Those...

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/21
As seconds turn to minutes, as
minutes turn to hours. As
hours accumulate, they become
those days we miss. The evenings
in the cutting winds of late December,
where husky coats and heavy
shoes couldn’t hold back the biting
cold. Or the toasty nights of late June on
Bryant Ave, pestering the prostitutes, as
they strutted along the sidewalks,
relaxed, twirling their tongues. Or
the chilly nights of an early September,
sprawled across the leather couches
watching war movies – we laughed.
Or the days of always when we
built castles in air, of brick homes
we would own on the sandy, breezy
shores of Brazil. We were
the daily news, our names leaping
from tongue-to-tongue. Everyone
hated us, but we didn’t care. So,
bring your knives, your guns, even
your words – I’ll remind you though,
we will not care. We will not run.
Only, maybe, for some fun. As
seconds turn to minutes, as minutes
turn to hours. As hours accumulate,
they become those days we miss.