

# *Bang & Whimper*



*Spring 2025*  
*Dominican University*  
*New York*

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All material contained is from Dominican University  
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Funded by the Humanities and Social Sciences Division.

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I'm Five!  
By Mia Lupo

My childhood flew by, quiet and quick  
Like a dream you forget, it just doesn't seem to stick.  
I didn't notice when little Mia let go of my hand,  
Didn't hear her footsteps starting to fade.

But today, I found my Mommy's old iPod,  
It being tucked in a drawer, waiting to be found and seen.  
A relic of laughter, of voices once smaller,  
A window to the me, the little me I used to be.

My dad pressed play, and there I was—  
Bright-eyed, chubby cheeks, a storyteller indeed!  
A director of my own little world,  
Framing the moments that I swore would last forever.

I filmed the naughty chair, our tiny Sesame Street chair of  
shame,  
Giggling at the power it once held.  
How serious it seemed to be back then—  
How funny it feels now.

Then my voice, high and certain,  
Holds up a picture of a baby-faced me.  
“And then here's me as a baby.” I say,  
“That was me when I was little.  
But now I'm a big girl, I'm five!”

And in that moment, five felt so far away,  
So distant from the person I am now.  
The girl in the video thought she was all grown up,  
While I sit here at the ripe age of 19,

Longing for her time again.  
Childhood flew by, quiet and quick,  
But it left its mark in places like this.  
In old videos, in forgotten iPod frames,  
In echoes of a little voice,  
That somehow still belongs to me.

Is this love?

By Pacilya Laguerre

Elayna had brown skin that glowed like burnished ebony, deep and full of quiet elegance. Her voluminous black afro, a wild and beautiful mix of curls, framed her round face. She had never truly believed love was made for her, especially in the suburbs of LA, where men let money come before love. Any man she found attractive or went on a date with turned out to be some kind of narcissist or manipulator. At twenty years old, she had been fully convinced that no one was out there for her, that she was destined to be alone for the rest of her life. Yet, somehow, she found herself falling in love with a cashier from her favorite grocery store. She visited the store once a week to grab her meal for dinner, and she always saw him. He was a tall, dark-skinned man with shoulder-length dark brown locs who looked to be in his twenties. Every visit, they shared small talk while he rang up her groceries. Her favorite part of talking to him was when he flashed his beautiful white smile. He had the perfect teeth. After weeks of their little chats and giggles, he asked to take her out. With the way she had been checking him out, she said yes without hesitation. Little did Elayna know that two years into their relationship, she would end up staring at herself in the mirror with a crooked nose, dark red bruises all over her arms, and bloodstains on her pink dress. Next to her lay her dead boyfriend on the once black-and-white tiled floor, now covered in a puddle of blood. Tears began to fall from her eyes. She would never let a man treat her that way again.

Artwork by  
Bryan Diaz



You and I will Always be Back Then  
By Amanda Olachea

We are getting older. As each year's anniversary passes. With every holiday every birthday, and the end of every semester, we grow older still.

But part of me still feels like I did back then. On that bus, sitting next to you. On that afternoon. The first time our minds connected. Your hand in mine. Listening to each other's music for the first time.

I felt so scared and anxious back then. I hoped that you liked me, or that you would grow to. Without fully knowing you, I wished that we would last forever. I wished that we could sit there forever. I wished that I could keep listening to your music, even though your earbud was so uncomfortable. It kept falling out, and whenever I put it back I'd accidentally pause the song.

But you laughed, so I laughed. Because your laugh sounded so beautiful, and you looked so pretty. And I felt so lucky.

So I kept listening to your music, hoping you wouldn't notice how nervous you made me. How much I was paying attention to the way you held my hand. The way that I felt every ridge on your hand, and the way I kept running my thumb across the back of your hand feeling the soft smoothness of your skin.

And I hoped that you wouldn't notice the way I kept looking at you. Stealing little glances, or gazing at your eyes. But I could not help but admire your beauty. So instead I had to hope that you wouldn't notice how nervous I felt. Or feel how fast my heart was beating.

And the crazy thing is, that I still feel that way. And I don't think I'll ever stop. I've spent so long trying to tell you how beautiful you are, that I think you assume that I'm overstating it or exaggerating, or lying for your benefit.

But I still feel the same way I did back then. Completely Amazed with every single detail. Enamored by every minutia of you. And utterly, deeply, entirely, and unconditionally in love with you.

