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Tiffany's

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Tiffany's

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

“The first time I robbed Tiffany’s it was raining. I remember because after I left her house I stopped to check the time when my pocket watch slipped from my hand to the ground. The rain violently splashed over and around the watch as if it was trying to erode the gentle gold backing into something fiercer. I picked up the watch and caught a quick reflection of her house on the back. Even in the gold backing the house looked pale, maybe the rain stole its glitter. Maybe I did.”

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss3/4
All those who were not me became me, those who I held the hidden conversations with, and those who wouldn't understand, suddenly knew me then or at least had garnered some fear. It seemed, at last, that my travelers and the follower I had taken became me at last and that those who would try to lift me up were but crutches no longer. Indeed, it seemed they were saints in my eyes.

One walk mirrored months and a conversation a life, a love to be the mother, and a father the distempered world. All these together, made me complete, and forever I would last. Perhaps some sort of symbol or just a boy lost in the fray.

--Jonathan Baker

**Third Prize Winner**

**Tiffany's**

The first time I robbed Tiffany's it was raining. I remember because after I left her house I stopped to check the time when my pocket watch slipped from my hand to the ground. The rain violently splashed over and around the watch as if it was trying to erode the gentle gold backing into something fiercer. I picked up the watch and caught a quick reflection of her house on the back. Even in the gold backing the house looked pale, maybe the rain stole its glitter. Maybe I did.

Before I robbed Tiffany's I had spent countless days in her front room, on the couch, waiting for her to come home or just downstairs. There wasn't much to the room, a few wooden chairs, an immeasurable amount of empty cigarette boxes scattered about the floor, a myriad of unfinished paintings supporting a vast array of yellows and browns. So often she would climb down the stairs one hand fiddling with her hair, the other lightly graceing the railing at her side. The glow from her face would drown out the pale yellows and browns. It would drown out the clutter and the nondescript objects around the house. So often I would leave her house and wander into the murky exterior. I would never look back, I would never think of her again.

Now, as rain falls over and around me, I can see her reflections in my watch. Now, even in the gold backing, her face no longer glows. Maybe time stole its glitter. Maybe I did.

--Mark Bowers