

The Messenger

Volume 2009
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2009

Article 21

2009

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Recommended Citation

Pasiuk, Andrew (2009) "Modern Epoch," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2009: Iss. 1, Article 21.

Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2009/iss1/21>

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Modern Epoch

ANDREW PASIUK

It was a sailor's sun, but we claimed it as ours anyway. It was orange and red and made us think we were somewhere far away. We kept it in a cage in the backyard. We walked around barefoot in the middle of winter and lounged beneath palms. Once or twice I recall snow falling in everyone's yard but ours.

Our faces were dark and sweaty and getting darker and sweatier. At night we could hear the owls sleeping, the grass growing taller than the trees.