Blood Ties  
by Olivia Pagels

In sisterhood, blood ties us together.  
Holding your hand for the first time ever,  
The immediate loving connection,  
Where it can never run out so quickly.

In sisterhood, we unite together.  
Together strong, we lift up each other  
No road too long, and no challenge too big.

In sisterhood, we comfort each other,  
Throughout the high and lows of life's journeys.

In sisterhood, kindness and love is spread.

Guatemala  
By Rachel Mazariegos

The smell of freshly made tortillas fills my lungs,  
From the ladies selling them on the sideway.  
The sight of greenery and mountains, breathtaking.  
Enjoying the walk to the store  
Greeting everyone on the way,  
Because we all know each other.

Passing by the children playing on the field,  
With their laughter in the air.  
The village is radiating with joy,  
The sun is beaming with excitement  
The day is beautiful.  
Never wanting this feeling to end  
Then I remember,  
In Guatemala, the days are always perfect.

What's a Girl  
by Katherine Gonzalez

What's a girl?  
Are they understood?  
When too many emotions and patterns cloud  
one's judgment,  
Thunder reaches,  
And rainbows pass.  
Efforts fail but a break through reigns!  
Yet again, efforts fail and are in vain!  
One with gain  
And one with no gain  
Which is they?  
So many opposites spinning in a web.  
One who finds strength through trials  
One who finds weakness through trials  
Who can understand?  
Are they understood?  
With everything feeling spun in a web for a girl,  
One ought to be understood.  
So in the end, I ask again  
What's a girl?



Photo by  
Cynthia Castro

No Future  
By Justin Flores

Muswell Hill, in the spring of 1979 was swallowed with rain. The wide street had been covered by skid marks and rocks, raped by sharp, rustic branches and even sharper whiskey bottles flung out the front seats of cars. The street was cold, and the brackish wind had left a sheath of dust against the traffic light suspending on the Hill. Every so often rain crept down the lens, and the dust was gone. It seemed the road had never stripped of trouble, a place where violence bred and harsh music wasn't made secret. It may seem the village had forever stood alone, barred from the world as though a spectre only rumored to exist.

Suppose it was, and the havoc that assumed there didn't overtake the towns, either. But go beyond the Hill, and see otherwise. Like the banknotes and Union Flags burned along the sidewalks, like Honest Jon's Records and the orange-tint floors there, too, glittered and scarred with vomit.

Here had borne a living thing that'd fastened over London. Danger had become a sort of presence—a floating dread, it seemed. Where posh lounges turned erotic pubs, and sweat pits had bound across the city like matchsticks, one after another.

Among the city, crowds of gaudy children began to roost; skinheads plagued with shiny badges, with Nazi pins and mounds of cheap leather. Punks whose arms flayed with knife scars and wristlets, whose hair stood stiffened into liberty spikes, decorating their faces with random blots of makeup and piercings that dangled even if by a gristle of skin. Though drained of pity, their pale bodies bled an aching sorrow—an anger fueled not by bitterness but disgust, with NO FUTURE and SID LIVES sewn across their jackets.

# Your Guilt will not Purify You!

By Erin Carr

You can apologize to the inanimate objects as you stub your crooked little toes all you want, superstar. It won't—can't—change your insides, the ever-present IV of poison drip-drip-dripping into your soul.

You gave up drinking, sure. And drugs! Can't forget.

But that's the thing, isn't it? You can't forget. Even with this blank slate you've been given, this tabula rasa you have done nothing to earn, your body remembers what your mind cannot. There's a muscle memory in your soul, pal, and it sings like the fast-twitch fibers in a runner's quadricep as they approach that delicious high.

Bad analogy. But I digress.

You got on this death-loop rollercoaster years before you looked like this, years before you felt like this—Hell, it was years before she left you. But she did. Leave you, that is. Just like everybody else did. Just like everybody else will.

The fact of their absence is similar to the fact of your nature, only in the sense that they are both fact. Immutable. As real as the sun and Luxembourg and the clotted blood you bleed. You are alone and you are incorrigible, irredeemably so. Life isn't smooth sailing, but it'll surely be smooth-er the sooner you quit this stupid charade, wake up and smell the shit in your own pants.

