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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/iss3/17](http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1997/iss3/17)
Brazen youth bursting with energy,
infatuation and lust,
a young girl with widened eyes
tricked by the diamonds hanging from her
thin wrist,
presents the gift of her innocence
to the man who claims,
that it is love.

With tears in her green eyes,
she stares down upon
the man on his knee,
clutching the diamond
that he desperately explains
symbolizes their love.

Standing before him on their wedding night,
still in the gorgeous white gown
that hugged her curves,
he promised her a big house, a new car, vacations-
He said he’d give her all this because
he loved her.

Holding the child that was theirs,
she smiled gently at him
as he declared the beginning
of their family and guaranteed
a life full of wealth and
happiness.

She was a devoted mother,
kind, sweet, and so very
attentive to her son.
He was a man accustomed to attention
He commanded it
her lack of it enraged him
His jealousy overcame his actions
Lying in the hospital once more
for a very different reason
She felt like an elderly woman.
He visited her everyday bringing
gifts of jewelry, flowers and such
promising to change
citing love

She went home with him
Hopeful of a new beginning
He tried

She sobbed before the mirror
cringing at her bruised face
wondering what she had become.
Like so many other nights
he showered her with gifts
and called it love,
and like so many other nights,
she surrendered her fragile body
to him.

Carefully she slid from underneath
the weight of his arm
clutching her son close to her heart.
She walked out the front door
into the glare of the streetlights.

Looking back at the house and the life
he gave her,
questions filled her head
questions of her strength, identity
future- but most of all-
of how she could be deceived
by what he gave her
and devastated by
what he didn’t.

--Veronica McGlynn