Full Issue

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Full Issue

Cover Page Footnote
The Writers

Kevin Allen
Traci Askew
Sarah Blake
Karin Carr
Michael Cornelius
Jodi Crocker
Carrie E. Galletto
Alycia Gregory
Paul T. Keppler
Jack Livingston
Kelly Malinovsky
John P. Parungao
Heather Ruffalo
Tony Volpe
Kevin J. White

All photographs submitted by Betsy Lewis

A Letter From the Editor

Over the past two years, I have acted as editor of St. John Fisher’s literary magazine, The Angle. I can honestly say that it has been one of the greatest learning experiences of my life. I would like to thank Dr. Nicolay especially for giving me this position and the opportunity to run this magazine. Because we were both new, it has taken quite a bit of time to get used to dealing with the bureaucracy involved in constructing an issue of a magazine. In the beginning, we did not even know who was funding our endeavor; now we have become active members in the Media Funding Board and are helping to create an advisory board. Because of our “newness,” The Angle has not been done on our scheduled time for the past two years. In both instances there were extenuating circumstances that were out of our control. I would like to take this time to formally apologize to all of the students who had their works published in this magazine and were waiting and waiting. It has been a struggle; but, I believe that in the two issues that I have helped to publish, the end result was worth the wait.

I would also like to thank Dr. McGinnis and the rest of the Media Funding Board for their patience and their help in building up our organization. A special thanks to Dr. McGinnis, though, for helping us to purchase a computer and providing all of the necessary information. I would like to thank the English department for their continued support. I appreciate the feedback you give to me and the submission due date announcements that you provide for your students during class time.

Lastly, I would like to thank the students that continue to submit their works to The Angle. Without you, we could not do something like this and provide a forum unlike any other on the Fisher campus. Hopefully, within the next few years, The Angle will be able to publish more than one issue per year. I hope that a great number of you continue to submit your works; I also encourage more students to join our staff. I have made a lot of great friends and had a lot of great experiences through my work on this magazine. I hope you enjoy this issue and keep writing!!
Distractions
-Kelly Malinovsky

In the morning when I really should wake I really don’t. I hear the shower calling but not my buzzing alarm clock. My roommate opens the curtain, letting the bright sunlight into our dark room, which pulls me out of my warm bed that once helped me sleep. The chill of the room wakes me out of my trance.

In the afternoon when I really should work I wait until after I eat my au gratin potatoes and the nameless main course. Then, I finally get started with yesterday’s worries and today’s chores. I sometimes pause and look out my window to treasure the more peaceful things - the blanket of new fallen snow, the clear blue sky, but yet not so clear because of wispy clouds that stretch for miles.

My evening sets in quickly; I sometimes hardly notice it’s there. I rush to eat my dry meat and mushy vegetables forgetting to taste them, so I can finish today’s frustrations but tomorrow’s relief. The thunder in the hallway and the stench of burned popcorn divides my attention; my roommates chat of gossip and perfume while I gaze out my window and wonder how the snow falls so quietly-slowly - amidst the noisy rush of time.

Beacon of ?
-Kevin J. White

Like a beacon of light is the utter blackness of night

The one source that you continually move towards despite your bruised and battered body that is weary from the journey

You move you trip and fall the branches continually lash out as if trying to stop you from seeing the light

Echoes of Emerson and Kipling resound through my head as if I were on a canyon

Sometimes I pause and ponder I wonder words of wisdom Do they Transcend?

To all, To some, To a few, To none or does it all mean something and nothing?

