A Letter From the Editors

With the creation of the first issue of the year, we have taken on the task of carrying on the tradition of the praise of good writing here at St. John Fisher. We hope to heed the advice of our immediate predecessors, Heather Ruffalo and Erin Hopkins, so that their words may not fall like silent raindrops, unheard and wasted. And in the outpouring of advice and good intentions, we have found one true point to the work that we do, to allow the value of the inner voices of students to be realized within their own existences and within the company of others. Each piece is like a leaf on a tree, vibrant and changing. But, as part of the entire tree, it becomes an example of collective beauty and ambition.

The tradition of good poetry extends far beyond what is printed in this book and created at this school. A successful writer is often times a successful reader. The creation of a good piece of writing many times is a product of the search for something more profound. Beauty can bloom out of deformity, and understanding from chaos. A poet writes to understand the world and in doing so causes others to realize the significance of something seemingly insignificant. So in closing, we leave you with not only a wonderful collection of student work but also with the idea that reading does not merely lead to the attainment of the knowledge of literature or of history but also, to a better understanding of yourself and the things you can do.

Sincerely,

Adam George
Monica Hopkins

TO SEE A WORLD IN A GRAIN OF SAND

To see a world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.

by William Blake
SUBMISSION GUIDELINES FOR THE ANGLE

The following submission guidelines must be followed for the December 1999 issue. All pieces must:

1. Be typed (space according to your preference)

2. Include a cover letter which contains the author's name, address (campus or off-campus), phone number (home & work), and the title(s) of the piece(s) submitted

3. Not include the author's name or personal information on any pages of written text

4. Contain 1 work per page only if writing a poem or haiku

5. All submission, including short stories, should not exceed three typed pages.

Regrettably, we are unable to accept any piece which does not follow these guidelines. If you have any questions concerning submission guidelines, please contact the Editors, Adam George or Monica Hopkins, in the Writing Center (basement of Basil 210) at 385-8213. Thank you.

You may submit pictures, drawings, computer generated images as well as many other types of artistic expressions. Please direct any general or specific questions to Adam George (avg2124) or Monica Hopkins (mlh4216) at your convenience.

The deadline for the second issue of "The Angle" this year will be November 17th, 1999 by 4:30 p.m.

*** Please note: if you would like your submissions returned after the issue is published, please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

**All submissions are judged anonymously.
The Writers

Kelly Ambrose
Mike Bailey
Sarah Beales
Shawn Carter
Sarah Crimmins
Joe D'Angelo
Katy D'Ardulni
Jen Enright
Simantha Hagle
Alicia Hoffman
Monica Hopkins
Leslie Karla
Bryan Mahoney
Kate McNamara
Thomas Pecora
Robert Ruehl
Gillian Scruton
David Silpe
First Prize Winner

The Old Sycamore

It was the Old Sycamore in the yard
Swaying like a dancing child
That took me back
Back to a time when we danced
As if the song would never end
A time when you
Understood me
And I thought I understood you
But that's where our branches ended
Like two trees growing
Side by side
Stretching out, reaching
But never really embracing

-- Kate McNamara
Second Prize Winner

To Whom I Would Love

You tilt your head down,
eyes turned up,
looking through me.
I drank you down
too quickly.
You quenched a thirst that
was a desert of impossibilities.
I ate too much like
a glutton, never
realizing that you were
hungry too.
When have I shared?
My lips were chapped
with the cold,
cold that grew, made
ice-castle beauty between you and me.
My breath
warmth,
and the beauty melted.

--Leslie Karla
Third Prize Winner

Last Chance

As she lay in bed that morning, she knew that she had heard those notes before. Was it high school glee club? Perhaps the first annual family reunion that she attended last year. They were familiar, but she could not place it. She did not care. For these were the only arrangement of melodic tunes that make her feel good about herself.

Everyday was the same routine for Mary Ellen Anastasio, a thirty-year-old mother of twin infant boys. Her husband left her just two weeks before the birth of their sons. He said that he needed to find himself and would return. He never returned. Mary Ellen wanted so badly for him to come back except for the times when he would get abusive. Her boys could do without seeing their mother getting slapped around every time their dad had a bad day of work. Mary Ellen would also like to live without it. She knew that she did not have to put up with it, but he had problems just like everyone else and besides, she loved him. The dishes needed to be done and the boys needed to be fed. The rent was due, and Mary Ellen was short on cash. The only income that she had these days were the hundred and some odd dollars she made as a Telemarketer at night. Times were extremely tough, but Mary wanted to be stronger than that. She couldn't tell that to her boys.

