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Untitled

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1997/iss3/4
The cottage looks like nothing but an old shack
A relic of time, ready to collapse
The porch appears to rot before your eyes
Coming closer you would expect to find
A condemned sign nailed to the door.

I linger here, in this dreary place
A fly beats itself repeatedly against
The broken window, looking for escape
I sit at the splintering wooden table
In what was once a beautiful kitchen.

Light sneaks warily into the dim room
It dances on the dust floating through the air
And settles on the rusted porcelain sink
Where the faucet drips steadily, eternally
A dead rose sits in a glass vase
On the decaying window sill
A few dried petals laying at its side.

I peer through the tainted glass
At the lonely beach and the blue depths beyond
My eyes drift to the horizon
Where the murky water meets the clear sky
A small spider scurries along the window sill
And weaves between the blood red petals.

My pulse quickens as adrenalin fills my body
I am encompassed with a madman’s emotion
And one thought rings through my head
I cross the kitchen, the floor boards bending
And cracking beneath my weight, ready to cave in.
I open the creaky worn out door
And walk into the intense afternoon sun
I make my way down the overgrown path
Towards the deserted beach below
The warm dry sand burns the bottom
Of my bare feet as my toes sink into it.

The salt water is refreshing on a day like today
It is up to my ankles, my knees, my hips,
Shrimp swirl in small circles around me
The rocks stab at my feet, but I do not mind
I am going to where the horizon meets the sky.

—Katie McNamara