

EDUARDO CARRILLO

Sad Bubble Bath, 1971
oil on canvas, 48 x 48 in.



COURTESY JULIETTE CARRILLO

ROSE MARY SALUM

The Time

Albert and my parents are still sleeping. I go to the bathroom, I come back, my tennis shoes. Today I have soccer, water, I need it for my hair, my mother calls me, wasn't she asleep? Homework, I haven't done my homework. I don't want to eat breakfast! I'm not hungry, I put the books I find into my backpack. Ivette, her phone. A pit forms in my stomach and I can taste the potatoes I ate for supper last night. I'm hungry: Why do I have to eat when she wants me to eat? My father is the one who is calling me now. I don't understand why we have to eat breakfast together. I go into the kitchen and take two balls of kibbe. History homework. I go back to my room. My mother scolds me. I pretend not to hear her, while I eat the meat. I play music loud. I throw myself on the bed, to wait for them to get us. Albert comes in, says something, but I don't hear him, he leaves. The door slams. Yelling. I don't understand. The music is very loud. Albert comes in again. He goes out. The time, it's time. I stop. The door, the stairs, the hallway to the parking, the car, the driveway out of the building, the stoplights, the fight over the radio dials, a sudden brake, the main avenue. I didn't do my homework. The traffic, the line of cars, school. I hate school, I hate my chemistry class, history class, I hate Jacobo who always gets Ivette's attention, Diana's wandering gaze. I walk down the hallways. Hi, I walk. Hi, I walk up to my classroom, Hi. I sit at my desk. Hi. Good morning. The teacher and her calves. Yes, her calves. The clock. Only two minutes have gone by, fifty-eight until the class is over. Ivette sits two desks ahead. She turns around, looks at me. My heart leaps out of my mouth. Fifty-five minutes. Book, reading, history, questions. I don't know. I didn't read it. Last night I fell asleep late looking at porno magazines. Who cares about history? The teacher in front of the chalkboard. Her calves, her waist. She turns around. Her breasts. I don't care about the Kurds, and even less about the Turks. Ivette crosses her leg, her skirt comes up. Her thighs. The chalkboard, what does it say? The teacher's breasts. Again the Kurds. I pretend to listen. I look attentively. Fifty-two minutes. The exercise. I raise my hand, I ask if I can go to the bathroom, I have to go to the bathroom, breasts, calves, Ivette's skirt. No, it's not too early to go to the bathroom. I'm back in my seat. I can't go to the bathroom. Forty-seven minutes. Ivette turns around and smiles. I pretend I didn't see her,