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Big Brother Is Here

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by
Jason Franco

Bureaucrats cling
to equivocal goals
and dreams in a world
where the truth lies untold
They claim they are helping
or so they tell me
but those hypocrites only
commit to the wealthy
They emerge from our cities
representing the epitome
do as they please,
behind the doors of Democracy

Missing a Lance Corporal

by
Cynthia L. Boyle

I sat alone in my room on that sorry day,
I heard your keys rattling in the hall.
Soon there was a pounding on my door.
I saw you so clearly because I wanted to.
I saw you walk into my room.
I saw you walk over to my chair and look at my desk,
And I know I felt the warmth of you behind me.
I knew how tender your hands felt on my shoulders,
And how sweet your kiss was atop my head.
I knew to not try to touch your hands,
And I knew why the pain was still within.
As I stared at your photo and your cover
I brought my thoughts back to the reality,
And knew you could not be with me at all.
I looked around my empty room on that sorry day,
I heard keys rattling in the hall.
My heart caught because I knew,
Those keys will not be yours again for a while.
I sat crying in my room that sorry day,
Resolved to hold on until I could hold you for real,
And knowing how empty this place is
-despite its furnishings.

The Quintessential College Student

by
Kristen Basi

It is a beautiful autumn day. Colored leaves are falling as a young woman crosses the residential quad on her campus. She’s a first semester freshman and is on her way to the mailroom, praying to Heaven that there is a letter waiting for her. She hasn’t received any mail at all yet.

Earlier that day in her American History lecture, her mind started to drift back to last year at this time. She pictured herself and about ten friends at a high school football game. She thought about her house, her mom’s home-cooked meals, and her dog Samson. That all seemed far away now.

Five hours later, the sounds of screaming fraternity brothers and loud music ring across the campus. There are about five kegs of beer inside the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity house. With two kegs now empty, the night has just begun. The entire frat house is filled with college students who are dancing and raising their beer mugs. The girl sits alone in the corner, taking everything in. Wanting to have a good time, she can only sit and miss her boyfriend back home, and wonder why he hasn’t called. Soon, a senior fraternity brother walks over with a beer and asks her to dance. Two hours later, he will kiss her gently, and propose, “Wanna go back to your room?”

On Sunday, students all over the campus sleep in. A few of the motivated ones rise early and head straight for the library. The majority of the campus, however, is recovering from last night’s bash until at least noon.

Around three o’clock, a lazy female student staggers into the library to study. She has a psychology exam on Wednesday. She usually studies a week ahead of time for her tests. She’s a little behind, but what the hell. “We all have to live it up sometimes,” she thinks to herself. She plans on studying for the remainder of the day and evening, but then she can’t pass up an opportunity to go to the sorority rush with her friends.

Needless to say, this very same girl is cramming on Tuesday night for that Psych exam. She has no choice but to pull an all-nighter. She ends up doing fair on the test, but is extremely tired for the rest of the week, and even skips a few classes.

“Marie” is a representative of most college females. She is the homesick girl depressed at the sight of an empty mailbox. She is a girl at a party trying to fit in and be accepted. She is a student under pressure, who can usually succeed but sometimes has trouble staying focused, because of outside pressures. To top it all off, her parents are paying nearly twenty thousand dollars a year for her to attend this institution, so she damn well better be happy and get good grades.

It is my belief that only college students themselves have the ability to realize the pressures and perils that they have to face up to, and only experience can make coping easier. No parental guidance or faculty counseling can make me feel at ease when I have