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**This Time**  
Bob Heman

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THIS TIME

This time the hand is made of clouds. The sky is a huge animal whose breathing has stopped. The climbers when they arrive are composed of different colors. One of them has forgotten to attach his lifeline. He is the only one who does not fall. He is constructed from a system made of hesitations. Each time he tries to speak, a different pause emerges to smother his incentive. The hesitations are named after the settlements the river never returned.