Her thoughts of ending it all were interrupted by the ring of the phone. It was a strange sounding ring, and the only news she got those day was bad. As Mary Ellen feared, it was more bad news. It was her mother calling to tell her that her husband had killed himself. His body was found hanging from a tree in the park next to the house that he grew up in. Mary Ellen sat in her wicker chair for hours that night. The whole time her eyes replenished tears, her nose recycled mucous. He wasn't coming back this time. Gently, she hung up on her mother who had hung up a few hours before and picked up her boys and held them. She ran her fingers through their curly blond hair and told them everything would be all right. Of course she wasn't telling the truth, but they couldn't understand anyway.

After the boys were put to bed that night, Mary Ellen brewed up a pot of orange tea and listened to her old Beatles albums. Love Love Me Do, she sang to herself, all the time wondering if anyone really did love her. How could he do that to her? What did she ever do to deserve all this misfortune? The record began skipping and Mary Ellen was convinced it was a sign that no one really did love her.

Her depression grew worse in the days after and she stopped going to work at night. What's the use, she often thought to herself. Welfare would
have to be the answer. She believed she deserved it because of what God had done to her husband. Once an aspiring singer, with hopes of making Broadway, Mary Ellen’s only hopes these days were that her welfare check would come on time. Desperately she tried to sing a song, but her motivation was gone. It left her heartbroken when she tried so hard to recall the arrangement of melodic tunes that at one point in life made her feel so good, but she couldn’t remember. Her negative thoughts returned and Mary Ellen was certain that the plan she had been thinking about for so long had to be carried out. It was evident to her that she couldn’t wait until her boys got older. She was convinced that this was the best thing for herself and for her boys. She would wait until morning and drive to the peak of Mount Washington with her boys strapped to her back.

Knowing this would be her last meal, Mary Ellen made herself a huge breakfast but was too ashamed to eat it. She grabbed her boys and started driving, because she knew that if she didn’t she may change her mind. She kept telling herself that this was the right thing to do. Crying the whole way, Mary Ellen was also convinced that her boys knew exactly what was going to happen.

She descended from the car about two miles above sea level, mid-way up Mount Washington. This was the same spot her father used to take her when she was a little girl. She took her boys from the car and strapped them to her back. They had stopped crying. Her mind was racing now, as she knew that this decision was final. There was no stopping half way down and changing her mind. Her boys couldn’t grow up without a father, because Mary Ellen knew how important her father was to her. That was it. Mary Ellen said a prayer and her good-byes to all the people who had been there for her although there were not too many. She looked down to the small stream and hard rocks below and leaped off like an eagle swooping for its prey. The boys were still not crying. It was at that point that Mary Ellen heard it again. It was those notes, the notes that brought her happiness. The arrangement of melodic tunes that she had been longing to remember and hear again. It had been so long. It was them. She could make it. She could do it. She didn’t have to die. She could turn her life around. She was still young. At that moment, she wanted so badly to live. But...

It was too late.

-- Mike Bailey
At this time in my Life

At this time in my life nothing makes sense...
Why am I here? How long will I stay? Why do you love me? Why don't I love me? What does it all really mean?

At this time in my life I don't understand...
What it means to be happy and free. What it's like to let go and love without thought. What it means to be normal, who deems that anyway? Who are "they"? Can they give me the answers?

At this time in my life I can't deny...
That my dad is dead. My eyes hardly see. My love for my Captain Fantastic, Lord Choc Ice. That I really can't control anything. That plans change and that one definitive moment can effect your life drastically forever. Who I am. I may not always like it but I either live with it or change it.

At this time in my life I've started to realize...
That we're more alike than we are different. We all cry. We all have things that we want to mask. I have so much more to learn about myself. That I try to hide behind and inside myself. That life has many roads and sometimes they aren't always paved. Did I say that we're more alike than we are different?

At this time in my life I fear...
The future, the present and even the past. That I'll always be alone and will never find someone honest to love. For society and for the ignorance of my generation. Ignorance kills, and it does and can get you. For the safety of those I love. That I'll never find peace of mind.

At this time in my life I want you to know...
That there's more to a person than what you can see and what they let you see. That men really are like us-- you just have to search for it. That insecurity is real and that we allow it to happen because we judge and criticize people. We're all guilty of that. That we're all hypocrites in our own way. That no matter how abrasive, unworthy and not good enough you feel, we all need a friend for sanity's sake. Find one and love them with all your heart.

