Don't Run Under Ground

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Don’t Run Under Ground

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"WITHIN 30 MINUTES, I was on top of the world. I could see actual life in the world. I could watch the leaves on the trees while they were growing. My eyes were wide open, so as not to miss a thing. I could feel and taste the colors I saw. Purple was fuzzy, red was spicy, and yellow was warm. It seemed like I would never be unhappy again. Time was moving slowly so I could watch everything that was going on."

Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: 1990.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Edie Edie</th>
<th>Edie Edie</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>East to West</td>
<td>Wander West</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Travel back</td>
<td>Back in bed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take the test</td>
<td>Plunk the test</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crazy Crazy</td>
<td>Pop it Pop it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the floor</td>
<td>More and more</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shut it out</td>
<td>Drink it down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slam the door</td>
<td>Find a score</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edie Edie</td>
<td>Edie Edie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>small MA town</td>
<td>Kick the habit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wind it up</td>
<td>Peace of mind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shake it down</td>
<td>Cannot have it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Restle Hustle</td>
<td>Brown Brown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turn around</td>
<td>In the bed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snap the picture</td>
<td>Michael screams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smile's a frown</td>
<td>She can't be dead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edie Edie</td>
<td>Edie Edie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flick the ash</td>
<td>Public eye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black and silver</td>
<td>Who's to know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Call it crass</td>
<td>If she cried</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fire Fire</td>
<td>Burn it down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burn it down</td>
<td>Smoke is dead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ship the town</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**The Rape of Genius**

0 ravaged beauty of Nature,  
That once spread magnificently across the land  
Now in aged visage  
Recalls the splendor of youth,  
As a woman of years no longer displays  
her unsullied demeanor,  
Yet flickers it in her eyes and hands,  
The purity now lives in part, a memory  
who tries to win o'er the reality.  
Oh, the horrid reality of what she has become  
with the affairs of men.  

Elena M. Cambio

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Within 30 minutes, I was on top of the world. I could see  
actual life in the world. I could watch the leaves grow as  
while they were growing. My eyes were wide open, so as not to  
miss a thing. I could feel and taste the colors I saw. Purple  
was fuzzy, red was spicy, and yellow was warm. It seemed like I  
would never be unhappy again. Time was moving slowly so I could  
watch everything that was going on.  

Within 30 minutes, I forgot all my problems. I was lying in  
the grass in my backyard. I watched the sun rays tan my skin. I  
just lay there with a smile on my face. I rolled over onto my  
stomach and looked at the grass. I watched the ants go about  
their business and I thought to myself, "The world must seem so  
much larger to them." I picked up an ant. He crawled on my hand  
and I tried to look closely at him, but he wouldn't stand still.  
I killed him with my two fingers. I gave him back to his family  
and I even sang a funeral song for him. Suddenly, I felt ants  
crawling in between my toes, in my ears, and all over my body.  
They were all over me. They were mad. I couldn't help but jump up  
and scream as loud as possible.  

Within 30 minutes, my whole life changed. I saw very bright  
colors. They were too bright. The sun was too hot. The ants  
were too angry. I became restless, unable to keep my eyes open.  
I became nervous and worried about the ant that I killed. I ran  
into my house. I was scared and needed to call my friend. My  
trip was ending and I needed a new sort of transportation. On  
the phone, my friend said he could hook me up.  

Within 30 minutes, I had gone through one extreme to the  
other. I went from low to high, then from higher to even lower.  
But thanks to my friend, who made it just in time, I could go  
higher than before. He always seemed to be there for me. As long  
as I had money. We had an understanding; I didn't like to hit  
rock bottom and he didn't like to be poor. So I guess that's why  
I called him a friend, because he was always there for me.  

Within 30 minutes, however, I could have ended my life any  
given second.