We Talked Today

Anne Steger

St. John Fisher College

1997

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

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1997/iss4/15

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1997/iss4/15 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
We Talked Today

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: April 1997.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1997/iss4/15
We Talked Today

I thought I heard you speak to me
Wished it really. The same? Maybe.
Turned my head, strained my ears
Allowed my mind to dream
And heard your voice through lips and
Teeth, not perfect
Yet they are.

Shared a joke you'd get, see?
In the shower there with me
Wandered, working through my chores
Swiped some cobwebs, changed the sheets
Revised the way we left again
Tripped on Rex, poor dog
I swear he came from nowhere
We laughed and lingered in pure time.

A song, a look, a certain day
A made-up word, a phrase you'd say
I hear a name, that's all it takes
To bring you here beside me
To make me turn and say it's possible
For thoughts and us to meet this way and
There you are, see?

— Anne Steger

Longing

Longing to express my true feelings,
those things I keep hidden from others,
from you
I cannot decide what I should do or say.
Should I tell you how I feel?
The way my pulse races when you're near, when we're alone
Should I tell you how alive I feel, whenever I look in your eyes?
Do you even see the fire in these eyes, the look of desire?
The desire to express myself, to take you in my arms and
give you a long passionate kiss?
I would like to hold you close, to gently caress you.
If only you understood how I ache for your touch,
how much I want you, how often I dream of the two of us together.
I cannot tell you this to your face, for I know the truth
I see it on your face, in your eyes, whenever you're with Him

— John P. Parungao