1997

The Vine

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Cover Page Footnote
"First Prize Winner" Appeared in the issue: October 1997.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/2
**Submission Guidelines for The Angle**

The following submission guidelines must be followed for the November 1997 issue. All pieces must:

1. be typed (space according to your preference)

2. include a cover letter which contains the author's name, address (campus or off-campus), phone number (home & work), and the title(s) of the piece(s) submitted

3. not include the author's name or personal information on any pages of written text

4. contain only 1 piece per page

Regrettably, we are unable to accept any piece which does not follow these guidelines. If you have any questions concerning submission guidelines, please contact Editor Heather Ruffalo in the Writing Center (Science 225) at 385-8151. Thank you.

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Please note: if you would like your submissions returned after the issue is published, please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope

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**First Prize Winner**

**The Vine**

I dreamt the other night
a vine grew in my yard.
At first it was small, weak,
and I though a hard rain
would beat upon it
stamping out its life.
The vine became twisted, gnarled -
attaching to the foundation,
then reaching the red bricks.
Each day it seemed the vine crept higher -
Until I could not stand the vine
any more - and fetched my shears.
I went for the middle
so that I might first
pull the top half down.
Yanking a midsection of it
I clipped it in glee.
But as I went to grasp
the severed part of the vine
I felt the oozing wound
and stared.
In dismay I saw
it was no vine I'd cut,
but a small child's arm.
The bottom part of the vine
were legs and feet -
no clear fluid on my shears,
rather they were stained
in a bright-colored red.
I heard a cry and a scream.
I dropped the shears
wanting to run, to flee.
What had I done?
It was only a vine -
a creeping vine -
I was so sure -
Had I only opened my eyes.

--Caesandra Dings

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