

5-1-2014

# Untitled

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## Recommended Citation

Elia, Giovanna (2014) "Untitled," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 20 , Article 10.  
Available at: [https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool\\_litmag/vol20/iss1/10](https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol20/iss1/10)

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Those gathered behind speak as one, but the words themselves don't register in my ears—I'm watching the man before me: the billow in his robes as he steps towards me, the shine in his scalp, the tightness of his face, the bone-white of his teeth. His hands reach for me, but instead grab just beyond my shoulders. I'm whipped around.

Now before me lies an undulating sea of twitching masses. I look into their eyes one by one until I can no longer, then I look at their teeth. When I can't stand that either, I go to close my eyes. I can't.

For the first time, I panic. The crowd blends and merges, blotting together; the room spins.

The man places his hand upon my head. I can't feel it, can only see the tips of his fingers curling above my brow. "We are all so glad to have you watch over us."

PHOTO: GIOVANNA ELIA