So many unknowns have spoken words of wisdom, the famous those who are anonymous Those who spoke with authority Those who spoke with fear All in all they are there

But the question is are you willing to hear?
Union of Souls
-John P. Parungao

We share a bond
one of friendship and love
Stronger than mere physical union
we share dreams, hopes, and fears
and though we may soon part,
you will never truly leave me
for even after you are gone
I carry with me
like precious treasure
memories of our adventures together
words of praise and of comfort
to calm me in times of doubt or crisis
These things will remain in my heart
even after we part
so I am now not who I was
but who I am because of you

Careless
-Traci Askew

(Her) I'm not trying to make you sad,
I'm not trying to make you cry,
But careless for me and you won't have to ask why.
(Him) Look into the corners of your mind, ask yourself what is it
in her I see;
do I care enough to want her to be with me.
What is it that's confusing me so?
(Her) When all I should want is for my feelings to show.
I am scared of my past I admit that's true; but that doesn't mean
I don't care about you.
(Him) I tell you I love another;
But yet and still I want us to be lovers.
Careless for me, I don't want to hurt you.
(Her) I don't want to get in too deep, I only want my feelings for you
to be true.
But can't you see how I really feel about you?
(Him) Careless for me, I don't want to fall in love with you...
(Her) Help me to make you understand because I don't want to...
(Him) My head is confusing my heart.
Not wanting me to like you but, pulling me apart.
(Her) Careless for me, be just my friend.
(Him & Her) So this love of ours will never have to end...Careless
for me.
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for me.
Intermezzo
-Paul T. Keppler

How do I entreat this Oriental saga?
A bravura engaging these periodic eyes
Its ignoble payoff unlike
The Egyptian slave,
The Bohemian gypsy, or
The Roman diva.
One's mind agape in tragic splendor
Seeking inviolate vision anew
That I may wrest purpose from sin.

Wherein lies the greater tragedy:
Earthly term flecked with goaded naivete
Or to know Satan at eighteen?
Prepped to expect a reciprocal
Love that wandered east
In search of unquestioning ears
While the voiceless issue shunned.

The advantaged officer who would
Calculate a foreign quest
Disown his benign betrothed
Skew the mind and
Annex the soul but
Dampen not her spirit
O'er three years yearning.

And she, clement her ductile heart
Admonished by Blunt to discern:
The valiant from the pompous
The righteous from the abusive
Constitution from empty promise and to
Enjoin the wind and embrace
The family once forsaken.

Her enduring sorrow prodded
By the destiny of text
None but a silken kimono
To shield the intruded viscera.
A martyr as the curtain falls
That we may know the treachery
Of the human heart.

Ode To Serta
-Michael Cornelius

Staring up into
an inky abyss -
wading, lying
in an open
shallow grave -
wanting to go
not out
but deeper,
down in the dirt -
to feel the
embrace of
my mother
as I remember
nothing else -
but not being
allowed to go,
the weight of
a thousand
crystal demons keeps
me here -
they haunt me;
torment me;
 teas me;
indulge me
but never let me
do what I want
rest -
moaning,
cursing,
thrashing,
kinetic thinking;
praying for
a savior
wanting all to
cease -
knowing it will not
when I ask for it; it will only
when I stop asking for it; come only when I no longer speak -
pity me, pity us, we are the damned, we are the chosen, we are the unfortunate souls who never rest, never cease, never sleep - we are the wakeful, always vigilant, allowing the demons of our lives to creep not into our dreams but into our thoughts themselves - doomed for all night to be tormented; unceasing, until Morpheus our brother at last takes us in his arms and breathes the life -

out of us -
the more we want the less we get what we need
East Rochester
-Karin Carr

There's a neighborhood that once made me cringe.
A place I thought was cold and hard.
Between city and suburb it's merely a hinge;
Just multiple houses all sharing one yard.
Not parted by grand river or babblin' brook,
But, railroad track and freight train clatter.
I could have taken a closer look;
To an outsider, though, it doesn't matter.
It's a blue collar haven, not especially poor.
There's an ugly, looming, water tower
Now seen daily at my door.
But springtime yards are all plants and flower,
So the sidewalks each day, I continue to roam,
As house after house, becomes home after home.

