

1969

A Day in The Life

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A Day in The Life

Cover Page Footnote

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A Day in The Life

"Hey MOM! iwasatschooltodayand. . .
 well you know my physedteacher. . . Mr. KUHNS
 don't you?
 well hesgotthisfarmoutonthelake
 or something
 and heinvitedabunchofusguystospendtheweekend
 and isaididgo canimom
 HUH?"
 "WAIT TILL YOUR FATHER GETS
 HOME, AND WHAT
 TIME WILL YOU LEAVE AND COME BACK HOME?"
 "weregettingpickedupatralphshousea
 tseventhirty. . .
 meanralph"
 i ran into my bedroom/ unbuttoned my
 shirt/
 kicked off my shoes/ looked for my knapsack/
 i undressed/ i dressed in my play clothes/
 i had four hours left/ i rushed/ i ran/
 i stumbled down the cellar stairs/
 i tore apart my toys/ i grabbed my canteen my axe
 my sleeping bag my tent/ i sat down/
 i heard the sound of the garage door/
 my father walked inside/
 "SIMON, BRING UP A COUPLE OF
 CHAIRS FOR SUPPER
 AND WASH UP."
 "heyma. . . willyouaskdad for me
 huh?"
 "YES, NOW GO WASH YOUR HANDS
 AND SIT DOWN
 FOR SUPPER."
 "HIDAD momsgotsomethingshe-
 wantstoaskyou
 don't you ma?"
 "YES BUT NOW WAIT TILL YOUR
 FATHER SITS DOWN."
 my father returned to the table/
 my mother put the potatoes out/
 one of my younger sisters came home/
 "WHERE'S YOUR SISTER?"
 "She's outside riding her tricycle some-
 where."
 "DOESN'T SHE KNOW IT'S SUPPER-
 TIME, YOU'D BETTER
 GO OUT AND FIND HER."
 "I'm not going outside again, and look
 all
 over for that BRAT!"
 "WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE YOUNG
 LADY, OR I'LL
 WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP."

"illgoma"
 i got up from the table/ i didn't want to
 go/
 i didn't want any arguments/
 "MARY!"
 i hate her/ she's a brat
 "Mary.SUPPERtime!"
 she's not supposed to be out this far/
 "MARY!.oh. .thereyouare. . .
 wherehaveyoubeen. . .
 youlittle.HUH?"
 "Never mind, I've been around."
 "yourenotsupposedtobeout thisfar
 whatreyoutrying todo. . .HUH?
 comeon mom's got SUPPERwaitin"
 "I can't pedal that fast. WAIT FOR
 ME!"
 "here illgiveyouapush takeyourfeet-
 offthepedals
 and hangontothehandlebars HEREWEGO!"
 she let go of the handlebars/
 the front wheel jacknifed/
 the trike turned over on my sister/
 "MY GLASSES ARE BROKEN! YOU
 PUSHED ME ON PURPOSE!!
 WAIT'LL I TELL
 MOMMY!!!"
 "don't do that. . .pleasedont.
 .mary!!!!"
 she was gone/ i picked up the tricycle/
 walked into the house/ i could hardly breath/
 i looked at my mother/
 "mom?"
 "NO!"

Timor

Like A Tree in Winter

As I walked the quiet chilly lanes
 I passed trees with limbs covered thick with snow.
 At first I thought it must be strange to
 Have arms cloaked with cold;
 And then I wondered— I guess my own arm
 Must have its own icy coat,
 For it never seems to warm you when
 I circle it around your waist or back.
 And often times enough you shrug it off
 like so much snow blown into your collar,
 Or slip out from under the limb
 Lest its chilly fingers come to rest on you.

T. A. Gazatano