You can concern yourself with this smoke-and-mirrors horseshit hoopla, pretend the green grass grows all around until you choke on the reality that's been sludging around you the whole time. Let go of that vacuum of a past, play at squeaky clean, put on the good cop routine like someone else's old, itchy sweater. Who knows? It might even make you feel good for a while.

You'll try the healing thing. Making amends? You'll try that too, I suppose. Maybe some will be dumb enough to forgive you, to take the costume at face value. But you're no phoenix, and you know it. What is burned is burned and cannot be retrieved.

You'll pick up the pieces? Oh sweet thing. Be realistic. Your shattered insides aren't even made of discernable shards—you're the dregs in an ashtray.

But hey, you're the boss of you. Keep your head in the sand, let the coarseness of it all whittle you down to a point. Just be wise enough not to hope. It's the best drug of all, and you'll never survive the comedown.

Was It Enough?

By Amanda Olachea

Every accomplishment was met with cold indifference, a relentless critique, a demand for more. A perfect score? "Why not exceed it?" they'd ask, their words a whip across my back. The relentless pursuit of an impossible standard became my reality, a suffocating force that drained the joy from every success. In the echoing silence of our home, trophies gathered dust, certificates were tucked away, and medals lost their luster. Each accolade, instead of a moment of pride, became a glaring reminder of my inadequacy. "You can do better," they'd say, their voices devoid of warmth. The highest achievement was merely a starting point in their eyes, never a destination. I pushed myself to the brink, striving for a perfection that didn't exist. My victories were hollow, my efforts unrecognized. I was a prisoner to their impossible expectations, my self-worth eroded by their ceaseless demands. In their world, excellence was baseline, and anything less was a failure. Compliments became strange and uncomfortable territory. When someone praised me, I felt a cold shiver of disbelief. "They don't mean it," I'd think, recoiling from their words. If my best was never enough for those who were supposed to love me unconditionally, how could anyone else's praise be genuine?

Internally, a war raged. Each compliment was met with a torrent of self-doubt. "They're just being polite," I'd tell myself, "They don't see the real me." Kind words felt like lies, highlighting every flaw and shortcoming.

Instead of pride, compliments fed my insecurities, reinforcing the belief that I was never enough. In my professional life, positive feedback became a minefield. Colleagues' and superiors' praise felt like thinly veiled traps. I'd smile, nod, and quickly change the subject, terrified that they'd discover the truth—that I was a fraud. Downplaying my achievements became second nature, a shield against the fear of failure and rejection. Personal relationships suffered. Friends grew frustrated, unable to comprehend why I dismissed their genuine admiration. They didn't understand that every compliment was a painful reminder of my parents' relentless standards. It wasn't humility—it was fear. Fear of being seen, judged, and ultimately, found wanting. Accepting compliments is a battle, a painful confrontation with years of internalized criticism. It's a struggle to recognize my own worth, to celebrate my successes, and to trust that others see value in me.



Artwork by Diana Leal Moran

# The Woman I Never Knew

By Mia Lupo

We speak of her in murmurs, in laughs, in cries.  
A woman who was lost way before my time.  
A name I know well, a beautiful face in frames.  
Yet never once did our worlds collide.

She was gone before my first breath.  
Before I could hear her voice,  
Before I could know her humor,  
Before she was given another one of the many chances.

They say she was troubled, gone from the light,  
Chasing escape in a bottle and a pill case's delight.  
They say that's why he left her behind,  
Why another woman took her place.

But they don't talk about her unspoken heartbreak,  
The way she shattered and went into madness when she knew  
That while she was constantly fighting for her life,  
He was starting something new.

A son was coming, not her own.  
Another dream crushing her, with the envy tagging along.  
And though she was already drifting away,  
The life she never had and always wanted  
Was a path that was astray.

I never knew her—in this lifetime I never will,  
But still, I feel the weight she bore.  
A woman fighting battles in the end alone  
While the man she loved closed the door.

Now he sits with his brand-new life,  
Like she was just a phase, a past.  
But I still imagine her there, in family spaces,  
A love too deep, a wound too big.

I crave to have known her, wish I could tell her  
That someone still speaks her name out loud and loves her.  
That someone still remembers her story,  
That she's more than just her addiction thunder cloud.

And though I never heard her speak,  
Never felt her arms around me tight,  
I carry her with me in silence—  
A woman lost, but not to time.



