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Sharp Shadows

James G. Robinson

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I Own the Road

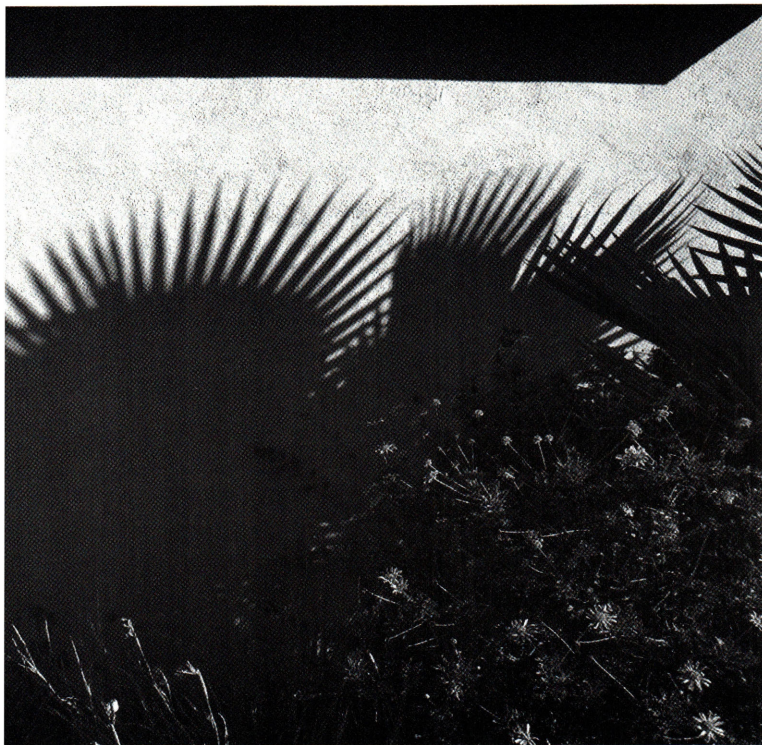
Nakita Vojnovich

Sloping, a tar-drizzled court, shoddy as
an excuse for craftsmanship, my road descends like a

concrete trail. You can stand at the top, right next to that weird blue fire hydrant, and watch, gazing over the rooftops of the houses below, as the elder bois d'arc trees stir and sway and wave in the wind, nymphs' hands painting the oranges and purples of the setting sun. It's not like standing at the edge of a cliff, but upon the crest of a wave, revealing a hidden Atlantic community as it recedes from the shore. Trees planted near to the curb lend a portal of

shade; a few badly-pruned crepe myrtles twang like brambles of ocean foliage, contributing nothing but a reason to chuckle at my neighbor's green-thumbed finesse. I remember relating to my mom that I felt like the sky could just suck me off the face of the earth, right there. Into the heavens of that fleecy global expanse I'd vaporize, and I'd touch everything the horizon touches: a dusty golden infinity.

"They say the Texas sky is the most awe-inspiring," my mom had replied, acknowledging its depth briefly, but she didn't understand. She didn't understand, and the words I could have supplied lacked the ballooning that natural wonder asphyxiates you with, so together we started down the road again, ambling quietly to our home.



SHARP SHADOWS James G. Robinson