The Old Toad

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss3/8
**Bari Mance**

**Broken Pane**

Alone.
Always alone.
Sitting, a cool dew filled windowpane
reflects the spirit of the young.
Long ago, children seen playing
in warm breezy summer days
that clouds the goodness of memory.
Memories fade–
The house condemns itself
into the solitude of a
broken pane

**Meg Barboza**

**The Old Toad**

**Alexander St., Rochester, NY, Winter**

Through the dim
lit windows, in the middle
of winter, you can see
history condensing
on the glass, covering
the green curtains–
mist of evening, dew
at sunset . . .
at The Old Toad,
cold nights clank
like glasses
and voices weighted
with beer
and importance.