In the Spaces

Emily C. Ryan
St. John Fisher College

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/vol2004/iss3/15

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss3/15 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.
In the Spaces

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss3/15
EMILY RYAN

IN THE SPACES

found my childhood today, hiding in the spaces.

between the rippling shadows made by maple leaves in summer sunshine;

between the snowflakes falling lazy, fat, calm in winter’s white abyss;

between the breaths when I hear, “I love you” from four hours away.

it was hiding between the leaves in piles built with frosty fingers, and blushing cheeks.

there in the silence, before I fall asleep, it dances above me.

found my childhood today in the white spaces of my existence.

STACY COLOMBO

REBEL WITH A CAUSE IN MIND

“This was a momentous step forward, and I decided to push myself one step further. I cut my hair.”
—Lucy Grealy, “Autobiography of a Face”

The long flowing locks of brown hair fell one-by-one to the gray linoleum tile. In small bunches the length of my full, bountiful mane began to inch away—shoulder length, above the chin, tightly around my ears. The teeth of the cold, black scissors gripped into the last few sections of uncut hair, and my teeth rattled as the scissors grazed my scalp. My legs bounced on their toes as my hands ran down the length of the black cape to dry the moistness off my palms. My mother smiled—Am I doing the right thing? With a swift rotation of the designer’s chair, a new woman stared back at me in the mirror.

It’s not me I see, a stranger to my naked eye— rebellious nature