The Fall

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Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss4/7
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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Spring 1999.
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I find my way to the edge of the shore
And swim through the thickness of air
I have been here before...

Memories sift through my eyes
My body becomes numb
Subjected to this rain

...and then I fall to my knees
only to be consoled by silence
as silent light of the moon serenades
the night

the waves dress the sand
with their timelessness
to wash away the stained land
upon which I bore my pain

I cry out her name
And the ocean returns a solitary voice
Enshrined by a choir
Enchantment sates my pain
As she sings to me
Her angelic voice inspires

The harmony of our cries
Singing to each other
This love never dies
Our existence has been forever...

--Christopher Minsterman