Artwork by  
Leana Estevez

Lost and Found: Love's Return to Beacon Falls  
By Alexandra DeLeon

From a young age I always knew what I wanted for the rest of my life. I wanted to be a part of a family; I wanted to have a family. Living in Beacon Falls, my small town, made me realize all the boys I had grown up with I had no true connection with. I wanted to go out and find the person who was right for me, someone to raise a family with. I tried dating and finding someone a few towns over, but it never led to anything more. The longest relationship I had was eight months long and that ended in disaster. So, I decided to focus on finishing medical school without the stress that a relationship can cause. To make ends meet, I worked full time at Charlie's Catering as a member of the service team.

I had a strict daily routine, I woke up, went to the bakery around the corner from my apartment, and then I went to work. Sometimes my best friend Jazmine drags me out of the house, and we go to get dinner at Hero's Bar and Grill, the best restaurant in town. She mentioned that she met this guy, and she thinks that we would get along. I told her I was not looking for a relationship, and I was focusing on my job and school. She always tried to set me up with a guy, because she wanted someone to double date with, and she wanted me to be as happy as possible. Every time we went out to eat, she had the same idea of setting me up with someone, and it never really ends well so I try to avoid the conversation as much as possible. She continued to persist throughout dinner and finally I told her I would meet him. She told me that she knew I would say yes and that she had already set a date up for tomorrow night. I was shocked that she knew I would give in to her persistence, and that she already set everything up for me. We paid for dinner and went back to our apartment.

I was startled awake by the sound of my phone, I answered groggily, and I heard my boss telling me that my coworker called out today, the day of the biggest catering event in town. I calmed her down and told her I would fill in and would get there earlier to help her set up. She thanked me and hung up. I got up from bed and went into the kitchen to make breakfast and got ready to go to work.

When I got to the town hall, my boss rushed me in and told me I would help her set up and then when the guests arrive, I would be offering them champagne. We set up the tables and put name cards on each table. At noon all the guests began pouring in, I began to serve the people around me, I ran out of champagne quickly. I excused myself to the guests and went to the kitchen to grab some more, as I was leaving the kitchen I narrowly avoided running into someone. I continued to make my rounds around the hall, people were taking glasses of champagne and giving me their finished glasses. My tray was weighed down by a collection of empty glasses, I beelined for the kitchen, and I saw my boss talking to a man about the event. As I was about to pass by them, the man turns around and I stopped dead in my tracks and dropped the glasses I was holding. Out of everyone who could have been here I did not expect to see Lorenzo Torres. At all. He had not stepped foot into Beacon Falls since his parents died. He cut off all contact with everyone from town and moved to Italy to live with his uncle. He stared at me as if he didn't recognize me, and I apologized, telling her I would clean it up immediately. I cleaned up the glass that was surrounding the entrance to the kitchen and went over to my boss. My boss told me that everything was running smoothly, and I could go home. I left the town hall confused, I wasn't sure if that was Lorenzo, it couldn't have been since he wouldn't come back to Beacon Falls.

I got back to the apartment and saw Jazmine laying down on the couch watching a movie. I told her to pause the movie, and I told her how I think I saw Lorenzo at the event. She had never met Lorenzo, she moved into town a few months after he had left, she only knew what I told her about him. I told her how he was my best friend and my first love; he was the one who taught me how to love and he was the one who had inspired me to follow my dreams and become a doctor. Without him I would have never applied for medical school. He had changed my life, so if that really was him in town hall, I was hurt that he did not recognize me. Jazmine told me that if that was him and he did not interact with me it was not meant to be, but the date tonight is. I listened to what she said and began to get ready for the date and got the idea of Lorenzo out of my head.

I arrived at the restaurant a few minutes earlier than my date, I sat down in a booth and was given a menu, the waiter came over and gave me water and asked if I was ready to order. I told him I was not ready yet, and he walked away. I was sitting in the booth wondering if I was going to be stood up when a man sat in the seat across from me. I looked up and saw Lorenzo, I was too stunned to speak, so he took that as his opportunity. He looked at me and told me that Jazmine asked him yesterday if he was single and when he said yes, she began to talk about her friend Natalie. He said that as soon as he heard my name, he was excited, but he was not sure if the friend she had mentioned was me, until she showed him a picture. After she showed him the picture of me, he agreed to go out on a date with me. The waiter returned to the table and asked us if we were ready to order, but before I could utter a word, Lorenzo ordered my favorite dish and his.

