Septuagesema

Jack Vorrasi
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1968.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1968/iss1/7
to Christine

you look out a window
and into another
and you look out that window
but you see another window this time
and there's always another window
and if you look closely
and can see through all that glass
you can make out a vague image
of a girl running

by Trisco

Night's soft corners rock me, rock me
Warm and dreamless in its arms. And this earth
That cradles soft in crispimg autumn.
Sings dry of leaves, whispers in the still air,
Heavy with the scent of soil, unfulfilled, waiting.
Oh my pale Christ, dimly lighting this land,
Tracing across the sky every image,
Every rounded corner of this strange rest.
Yet never reflecting here my presence
Give answer to my prayer. What is this night.
Burning so within me that my hands, warm,
Should press so eager in these quiet shadows
For secrets, long ago remembered,
And with each breath draw in such troubling love.

JOHN VORRASI

There is a dark fear in me
That the brightest of our young ripe
Pleasure cannot cure.

On those black nights
When I toss tired, sick, road wearily,
I fear that fast approaching sleep,

When I might meet
A tireless guardian
Whose towering self-righteous hand

Might not pause this time
To keep me where I am,
Or pass to let me in.

FRAN MURPHY

JUDY BORST

EASTER 1966

The German found the body
And the Pope cancelled Easter
But the chocolate industry profited
So Hallmark made "Spring Bunny Day"
And Jesus seemed become the byword.
Other than that, the routine remained unbroken
Except
a few men
stopped
having children.

FRAN MURPHY