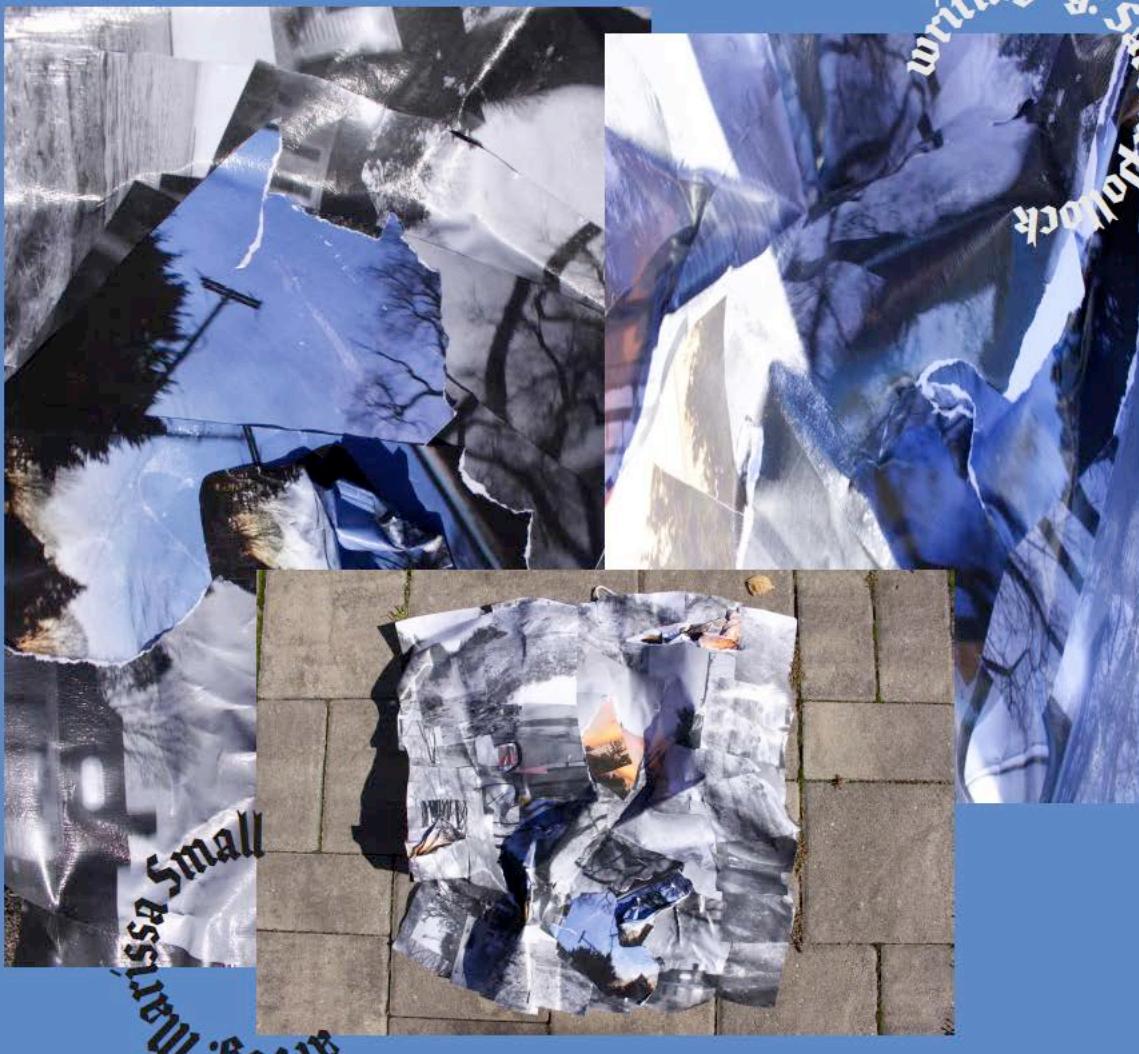


THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY



The grandfather clock in the kitchen strikes twelve noon, and with each tick I feel the beating soul of time itself reverberate throughout my body, its rhythmic beat pulsing underneath my skin. My grandmother always complained her wrist-watch ran ten minutes fast but it must have been a luxury to live as if each passing moment wasn't counted down. As a child, I'd known it was dinner time when the mosquitos began biting and the sky tuned a translucent blue, the shade of hydrangeas in my grandmother's garden, and I'd rush through the patio to see if I could surprise her. This was not a habit, it was second nature, and I wonder now when I lost this instinct, this intuition of knowing, if it slowly faded or if it stopped all at once. As the grandfather clock finishes its hourly chime, I watch the first of this year's snowflakes descend down my window sill, the last of autumn's leaves from my backyard maples finally making their way to the earth and I can't help but smile as the neighbor's children tilt their heads towards the sky with mouths open wide in hopes of catching a taste of time standing still.