

2007

## Sixth and Second

Meghan Prichard  
*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

Prichard, Meghan (2007) "Sixth and Second," *The Angle*: Vol. 2007: Iss. 3, Article 14.  
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/14>

This document is posted at <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/14> 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](mailto:fisherpub@sjfc.edu).

---

## Sixth and Second

### **Cover Page Footnote**

Appeared in the issue: Volume 7, Issue 3, 2007.

# SIXTH AND SECOND

BY MEGHAN PRICHARD

---

In the corners of every crease I can see it.  
When you say,  
"I'm done. That's it. Go. Come back. Say you'll never leave."  
So I stepped onto the corner  
Of Sixth and Second Street,  
Said what I meant  
Without the poignancy.  
But I knew,  
Making plans would ruin this  
I wish you saw, what I can always see.

I started humming  
Pushing keys through lips  
On tiles white and green.  
And it's the saddest song I ever sang.  
The saddest song I could never really sing.  
I walked down to McGregor's:  
The last bar without a cover.  
The boys here  
Will all be sick when morning comes.  
The girls, hurling,  
Crying for their cotton colored mothers.  
I'll be wasted on my front stoop—  
Too exposed for chicken soup or my father's lemon tea.  
You'll be somewhere sleeping.  
A bed, eight pillows, four blankets  
Everything you need.  
Everything but me.  
On our way home  
I gave my cell to Sara.  
If it were up to me, I'd call 'til I couldn't.  
Until my face and hands are clouds.  
If you say you mean, I'll believe it.  
Confess a quiet conscience  
That under liquor, comes out loud.

I've been here for an hour.  
It could be three or four a.m.

*I should never drink alone like this.*

But you're not here

To tell me when...

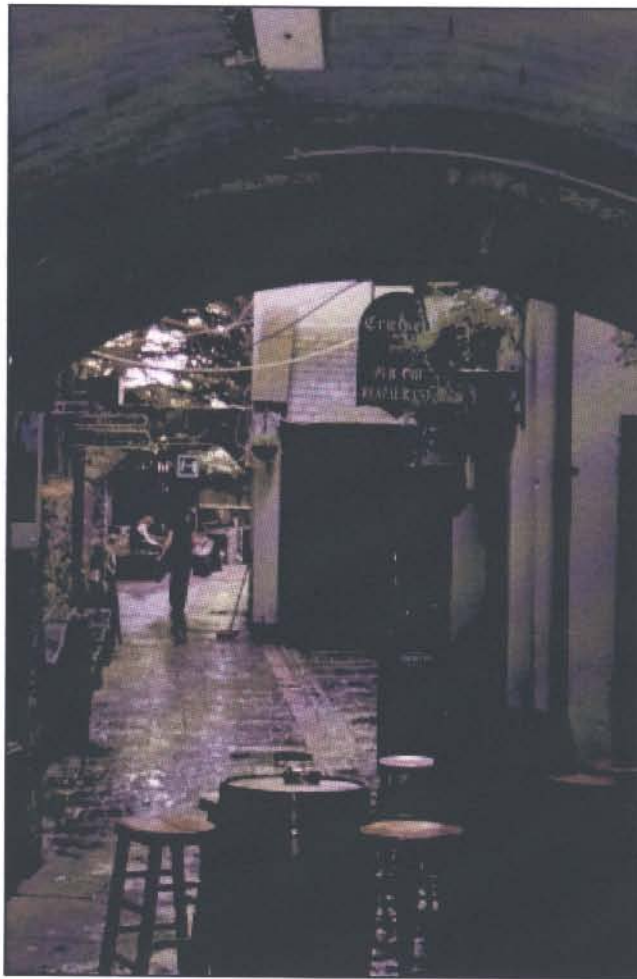
I should stop.

I should count.

I should quit while I'm behind.

Someone just to say,

"When I get old, I'm gonna miss you all the time."



ALLEY WAY

ROBERT GOODWIN