begged for answers. His voice came out tired and weak.

"To some of us, time can be a disease. Only those of us who hate it enough can know its weak points. It doesn’t have dominion over all parts of the world. If you find that place where its powers are weak, it will leave you alone."

He put his palm on my brother’s forehead and sighed heavily. I went to speak but the old Haitian stopped me. "You have nothing against time. It follows you around, clings to every pore on your body. It’s a parasite. Leave here, you’re contaminating us."

I felt dizzy, light-headed. I was seeing something absurd, something impossible. But I had to act. I had to run, get out of there. For his own good.

Before I hurried off, I ran into the trailer to pick up the rest of the photographs. I could see my brother laying on the flimsy walkway, recovering. The old Haitian, or whoever he was, patted him on the shoulder kindly. As I hurried past them, my brother waved goodbye. I instinctively walked over, but the grimace he gave as I got closer told me he didn’t want to feel the pain of another year. I went back and positioned the doll’s head on the middle of the road, then I ran down that mountain as fast as the darkness allowed, taking whatever I had brought to them back with me.

— Emilio Lopez