1997

Catch

Anne Steger

St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation


Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss2/13

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss2/13 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.
Catch

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: December 1997.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss2/13
Catch

Her smile pelts my heart
Like snowballs thrown in April
Delivered unexpectedly
Breathtaking and delightful.

Icy corkscrew cacti
Pierce skin, scalp and tendrils
Shivers of runny curlicues
Tiptoe past my temples.

Rivulets form and droplets slide
Down crew neck unprepared
Cold shower of melting torture
Neither spine nor chest is spared.

I'll pitch one back, toss gently
Snow powder borne on wind
Explosions of crystallized sunlight
Burst from your chattering grin.

--Anne Steger

Seaglass

The sign reads private road, 5 mph, as I make a quick left off the Ontario State Parkway and am welcomed by a sailboat mural marked Sandy Harbor Lane. My eyes run across the cluster of bird house mailboxes stalling on number 19—Riners. The pond on my left remains covered in a thick blanket of seaweed and cattails jut up through the water refusing to advance to dry ground. The smell of seaweed and the cool lake breeze attack me as I close my driver side door and advance to the back of the house. Awfully quiet, I think, the only sounds that touch my ears are the light waves and squawking seagulls awaiting their morning handout of week old bread.

I pass by the back door and make my way around the right side of our brown lake house. I leave my shoes at the shift from the grass to sand and allow my toes to be nuzzled beneath the morning grains. The sun rests low to the East and the beach is empty. I'm thankful for the moment of peace. The pail and shovel, floaties and swim shoes all still rest in their storage bed. No activity this morning. I slowly make my way to the water's edge. The sounds of my papa's educated warning rings in my ears, "Lake Ontario rolls, baby. One day it's seventy degrees and the next day it can be fifty, you never know." Then he would go into one of his repeated stories about when he was a kid at the lake. My big toe is the bravest and it is that toe that dares the depths today. The surface of the lake is broken and a shiver darts through my foot and up the back of my leg. The lake had rolled, the mystery of silence is solved.

Mother spots me reflecting by the break from beach to chilled water. She makes her way from the screen porch with the green and white striped awnings towards me, coffee in each fist. "The lake's turned. Your father took the boys out on the boat."

She smiles and warm coffee stimulates my chilled nose. We both sniffle softly and watch the waves rhythmically pound the sand. I bend over and pick a rock out of the water noticing its cool, smooth surface and allow my thumb and forefinger