

bottle of pills and suddenly saw again those same orange and white capsules. My knees went weak in remembering, and I had to sit down. But this time I knew. In my hand I held Dilantin, a powerful drug which was still, after all those years, one of the biggest guns in the ever-expanding artillery against epilepsy.

## SILENCE OF TIME

Anonymous

silence of time  
passing by.  
days filled with no more  
    than blueberry pancakes  
    and trips to the beach.  
no decisions to make  
no intense thought;  
    only the rush of the surf  
against sunburnt arms  
    and fleeting images  
    of sand castles melting  
    against the shore.  
emerge  
    refreshed.  
the sun reaching into  
    the soul  
dispersing the greyish tinge  
    of yesterday mornings.  
return home  
    along with shadows of dusk  
    content to know  
the sun can  
    still make you smile.