1997

Untitled

Jennifer Jones  
*St. John Fisher College*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle](https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle)

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle)

**How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?**

---

**Recommended Citation**  
Available at: [https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/27](https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/27)

This document is posted at [https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/27](https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/27) and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Untitled

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: October 1997.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/27
Before We Were Snakes We Were Ants

their thick squinted eyes
glaze
raw mold colored film
to
show us
they are ready
to leave
skin like a rice paper
origami folding of
everything but
their four bleached
rattles
we shake the dirt
from our black
black
eyes
and turn
right side up
into this
shed cylinder of
museum
for our
little pieces of soul to
meander
read diamond back walls like
scaled cave painting
telling in hieroglyphic chains
along the fresh shell
of head
when we
too
will have wet sappy
tongues and
sleep
with our
cold torsos
in rock solid
sun

--Marisa Viele

Untitled

In the silence of night.
I swallow her words like water
As a desperate man trapped in the burning sun.
Her words, soft and clear like a babbling brook.

I want to hold her against me
Like I hold the last precious breath of air
Before my eyes droop close for eternity.

As we wait, she holds my hand.
A heavy, calloused log compared to a velvet rose.
Tears flow from her eyes like a flooding dam.

Whispering, I reach to touch the coarseness of her hair.
I let my hands quiver over the softness of her lips
And then they rest at her cheek.
Tears seep through the thickness of my fingers.

I feel the touch of a hand
As it guides my eyes closed
And my spirit to a higher level.

But before my eyes close
I watch as she falls to her knees
Desperately pleading the hand to let go.

I hear her scream love
I hear her praise love
I hear her whisper love
And then I hear no more.

--Jennifer Jones