See with your heart …

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Cover Page Footnote
Ivers: See with your heart...

KERRY IVERS

See with your heart
Do not let what your eyes detect change the love you feel
See with your mind
Do not let colors cloud your thoughts
See with your soul
Do not let your spirit be squashed by all of the imaginary lines
See people
See their hearts
See people
See their minds
See people
See their souls
Do not judge by that which only your eyes can see
Your eyes are limiting
See others as though you were blind!

MATTHEW AVEDISIAN

Friday at the Dance

It was 8 o'clock on a Friday night, and into the Holiday Inn trudged Darryl. He really didn't feel up to the task of working this evening, for he had other thoughts on his mind. His landlady had recently raised the rent by a hundred dollars, and Darryl was wondering where the heck he could come up with the extra money. Maybe he should start looking for a second job. Or ask McCloskey for a raise. It wouldn't be an unreasonable demand; he had five good years with the company. He was due for some kind of reward.

As he walked down the hall, Darryl met Mr. McCloskey, the night manager.

"Hi, Darryl, there's a semiformal dance for some college kids in the Windsor Room. They're going to be renting some suites after the dance—let's make this place look extra clean so they come back again, okay big guy?" said Mr. McCloskey, his words fading as he walked around the corner.

Yep, same ship different day, Darryl thought to himself. Oh well, at least he felt needed, even if the work was a drudge.

He then headed for his "office" where he selected his favorite mop and filled that familiar blue bucket three-quarters full of hot water. "Like a bridge over troubled waters...da, da, dee, dee..." Darryl often broke into song when no one was around, to keep himself from falling asleep on the job.

Taking his time, he pushed the blue bucket with the mop across the plush carpet. He noticed several young, attractive couples stepping off the elevator near the Windsor Room. The men looked handsome in their starched black suits and flower-print ties, while the women looked sweet in their black, strapless gowns. (sigh)...Darryl drifted into nostalgia, reminiscing about Alice, Paula, Maureen, and several young girls he had dated as a young boy. "That could be me dancing and drinking the night away," he thought to himself.

Where had the time gone? Darryl wondered. It seemed like only a month ago he had been studying algebra in Mrs. O'Henry's class and then graduating and getting drafted to fight overseas in Southeast Asia. After burning his uniforms and flushing his medal of honor down the toilet upon returning to the States, a piece of enemy shrapnel embedded under his left temple was his only memento of those murderous two years of his life. From a distance, the shrapnel looked like a king-sized wart, and Darryl often wondered if it was the main reason he hadn't had a date in the last two decades. He would have liked to have had it surgically removed, but Dr. Laraby had said that the procedure would cost about $500. And even then there might be scars. Not to mention a 90 percent chance of blindness in his left eye.

His mind drifting back to his work, Darryl entered the men's room. As always, Darryl started mopping under the stalls. Methodically swishing the mop from side to side, he made sure he cleaned behind each commode twice. While he mopped with his back to the door, one of the young dancers strolled in. Darryl instinctively stopped working to let him go by. He hoped this young man wasn't like the other college kids who had purposely left a mess for him to clean up. Don't jump to conclusions; Darryl loved kids. It was the kids that relieved themselves on the floor or plugged up the sinks that he had a passing desire to choke until their faces turned the color of concord grapes.

After mopping the floor, Darryl began cleaning the sinks, the faucets, and the counter. He wiped the counter with small, circular strokes. He then washed the faucets, rhythmically massaging them with his rough hands. Patiently,