At this time in my life I believe...
That there's hope for everybody. That there's good somewhere, in everyone. That you shouldn't be ashamed of who or what you like. That
everything happens for a reason. In living while you're alive: if you have money now, spend it. You don't know if you'll get the chance later. That life is too short. In strength, honesty and toughness. In being viable to yourself. In hope, because what else is there?

-- Jen Enright
Today Marks

Today marks a new beginning.
No, maybe today marks the end of what was,
which would still be a beginning,
I think.
Yes, that's it,
a beginning of new experiences,
new life,
although the old was life as well,
so maybe this isn't so new.
Oh well, who cares, because today marks,
marks something, even though today kind of feels like
yesterday,
and might even feel like next week.
I'm not sure about that, though,
I'll tell you in about seven days.
Today marks, indeed, marks nothing,
which is probably useless, but maybe not,
because I don't think that anything is useless,
but nothing isn't anything,
although nothing has to be something,
doesn't it?
That's it, I've got it, today does mark!
It marks the beginning of the end,
where the new is intertwined with the old,
and anything is something that could actually be nothing.
What a relief,
I'm glad I've made sense of that!

-- Shawn Carter
Don’t Step Into My Shoes... I Have Walked Miles

Say it again-
    Say I’ve not witnessed
    The mist after rain.
Say I’ve never been exposed
    To the truth and its pain.
Say it straight to my face
    There’s a war going on
    And it’s you fighting in my place.
Say that I’m unable to recognize
    The blackness of an innocent lie
Well, you’re indeed wrong, my friend
    For that I need defy.

You say that I am too young
    Too pure to understand.
You defend that I’m blind-
    Too vulnerable-
    Too weak to lend a hand.
You fail to notice the pains
    That I have last endured
Or that I’ve learned from the
    Experience in which I’ve been lured.
I have seen darker days than you
    And I’ve cried a stinging tear.
Knowing that you have not, my friend
    Is something you should fear.

I have also seen the good that’s done
    After a tide rips through.
And know how to appreciate
    A life & love that’s strangely impromptu.
I’ve seen each side of a flipped over coin
    And I’ve sustained the hottest sun
And as for you my apathetic friend,
    My incredulous life has already begun.

-- Gillian Scruton
Overnight

Forever is a long time away,
And the feelings of mine will have to stay.
It was my choice,
What I believed was right when I was
Too young to know better.

You can grow up a lot in a little bit of time.

I spent so long
Proving other people wrong,
It never occurred to me that they might be
Right.
My heart was too strong and attacked my head,
Until the only thing to show for my life thus far was a
Blind
Ambition.

Who cares about the dreams of yesterday, when
So much happened
Overnight.
Someone's dying, someone's dead, and someone was
Alone and afraid.
When I awoke the next morning I realized I grew up
Overnight.
In a lifetime overnight,
And those I forgot along the way
The memories of dreams I cast astray,
Those are my tattoos that I live with everyday.

-- Kelly Ambrose
One Night

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
After Confrontation

Accused...
Words TWISTED on
an October day that
weighs on my shoulders like
mid-August heat.
Changed...
Leaves burn a deep red like
my shirt or
my face in CONFRONTATION
Slandered...
put at fault by a
furious nobody
blaming me for
her OPPRESSION.
Saddened...
The ache of my once giving heart
slashed open
stepped on by
IGNORANCE.
Silenced...
Tears fall like snitches revealing
my deepest defeat
WEAKNESS
to she who savors it most.

-- Sarah Crimmins
Daddy’s Little Girl

She weeps in the corner
    Ignored by all
Struck by the hand
    Now burning.
The man downstairs demands
    Yet another drink
Wonders why his fist is so sore.
    Tears don’t drown her
Tiny shadow
    Nor do they moisten
The cheek that still
    Stings...
Her blaring sobs wail
Absorbed by the wall’s
    Cracked paint,
Her crossed fingers grow
    Tiresome.
Crossing them doesn’t keep the father
    From striking again.

-- Gillian Scruton
Lost in a Crowded Room with No Windows or Doors

Turning and twisting,
yet unable to move.
Endless conversations
with no point to prove.
There's more people coming in,
yet there is no door.
Lost and confused,
I reach for the floor.
A quick flash of light,
then dark once again.
No visible window
to let the sun push its way in.
Voice upon voice,
but there are no faces that I can see.
Image upon image,
where could I possibly be?
I think to myself,
there must be a way out,
but all possible answers
are cloaked by darkness and doubt.
This is truly a nightmare,
Enough is enough.
it's when I have lost all hope,
That I finally wake up.

