The Angle

November 2000
St. John Fisher College
A Letter from the Editors

Hello everyone,

Welcome back! Fall is here and new faces and names have emerged on our campus. Many of them come full of energy and artistic spirits. Some of them, along with familiar names, you will see here in our first issue of the 2000 school year. Congrats to all of the wonderful words and images that came from such great minds.

Our readers will also notice a changing layout design. We dug out the archives and borrowed ideas from the pioneering Angles, and hope to continue improvement of the face of The Angle for readers.

This issue is pieced together with summers gone by, memories untouched until now, thoughts unanswered, and new experiences. Put them together and lives begin to unfold, giving us just a glimpse of each person as the curtain draws back.

So curl up in front of the window, let the sun shine in, and make someone else’s reality your own. Read on!

Sincerely,

Sarah L. Crimmins
Melissa M. Slocum
Co-editors-in-Chief

"In literature as in love, we are astonished at what is chosen by others."
--Louis Menand
Submission Guidelines for *The Angle*

The following submission guidelines must be followed for every 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 and work), and the title(s) of the piece(s) submitted.
3. Do Not include your name or personal information on your submissions.
4. Contain 1 work per page only if writing a poem or haiku.
5. All submissions, 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, Sarah Crimmins or Melissa Slocum, in the Writing Center (basement of Basil 210) at 385-8213.

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 Sarah Crimmins (slc8600) or Melissa Slocum (mms7750) at your convenience.

The deadline for the next issue is Tuesday, November 14th, by 6 PM.

****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.
2000

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i refuse

i refuse to be molded into one entity.

i refuse to be your “girl”
your “wife”
your “woman”
i am my own person
a pre-existing individual in my own right.

i refuse to be owned or referred to as property
i belong to no man
no woman.

i refuse to be conditioned
i withhold the right to be free
free to shave my head and not my armpits
free to clean up the environment and not the house
free to support my people and not my derriere
free to be my ever constant changing self.

i refuse to be treated as an inferior
women hold up half the sky
our bodies cradle future generations
respect me.

i refuse to be unloving
the love i give is given freely
with no expectations of redemption
but i choose who i love.

i refuse to be unloved
i am worthy of love in all regards
and of the respect and trust that accompanies it
if i am unloved
i will continue my journey without you.

i refuse to be without you.
Second Prize
SARAH BEALES

Summer

End of August: midnight
Like the final kiss good-bye
The warmth and happiness
Begins to quickly fade away

End of August: midnight
Like a tightly held breath—
An unraveling sweater
Everything's starting to fray

End of August: midnight
Like cold trickling water
Its constant sound a mixture
Of harmony and decay

End of August: midnight
Like the closing of a book
The trilogy has ended,
And the epilogue has left you with nothing to say
You grew accustomed to the silence.
I think you liked it better that way.
You would never have to understand
The loneliness you created
Or the emptiness that has built
A vacant box in me, so big now.
Or witness the tears at the table
On those nights when the lace
Napkins and shining silver weren’t
Enough for you. And why
Would you want to speak to me?
Me, the one who fastens the phone
To my ear, waiting to hear your
Hello. Me, the one who takes solace
In the sound of crickets and wind
And looking at your face. No,
You wouldn’t understand that. You
Would never see how anything I felt
Was important. You would never miss
The comfort of having me here.
I’ve grown accustomed to your silence.
MIKE BAILEY

What is forever?

Everything is fire ·
When you're shivering,
Yearning for warm touches.
Nothing is forever
When words get retracted,
Rings slip.
Do not let the flame
Penetrate flesh.
Scars last forever.

* First line from Kathleen Wakefield's *Meditation*
You see — I get these bruises
That don’t heal
I never know where they come from
I just happen to

Stumble upon them —
And of course I have to
Push and pinch at them

Contemplate their origin,
Wonder about their designer —
It always was you...
Sneaking in

Unseen by my cleverly veiled eyes
Delivering my bruises
Blow by blow —
So stealthily

I didn’t realize until you’re gone
Now I can only sit
In awe

Fingering the pain
I didn’t notice I had received
MEG BARBOZA

The Birth of a Moment

You cup your hands
around my face
like the warm, waiting hands
of the midwife for a child
as this moment is spread across the blanket.
And I am bearing down, hands to ankles
just to get our lips to meet.
MONICA HOPKINS

Sessions

Stop being a philosopher
you’re not Socrates or Plato
or even the therapist I pay
by the hour.
You’re a waiter or
an accountant, depending
on the time of day.

