The Hollow

H. B. Dill

St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1981/iss1/31

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1981/iss1/31 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.
The Hollow

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1981.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1981/iss1/31
The Painting

The haze burns blindingly through my mind, penetrating to the depths of my pounding heart. Throbbing; filling me with its black oozing droplets until their pain soothes the tender membranes of my mouth. Grateful for this pain, my tongue licks the salty beads of blood from my lips. A cry resounds from the innermost recesses of my body with sobs of laughter reaching out; searching.

ROSE LYNN BLACK

The Hollow

I have chosen the longest short cut,  
A gloved alley of green mortar and bark  
That lies whispered beside the paved moat,  
Strewn with broken pillars and bracken doves.

Beneath the limpid gaze of shallow moon,  
I embrace the garden’s muted spell.  
Fragile splendor arrayed in innocence,  
Its ancient fountains carve lichen runes.

The moist incense of dreams and daylight  
Still leads me gently to that shadowed glade.  
Nature’s playmate beckons from wired leaves;  
She touches both the senses and the Sight.

Though wrinkled branches whimper as callow  
Spiders sway on lame vines in the breeze,  
A golden sconce hangs within clover shrine,  
Guiding the weary to yearnings grown.

H.B. DILL