-- Shawn Carter
Sitting in a Tree

Hidden by camouflage
Silent observer

Drenched with acorn raindrops
Bears slip by like drifting thoughts
A doe follows a turkey
Nose to the ground
(Shed found a snack in the scratchings)
A squirrel leaps into a pile of leaves

Tree filtered light nudges me
Why do I always fall asleep?

-- Kate McNamara
An Acorn is More Than Just An Acorn

This small, tiny acorn,
Half of an acorn, actually.
Discarded by nature,
Ignored by most,
Yet somehow it caught my eye.
When standing alone, flat side down,
It looked like a small helmet,
Worn by the Mongols maybe,
Or by the soldiers of some other civilization.
The top to a small hut,
It could be,
But it also slightly resembled the "gold ball" house
That was on my street, a few doors down from mine.
When I picked it up by its stem,
And looked at its inside,
I saw a sunflower, perhaps
or an inscription,
A picture, a now unrecognized form of writing,
Found only on the walls of caves,
Left there by some ancient tribe.
This acorn, small and unimportant,
so much more than just an acorn.

-- Shawn Carter
Five Versions of Nature's Locomotion

Lighting bleeds across sky
Carrying electric messages
From one cloud to another
Keeping lines of communication open.

Wind scurries across land
Rustling the leaves on the trees
As they bend and sway
To the sound of the music.

Waves crawl up the grainy shore
Reaching for the shells
Eroding newly built sand castles
Retreating to regroup and rise again.

Morning glories stretch up the wall
Creeping over the moss and brick
Twisting and curling towards the sky
Showing their painted faces at dawn.

I stroll through the garden
Touching the rough shirt of the tree
Holding its arms for support
Grabbing the apple from its fingertips.

-- Monica Hopkins
What I can’t have

I’d like to have the time
To walk around in style
To buy my fancy clothes
And break you off a smile

I’d like to have the space
To give you little gifts
Dream my dreams in color
Just to touch your face

I’d like to have the drive
To feel the way you do
Wrap you up in my skin
And let the dreams come true

I’d like to have the mind
To put our lives on hold
We’d stop the clock together
And leave the world behind

I’d like to fall asleep now
And bid you all goodnight
For the times when I am sleeping
Things are always right

-- Mike Bailey
Dreams

Dreams are like glass,
Once shattered,
You can hurt yourself trying to pick up the pieces.
So why does no one understand,
Least of all Me
How to sweep them aside
And just let them be?

-- David Silpe
Questions I Never Thought to Ask

Who would catch the rain if there were no trees?
Would the sun smile at me if I swallowed the moon?
Why aren't there any "gentlemen" bugs to dance with the ladybugs?
Do butterflies get lost in tornadoes?
When the clouds cry, does the silver lining get wet?
Does the wind ever get hiccups?
Could the mountains lay down and take a nap if they were tired of standing up?
Where do dreams go when we are awake?

-- Kate McNamara
To My Uncle Mark

My Favorite.

Those words swelled the heart and head
of a little girl grown old.
Floating on an unnamed lake
at midnight,
peaceful tranquility,
stars breathing, pulsing
life and wonder into the
blue-black sky.

You're a rock-n-roller turned pure,
having to break up and do
Christian rock at local town
bicentennials instead,
but that's ok,
you still brought tears
to my eyes with your
Inflections & Intentions.

Song singing and drinking
fake wine
while autumn bustles outside the windows of
simplicity, smells of ripe pumpkin and roasting seeds,
crackles in the fire and
ancient stories made me
warm and fuzzy.

Strawberries abound moist
pound cake as we
listened to REM on
creaky wooden porches,
watching the Sunday strollers
stroll lazily by.

I've got a secret for you.
You're my favorite, too.

