Love

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all-encompassing fires. He was nauseated by the musty stench of... He shuddered—his foot was afire.

The savage blast was relentless, and he felt he was enclosed in a fiery brazier, a reeking morbid tomb, darkened by the oil-black clouds of smoke which suggested to him horrible menacing arms grasping for him, soon to clutch him and drag him down to the depths of the baleful amber hue. Ghosts of memories shot through his aching brain like pale wisps of drifting smoke. He crashed down, sinking into the inferno, torrid, seething.

The flame crawled up his leg like a cancer, throwing unsparing torment to his brain, eating away, always the throbbing torture of pain! He writhed like a gaffed captured shark, turning, twisting, adding with his convulsions more reeking pain.

As he threw back his head in a wild, uncontrolled seizure, the thirsty tongues licked at his chest, pouring heavy billows of black to his blistered countenance. An enraged demon—some crazed ogre—clung to his shoulders, dug its powerful talons into his soft body, and ripped him apart, thrashing and flogging him with a red-hot lash. He twisted about the furnace like a wounded snake, alternately moaning and screaming, gesticulating with a nodding torchlike head.

He succumbed with a shrill piercing shriek, anguish personified, conflagration consummate.

Like an infant tiring of a new toy, the disenchanted crowd turned, grasped and stumbled, split into individuals, and trudged to its haven. Soon, like a flock of vultures, the fervent band of photographers would descend on the scene to record for all time the grotesquely crumpled and half-cremated human at final rest in the middle of Main Street.

...like the rat in dark horde

with its ugly grin
lifits its green eyes glaring in their hollows
bares its pale fangs
to some light
flashed by its hole

D. Callahan

Love

that blind
whiskerless cat
padding over spiked fences
slinking down glass paved alleys
sniffing hopped trees
scrunching from bottomless slop pails
love
That cracked skull-like shell holding
with-in its security the compass of truth
the direction of reality
the bank of joy charity peace patient
even happiness (whatever that means)
love
that fortune teller from Brazil who reads coffee grounds
before the crowd of percolator worshipers
who are trying to avenge instant coffee
or at least stamp out the commercials
love
that commodity that the rich can't buy
yet
the poor never admit they own
only because they are afraid they'll forget themselves
love
that intangible thing all need
to survive
love
that word

Dave Fisher