Stop telling me to wait for
lightning to strike. It won’t strike
unless I stand in an open
field, during a thunderstorm
holding a golf club up
like a staff. Even then it
would only leave me
with static cling
and electrified hair.

Stop spouting off anecdotes about
love because you’re not in love, it’s
lust you’re in. That’s why you
fight like cats and claw
and throw and hit
walls. Lust pulls your strings
that way.

You stopped calling me beautiful
after she met me. Maybe it was her
decree or insecurity.
I don’t know why though. I’m
even more now
that I’ve
stopped loving you.
September's Slumber

The first day of September
Like morning's damp chill, I break from the dream world
Like children who whisper inside the classroom
I can't make out the words (I hear whispers)
Like two flies trying to get outside
Was it a woods I was gently dreaming of?
Like a voice talking to you in the dark, whose voice is it?
Am I still dreaming of your hand in mine
Like two worlds connected with one touch
Like an image in death—we reach for the light-b
But something physical brings us back
I lay breathing your breaths
As you breathe like a mother kissing her slumbering babe.
I, too, want to nurture you, caress you, to help you
To live in this tortured world made easy
By being joined in thoughts like sparklers, they
Have energy we shoot
Them out to show one another what
They look like
But
They
Disappear
Like fireflies in the dark.
I want each day to be like the first day in September.
MONICA HOPKINS

Jamaican Diver

He stands quietly,
at the rear of the glass-bottom boat, balancing
himself without the aid of a staff to steady him
as the waves rock me to sickness.

In port, like a tourist
I peer over the boat’s edge
to catch a glimpse of the tropical fish, I’m afraid
to swim with and lose my sunglasses
unexpectedly
one hand anchoring myself to the boat,
the other extends to the water,
outstretched fingers frantically
try to make contact
but fall short
as my glasses drift to the sandy bed
thirty feet below where we are anchored.

He comes to my aid, after
a half-joking request for
a diver to retrieve
my lost bit of property.

As he peels of his shirt, and
fits himself with a mask,
I catch a glimpse of fear in his
eyes before nervously inhaling
as much air
as his lungs would permit.
I watch him plunge into the glassy water
with the urgency and importance
of a man diving for pearls, thinking
he may not ever resurface.

I wait in awe of his gesture
of hospitality and concern
and think that I do not know any
American boys who would
go to such lengths
for sunglasses,
or even for me.
Instead they'd pull out
the credit card or checkbook
and offer to buy me a new pair.

Such is the American way.

With thankfulness I finally see his figure
grow before me as he makes his
ascent back to the boat.
Gasping for breath,
wet with saltwater
he climbs over the ledge
grasping my twelve dollar sunglasses
in his hands
holding them up like a prize. He returns
them to me with a smile
not wanted anything
in payment except to regain his lost breath
and a moment's rest.

* * *

I remember the water dripping from his
shoulder length dread locks
and dark skin the color of truffles.
I can still see his eyes, white like pearls
dark like onyx, and his
shorts saturated with salt water, clinging to
his muscular legs.

Yet, in spite of his great kindness,
as much as I pick my brain
I cannot recall his name.

Such is the American way.
Hipp — ie

With a tie-dyed t-shirt twisted
tight around a tiny flame

Flailing, flowing, free arms floating
around the face

Slick soles sliding slowly seeping as sticky mud sucks
on the heel

Potent actions taken, potent points to make

Please notice me out of the crowd
footsteps

somewhere
someone’s baking

a crow caws from
its precipice
of electric wire
which
for him
acts like a branch

i can smell
the trust
of my daughter’s
small hand
as it is carried
to me
on the wind

we stop to watch a
squirrel perched on a real tree
it scampers away
in fear
of the yelling woman
who grabs her son
too hard

children laugh
yell cry
trees rustle
wind blows
cars rumble past
bees buzz ominously
around
my daughter’s
apple
somewhere
someone's taking
their child to school
believing
school acts
like a branch
i am taking
my child
tasking
school is like an
electric wire
and
we are not
birds

i look back
and see
our footsteps
erased by the
wind
COREY BENJAMIN

Beautiful Waters

“My God that’s gorgeous,” she thought to herself while gazing uncontrollably into the enormous golden circle on the horizon. The contrast between the sharp, dark tones of the ocean and the glowing, vibrant tones of the sun were stunning. It had been many years since she had seen such a beautiful sunset. In more ways than one, she was wondering how much longer until she would again see such beauty.

