One Night

Sarah Crimmins
St. John Fisher College

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Appeared in the issue: November 1999.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2000/iss1/9
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Nearly sick with wonder
waiting for his cue.
His voice pulls me under
unsure what we’ll do.

Scented candles burning
seated on my bed.
My soul spins with yearning
lust-filled seas I tread.

This night answers questions
puzzles just the same.
few words or suggestions
whispering my name.

Lips in forceful taking
hot breath on my skin.
Chances of hearts breaking
feeling him give in.

His long arms around me
now he has to go.
Shame and hurt surround me
I love that boy so.

Here I stand once again
alone and half-dressed.
I had hoped more than friends
would be what he thought best.

He hasn't called in weeks
not much like a friend.
My punctured ego leaks
unexpected end.

-- Sarah Crimmins