Tiffany's

Mark Bowers

St. John Fisher College

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

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss3/4

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss3/4 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.
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: https://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 Bakert

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 grasping 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