1989

The Other Side Of The Creek

Steve Arpaia
St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1989/iss1/20

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1989/iss1/20 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
The Other Side Of The Creek

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1989/iss1/20
Poem From A Sleepless Night

Oh these beasts I fear are in my head, yet I’m sure they’re there, alive, prowling, teething on my creative energy as it attempts to cross its synapse

then their young devour the cream of my efforts, leaving only a milky residue to spill over this empty page.

Chris Tanner

The Other Side of the Creek

As a child, I tried to get things That I could not reach A jar of honey, A kitten under the bushes, The world on the other side of the creek.

We tried to build bridges, Carefully position large rocks, Swing from branches and vines, Or step in.

Our senior year We diverted the creek And now we can cross Without any trouble.

How I long for one damp sock.

The Other Side Of The Creek

Published by Fisher Digital Publications, 1989

Steve Arpaia
Poem From A Sleepless Night

Oh these beasts I fear are in my head, yet I’m sure they’re there, alive, prowling, teething on my creative energy as it attempts to cross its synapse

then
their young
devour the cream
of my efforts, leaving only a milky residue to spill over this empty page.

Chris Tanner

The Other Side of the Creek

As a child,
I tried to get things
That I could not reach
A jar of honey,
A kitten under the bushes,
The world on the other side of the creek.

We tried to build bridges,
Carefully position large rocks,
Swing from branches and vines,
Or step in.

Our senior year
We diverted the creek
And now we can cross
Without any trouble.

How I long for one damp sock.

Steve Arpaia