

The Angle

Volume 2003 | Issue 4

Article 19

2003

Time Wasted

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Recommended Citation

Asphall, Anya (2003) "Time Wasted," *The Angle*: Vol. 2003 : Iss. 4 , Article 19.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2003/iss4/19>

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Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 3, Issue 4, 2003.

ANYA ASPHALL

TIME WASTED

It's 12 in the morning and you haven't come home
I guess you were too busy while I was here all alone.
It's 1 in the morning and you still haven't been seen
You must have thought I should be used to this routine.

It's 2 in the morning and still you're out late
I don't appreciate this treatment and I've taken all I can take
It's 3 in the morning and I'm pacing the floor
Thinking of all the things I will do to you and more.

It's 4 in the morning and still you're a no show
I guess other things were too important for you to come home
It's 5 in the morning and I'm sitting here in shock
I'm staring at nothing in the room except for the clock.

It's 7 in the morning and here you come strolling in
Looking at me with such a devilish grin.
It's 8 in the morning and what do I do?
Climb in the bed and lay right next to you.

STACY COLOMBO

FLUID MOTION

Pain is my blood red puddle—
I watch my past float

with broken hearts, amid
the dying memory of the

costly mistakes I've once
lived through—enough

to fill a jet black bucket
full of rage. My wounds

drain like the fluid motion
of a burnt orange candle

wax melting by heat's touch. I
wait to be rescued by my

Guardian Angel, clothed in linen
white, waiting at the edge of my

doorstep, but I am slipping
away—I wait to drown.