White Curtains Hang In The Front Room, The Floor Bare And...

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"White curtains hang in the front room, the floor bare and scuffed from the endless shuffling of six pairs of shoes. In the left corner sits a small, narrow bed covered with a tan afghan and part of another. A small portable T.V. also sits on the bed, and in the center of the tan wall is a light bulb in a fixture."

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An afternoon indoors when a mildew of dumbness coats the tongue when now is the mute flash and dozing drone of television or the traffic outdoors or an ashy of forgetfulness. An afternoon for the silent death of a household pet. The poet could seize a filmy shred of this afternoon could roll it on her tongue and taste expectancy in its bland tragedy. The poet could see expectancy rise outside the living room window. The pale and tremulous face it watches. Then, shrugging, shrinking, it apologizes like an ex-lover and fades. Traffic slow and unrelenting, the poet’s arm hangs white from the sofa, she is sleeping. On the television, lovers’ faces do not fade, do not watch. The hamster is in the hamper. Sleep, and expect to forget.

K.H.