1985

Modern Love

Amy J. Bown

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

Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1985/iss1/22

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1985/iss1/22 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.
Modern Love

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1985.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1985/iss1/22
Modern Love

At the dredging hour, I pull myself from bed to drag the pond. Women at dawn seem failures; we love the way the streetlights dim, slowly unbuttoning in fog.

Some day I will know Kant's noumena. I will hear the minute pass into the hour, the single note before it slides into glissando, the interval between consequence and desire.

When all things stand alone, uninfluenced, untranslatable, I will know how they come to fall, how always sorry for something, we are never sorry at all,

and smiling, we misread those things beyond our reach— we turn them into semblances, and detach.

Amy J. Bown