Full Issue

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SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

THE NEXT ANGLE DEADLINE IS MARCH 22, 2002 BY 5:00 P.M.

All submissions must be sent to angle@sjfc.edu, as a Word attachment.

WE ARE NO LONGER ACCEPTING HARD COPY SUBMISSIONS.

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 that does not follow these guidelines. If you have any questions concerning submission guidelines, please contact the editors at angle@sjfc.edu. Thank you!

You may submit pictures, drawings, photography, and computer generated images as well as many other types of artistic expressions.

**All submissions are judged anonymously.
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ANN-MARIE DOYLE
ANGLE 2002

AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE
RICHARD MAULFAIR............SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK, OR, CANCER

SECOND PRIZE
TRACY FAY............TELL IT LIKE IT IS

THIRD PRIZE
JODI ROWLAND............SEND ME NOW WHAT ENDED THEN

ART PRIZE
ANN-MARIE DOYLE
The broken mirror shows truths
pieced together to resemble the one lie
named reflection.

A boy stands
in front of a father
in front of a grandfather.

The glass shows the man's mistakes
outlining his life
in his misdirection.

Placing his hands on the edges of life
opening old wounds on the shards
the weakened blood fills the cracks.

Something familiar in family appears
in the pieces of life embedded in his hands,
a new infection.
TELL IT LIKE IT IS
(after reading Lucille Clifton’s wishes for sons)

tell them how it is, Lucy
all the cramps that cause us pain.
tell them how our stomachs twist
and how it seems we’re insane

ask them if they go to the store
to get us our supplies.
ask them if they really went
and all you hear are lies.

tell them that the time has come
and then they say “good grief!”
tell them that the time is gone
and then they say “relief!”

tell them how it would be, Lucy,
if they were in our shoes.
tell them how they would feel
when they have got the blues.
JODI ROWLAND

SEND ME NOW WHAT ENDED THEN

Once a glory, now fallen,
Endlessly in infinity.
All of everything diminished to
ends
  of what we used to
ends
  of how we used to
ends
  of when we used to
Send me
Fading fast down forgotten nows
now
talk
now
kiss
now
make love
thens falling into now,
nows and then,
There was always snow then.
RACHEL KOOY

IMAGES

Images fighting their way into the mind
Music heard playing in the background
A faint, sigh of breath is let out
While the candles burn down to the wick
Leaving a blank stare across the table
No words are spoken
Only faint sounds of whispers echo through the room
Remembrance of how things were
Remembrance of how things are
The silence grows profoundly deep
Reverberating every heartbeat, every thought
Deep down into the heart and mind
The staring grows more intense
The images have won,
Have broken through the music
The candles are burnt out
The whispers gain momentum
Bellowing throughout the silence
I am not alone.
MEGHAN ROOT

DAWN OF WINTER

Snow blankets slush
as neither pay attention
to my unheated grave
as I wander through the world
through life
covering up mistakes
like the winter covers fall.

Each day of winter
dawns like death approaching me
approaching life
sneaking over the horizon
and always around the next corner.

Death is the sun
revealing the snow after night
after life
when all is melting away.
BARI MANCE

BROKEN PANE

Alone.
Always alone.
Sitting, a cool dew filled windowpane
reflects the spirit of the young.
Long ago, children seen playing
in warm breezy summer days
that clouds the goodness of memory.
Memories fade—
The house condemns itself
into the solitude of a
broken pane

MEG BARBOZA

THE OLD TOAD

ALEXANDER ST., ROCHESTER, NY, WINTER

Through the dim
lit windows, in the middle
of winter, you can see
history condensing
on the glass, covering
the green curtains—
mist of evening, dew
at sunset . . .
at The Old Toad,
cold nights clank
like glasses
and voices weighted
with beer
and importance.
Ezra

Litany of Sound

A. L. Higham
"You have to suffer if you're ugly,"
Mother taunts day in and day out.
"Why not just lick the light switch
and do us all a favor?"
A classmate, a stranger even.
"You have to suffer, suffer, suffer."
They try to get her to
Teeter on the edge of that cliff,
One exhale from going over.
But, she's strong.

A voice whirs in her head:
It's her own, in her happy place
Where she is good, and pretty
And worthwhile.
The sun shines warm on her face here
And if she has to,
She can fly
Off that cliff
Into the setting sun.
She can shine as diamonds
On the water shine.
Beautiful reflections of the sun
And all that is good.
"Diamonds come from coal"
She tells herself.
She is hopeful, always
Hope filled within her heart
That she has a fighting chance.

Until the day that she realized
How soft diamonds really are.
They can be smashed down, stomped on,
Broken into pieces like jagged glass
Or the tiny seeds in blackberry jam.
What hope does she have now that she's broken?
Go ahead, suffer, suffer - she can fly -
Exhale.
TO: GOD
FROM: JON
SUBJ: A QUICK QUESTION

God, why does everything have to be so hard?

