The Game

Heather Ruffalo
St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: 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/iss4/24

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss4/24 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.
The Game

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: April 1998.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss4/24
The Game

He told me that my eyes resembled Bambi, one hand across my shoulder, one hand on my thigh, moving toward heaven in a heated rush. “Deer get shot,” I said, cutting off his springtime musk scent, invading my white rose. He seemed to grunt and buck, ready for the grand attack, hand slipping across the bud of my breast, pinching me in vise grips, he smiles a devilish smile. “What do you hope for?” I ask. Home run!, he said over my head. I turn and glance at the television behind me and wonder, where are the guys that make roses out of paper napkins?

--Heather Ruffalo