

# Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

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Volume 5 | Issue 2

Article 26

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January 2006

## Slide Show

Dara Mandle

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### Recommended Citation

Mandle, Dara (2006) "Slide Show," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*. Vol. 5: Iss. 2, Article 26.  
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol5/iss2/26>

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## SLIDE SHOW

Dara Mandle

When my father returned  
from business in Rio,  
we crowded on the couch  
to see the tram to Corcovado,

to see Dad at the base of the statue,  
without his briefcase, without  
his suit, in frayed jeans,  
a leather camera bag dangling

from his shoulder.  
He tossed his head in the wind,  
his moustache untrimmed.  
I didn't know him.

I felt apart. Where did he go  
in the dark? I traced the circle  
my cup of juice had left  
on the glass table.

The shaft of light projected  
on the living room wall  
trapped specks of dust.  
The quick display:

image, blank. The beam  
and click. Ipanema beach,  
sunset over Guanabara Bay.  
I loved the slide tray

loaded with plastic plates.  
I loved my father's narrating:  
this concrete Jesus towers  
thirty meters on the hilltop.

I loved how time stopped  
when Dad came home and how,  
on the sofa, orange as disco,  
in the dark we each sat alone.