I'm tired of always trying to understand what the "historical significance" of this is—
I'm tired of always trying to understand what the "theological importance" of that is—
I'm tired of always trying to make everyone around me better than I am.

I want to be a kid again.
I don't want to be 21 years old, graduating, and "moving on"
What does "moving on" mean anyway?

Could you clarify that for me please?

This stage of life is so confusing.
One day someone's your friend, the next they hate you.
No matter what I think or do someone still dislikes me.

Is it possible for someone to change for the better?

Just drop me a line sometime to let me know.
I'm sure your answers are the right ones,
I know your answers are the right ones.

Talk to you soon, God.
Kevin had dreams higher than the sky, so it was no surprise when he came to his wife, Rebecca, saying, "Honey, I am going to surprise you with an amazing red carnation." Rebecca loved how her husband expressed his love, but she didn't understand what the big deal was about a simple red carnation. Without another word, Kevin drove into the morning sun, with a mission in his mind.

Rebecca became worried when Kevin didn't come home that night. She didn't hear from Kevin for weeks. She notified the police, but they were unsuccessful. With the thoughts of her husband being gone, Rebecca sat in her house depressed for weeks. She spoke to no one, watched no television, and cut herself off from the world.

To Rebecca's amazement, weeks later, Kevin stood at her front door. Kevin was ecstatic, jumping up and down, wondering what Rebecca thought of her red car nation. Rebecca didn't understand; Kevin had no red carnation in his hand, but she didn't care, she was happy to see him. After Kevin's persistence of her emotions, she finally asked what he meant. Kevin couldn't believe she didn't know what he was talking about. He had her turn on the television. On the news Rebecca saw how someone had gone all across the United States, and painted every car red. The country was in complete disarray, due to Kevin's crazy dreams of a red car nation. Rebecca sat in shock at what her husband had done.
Everybody in the town knows
About my breakdown. It was
My brother's Holy Confirmation
That day, and I was his sponsor;
Or supposed to be anyway.

I try and try again now,
To think back and try
To process what went wrong
That day.

But still it never fully registers.
I always get to the brink and then
Even when I jump off, curiously,
In my mind, into the darkness...

I never land.

The pit is bottomless
And it keeps me falling through
Life
Trying, hoping for an end.

Trying to think of where it leads,
All the while being to ashamed and
Afraid of the answer;
I continue to fall.

And think.
In fear and wonderment,
As if struck simply by an open-ended book,
A thousand pages long.
Grandmother,
thinning hair
falling
off shoulders
like snowflakes
waltzing though December,

dust particles
above the air conditioner
when sunlight sings
through windows,
aged highlights,
individual strands filled with

the wisdom of a woman
who raised children
during war,
who planted irises, wisteria
in the village gardens.

MELISSA A. JAPP
PHIL LORIGO

INTERVIEW GUARANTEED

It's not a very accommodating phrase. The colorful sign in the Denny's window projects. It reminds me of our country's justice system. "A speedy and fair trial..." bla bla bla. The staff at Denny's would like to inform you that if you want to apply for a position there, the interview is guaranteed. What a sweet deal. If there's one thing everyone needs, it's judgment before predetermined failure. At least when the interview is a plateau you aspire to reach, you know you've failed if you haven't gotten a call from Chet or Tom, nicely asking you to come in "for a chat," or whatever the corporate euphemism is for interview these days. But Denny's is an equal opportunity discriminating force. Kudos to them.

I was That Guy tonight. I entered the restaurant alone, book in hand. I ordered my decaf coffee and water. I opened the book and paged to the dedication. Or whatever it's called. I felt pretty small. I didn't even put dent in the book before I sat down at the table. In fact, I didn't even read the back of the book to see what it was about. I hate ruining things before I get into them. I never understand why people do that. Y'know, having to read the back of a movie you're going to rent anyway. Spoil the plot. Spoil the surprise. What's the point? I like surprises.

There were two occupied tables other than mine. One housed a group of middle-aged people, the other contained four drunken twenty-somethings. I'm sure the kids would have at least talked underneath their breath about me, but they were too drunk. I gauged this by the abundance of profanity and laughter projected by their circle. I continued to read.

Seventy-five pages in I decided it was a good time to leave. My server had already left, and I felt it was my cue to get back in my car and go home. I lit a cigarette as if to celebrate something. It was good. Not as good as an I-just-had-sex smoke, or a drag from a well-earned nicotine fix. But it felt warm. Whole. Like me. I pulled out of the parking lot and aimed home.

The music complimented the moment as perfectly as a score hand selected for a dramatic scene in some Hollywood film. The tapping of my foot and thumb syncopated nicely.
I went too far.

The surrounding terrain looked a little too unfamiliar. This is my second home. This is my other town. What am I doing getting lost coming home from The Other Denny's? But I know where I am. I'm sure of it.