Once the waiter left Lorenzo turned to me and waited for me to break the silence between us. I told him I don't understand why he wanted to go out on a date with me because he did not even look at me with any familiarity when I saw him at town hall. He informed me that he did not expect to see me there, and he did not intend that to be how we reconnected. But after I had left, he was looking all over the event for me to explain himself. Our meals arrived and I began to eat, mulling over the fact that I was right, and Lorenzo Torres was sitting right across from me instead of thousands of miles away in Italy. Finally, I decided I needed to know why he was back in town, so I asked him. He looked at me with confusion in his eyes and told me he came back for me. I just looked at him and asked him what he meant. He told me that he had not been able to get me out of his head since he first left for Italy, and he finally had enough, he got on the first flight here and he happened to run into Jazmine while he was in the bar thinking about if he made a mistake or not. But he had taken meeting Jazmine as a sign that this was the path he was meant to take. I told him that I appreciate the sentiment, but I am not looking for a relationship, let alone with someone I no longer know. He looked at me and silently nodded, I could see the heartbreak in his eyes. We paid the bill and went our separate ways.

I entered the apartment and was greeted by Jazmine asking me how the date went. I looked at her and broke down in tears, she immediately wrapped me in an embrace and asked what had happened. I told her everything that happened during the date and how it was so sudden and unexpected. She started apologizing to me and told me that she did not realize that he was the Lorenzo that broke my heart, and that she should have put the pieces together when I mentioned Lorenzo earlier. We migrated to the couch and watched sad movies for the rest of the night.

I was tossing and turning all night thinking about what Lorenzo told me last night; how could he have been thinking about me but never reached out after he left? It didn't make any sense to me. I decided to go for a walk, and I found myself walking into the bar. I sat down and ordered a margarita. I finished my drink and asked the bartender for another, as I was thinking about what I was going to do. All that I could think about is how different things could have been if Lorenzo never left town, we could have had a life together and pursued our passions together.

He was my best friend, and he left without a goodbye. I ran to his house as soon as I heard the news about his parents, when I arrived, he was gone. I sat on his porch for hours crying when I realized he had actually left, and he was not coming back. How could the same man waltz back into my life claiming he had never stopped thinking of me? I had a few more drinks while I was thinking about Lorenzo. I called Jazmine and I told her I was at the bar, she asked me what I was doing, and I told her I was drinking. She was shocked because I never drink let alone by myself. She was concerned but I told her I was okay, and I would be back at the apartment soon. We ended the call, and I was finishing up another drink when Lorenzo walked in looking concerned. He came to sit next to me, and I gave him a big hug. He asked me what I had been doing and I responded and told him I was a couple margaritas deep. I got up from my seat and I got very dizzy, I would have fallen if Lorenzo's arm wasn't wrapped around me. He turned to me and asked me where I lived because he wanted to make sure I got home safely. I told him where the apartment was and he took me into his car.

We got to the apartment, and I plopped down on the couch, he was about to leave when I turned to him and told him to please stay. He hesitantly closed the door to the apartment and sat on the couch next to me. We sat in silence for a minute before I looked at him and asked him how he knew I was at the bar. He said he didn't know he was just going to grab some food, and then he asked me why I was day drinking. I told him I needed to figure things out and drinking seemed like the way to do it. I then told him he could take anything out of the pantry if he was hungry. He obliged and made us both some pasta. As we were eating, I asked him why he never thought to call me and keep in contact. He looked deep in thought and sighed, and told me he knew he should have, but he could not bring himself to. He had been struggling with the reality that both his parents had died, and he thought reaching out to me would rekindle those emotions. He decided it was best to keep his distance, and about two years after he left, he decided to come and visit me. I looked at him, perplexed, and he continued. He flew back and asked around to find me, he found me sitting down on a date laughing and smiling and he could not bring himself to take that happiness away from me. So, he left again only to have returned yesterday. I sat there numbly nodding, he came back to Beacon Falls for me not once but twice. I looked into his eyes and saw the hurt and hope that lingered, and I realized right there how hard it must have been for him to return to the town where he grew up, the town that must feel so empty without his parents. How can I let him believe that I haven't thought about him since the day he left? I have loved him every day, I thought he never felt the same for me, but after hearing his side of events I realized all the dates I had been on were meaningless, I could never get over my first love. Tears began to form in my eyes, and I told him that his leaving was one of the hardest things I had ever had to deal with, and he took a piece of my heart with him when he left. I had never felt like my heart was whole, every relationship I had been in always felt like it was missing something. It was because no matter who I was with, it wasn't you, Lorenzo.

