analogous split

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chasing this shadow
back into my inside whenever he comes
to snap it away
with his condescending tone

this shadow living deep in me
one day will snap outside of me
leaving the who that I am
a visible ledge to which he must walk
and plunge his words
over and over

splitting the earth as they hit and
slip into hell
each jeer to be hurled and seared
and slain in deadly fire

-- Betsy Lewis

I'm alive...

chirp!

I opened my eyes in the painful silvery pre-dawn of this forsaken world where I had landed and checked out my surroundings. The rough, arid, dark brown terrain appeared to be something from a sci-fi B-movie. It went on forever, stopping only at the horizon with nothing except a few bumps, crinkles, folds, and valleys. I looked at the mighty ship which had once carried my crew and myself through thousands of galaxies and had visited countless planets throughout the vast solar system.

We had been a peace-keeping force and had no weapons on board. The few items we had on board wouldn't amount to any kind of defense against weapons. Anything that hadn't been destroyed in the crash would be useless. As it was, I had little food, few medical supplies, and scarcely a trickle of water. I took a quick inventory of my health. My face had slammed into the console when the ship landed for the first time and must have been broken in at least four places. My nose was shattered. My legs felt numb and I figured I had knocked my knee out of joint. The pain was almost unbearable. Too bad the doctor wasn't in.

Dammit, Jim! I'm a captain, not a doctor! I wouldn't be able to defend myself if I needed to.

That strange chirping sound began again. It wasn't from a bird. I knew that somehow. Intuition or something like that. I think that's what we used to call it. This time it sounded closer. Whatever it was, it was coming toward me and it wasn't going to play nice.

chirp! chirp!

In the distance, a hulking mass of silver with jagged teeth ate its way through the crust of this strange planet. The speed of this "bird," this "thing," was incredible. I barely blinked and it crossed a quarter distance between myself and the endless horizon. The sound grew louder as it approached me until I thought my head would explode with the shrillness of its voice. I lunged toward my one possible savior, my ship, only to see the creature cut through the steel hull as if it didn't exist. My ship fell in two neat pieces to the ground. The Thing continued in its straight line path to the other horizon, then made an impossible turn and came back toward me. I ran as best as I could. My legs threatened to give out on me, but I refused to let them, hoping I could escape, yet knowing it was impossible.

At a distance, I saw a silvery flash. Another had come to join in the hunt. The sound of the two of them chirping was almost unbearable. I covered my ears with my hands and took them away almost immediately. I looked at the hot, red liquid on my hands and felt a slow thick trickle of blood trace its way along my jaw line. My ears. I threw my hands above my head.

-- Lewis: analogous split