

2001

Untitled

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Recommended Citation

Pogue, Dawn (2001) "Untitled," *The Angle*: Vol. 2001: Iss. 2, Article 7.
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2001/iss2/7>

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Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: March 2001.

Dawn Pogue

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She watched me from the window
A flower that did not blossom
A fruit that did not ripen,
And never would
Yet, she was as beautiful as the first snow of winter, and just as pure.
All around her was chaos.
Yet, she had no idea.
Knew nothing of the sadness in the world, and did not care.
I envied her.
Her ignorance, her bliss,
And I pitied her at the same time.
She waved to me from the window.
A carefree smile on her lips.
Outside sirens wailed, and police lights danced.
All around us, people were fighting.
People were crying and
All I could see
Was the girl
Smiling and waving at me.
And I envied her.