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Untitled

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1996/iss1/19
**Untitled**  
*Tony Volpe*

So close yet so far  
That is what you are to me  
I know that in time you will come to see  
What you mean to me  
I know that somewhere sometime there will be a place for us  

For now, I will wait until that day comes  
Though it seems light years away  
Some day, somehow, somewhere...  
We will be together  

Yes it is but a dream  
And reality has an ugly way  
Of intruding on your dreams  
However, I will hang on to that hope till my very last day  

Though time ages us  
And may send us on different paths in life  
That is how I will always think of you  
And smile a pained smile  
For what could have been  
So I raise my glass, and make a toast  
Here’s to you,  
Here’s to me  
And to what could someday be  

And even though it hurts like hell  
I will get over you and move on  
Yet, you will always be in my head and my heart  

There’s something about you  
That makes me wonder  
Though I don’t quite know what it is  
I’m sure it will be revealed someday  
And I will understand  

My questions will be answered  
Thy will be done  
Someday I know  
Our hearts will beat as one

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**Kill Not Me**  
*Jack Livingston*

Kill not me I do no harm,  
bring not fear nor violence.  
Death don’t send upon my head,  
for I dislike its lonely silence.  

The flight of birds and thundering herds  
bring to my lips such wondrous thoughts and words.  
Golden fields sway through my veins  
my mind and presence need not reins  
for as I stare through purple haze  
the sun dips low, disappears,  
my eyes they find a sleepy gaze.  

Darkness awakens from daytime sleep,  
come from beneath the earth, much too deep for one to know.  
From whence the place lost spirits flow,  
rising, rising to the surface now,  
come to dance in pale moonlight.  

All come for one and one for none,  
the air around about them.  
Lingering still through silken mist  
small rains of sun,  
give now to specters come  
drops of warm delight.  

To which they’ve longed, belonged,  
and have seen through the light.