Beacon of?

Kevin J. White
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?
Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1996/iss1/4

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1996/iss1/4 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Beacon of?

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1996/iss1/4
Distractions
-Kelly Malinovsky

In the morning when
I really should wake
I really don't.
I hear the shower calling
but not my buzzing alarm clock.
My roommate opens the curtain,
letting the bright sunlight into
our dark room, which pulls me out of
my warm bed that once helped me sleep.
The chill of the room wakes me
out of my trance.

In the afternoon when
I really should work
I wait until after I eat
my au gratin potatoes and
the nameless main course.
Then, I finally get started with
yesterday's worries and today's chores.
I sometimes pause and look out
my window to treasure
the more peaceful things-
the blanket of new fallen snow,
the clear blue sky, but yet
not so clear because of wispy clouds
that stretch for miles.

My evening sets in quickly;
I sometimes hardly notice it's there.
I rush to eat my dry meat
and mushy vegetables
forgetting to taste them,
so I can finish today's frustrations
but tomorrow's relief.
The thunder in the hallway
and the stench of burned popcorn
divides my attention;
my roommates chat of gossip and perfume
while I gaze out my window and wonder
how the snow falls so quietly-slowly-
amidst the noisy rush of time.

Beacon of ?
-Kevin J. White

Like a beacon of light
is the utter blackness of night
The one source that you continually move towards
despite your bruised and battered body that is weary from the journey
You move you trip and fall
the branches continually lash out
as if trying to stop you from seeing the light
Echoes of Emerson and Kipling resound through my head
as if I were on a canyon
Sometimes I pause and ponder
I wonder words of wisdom
Do they Transcend?

To all, To some, To a few, To none
or does it all mean something
and nothing?

So many unknowns have spoken
words of wisdom, the famous
those who are anonymous
Those who spoke with authority
Those who spoke with fear
All in all they are there
But the question is
are you willing to hear?