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Brooklyn Bridge

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Abstract

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

"I walk lonely on the coldest day of the year. I am not sure where I am going; all I know is that I need to get out of that house. One block turns into seventeen and I can still feel the anger rising. I am angry at her, at myself, at life. We always seem to argue about the same issues: money, my drinking."

Cover Page Footnote

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SAMANTHA WAGNER

BROOKLYN BRIDGE

I walk lonely on the coldest day of the year. I am not sure where I am going; all I know is that I need to get out of that house. One block turns into seventeen and I can still feel the anger rising. I am angry at her, at myself, at life. We always seem to argue about the same issues: money, my drinking.

I stop to look at my exact location. These streets are all too familiar. Thousands of times I have walked up and down, to work, skip school, sell and do drugs or drink, the streets where I met many fates. My memories run on these streets.

My eyes refocus back to reality and I am standing in front of a sign, Center Avenue. The sign to my left reads, Brooklyn Bridge.

Brooklyn Bridge, out of focus, my mind drifts to my childhood. Anger comes hot on my face. I use to take my younger brothers and sisters to the bridge. My parents would fight; punches received. I did not want my siblings to see them fight. I did not want their memories like mine.

Refocus my eyes and I am more than half way up to mid bridge. When I reach midway, I look up Manhattan. I can see three boroughs. I look at the water and see cubes of ice floating down stream. The water is intimidating and relentless. I can almost see his muscles flexing. The air hits every surface, sweeping across the water with perfect grace. Each element is opposite, yet they naturally fit.

My thoughts drift back to our argument. Why do I have so much anger? Why do we always argue? Would we be happier if we never came to be? She is my world and I am her world. Can we make this work?

I realize a hot tear forms from the corner of my eye. There is no way I can go back to her. I have turned into the one person I promised never to be. I can not face her. Humiliation washes through me, and as my tear rolls down my windblown face, something hits me from behind. I reach to the back of my head and feel the cold wet snow clinging to my hair. The snow quickly turns into water, and is now streaming into my coat and down my back.

I turn to see who had thrown the massive ball of snow, when I turn I see her. I see the scarf tied tightly around her head, so her hair will look perfect for our company later. I see her eyes, murky as the water below. She stares at me with a look of laughter and sorrow. I know that snowball made her feel good, but I can tell she is still raging within. I can not even look at her. I am shameful for what I have done.

I feel my legs weaken, my knees hit the cold metal, and I begin to weep. She comes to me. She places my head into her stomach. The warmth radiating of her comforts my soul. Tears flood my eyes; She says, "It's ok, baby, Mama's got you."