A Day in The Life

n/a Timor
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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Spring 1969.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1969/iss1/13
A Day in The Life

"Hey MOM! I was at school today and... well you know my physics teacher... Mr. KUHNS don’t you?
well hes got this farm out on the lake
or something
and he invited us to spend the weekend
and I said... I’m going to can mom

HUH?"

"WAIT TILL YOUR FATHER GETS HOME, AND WHAT
TIME WILL YOU LEAVE AND COME BACK HOME?
""we’re getting picked up at Ralph’s house
ten thirty..."

mean Ralph"
i ran into my bedroom/ unbuttoned my shirt/kicked off my shoes/ looked for my knapsack/i undressed/i dressed in my play clothes/i had four hours left/i rushed/i ran/i stumbled down the cellar stairs/i tore apart my toys/i grabbed my canteen my axe/my sleeping bag my tent/i sat down/i heard the sound of the garage door/my father walked inside/

"SIMON, BRING UP A COUPLE OF CHAIRS FOR SUPPER
AND WASH UP."

"hey ma... will you ask dad for me huh?"

"YES, NOW GO WASH YOUR HANDS
AND SIT DOWN FOR SUPPER."

"HIDAD mom got somethingshe wants to ask you
don’t you ma?"

"YES BUT NOW WAIT TILL YOUR FATHER SITS DOWN,"

my father returned to the table/my mother put the potatoes out/one of my younger sisters came home/

"HERE’S YOUR SISTER?"

"She’s outside riding her tricycle somewhere."

"DOESN’T SHE KNOW IT’S SUPPER-TIME, YOU’D BETTER
GO OUT AND FIND HER."

"I’m not going outside again, and look all over for that BRAT!"

"WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE YOUNG LADY, OR I’LL WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP."

"illgoma"
i got up from the table/i didn’t want to go/i didn’t want any arguments/

"MARY!
"
i hate her/ she’s a brat

"Mary. . . . . . . . SUPPERtime!"
she’s not supposed to be out this far/

"MARY! . . . . oh... there you are...
where have you been...
you little. . . . . . . . . . HUH?"

"Never mind, I’ve been around."

"you aren’t supposed to be out this far what are you trying to do... HUH?
come on mom’s got SUPPER waitin”

"I can’t pedal that fast. WAIT FOR ME!"

"here iligive you a push take your feet off the handlebars
and hang onto the handlebars HEREWEGO!"
she let go of the handlebars/the front wheel jack knifed/the trike turned over on my sister/

"MY GLASSES ARE BROKEN! YOU PUSHED ME ON PURPOSE!!
WAIT’LL I TELL MOMMY!!!"

"don’t do that... pleasedont. . . . . . . mary!!!"
she was gone/ i picked up the tricycle/walked into the house/ i could hardly breathe/i looked at my mother/

"mom?"

"NO!"

Timor

Like A Tree in Winter

As I walked the quiet chilly lanes
I passed trees with limbs covered thick with snow.
At first I thought it must be strange to
Have arms cloaked with cold;
And then I wondered— I guess my own arm
Must have its own icy coat,
For it never seems to warm you when
I circle it around your waist or back.
And often times enough you shrug it off
like so much snow blown into your collar,
Or slip out from under the limb
Lest its chilly fingers come to rest on you.

T. A. Gazatano