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Say Present If You're Here

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Say Present If You're Here

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Say Present If You’re Here

It’s still there! Digging deep profound
Burning charred-black, my blistered feet
Ugly rumors, nothing is sound
Spinning head, in frightful deceit

Obstinate, it won’t go away
Gets bigger; expanding with time
My soul fragmented deep in decay
Desperate questions with your crime

No longer a person, my own
Multiple parts; pieces all you
Deconstructed to the white bone
Elements of me so very few

My heart a tiny, small tatter
You turn away and ignore this:
It is not mind over matter
Must I confess it’s you I miss?

Your weakness I greatly suffer
Your absence I strongly do feel
Please—I beg you be my buffer
It is to you sir, I appeal

How I manage to cope and try
You distractedly never ask
Swathed in a terrible white lie!
Tied and ribboned with a happy mask

Necessary is it but why
For me to be dipped subjected
To your trashy, white flailing lie
Which I've bitterly rejected

And is it too not possible
You acted with relishing bliss?
To uncross the uncrossable
Bowing gallant with Judas' kiss

And what the hell were you doing?
With your sly sex and imploring
Outlandish charming-red wooing
Sleazy change, pocket-book whoring

And who did you honestly think
your pimp dallying wouldn’t hurt?
The little girl in frills and pink?
Or the woman with answer curt?

And where did you possibly think
I could go with my shattered life?
If I shiver, gulp-down and sink
With terms such as husband and wife

And what can I feasibly do?
When I find I’m falling in love
When I’m scared of your figure you
Crushing the flight of a winged dove

And what did you think I’d become?
In my willingness to believe
Love: impossible to succumb
When abandon, he does achieve

How am I to know who’s right?
Wrong?
If in game hiding you
insist
To live upon a broken song
Of which you squirm, writhe and persist
And all of those formative
years
Do I carefully mend but
how?
If I carry poor tools of
fears
No oil for my rusting
plow

Tell me how, and where should I
go?
With all of this trash and old
junk
If you act like you’re blind but
know
How to piece back this sawed tree
trunk

For a time machine I do
yearn
Whirl! To discover the
secret
Of the stars, the means to
discern
If we should scrap this or
keep it

No! Don’t leave this up to
me
I want you to battle and
fight
With broken branches you can
see
I’m crippled in my desperate
plight

You can change! faith! You can do
it
Please, please just a little; a
tad
Longing, hoping more than a
bit
For the strength of the so-called
dad
Oh no—I'm so terribly wrong
To hope and want what can't be sought
To desire for, need and long
In treacherous hours, restless thought

--Jennifer Lydum