

morning coffee with indian

like water, time flows – past ends, future begins – but not, he thinks, without instants that bring to a standstill the arrow of time – instants that make space for the past [] he has a sense of it now looking at this photograph... morning coffee, indian... the gesture of his hand – finger alert, pointing skyward – and the relationship of finger to fist... how it resembles a pistol [] then the arrow... slowing ... as though the weight of the past (something remembered) has attached itself to the lightness of the present [] and that same gesture, there, too... a man and a boy... the man's hand, raised, fingers jerked upwards... a parody of the guns willing his and the boy's death [] an eternity of split seconds... catch the arrow, hold still time, replace darkness with lightness [] but time flows, the arrow pushes on, the past flows out behind it... whatsmore, he is aware that the indian somehow knows this... this indian, lacking retrospection, nostalgia or sentiment... who, free of the past and given to sing-song "... this is why the flow of time is like water..." sings his song to a visual accompaniment of his own devising – the release of a stream of arrows... a torrent... it's an act he, the indian himself, has perfected

