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Chirp Galactica

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Chirp Galactica

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

"I'm alive ...
chirp!

I opened my eyes in the painful silvery pre-dawn of this forsaken world where I had landed and checked out my surroundings. The rough, arid, dark brown terrain appeared to be something from a sci-fi B-movie. It went on forever, stopping only at the horizon with nothing except a few bumps, crinkles, folds, and valleys. I looked at the mighty ship which had once carried my crew and myself through thousands of galaxies and had visited countless planets throughout the vast solar system."

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CHIRP GALACTICA

I'm alive...
chirp!

I opened my eyes in the painful silvery pre-dawn of this forsaken world where I had landed and checked out my surroundings. The rough, arid, dark brown terrain appeared to be something from a sci-fi B-movie. It went on forever, stopping only at the horizon with nothing except a few bumps, crinkles, folds, and valleys. I looked at the mighty ship which had once carried my crew and myself through thousands of galaxies and had visited countless planets throughout the vast solar system.

We had been a peace-keeping force and had no weapons on board. The few items we had on board wouldn't amount to any kind of defense against weapons. Anything that hadn't been destroyed in the crash would be useless. As it was, I had little food, few medical supplies, and scarcely a trickle of water. I took a quick inventory of my health. My face had slammed into the console when the ship landed for the first time and must have been broken in at least four places. My nose was shattered. My legs felt numb and I figured I had knocked my knee out of joint. The pain was almost unbearable. Too bad the doctor wasn't in. Dammit, Jim! I'm a captain, not a doctor! I wouldn't be able to defend myself if I needed to.

That strange chirping sound began again. It wasn't from a bird. I knew that somehow. Intuition or something like that. I think that's what we used to call it. This time it sounded closer. Whatever it was, it was coming toward me and it wasn't going to play nice.

chirp! chirp!

In the distance, a hulking mass of silver with jagged teeth ate its way through the crust of this strange planet. The speed of this "bird," this "thing," was incredible. I barely blinked and it crossed a quarter distance between myself and the endless horizon. The sound grew louder as it approached me until I thought my head would explode with the shrillness of its voice. I lunged toward my one possible savior, my ship, only to see the creature cut through the steel hull as if it didn't exist. My ship fell in two neat pieces to the ground. The Thing continued in its straight line path to the other horizon, then made an impossible turn and came back toward me. I ran as best as I could. My legs threatened to give out on me, but I refused to let them, hoping I could escape, yet knowing it was impossible.

At a distance, I saw a silvery flash. Another had come to join in the hunt. The sound of the two of them chirping was almost unbearable. I covered my ears with my hands and took them away almost immediately. I looked at the hot, red liquid on my hands and felt a slow thick trickle of blood trace its way along my jaw line. My ears. I threw my hands above my head

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Beach: Chirp Galactica

Chasing this shadow
back into my inside whenever he comes
to snap it away
with his condescending tone

This shadow living deep in me
one day will snap outside of me
leaving the who that I am
a visible ledge to which he must walk
and plunge his words
over and over

splitting the earth as they hit and
slip into hell
each jet to be hurled and seared
and slain in deadly fire

---

Betsy Lewis

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and screamed.

A flash of silver to my left severed my arm at the elbow and another flash on my right stole my shoulder. I began running and fell. Another silver shadow made sure I wouldn’t get up again as my legs became separated from my body. I watched them jerk as the nerves began to die and hot, bloody tears poured down my cheeks. I’m sorry, legs.

I’m not ready to die. Not like this. Images rushed through my head. My three wonderful kids who would never see their Daddy again. The addition I had made to the house before I was called to this mission. My parents who both prodded me to do all I could and make myself proud. My graduation from preschool and the purple caps and yellow gowns we wore. My ninth birthday when my sister Jackie tripped and fell face first into the cake. The dime the tooth fairy left me for my first tooth.

chirp!

The bloody nose I got when Sara Jenkins punched me in the nose during recess in second grade. My blue bicycle with the chain which always fell off when I was riding up hills. My stomach’s meager contents shamefully exposed on the brown, not-quite dirt by my new silver friends. Driving my first car to the lake and having my good friend Dan throw up in the back seat. Winning the national championships for the 800 meter run for my high school and feeling the weight of the gold-plated medallion around my neck. My peace-keeping school graduation. My ear lopped off like VanGogh’s.

chirp! chirp!


chirp!

Murder.

The final, long descent into darkness as my head becomes its own entity.

chirp!

— Sabrina K. Beach

threads of a perceived notion

Like a triple edged sword
passion has no boundaries
For love is...
and always will be
a monumental form
of self expression.
And as I hold fast to my chain of faith
I see my family, my friends and myself
for I am third.
And like a whisper in the dark
I hear their footsteps
the father, the son, and the holy spirit
call out into the night
And I smile
For in a society besieged with chameleons
I survive
For my armor is an inner sanctuary
and retreat is no longer an option
Yet when pushed to extremities
I lash out at my oppressors
and at last they understand
For I have three dimensions of clarity
..... and pink is the color of most triangles

— Anonymous