

# Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

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Volume 3 | Issue 2

Article 14

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January 2004

## Antigua

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### Recommended Citation

Rudnitsky, Lexi (2004) "Antigua," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 3: Iss. 2, Article 14.  
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol3/iss2/14>

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Antigua  
Lexi Rudnitsky

We would only go there  
when we were homesick:  
the bars had electric fans,  
the vegetables were clean,  
no one tugged at our skirts  
or hissed as we walked  
through the marketplace.

One night I met an engineer  
who installed potable water  
in the outlying villages.  
He was fat, but newly so;  
an American with bad knees,  
he said he'd show me  
where the water came from.

We rode his moped up a hill.  
I held him around the waist.  
*Tighter*, he ordered.  
The hill was strewn with lovers  
feeling their way in the dark.  
We could see the stars  
and the lights of the city.

He said he could take me  
further. There was a courtyard  
and chickens. He'd make me  
fresh eggs for breakfast;  
I'd pick oranges from his tree.  
I knew not to interrupt, the way  
you never wake a sleepwalker.