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Missing A Lance Corporal

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Cover Page Footnote

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big brother is here
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 knew 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 reach 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.

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