We almost died climbing the falls

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We almost died climbing the falls

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss2/4
Second Prize Winner

Freedom

The gentle, raindrop drumming of fluorescent wings stretched across a violet canvass, feverishly pumping, dodging swiping nets and chubby fingers, higher and farther from chaos.

--Veronica McGlynn

Third Prize Winner

We almost died climbing the falls and I loved it

smiles of exhilaration nearly cracked our heads in halves
gallons of blood tried to escape my skin pulsing & pushing
from behind my sternum and shoulder blades

I remember you sitting on the cold cement step of the arts & crafts lodge when we came back down the mountain yelling spinning circles in grass that had never been so green as then I wanted to sit with you but I couldn’t

I had to run spin yell

you laughed with us, at us, whichever and laughing said to me in that offhand way of yours
--as if it didn’t matter-- "You’re cute"

--Monica Bradbury

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