I began to start sobbing, and he got up and pulled me into an embrace. Running his fingers through my hair 16

telling me everything was going to be okay. I believed it because I felt whole once again, I needed my anchor back and it was almost like he knew that. We moved to the couch and began talking about our lives and how everything led to this moment. I told him that he influenced me to follow my dreams of being a doctor and how I was in medical school, and he told me how losing his parents made him want to help others who have lost their parents in tragedies, so he started a program to help them deal with the losses and give them assistance, such as housing, food, and clothing. He told me that was why he was at the town hall talking to my boss, he was talking to her about having a sponsor dinner for his foundation and he wanted Charlie's to cater it. We sat and talked on the couch for hours, listened to each other and enjoyed one another's company. At the end of the night after all our conversation, I came to the realization that being with Lorenzo was not the decision I should make at the moment. I needed to focus on medical school first and did not need any man in my life in a romantic aspect. I told him that catching up with him was amazing and that we could continue to stay friends, but currently I was under the impression that we could move away from past transgressions as of yet. If we kept being friends, and keeping in touch it could possibly happen later. He agreed, said goodbye and left the apartment.



Artwork by Diana Leal Moran



Photo by Cynthia Castro

## In The Eyes

By Layla Romero

Ocean blue full of sadness, drought aches through  
Let us stop with madness, brains of sorrow  
Lead me to a sound of gladness, pain reeks  
Can we just find a better place, disgrace  
To air our grievances without the hate  
Our lost admiration can now be found  
On this vast planet we call a home  
Let us go to the unknown, see the light  
Where flowers bloom and people roam, stars wept  
Ocean blue full of sadness, drought aches through



Photo by Cynthia Castro

Lady Time's Silent Grace  
By Alexandra DeLeon

Lady Time moves with grace, almost as if she is floating, her silver hair cascading down her back rippling as if there is a breeze. Her eyes are an endless pool of midnight blue, with a deep hint of wisdom and regret. She wears a long robe, that has all the dark hues, and on the sleeves and around the edges it is a shimmering silver that compliments her hair. She looks neither old nor young, she has traits that make it hard to pinpoint her exact age.

She wears a silver pocket watch around her neck that seems to float above her robe, with a closer look you can see the hands of the clock do not have a set rhythm, they speed up and slow down at no set pace.

Lady Time makes no sound when she walks, as though she is not walking but floating above the ground. As she passes by individuals windows into different times past, present, and future open. It gives the individuals a sense of nostalgia, awareness, or anticipation as she walks past them.

Her voice is soft and measured, like the ticking of a clock, it is not loud, but it carries a quiet weight that makes the people around her more inclined to lean towards her, to not miss a word. When she speaks it is felt in your bones, it is a warm sensation that passes through your body, but when she stops talking, it leaves you with an emptiness and a hint of regret.

Her words are carefully chosen, because she knows that once the words leave her lips, they can never be taken back. She also knows if the wrong thing is said it can cause a catastrophic change.

I look at her in awe, and utter disbelief, "Why are we not given more time, why is our life always ending before it truly begins?"

She begins to speak, "I understand that every moment in your life is fleeting, and everyone wishes that they can have more of me, when it involves having more time with a loved one, or an experience they never want to end."

I was stunned, almost silenced but I had more questions, “We ask for more time, when we need the most why are we never provided with it? Why are we constantly yearning for more? Why are the best moments the ones that pass by the quickest?”

She leans in, her voice almost as quiet as the breeze, “My gift, to you to everyone, is as precious as it is fleeting. You are given the ability to choose how you spend each moment, each second of time. I am an inevitable force, but I am not cruel. How many times have you sat in quiet reflection wishing you had more time with someone, and you are given more time than you expected? That is my will, there is beauty in my passing. If you notice it, you are able to experience and enjoy more moments, instead of asking for more you can live in the present, enjoying every fleeting moment before it passes you. Every moment is a treasure even if it is gone as soon as it is here.”

She begins to walk away, and in the wind, I hear “I am Time, and I wait for no one. Everyone waits for me, either to pass them by or to linger a moment longer. I have been here long before you arrived, and I will be here long after you have gone.”



Artwork by Bryan Diaz