Untitled
-Kevin J. White

Anger Rage
Where do they come from?
Where do they go?
Do I dare allow myself to feel?
Do I indulge it?
Or do I shun it?
Do I allow myself to go with the moment and take the consequences?
Or do I rationally bury it and become "Civilized"?
When is it OK to feel it?
As a soldier I am to draw on it and use it for strength,
In the real world I am to temper it and control it?
How am I to know which path to follow?
Can any one make this decision for me?
Or do I have to take the chance myself?
Is it a part of nature and survival?
Or do I control it?
The baby settled in the throbbing womb, a human stone sunk in a bucket of oil; a birth placed between death and life, soldier and civilian. Blood and skin fused inside of her while blood and skin blew apart in her face.

This infant dropped in obscurity as his father’s body was being dumped in a ditch in a heap of other fathers. The mother was the village outcast and the baby a disgrace to the Republic; her future lie wrapped in a blanket and garbage bag.

On her back she carried a terminal regret through the rubble labyrinth, and in the maze of distress lost her infant in the thick of civilization; a boy not old enough to guess where she went to nor where he was.

In the imperial city of a million refugees sat the little witness empty of memories. Nothing to play with but the foam mattress and lice filled blanket lining the crib. The roots of his misfortune had begun to climb like jungle vines on the well-gnawed bars.

Soon, from the arms that gave him away to the arms that received him, he dropped into the strife-rich soil of the Land of Stars and Bars, fruitcakes and bulldozers, and he grew the sour fruits of loyalty.

The native pollinated his mind with Italian sausages and multiplication tables, eased the thought of his mother’s birth pangs by constructing a Beltway memorial for those angels who fell like coconuts on the beach.

What bad blood has dripped out of my rage lands on the floor next to my wastebasket half-filled with balled-up paper on which empty kisses were imagined. With a one word I am gone.
The Love of a Lifetime
-Carrie E. Galletto

I once had a dream late one night
Endless sunshine: everything was right
I knew true happiness for the very first time
I had finally found the love of a lifetime

You’re so far away, yet so very close
The touch of your lips is what I need most
To embrace you in my arms is my only desire
There is nothing in this world that can put out this fire

Someday I know that we will be together
And both of our lives for it will be better
We will take on the world and win with ease
It’s you that I’ll strive always to please

So when you are all alone and thinking of me
Remember that it’s you and I that were meant to be
Someday soon we will be embraced
And everything else will be erased

Onself - Twoselves
-Heather Ruffalo

The soul is in my mind
you see-
The self-centeredness of self
is me

Focus, Focus
For there be more
Unlike myself,
It is a chore
The Tennis Trilogy
-Michael Cornelius

1. E-BORE
2. FOR MONICA
3. WHY I LIKE TENNIS

E-BORE

It's a simple thing, really -
Some synaptic response forces a necessary
yet involuntary ejection of non-noxious
fumes from an individual's oral cavity,
and everyone titters;
it breaks up the levity;
and the hollow popping
takes me back...

Sweat.
I remember sweat.
Not simple, everyday sweat,
but body-drenching,
shake your head wet
your socks are soaked
kind of sweat.
It's disgusting.
I feel alive.

I squint across the green battlefield.
My white armor clanks
against me;
my black sword is
caked with gut
and searching for blueblood.
It is hungry;
so am I.

I volley a barrage
of piercing foreshots
over the boundaries,
at mine enemy.
This is simple
brutality.
There is no
love

in my strategy.
This is war.

The fire is returned in kind
(thank you very much)
nothing more than I can handle;
I gallop to and fro
desperate, anxious, and unyielding.

The contest is near even;
the men are squared;
lives are on the line.
It is my blow.
I aim - high, hard
to penetrate -
no response.

All is quiet.
My sword clanks to the ground.
I am dumbfounded.

I sink to the cracked, discolored battlefield,
praising the heavens I have survived.
I am exhausted, spent, drenched;

but I am alive.

I may never leave this place, this battlefield, this court -
but today,

the victory is mine!

