

Sketch

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Equality of Pain

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on it, sanding down the finish, erasing the cigarette burn.

But what I could picture most was my father, slender, 29, mustached; he and his buddies dancing with the young women in his room in the Lincoln Hotel where the threadbare carpets are rolled up, bottles of beer tipped over, Harry James records cracking and popping under the heavy needle. Later, after all the other guests are gone a young shy woman looks for her hat, wondering if she should stay or go home, while my father's cigarette burns into the wood.

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Equality of Pain

Raul Flores Jr.

Sometimes I think that person
was born with a devilish grin;
You might say 'so what,'
But in the end
it matters.

To the ground falls a balloon
that's tied to a
five year old man
and it breaks his heart
just like all his friends,
But we all know...
Things change.

Like the damn wind
Go the hours.

So you say,
'so,'
But it's true that even this day will end
And it matters
It really matters.

