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Untitled

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Untitied

The words have crashed down
Throughout the years
And the condemning laughter
Rings in my ears
I question their intentions
And find I am in-between
Soon I’ll fight with me
And face midnight’s queen
I lay in this spot
Entertaining the harsh blackness
And before my poisoned eyes
I must confess
To the faces
That flash vividly across my mind’s eye
Is it possible to answer the doubts
And explain why?
They cover their mouths
To hide their twisting lips
I fight for control of my savage rage
But away it slips
Escaping ever so slowly
Through my pen and my notebook
So into an ongoing tug-of-war
I found I partook
And while control left my grasp
I felt an unknown serenity
I wondered about its source
And found it to be insanity.

-- Katie McNamara

My Mother’s Hands

“When will you be home?” my mother asked worriedly. “We miss not having you around.”

“I miss you too Momma, but don’t worry. I should make it there in about two weeks, and I can’t wait for a taste of your pie.”

As we said our good-byes and I hung up the phone, I reflected on how the year had sped by. I hadn’t really done all that I had wanted to do. Tears slipped down my face as I realized just how much I missed my family and our rituals. Sunday morning brunch, Saturday night’s dinner and a movie, and our morning ritual of my dad drinking coffee and reading a book at the table in his underwear. These are things that I can remember since childhood. A constant that isn’t missed until it’s gone.

Saturdays were always my favorite because I didn’t have to take a bath, and I spent the afternoon with either my mother or father, or both, spending quality time. My parents would each take a child or two and spend a few hours doting over us with activities that made us feel special. One of my favorite things to do was to make these mouth-watering apple pies with my mother.

The kitchen table was too tall for me, so I would stand on a chair and my mother would stand behind me. The first task was to remove the skin. A sharp knife was trustingly placed in my hands. My mother’s hands guided my small ones as we applied pressure until the skin, crisp red and green, curled off the knife. The fresh flesh revealed underneath was juicy and dribbled down my plump arms and onto my clothes.

“Here, like this, eh?” Her soft Canadian accent captivated my attention as she guided me in slicing the apple lengthwise and removing the core. Patiently, delicately she wielded the paring knife like an artist who intimately knows her brushes. My mother’s long brown hair brushed my face lightly. Her hands felt soft over mine. Her voice deepened and became a soft, coaxing hum. She slowly swayed back and forth with me in between her busy arms. She smelled sweet, like a mixture of soap and her own goodness escaping through her pores. It comforted and protected me when I was near her. It still has this effect.

There were other smells. The kitchen smelled of apples and cinnamon. Flaky crusts were browning to perfection in anticipation of being filled, or fulfilled, with the sweet, fruity concoction; and the underlying smells. The old beaded board