

WEEK 02

IN CLASS WRITING

memoir haibun

she sat there gasping for air. animated yet paused. on her way. dad and uncle and husband hovered over with me. a vigil over warmed up arroz con pollo and fried plantains. whiskey in hand. it was her drink. two fingers... no more, no less. on ice, of course. the smell of "ta" filled like flannel wrapped warmth this february night. channel no. 5 and corn oil thick kitchen walls like plantain skins. dad and uncle tomás would keep watch for a few more days. travis and i would board the b train a few more times that week.

ordering boxes
filled memories forgotten
notes reminding us
like archives form tomorrow
lost forgotten daydreams told

rewrite

she laid there — air gasping. animated and paused — heading toward still. stop. dad and uncle and husband and i hovered. a vigil over warmed up arroz con pollo and fried plantains. whiskey in hand. it was her drink. two fingers... no more, no less. on ice, of course. the smell of "ta" filled like flannel wrapped warmth this february night. channel no. 5 and corn oil thick kitchen walls like plantain skins. she peeled them with ease. nursed green to black — sweet. soft. dad and uncle tomás would keep watch, each standing post as hours became days. the b train to and from dekalb avenue and 96th street became routine. the timeless journey in her timeless city.

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