FOR MONICA

I never really met her;
I mean,
I felt
I did, seeing her so much and all, but
I didn't.

But she was still the best.
There I was -
all of fifteen
with a banged up leg
and the TV flying
one day just surfing
a wave, when I
heard this most
god-awful
gut-wrenching
ground-shattering
grunt -

UHHHHNNNN-HEEEEE!!!!!!!

it sounded,
a giant unfinished sneeze,
coming from a
dainty deb
who was
all of fifteen
with a banged up leg
and flying not
with the TV but
on the TV and
boy, oh boy,
let me tell you:

I was in love.

Not with her.
No, not with her.
I mean, it just wouldn't it wasn't just not meant
no, not with her.

But with what she was doing, yes.
Sport.
Passion.
Love.
Tennis.

I watched intent, the eagle
as she waded through the mud
stroking and pounding and grunting
(my God how she could stroke and pound and grunt)

and I learned from her;
mimicked her;
watched and
studied her.

and I, too, began
to stroke and
to pound and
to grunt.

This was vitality;
this was essence;
this was ecstasy!]

Tennis,
I never knew your name but she
introduced us and it has been
beautiful ever since.

The grunt and the game and I
grew
and developed a bond
(although the grunt and I had never met);

we played together,
we learned together,
and we even won together;
although we never met, that grunt and I.

But she meant the world to me.

She was my savior; I loved it that much.

The in April '93,
there was a tragedy,
and the grunt was knocked off to the side.
Yet on and on I played,
me but not the maid;
for she had gone to run and hide.

By the wayside.
The grunt was silenced.

But I played and grew and won and soon forgot her.
I was still in love.
Men: Are They Really the Superior Race?
-Sarah Blake

Why is it that the male species, with its tough, macho image, is so easily embarrassed by the topic of tampons?

These macho men believe that they are always in control of every situation. They sit in front of the television watching movies where people run around with their insides hanging out. They are the men who cheer when the bad guys are blown to smithereens. But are they also the same men who automatically change colors like a chameleon if a tampon commercial interrupts their movie?

Tough men believe that there is nothing that they can't handle. Place one of these men in a room where he is the only male and watch as he quickly takes control of the situation.

Let women begin talking about menstruation and watch the man’s control disappear into thin air. Watch his face turn red and his eyes begin to shift uncomfortably around the room, looking for an escape. Notice how quickly he changes from a suave gentleman to a babbling idiot who would gladly give his first born to anyone who could rescue him from this torture.

However, the majority of men are not as hopeless as my friend, Scott. When a tampon commercial comes on, he changes the channel faster than you could pop open a beer. (He’s the king of the remote control but that’s another story). He avoids the feminine product aisle in the grocery store as if he’s afraid that he will be contaminated merely by passing the products. As if he’s worried that being a woman is contagious!

He once told me of a recurring nightmare that he often has. He is in a grocery store. Everywhere he turns, there are boxes and boxes of tampons. He frantically turns a corner only to find himself face to face with a giant tampon. The tampon grabs him and says, “Now you’re mine. Now you will become one of us!”

Women do not enjoy watching men scratch themselves in public. They do not, however, lose their ability to function. They do not turn red with embarrassment. They do not become tongue-tied, unable to speak because they are uncomfortable. Instead, women ignore men’s crude behavior, continuing on with their lives. They shrug it off as a part of life.

But not with her, no, not with her; After all, we had never met.

WHY I LOVE TENNIS

I will never -

pitch a baseball like Nolan Ryan,
swing a club like Arnie Palmer,
run a track like Carl Lewis,
swim a swim like Mark Spitz,
drive a car like Richard Petty,
make a basket like Michael Jordan,
make a touchdown like Emmitt Smith;

in fact,

I will never -

pitch a baseball like Lizzie Borden,
swing a club like Sawney Bean,
run a track like D.B. Cooper,
swim a swim like Papillon,
drive a car like Bonnie Clyde,
make a basket like Lynnette Fromme,
make a touchdown like Charles Packer.