-- Alicia Hoffman
Unwanted Guests

“We’ve brought our daughters and sons . . . who whisper and sing as they go through your children’s playthings”

- Elizabeth Spires
  “The Travellers”

Ready the house
The guests are on their way
Prepare the spare room
Fresh sheets and clean towels
Drag out the oak leaves
Stored under the bed
When it is only us two to dine.
Hide the breakables
Out of reach of mischievous little hands
Pull out the family portraits
From the drawers of the desk
Remove the delicate nudes
That procure odd glances
And questions that are difficult to answer
From the mouths of someone else’s children
Box up peace and quiet
The house guests are ready to invade

Grape juice on the carpet
Cookie crumbs in cushions
Crayon art displayed on freshly painted walls
Matchbox car grenades
Target the glass curio
Bull’s eye
Crack grows like lightning cutting glass
Priceless antique
Worthless junk
No scolding form mother
No apologies from father
And from the time-out corner
The plant is knocked over
Dirt and leaves don’t belong on hardwood floors

And when their time is up
And when the house is quiet
There is but an echo traveling through the halls
"Next time, don't answer the door"

-- Monica Hopkins
Problem Child

My mother, it's true, she's a trusting old soul,
a bothersome, loving, and nagging old troll.
She cooks me pea soup which I spread on my face
(except when the garnish is peppercorn mace).
Cookies and candies and kumquats were mine
given to me by the queen of the swine
And now that she's listened to all I have said,
she sent me a spanking and put me to bed.

-- Bryan Mahoney
The Black Ranger

The kid just doesn’t seem to understand that turning on a light switch won’t hurt him! Little Bobby used to love to run around the house playing “swords” with his older brother. Bobby and his brother used to take the cardboard cylinder tubes out of the paper towel rolls to bash each other on their heads. However, as Bobby’s older brother reached his adolescent years, Bobby was left to play alone, for Bobby’s older brother was no longer interested in Bobby’s level of play. But Bobby always loved playing with objects that could resemble a sword! A pencil, a twig, a butter knife!

Anyway, little Bobby saw an episode of the “Power Rangers,” in which the Black Ranger sticks his sword in a magical hole inside a rock, and then the Black Ranger’s sword becomes bolted with thunder in order to defeat the evil witch! Bobby was so excited, hopping on the sofa and the chair and jumping onto the floor, as he imitated the Black Ranger’s power moves. He was always so cute, with those little hairs sticking up like a porcupine! I could never really read his mind. He would travel to worlds that I’ve never seen!

One day, when I was cooking in the kitchen, I heard little Bobby say, “Go-Go! Black Ranger! Stab that ugly witch with the power sword!” I looked around the corner, and there Bobby was again, glued to the television. So I went back in the kitchen as I was preparing my chicken stir-fry, and I was confident that Bobby was secure in his little world. The next thing I hear is, “Take that, Pow! Bang! Ha! Ha! Boom!” So I said to myself, “Oh there he goes again, pretending he just killed the wicked witch!” Then I heard again, “Huh...ah....AAA...Help!” And then I heard a drop and the sound of the floor vibrating! I looked around the corner again, “Damn Bobby! What the hell did you do to yourself?” However, my question had no relevance to him because he was convulsing on the carpet floor with his right hand hanging over the coffee table next to an electric socket! To my surprise, I found a butter knife penetrated inside of the electric outlet! Then I quickly glanced at Bobby again, shaking, hair fallen on his face, and with a “black” tint of color added to his skin. I quickly rushed Bobby to the hospital.

After Bobby successfully recovered, or should I say, has successfully regained his “physical strength,” Bobby’s world of imagination has been “darkened” for life. Sadly, every time I turn on any light switches at night, Bobby flips out and starts having flashbacks of his special day! He’s so sensitive; he’s like a schizophrenic in disguise. Just turn on those lights at night and there “bigger” Bobby goes... running around the house covering his head, and shouting stupid comments like, “She’s gonna get me! That witch...
no don't shock me! Turn off the lights!" Bobby was always able to put himself in a totally different world than ours. Now he's part of that "other" world. Until this day, Bobby is forever remembering his "power day," when he became "The Black Ranger" with his powerful electric "dagger!"

-- Thomas Pecora
An Untitled Work

Before I was born
my mother met my father
and they precede to
make me.

Too soon I was made,
before my Mother was
finished.

Dreams unrealized then
have become lost over 25 years.
Fuzzy and faded,
missing in the deep crevices
of our living room couch.

All she has painted
and sculpted have become
garage sale bargains.
Yellows and greens
have dried in metal tubes
and have been thrown away.

The youngest of my siblings
will be leaving home tomorrow.
She is the last to exit stage-left.
So my mother has allowed
herself the pleasure of a
new couch.
Now that there are no children to
jump up and down on coiled springs
or to spill Dixie-cups full of cranberry
juice on the faded arms.

I have told her to make sure
that she fishes out all
the lost remotes and
miscellaneous things
that I know are
hiding in the
depth crevices of
our family couch.