The crest of the waves sparkled like glitter and forces her to squint. It was so much light, so much to take in at once. Deep blue sky above her and the soft gentle sea around her made her remember a time like this many years ago. An almost identical sunset shed its brilliance on her skin and the Earth seems to stretch to fit the endless heavens. The water breaking around the hull of the ship seemed accommodating and friendly.

Of course, she took little time to take it in, except for a glance that spawned this memory. Really, you can’t blame her, it being her honeymoon and being aboard one of the world’s largest cruise ships. How many years ago did all the magic happen? She could hardly remember. Other passengers all around and the constant sound of music flooding her ears kept her attention, but now she finds herself all alone in silence. True, these are the same waters, but these are far from the same circumstance.

A shimmering distorted image of her keeps dancing in and out of her vision. Looking down in its eyes, she gives way to yet another recollection. This time, it’s the pond behind her grandmother’s house, in Georgia. As a child, she would spend all summer down at that watery oasis. Smiling as she looks back to a time when she would have felt overwhelmed by the dilemma of having to choose to go swimming now or later, she remembers an easier time in life. That watery reflection looking back at her from the end of the dock at the pond has since traded places with the one she finds staring back now. The current shadow replaces the hope and vigor that had embodied it years earlier with sadness and despair.

Her awe for the beauty of the moment was turning to fear of the foreboding dark. Maybe by taking the time to recognize this experience would make it go away and become little more than another recollection. Maybe if she could just think of something else and fight off the tears, then things would be
different. The slow rise and fall of the waves combined with the methodic thump of water against her life preserver kept her reaching for something, anything to take her away from where she was. Begging the Pacific to loosen its grasp and let her go to a place she’s been before.

Amazingly, she had escaped nearly unscathed from the boat wreck, yet she has strayed far away from the others and is now in more danger than ever. Her surroundings were quickly changing, taking on an ominous tone with the nightfall approaching. She closed her eyes and again tried to forget the ugliness of the present by remembering the beauty that filled her memories.
WE ARE FREE TO
BE OURSELVES.

Our lives begin as green buds
Together on a branch.

Spring unfolds, as do we
Into green leaves.

Together we blow in the wind,
And let the sun shine on us.

We are all the same green leaves
Sitting on a branch.

Summer unwinds and I itch for
change.

Weeks on end I have seen
Far too much green-leaves, grass, shrubs, flower stems

How dull! I want to be my own and
stick out on the tree!

Autumn now arrives, MY SAVIOR!
She brings golden yellow, ruby red,
and Sunkist orange dye.

Which should I be? Well, which
won't the rest of the leaves be,
I choose that color.
I never speak anymore
A passing shadow that catches
The corner of your eye
Don’t bother turning your head
I’ll already be gone

Tongues twisted with apathy
We don’t talk and I
Just don’t care
I’ll creep into the corners and
Disappear

Ignore the girl – slipping
To memory, an image
Fading,
A thumbnail sketch –
Undoing herself before your eyes

Herself

Disappear

Listen

Liquid Eyes
The heart is in the right place,
not as decrepit as the body.

Clear the sores one last time,
take the walk.

12 years, quite a lifetime they say.

Though you were not every man's best friend,
you were mine.

Shake my hand and say goodbye.

Forever your shadows

will walk the halls of my heart.

Dave Everhart
Beautiful
A blessing or a lesson
Lies underneath
Try Love
Feel Love
Make Love
A curse
Hate Pain Anger
Only to those who know

I cry
I miss what I never had
we cry

Ungrateful killers that I will never be
Dying inside
Crushed
Love tried and failed
Understanding
Comfort

How to survive
Crumble
Any more than I already have

How not to

with our broken hearts swollen the
continuous stabbing at the already penetrating gash
ripping
torturous screams and the
blood
the only remains

God, sometimes I wonder if you are mad at me?

