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4-24-2017

## When I Try, It Takes Me Several Times Before My Hands Are Tight Enough

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### Recommended Citation

Tapia, Sharon R. (2017) "When I Try, It Takes Me Several Times Before My Hands Are Tight Enough," *Cedarville Review*. Vol. 17, Article 9.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol17/iss1/9>

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## When I Try, It Takes Me Several Times Before My Hands Are Tight Enough

### Description

In this piece of creative nonfiction I describe a piece of my family. "When I Try, It Takes Me Several Times Before My Hands Are Tight Enough" is about my dad teaching me to whistle through my hands.

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### About the Contributor

Sharon Tapia is a Senior English Major from New Jersey. She loves reading e.e. cummings and drinking coffee.

# WHEN I TRY, IT TAKES ME SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE MY HANDS ARE TIGHT ENOUGH

*NONFICTION BY SHARON TAPIA*

My dad squeezes his hands together. He blocks out of the paths of air, the cracks and the corners. He suffocates his palms and smothers the insides of his knuckles. It is locked and there is only one way out. He pulls it to his lips, touches the prickles of his graying beard and blows through the opening made by the creases of his thumbs. The air rushes into the chamber of his hands, throws inside, crashes against the walls, and when it finds its exit—the same way it found its way in—it screams.

The sound is sharp, high, a train whistle from the sky. It throws itself around the room; it does not sound like it can come from his clasped hands. But it does. It screams and screams and screams from his hands until he releases the grip and every last bit of the air is freed into the atmosphere, silent.

The  
Beginning

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