BUT,

every now and again,
just every now and again mind you,
I can stroke
a seeing-eye backhand
right down the line
just like Ivan Lendl
or an inside-outer
like Steffi Graf
and for that one brief
fifteen-love
I am the number one player
in the world
and all of my dreams
have come true.

Eat your heart out, John Wilkes Booth.
How can men consider themselves to be the superior race when they can’t even watch a tampon commercial?

Choose Your Weapon
-Alycia Gregory

In that room
with its virginal white walls
she is sprawled out on her back
staring at the ceiling
Her wrists ache
from the tight chain
they put on her
The men...always the men
grabbing and poking
pricking and prodding
They use their needles
and they use those weapons
of the small circular kind

The first screamer oozes
from the wall on her left side
his form takes shape
out of the concrete and paint
He begins yelling
and yelling
directly in her face
you worthless
you no-good
you stupid
daughter
Then he throws a punch
right into her abdomen
another weapon of choice

The next screamer
takes his form
out of the mattress
He rises up from
the space between her legs
taking his strength
from her ceaseless tears
He begins his yelling
and yelling
you worthless
you no-good
you stupid
girlfriend
Then he plants his fist
into her right eye
another weapon of choice

Now laying there
all battered and bloody
she tries screaming back
at the walls
All she hears
is the men coming in
...always the men and their pain
but they bring their small circular relief
the only kind she's ever known
their weapon of choice

Yesterday
- Traci Askew

Yesterday you said you loved me, tonight you say you don't need me. Where did it go? Why did you stay, what made you decide to treat me this way.
Did I hurt you without realizing, I search my mind's eyes looking for answers, not finding a clue. Where did our love go? Tell me what did I do?
Yesterday you said that I was always in your heart, now you're destroying what we have and pulling us apart.
Yesterday you said you needed a friend, now you say it must end. I decided that I'm sad and I'll go on, then here you come again, dammit stay away, stop treating me this way.
Yesterday you held me, told me your secrets no one else knew, now you've gone and made me look like a fool.
Yesterday we laughed and cried, today you only glare and tell lies.
So I go on and you follow, tell me what do I do with all our tomorrows.
Yesterday we said goodbye, now I sit here and cry, today I start again, knowing that we can only be friends.
An Afternoon With Daddy
-Jodi Crocker

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA

Hi, daddy, whatcha doin' home?
I came to be with you, sweetheart.
It's a bird, it's a plane, it's Superman!
So, aren't you gonna give Daddy a hug?
Look, Daddy, it's Mister Rogers.
Now, don't try this at home, kids.
Let Mommy or Daddy help you.
Why are you pulling away?
I want you to sit over here.
After these messages, we'll be right back.
C'mon, sweetie, it's okay.
Please, daddy, let me go.
Arriba, Arriba, Andale, Andale
How 'bout I rub your back? You like that.
I don't like that.
Are we almost there yet, Papa Smurf?
Yes, honey, that's what makes daddy happy.
No, daddy, no!
We interrupt this broadcast to bring you a special report.
People spoke out today against alleged sex offender...
Let's change the channel, sweetie.
Why aren't those people wearing any clothes?
I taw T saw a putty tat.
I did, I did see a putty tat.
CLICK.

*****************************

What did you do today, honey?
I watched TV with daddy.
WH WH WH What's up, doc?
I'm glad you got to spend time with daddy.
He hugs me too much.
Wave to the trolley as he goes into the land of make-believe.
You really like Mister Rogers, don't you?
Mommy, why can't you come home early?
Sesame Street was brought to you today by the number 2 and the letter I.
I'm too busy at work. Go watch the news with daddy while I fix dinner.
Channel 10 at 6 reports on the death penalty in Albany today.
But, mommy, I don't want to watch TV anymore.
Now, honey, don't hurt Daddy's feelings.