II Only questions with
No answers

My child
Soiled of misfortune
Baby
love

The invariable
Why am I here
still?
With the emptiness in my soul
that burns melted salt
from the tears that never had a
chance to cry
I cry for you
The Ride Home

Just like before, the nights before, we play this game, rules never change. Before the sun drops below the hills, I am at your door, waltz on in, and later - after We are done - I waltz on out again. The cool damp night always gathers me in its arms, carries me home. My ears hum with the silence; not even a cricket will talk to me on these nights. The drive is more empty, the radio fuzzes out headlights find nothing in the blackness, no one else takes the trip with me, endless vacant roads. Solace.

Your scent is still with me, on my clothes, my skin, my breath. You are still there with me I think, but as streetlights shine into the windows - the same ones that sometimes blink out as I pass underneath - I can see I am alone. Sometimes, the clouds spit on me Sometimes, there are no clouds at all. Just the moon and desolate skies, they try to discourage me. I meander down barren paths, it consumes me, but then, I am fortunate there is a trip to make at all, for someone perfect as you.
The satellites are out tonight,
loosely joined wires running new mail routes
through glass blocks cramped for space.
Even with the night, city lights
act so bright one cannot be blind,
the air direr than breath,
through this distance air burns in waves.
Before I left you spoke of space.
now and then, what's in between is mass.
You said, in time liquid will move,
currents are not stopped.
But here volume does not equal mass,
I cannot see your distant expansion,
thinking, in dreams without sleep,
you spoke to me as a ghost,
above you another mass climbs
emptying itself,
tearing away from me, your
fluids mixing into one another.
I cannot speak,
without sleep breath has become short,
lungs holding the suction within chest.
Stepping away from myself
and through streets where I courier,
walking I will be watching
for the boxes to shatter.
I will be waiting to return from my distance,
where in light you can be seen,
your figure distinct among the dark.
I will come back walking over shards,
glass as if memory engraved
in my soles forcing out the blood.


DAWN POGUE

The Brightest Sun

Dreamy summer days,
Laughter in the haze,
Sun-scorched and searing skin,
In the movies good will always win.
But that is only on the screen,
The naïve and hopeful dream,
In truth, darkness will prevail,
On seas of blood we all will sail.
The light too, will have its chance to stand.
The sun like fire will scorch the land.
And the Lord will look down from the sky,
Watching as the years go by and by
He will summon back the darkness he cast,
And the fire of the sun,
“That’s it, he will say, my job for now is done.
My children, there were many lessons you had to learn,
Many medals you had to earn.
I understand it wasn’t easy,
But all in all, your acts have pleased me.
You’ve passed one test,
And though there will be others,
Don’t worry children; you’ll pass those tests as brothers.
And soon,
Sooner than you think you’ll be with me,
We’ll be as one.
And our souls will burn,
Brighter than the brightest sun.”
It's blue today, an October blue. The wind is howling behind me, chasing me, pushing me away. It doesn't want me or need me anymore; it's ready to become itself. One, not two together, separate — single. The October wind has harvested itself deep within me and over the lost summer nights that we shared together. We shared our senses, memories, tastes, time, laughter, and pleasures.

The October wind is something communal. Neither the wind nor I want to part, but we must. We must, to ensure life long survival and happiness. The October wind will not be able to withstand the harsh winter. It has to move on, go other places to make use of itself. I also need to let go of the wind for life to continue, seasons to change, growth to occur, and maturity to develop. In order to be the person I should be I need to let go of the wind, and it has to release me. Blow me away to where I should be. We are free. I'm released, yet I'm blue.
Hungry

The cream of your nature-
what makes you a boy,
what brought you to my bed
on an ordinary Thursday night
is pulled out from the inside.

