1989

The Holy Land

Peter J. Duffy
St. John Fisher College

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1989/iss1/30

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?
Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle
Part of the Creative Writing Commons
The Holy Land

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1989/iss1/30
Wet Blanket
Recall the past glory and pleasure
No one could forget such treasure
The cold resemblance of something warm
A wet blanket after a winter's storm

Michael J. Maranda, Jr.

Past
I wrap myself with a blanket of comfort and security made up of memories from the past.
I have relied on this blanket (too many times to count) as a barrier to protect myself from the thoughts of others.
But as the seasons go by, the blanket has become torn and tattered, and at each corner of my mind it unravels.
I lose the names and faces of friends.
I look at the Mickey Mouse watch on my wrist for an answer.
The damn mouse just stares back with a smile of glee.
One glove-covered hand is on the one, and the other is on the three.
A watch I have had since I was a child, and it continues to tick away the time.
Once it held a memory of my youth but that also is gone.
Soon it will be too deathly cold to exist without a blanket.
Then what?

Troy Robinson

*The Soul of Man*

The sun rises
To pry open our eyes
After a long surrender
To night's slumber.
The morning frost
Encases the earth
In the cold grasp
Of winter, in early March.
The warm rays of the sun
Penetrate the room,
Through the window,
Ready to perform
The daily coitus
Between man and nature.
But man is not a nature-lover;
He sits back

*Edited from complete poem

The Holy Land

Do you understand everything that has been said to you?,
Says my Father.
He is new to me as Prometheus' red flower was to my brothers.
My Father has always been away at the city
Resting behind pillars, looking down at the hills and the slow river.
Near my ritual time he sent me postcards
Inviting me to climb the hills and wade the river and fly
But this was not his hill or his river.
The places were far away, foggy with dreams.
He has come home to me from the dark in brilliant light
With shiny bracelets and fine stitched robes.
His face is queer and angry but he knows me —
He calls me son.
I don't remember him the same
His face soft and moving back and forth in the fire light.
He said he wanted my portrait and wash my hands in fine black balm.
He did not want to forget me.
He gave me his bracelets and then I knew
I knew I was not a boy but a man.
A bigger man than my father
Because his bracelets pinched.

Roger Scalzo

Published by Fisher Digital Publications, 1989