Playground

Susan Montague

St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1991/iss1/11
“James Austin?”
“Yes. Who is this?”
“My name is Brian Torry. I’m from the Owego Emergency squad. Your wife and son have been in an automobile accident.”
“Oh, my God! Are they alright?”
“You better come down to Wilson Memorial.”
“Are they alright?”
“Please come quickly.”
“Poor bastard! Losing his family that way. Just across the cube, too.”
“Burke! He’s got a flat line!”
“Give me the plates! Clear!”
“Hello, Jimmy.”
“Nothing! Again! Clear!”
“Hello, Jim.”
“Damn! We’re losing him! Once more! Clear!”
“It didn’t work, Burke. I’m sorry.”
“Hello, Daddy.”

Playground

by
susan montague

During the glitter years
me and the Yo Yo man
would create winds
while kicking the sun.
Bold and Brave we
pumped harder and harder
gliding higher and higher,
ever afraid to melt
with the sun.
We found ourselves lost
in the air
connected to the ground,
connected to limbo land.

Air Separation

by
Sharilynn Paolotto

I’m sitting in a room with four doors
Each one is open
Waiting for the world to enter
I’ve sent out invitations
So when it comes
The world will see me at my best
Each time I hear something
That may be a knock
I jump up
And my heart beats faster
But each time is a false alarm
A wrong number
Or a person who has had second thoughts

I’m sitting in a room with no walls
On a chair made of dreams
Waiting for a friend
To come
But no one ever does

The door opens a crack
I see your face
Like it was the last time I saw you
An image so real
I believe that it’s you
But when I reach out to take your hand
The illusion disappears
And I am left holding on to a memory
In an empty room with no walls

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