

2006

Hindsight

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Hindsight

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"It's July and I am dumbfounded.

The plane ride was uncomfortable and I am almost annoyed
that you bought us tickets that were not even next to each other
but then I figure that you bought us tickets...
so I'm really not annoyed at all."

Cover Page Footnote

"Second Prize Winner" Appeared in the issue: Volume 6, Issue 4, 2006.

MATTHEW MENDOLERA

HINDSIGHT

It's July and I am dumbfounded.
The plane ride was uncomfortable and I am almost annoyed
that you bought us tickets that were not even next to each other
but then I figure that you bought us tickets...
so I'm really not annoyed at all.

It's August and I am depressed.
My parents are crying again and I am aggravated
that you don't seem to get it, that you don't seem to realize how deeply this cuts into me
but then I understand that you keep surprising me with gifts and trips and
I am just comforted knowing that you are trying to make me smile.

It's September and I am lost.
Work is piling and graduation is looming and I am so distraught
that I push you away and I see you push back and I cannot understand why we are straining
but then I hope that routine will win and snap things back into place
so I am secure in knowing that sooner or later, things will get normal again.

It's October and I have committed self-murder.
The minutes that make up my days are unorganized and unfamiliar and I am bitter
that you cannot seem to save me even as I run away fiercely and triumphantly embracing my
independence
but then I hurt you and suddenly all I want to do is run back.
So I awaken and I'm stubborn and instead of sorry all I can say is stop.

It's November and I am ruined.
You are gone from me and yet when we are together there are moments when all I do is cry
that things will never be as they should be and I won't allow you to diminish my pain even as I
cause you more
but then you forgive me and I will not forgive myself
so we are just as dead as we were when you hated me for closing you out and letting him in.

It's December and I am alone.
The kitchen table is cold and my mother's words warm and I am amazed
that you still cannot see through my eyes and you've stopped calling and this makes me
enraged
but then I want to die all over again rather than hurt you once more so I drink and I call and I
hang up
so I don't have to face you or myself or even the icy wind.

It's January and I am wise.
Getting lost in the snow is no longer an option and I am certain
that I was right all along even when I was so utterly wrong wrong wrong
that you accepted less than you needed or wanted or deserved and I was in power
but then I did not want to be, all I wanted then and want now is to grow with you.
So I say sorry every day and I buy you gifts and trips and try to make you smile.