

# The Angle

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Volume 2006 | Issue 4

Article 17

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2006

## Sara

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### Recommended Citation

Prichard, Meghan (2006) "Sara," *The Angle*: Vol. 2006 : Iss. 4 , Article 17.  
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss4/17>

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## Sara

### Abstract

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

"I left a bottle on the front step for you, Sara. It's a cheap gift to drown your loathing, but I don't get paid again until Thursday. I wanted to come in and hold you; creep up from behind and slide my digits up your side. But I'd frighten you. I just know it."

### Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 6, Issue 4, 2006.

# MEGHAN PRICHARD

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## SARA

I left a bottle on the front step for you, Sara. It's a cheap gift to drown your loathing, but I don't get paid again until Thursday. I wanted to come in and hold you; creep up from behind and slide my digits up your side. But I'd frighten you. I just know it.

So I left the only liquid that loves us both to death. And I stood on your stoop in the sunset haze with recovery on my teeth. Tonight I watched your skin shadow itself a matching spine and followed your limbs into sheetrock and window panes. You're a skeleton spinning on spilt coffee and thumbtack carpet. A plastic cup that swallows your hands when you dance those reckless steps. And with each sway I see another stain; adding to the million we made (when we made love).

I give myself one more minute. A moment to match the one before. So when I slink off your steps I hug each arm, the way I wanted to hold yours. Our limbs shake alone. A separate presence that cannot be soothed. The walk home has never been longer. Off to another rented room that screams me into sleep.

I fall into a mattress covered in dirty clothes and stripped of soft sheets. Then you flood over me; a tapestry of tongues, time, and touch. Fight just to make up. Fight just to make up. We'd fall asleep like two bar stools, with knocks of knees and foreheads trying to adjust with each other's shapes. I'd take that wooden partnership over my loneliness tonight.

I curl over to the alarm clock and imagine your face in its reflection; those brown eyes were so much like my own. And if I could taste your body without that bottle. Oh, I would. You know I would.