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The Voids We Fall Into

Edwin U. Aguilar
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Army and if he has any regrets he tells me “honor” and “country” and that his father is finally proud of him.

I think about the towers and how little I understood at that time. I think about how they have been there my whole life, and how even though I had never been to New York, I had never known the skyline without them. I did not know yet, that the towers were actually in New York for a short time, a moment in the history of the city. I do not know about building an entire life around a monument, an entire identity around something that can crumble and disappear despite its grandeur.

A thing may indicate permanence. A city may build an architectural triumph to create its iconic skyline. A teenager can have sex for the first time with the first man

she ever loved. This thing, this relationship you have to something, it can take its time with you and it can marvel you. It will surprise you when it leaves a hole, a gap where it used to be. The thing you were so sure you had, slipped. It survives as ethereal.

Remember that you gave it meaning. Objectively it was only concrete, a rock, flesh, bone, saliva, or the heat of a body. It was the first time you went to the city, the first time you knew what it meant to everyone else, the first time you felt seen, touched, or loved. No one else knew that relationship, no one else knew what was taken from you when it ended. What I mean to say is, that it lived because it was important to you.



THE VOIDS WE FALL INTO

Edwin U. Aguilar