This is just a test. In the event of a real emergency...

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEFFFFFFFFFFFFffffff
C'mon, everyone. Enough TV for today. Let's have dinner
with the family now.
TH TH TH That's All Folks.
Click.
**Untitled**  
-Tony Volpe

So close yet so far  
That is what you are to me  
I know that in time you will come to see  
What you mean to me  
I know that somewhere sometime there will be a place for us

For now, I will wait until that day comes  
Though it seems light years away  
Some day, somehow, somewhere...  
We will be together

Yes it is but a dream  
And reality has an ugly way  
Of intruding on your dreams  
However, I will hang on to that hope till my very last day

Though time ages us  
And may send us on different paths in life  
That is how I will always think of you  
And smile a pained smile  
For what could have been  
So I raise my glass, and make a toast  
Here's to you,  
Here's to me  
And to what could someday be

And even though it hurts like hell  
I will get over you and move on  
Yet, you will always be in my head and my heart

There's something about you  
That makes me wonder  
Though I don't quite know what it is  
I'm sure it will be revealed someday  
And I will understand

My questions will be answered  
Thy will be done  
Someday I know  
Our hearts will beat as one

---

**Kill Not Me**  
-Jack Livingston

Kill not me I do no harm,  
bring not fear nor violence.  
Death don't send upon my head,  
for I dislike its lonely silence.

The flight of birds and thundering herds  
bring to my lips such wondrous thoughts and words.  
Golden fields sway through my veins  
my mind and presence need not reins  
for as I stare through purple haze  
the sun dips low, disappears,  
my eyes they find a sleepy gaze.

Darkness awakens from daytime sleep,  
come from beneath the earth, much too deep for one to know.  
From whence the place lost spirits flow,  
rising, rising to the surface now,  
come to dance in pale moonlight.

All come for one and one for none,  
the air around about them.  
Lingering still through silken mist  
small rains of sun,  
give now to specters come  
drops of warm delight.

To which they've longed, belonged,  
and have seen through the light.
Wasted Time
-Sarah Blake

TICK...TICK...TICK
The red blur of the second hand,
A blur as it speeds 'round and 'round,
Again and again.
TICK, TOCK
TICK, TOCK
Three, six, nine
Three, six, nine,
Picking up speed.
TICK, TOCK
TOCK, TICK
Seconds flying by,
Gone before they’re here.
TICK....TICK....TICK
So much wasted time,
Turning the clock into an enemy.
TICK, TOCK
As it robs us of the time,
TOCK
The precious time we should have together.
TICK
Time-
An enemy to be fought against.
TOCK.

You Say There’s a Heaven
-Jodi Crocker

You say there’s a heaven
Can you see it in the clouds?
I’ve been reassured all my life
But I have my doubts

How can you convince me
That what you see is real?
When your faith lies in one book
What’s the big deal?

You say I have free will
To choose what I believe
And if I choose to turn away
It is only myself I deceive

If I don’t believe in “your” God
In “hell” I will burn
Yet with all the “gods” out there
Which way do I turn?

You say heaven is the place
Where everything goes well
And down here on Earth
Is our own personal hell?

Yet, what if this were heaven?
And hell was much worse?
Perhaps a sign from God
Perhaps the devil’s curse

Enjoy what you’ve been given
And stop looking for more
Because tomorrow the hand of death
May come knocking at your door

And when you have nothing left
No heaven nor no hell
You will be completely lost
With no more cause to sell

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For we are only human
And we can never be free
Of the sins of our ancestors
That will never let us be

In my dreams and confidences
I will with you share
The secret of heaven...
There's nobody there

Except maybe God
Who's feeling oh so sad
Wondering how to make good
What has gone so bad

Haikus
-Karin Carr

To rearrange things
Ocean water builds and folds
Upon the shoreline.

To keep things going
Sunlight travels far from space
And heats up our earth.

To make more progress
Humans try to tame nature
And spoil all this.