-- Simantha Hagle
Little Unkind

Like sunshine,
like moonlight,
you illuminate me.
Like ever changing seasons,
informal acquaintances,
and chance passing
I submit.
My blood flows through tree limbs.
You breathe in me,
like spring showers
relinquish unto us their
life.
I submit.
To you and all
that you have offered me,
I apologize.
Forgive the selfishness
that I have caused in you.
I apologize for
harshness, for
blockades, for
stopping you.
I submit.

-- Leslie Karla
On Their Bench by the Lake

The restaurant closed an hour ago.
Lights out, money counted, barstools up
Across the empty parking lots
The bartender and waitress go
To find each other once again

Shoulder to shoulder, eye to eye
They sit together on their bench by the lake.
Lazy waves tumble into rocks, sleeping on the shore
Nighttime bugs dance around the lamppost,
Glowing yellow, a solitary birthday candle
The light on the radio beacon pulses red

Words spill from lips, no hesitation
No kiss ever unites them.
Only the exchange of secrets
Between these two on their bench by the lake.

-- Monica Hopkins
Individuals--but Together

As this yellow and pink rose
Lie one on the other
Under the twilight
Of softened candlelight--
Offering one source
Sublime;
Let our love be no different
And show how together
We bring beauty to a
Cankerous world.
We'll be in unison
And let the joy we bring each other
Shine forth.
We have formed as
Separately as each of these roses,
But together--
Lying closely with naked skin
Pressed warmly together--
Separateness is forgotten.
For I say
We are but one.

-- Robert Michael Ruehl
Midnight Embrace

The endless sapphire sky
with its eerie golden light
embraces us under a sky of unknown galaxies.
We giggle against the lapping of the water
we are children again,
sliding into the refreshing pool.
Cool water
safely surrounds us as if we were in our mother’s womb.
Killian’s Red spills our secrets
Is anyone else listening?
Hidden within the black shadows.
So deadly still and sickly sticky,
a seductive glow illuminates the back yard
TV dimming through the three windows,
quietly we steal kisses,
Dad is slumbering on the couch.

-- Katy Marie D’Arduini
Morning

When the sun is caught in dawn
And morning fog erases
The walls you have built around your heart
That's when my dew laden thoughts
Will enter your valley
Squeezing past your rigid mountain defense
My smoky hands touching every cavern
Covering each inch with ash
But if the sun should break through
My blanket of cooling mist
You'll find my diamonds, scattered
And shattered in your eyes

-- Kate McNamara
The Kiss on the Living Room Floor

Her arms dangle around his
warm neck like a golden
necklace they
clap in the back her long
legs circle his waist tying
like laces behind his broad back.

He rocks her gently surrounding her
with his secure embrace. The urgency
of their heart-beats deeply pulse,
the muted TV dimming the living
room flickering like a
strobe light they move in
slow motion dripping like
honey formed for this
body she is molded
to fit.

She nuzzles her face into his
neck, every intake of breath she
feels surge through her
from head to toe. And his warm breath and strong
fingers painting on her delicate back.

A warm summer night breeze
blows through her
long, red hair. Her lips
roll along his neck swallowing in
anticipation. Itching her soft face against his scratchy
beard and rushing to the other
side so her other cheek
could feel lips aching
so close - breath of
fire captured, devouring the taste of this
kiss, opening her green
eyes enraptured in his blue
they know this insatiable
kiss is real.

-- Katy Marie D'Arduini
My Perfect World

A kiss on the forehead
at sunrise and sunset.
A light to probe my darkness
the ability to forget.
People from my childhood
and people from my now
to piece together parts of me
the when, the why, the how.
A trip to all the places
where pieces of me rest.
The courage to stay true to me
in spite of each day's test.
Someone to say I'm beautiful
has faith in dreams of late
the one who'll hold my hopes up
in my ever-weary state.

-- Sarah Crimmins
Drizzle

Just a couple seconds of your time
to let my drizzle
mat your hair
Just a couple seconds of your time
to let your voice
engulf my dreams
Just a couple seconds of your time
I need you to linger
just a little longer
Just a couple seconds of your time
to steal my heart
and leave me forever
Just a couple seconds of your time
I promise I won't be
that hard to forget

--Sarah Beales
Your Way

You always borrowed my stuff,
No wait, that was me.
You always played your music too loud,
No wait, that was me.
You always left dishes in the sink,
No wait, that was me.
You never seemed to clean up after yourself,
No wait, that was me.
Your friends always crashed on the couch,
No wait, they were mine.
You always thought of yourself first,
No wait, that was me.
Why did I break it off?
No wait, that was you.

-- Joe D'Angelo