Revel

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1986.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1986/iss1/20
This makes you feel ashamed that you opted to take advantage of public transportation in the first place.

As a bee flies in along with a passenger, you recall a children's book you read when you were young, *The Bus Ride*, by Scott, Foresman and Company (published in 1971). In it, several individuals (humans and animals) boarded, one at each stop, and “then the bus went fast.” The last to enter was a bee, at which time all of the passengers abandon the vehicle and “then they all ran fast.”

Too bad the real buses don’t travel at the same rate and have the same efficiency. Although some people will suggest that this government-subsidized monopoly known as the Regional Transit Service may be better than no public transportation at all, you realize that there’s room for improvement.

Robert Kern

**REVEL**

We sat in a scene of revelry  
Mulling over the moment  
As though it was our last

An embrace  
A kind word  
A kiss wrapped in 364 days

A year  
Borne on two hands  
That clapped at midnight

What we portrayed was  
Shattered like a crystal talisman  
That a child dropped

Quickly falling in slow motion  
We want to catch it  
But it hits the driveway

My heart swelled through my eyes  
Weeping Auld Layne Syne  
Blinded by welts of mixed emotion

We sang in harmony off-key  
Wiping anguish  
Into our empty champagne glasses

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Published by Fisher Digital Publications, 1986