You are on
my hands,
in between my fingers,
all over my sheets, blankets, and memory.
The stains of who I am-
where I've been
are on your fingers.
Like dipping them into honey or melted candy
when you were little and just as hungry.
Finding Out The Hard Way

My cigarette burns,
Fueling my directionless journey.
I walk.
Dogs growl, Cars beep, People shout,
I am not fazed.
My toes are soaked.
Freezing.
My chattering teeth
Draw blank stares from Yuppies
With umbrellas, who knows where
They are going.
Or
At least pretend to.
The moon peeks her head
Asking me to dinner.
I may just go.
So much depends

On my ability

To mix with the whole

Whatever happened

To the individual?
Some store bought face with a bottled blonde until I am no longer recognizable or sane because my brain is overwhelmed from the adrenaline produced by my two hour death-defying jog is beautiful.

Maybe a body that is so skinny the spinal bones jut out of the back like rocks in the ocean’s side, only to realize that the iridescent tank you bought just doesn’t fit you the way the fashionably hip sales clerk said it would.

Somewhere you may have went wrong with that dark line smothering your eyes and the clumps that overshadow your lashes until they are no longer fine extensions of your eyes but rather the glue that holds your eyes to your face.

Beauty is the expensive pair of designer jeans you bought that not only look dirty and stained but also seem to have been worn before you by someone who thought cutting holes in them was a good idea.

Can you imagine a world without Barbie and Cosmo Linger over as the all knowing and perfect mold Of what being a beautiful woman is only to find out That the mold doesn’t fit you or anyone you know.

Beauty isn’t bought, packaged or sold. It’s not the latest fashion trend or the to-die-for color. It is the spark that lives inside that if given the chance shines brighter than any firefly in the night. It’s a gift to those who have an opportunity to somehow glimpse it’s natural form.
it is your constancy
I love, the way you can yell
now with no prior warning, the way
things seem to fall apart
around us, fall apart at our feet.
and who do we blame but ourselves. Our
perfect selves, perfectly put
together, perfectly tearing the other
apart. it is your constancy
I love, the way you show a self
that I have never seen. the way
my depression has begun to eat away at
you, and the way that you deny it.

*After Kathleen Wakefield’s line in “There and Back”*
awakening

finding myself in a darkened café
l lapsing into my role
of silent observer
nursing a mocha latte and
 cradling my worn copy
  of *One*;

i slip into my own state of amalgamated oneness

these words
falling from the lips of those around me
have passed through mine as well.

feeling as if
my wholeness depends
upon my conscious acceptance
of my reflection
peering at me in the eyes
of a stranger;

i realize i am only one
and yet i am many.

i see myself fleetingly
in the eyes of a child my
innocence reflected in the
wide eyes of youth.

i find myself lingering
in the deep pools
of cataract infested eyes
immersed in the wisdom bred
by years of living.

i hear my song
as it is sung by the ocean's
age old rhythm
of ebb and
flow.
i feel my own lifeblood echoing in my ear as I rest my head upon your weary chest.

i know myself when I find myself in others;

i come to realize a solitary existence is a desolate journey through perilous land;

i begin to fear futility more than rejection.

with precise deliberation i force myself to lift my eyes from these words that have become my refuge to focus them on the foggy uncertainty lying before me.

i slip into my own state of inclusive distinctiveness

my lips begin to form the words which comprise conversation.

feeling as if my wholeness depends upon my participation in this life i am living;

realizing i am many and yet i am only one.
Lady Bugs

As I so reverently twisted the cold brass doorknob I stared at the letters W-I-N-N-Y painted delicately on the smooth wood door. My heart leapt and then sank.

I walked in with only the momentum that the soft cream carpet gave me as I heard it speak, “Plush, Plush, Plush” under my feet.

I stepped over a khaki skirt and moved slowly over to the wooden framed bed, “Plush, Plush, Plush.” The neon striped comforter hung half off in a lazy position and the white sheet with bright red lady bugs was pushed aside in a hasty, yet soft manner. The fitted sheet still held the imprint of the body that awoke in it earlier that day. I bent down to pick up a lost red pillow and stopped. I could not. It lay too perfect.

I walked across the room to the closet, “Plush, Plush, Plush.” I stared at the tall mirror door and saw the wrong reflection. I slid the mirror door aside until I disappeared. I looked at the colors of the clothes in front of me. I felt calmed by the flooded scent of mountain spring fresh fabric softener. Bright red Capri pants, a baby blue skirt, a hot pink tank top, and a black and purple shirt looked all too familiar. To my right, far down the rack, separate from everything else was a white blouse that held onto the hanger by one shoulder. It was the partner to the khaki skirt, an outfit that failed to please its owner earlier that day. I backed up and caught myself on a black-heeled Steve Madden sandal, an accomplice to the blouse and khaki skirt. I bent down to move it and stopped. I could not. It was placed too perfect.

I went over to the cluttered cherry oak dresser, “Plush, Plush, Plush.” Two bracelets and a chain laid tangled on its surface. One that I had brought from Mexico and the other, a silver bracelet with an Ariki Paua shell cut into a heart. A unique shell brought back from New Zealand, a daddy’s gift. There was one item missing, one that left this dresser every morning. The silver Tiffany’s bracelet with a heart charm engraved, “Winny Love,” a boyfriend’s gift. Underneath the two was an oval locket on a gold chain. It laid half open. I went to close it and stopped. I could not. It looked too perfect.
I turned to my right and sat down at the vanity. The cushioned seat was still warm from earlier that day. I did not want to move. I looked at the girly objects in front of me. There was a light layer of sparkling powder over the surface. I touched it with the tip of my index finger and watched it sparkle in the light. I felt the soft hair on the end of a makeup brush. It was so smooth to my fingertips. It tickled. I smelled “Cool Water” from the open bottle of fragrance in front of me. I leaned in to pick up the top and stopped. I could not. It smelled too perfect. As I leaned back my elbow nudged a blue brush. I stared at the bristles all entangle in soft, chocolate strands of hair. I wanted to keep it. I wanted to keep everything in this room. The beauty that surrounded me was so indulging.

Sitting there, I realized that ladybugs were not all that lucky. I started to feel myself get hot and the water filtering into my eyes. I stood up and relentlessly moved to the door, “Hush, Hush, Hush” I heard her say. I started to cry and stopped. I could not. It sounded too perfect.

I turned the warm brass doorknob and watched the smooth wooden door brush the tips of the cream carpet. I avoided the closet mirror door with my eyes; I could not bear to tell the mirror its reflection was gone. I turned to look one last time and stopped. I could not. It felt too perfect.
Here it comes down upon my skin
I turn my face upwards to Heaven
Opening my mouth to taste the sweet drops of life upon my tongue
The sky quickly darkens, as if there was never light
And the rain grows stronger
Pulsing against my body, seeping into my soul

I run for shelter under the porch of my neighbor’s weary home
Just as I arrive without breath, lightning strikes the Weeping Cherry Tree
Splitting it in half and scattering white petals all around
Wind moans through the sky as His tears splash against my ankles

The storm will retreat, just as it came
Leaving footprints underneath the baptized Tulip leaves
ANTHONY LICCIONE

The Unleashed Song

It was my capturing you,
(I regret)
while swinging from limb
to corn leaves. Whom would
land in the grass—patch shade
and comb out the black beetles,
outside my backyard.
I would watch you with high-range
telescopes through my window,
watch you chase the sun
in the east and rest
in the South with the moon’s milk.
Then on,
I made a vow to catch you
and your tempered songs.

Amidst the Mcintosh tree;
sweet tune melodies carried
through your cherry beak,
small, red feathers spread
in your wings: mating season
the call for another cardinal.
Rather, I came to your songs
swinging my nylon net to entrap
then you fell within hopeless webs
and white mesh.

I took your last breath of Spring
and locked away your dreams in
a steel cage,
for a season your feathers ruffled
and thinned:
the once cheery beak
broke out dry cracks
refused to speak to me,
nor my comforts.
Not a tune was warbled.
It was that first day of snow
when I awoke
the sun was still rising
and you laid dead in warm decay
on the bottom silver pan,
water and bird feed
untouched, red ball in the corner
stolen and cold.
And no song came from my window,
or head.
Innocent

Frolicking
   Drifting
       Playing
Outside my bedroom window
I watch,
   As it
Grasps me by the throat
I'm surrounded
Green Bliss...
Husband - Love

a fence with roses grows, thorned and entangled, trying to make sense of something that doesn't make sense, smell pear candles, cry, dream, forget.

his suffering made holy with candles and prayers, candles and prayers. they follow years of work and love - a tiny bit hidden - the roses bloom. they were part of his creation, part of his final gift for Love.