The levels of the second track of the disc I was listening to didn't match up with the first. I turned up the volume to match that of the last song. These are the risks you take when making a mix CD. Despite my personal habits and opinions, this never bothered me. It should, though. When I saw the 490E sign, I knew where I was going. Not where I was, but where I was going. The moist ground made every lane look like it was a left-turn-only. I shrugged internally and proceeded home.

The volume of the third track startled me slightly, but the sound was therapeutic, expressing what I was thinking. My throat was dry, but it shouldn't have been. I "quit" smoking not too long ago. I just drank plenty of liquids. Thoughts of catching Mono from one of the guys I live with surfaced, but they were unfounded. I already had Mono a few years ago. I already paid my dues. That's what I keep telling myself.

Pulling into the parking lot of my apartment, I smiled. My parking spot was still open. In a place where they ticket cars of people they think don't live there, in a place where there's a major parking shortage, in a place where you're more likely to find a leprechaun with a pot of gold, I find my parking spot. I kept smiling.

There's a certain dignity to being alone. Not having to worry about what your companion is thinking. Not being concerned with what the group will determine the next destination to be. Just you. Doing "your thing." Finding my key, I didn't really worry about whether This Girl called or if That One stopped over. I just checked to make sure the fragment of a sugar packet I was using as a bookmark was still in place. It was. Right at Chapter 6, page 75. I'm still not sure why I even marked it. I knew the page. I knew the chapter. I knew I'd remember the page. When it comes to things like this, I don't really like surprises.
JODI ROWLAND

MEETING IN THE LIBRARY

_Him:_
Frozen in the moment,
Her eyes turned toward me, intensely brown.
And my eyes, in turn, melted over her rosy lips.
With a sweet singsong voice her words became
My ears melody.
"You read poetry with no passion,"
she uttered. Her rosy lips read word for word
what my eyes could not see,
only the gloss of her lips was real to me.
The song continued on through her motions-
lip after lip.
Swarms of sound swept my stiffened body,
each letter stretched into a string,
pulling me into her web of words,
into her lip, through her mouth,
into her world-now my world.
Her last note, and
enchanted with her song
I reached for her rosy red, glossy lips.
A red forbidden fruit I savor in my mouth
Strawberry sweetness

_Her:_
Was it Hemingway?
Or maybe it was Frost?
Either way, he was lost.
And I was lost, in the words
spoken like a true speaker
would with emotion, or was it passion?
the page jumbled as each tone spilled
out of my mouth, into his ears
went vibrations, alluring
syllables of beauty, from the page
in an old torn brown book
where my lips pressed against, the thought
in his head was sinking, in his eyes
he was seeing the words float from my
mouth, off my tongue, pass by my lips
and stretch for his welcoming throat
which held his heart, eager to strike
softly towards me,
I felt him move his soul inside me.
It all happened so fast, yet it all happened so slow. The front end of the car hit first. The hood began to fold like an accordion, one wrinkle at a time. I was able to see the scratch on the very front of the hood that I had made when sitting to look out over a sunset the same summer. I saw the small dent above the taillight that was made when I misjudged a turn at the grocery store. I saw it all, and it was slowly, yet seemingly gracefully, flowing toward me.

There was no sound after the initial squeal of the tires. I felt like I had dove under water. There were faint sounds around me, but everything was muted and jumbled together like a tape recording on slow-play. Everything was like deep chimes going off, echoing amidst the arches of a cathedral somewhere far away.

The complete feeling of helplessness didn't hit until the pain shot through my body. At first, it was only my toes, then ankles, and then legs. The pain shot up through my body as if a thousand needles pricked me all at once. The pain was unbearable, but then it came to a surprising and welcomed halt. There was no feeling of suffering from below my belt. I thought I may have been dreaming, and that I would wake up from this nightmare at any moment, but the pain resurfaced once again.

This time, I felt my chest. My breathing was starting to become tough, as if I was breathing in syrup or glue. I wasn't drowning, I knew that, but there was fluid in my lungs. The fluid was from somewhere inside, somewhere deep inside.

The last fraction of a second I remembered was being jolted back in my seat. My head reached down to my chest, then launched backward to the headrest at lightning speed. I felt the unmistakable crunch of bone and sinew. It was after the final whip that all was quiet, all was silent, and all was calm.
The day greets me with a middle finger and a cold cup of reality.
I long for the time when I woke to the sounds of fictional drawings dancing to Beethoven.
Instead, I fall into work, Thinking of anything but.
I dream of my dreams, And what happened to them, Before I grew up.
THIS PAGE HAS BEEN REMOVED ON REQUEST OF THE AUTHOR
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The young girl sits in her rocking chair waiting, rocking, impatient. Due date passed she waits, rocking herself and the large belly to sleep as if she has become the baby growing inside of her.

An old woman sits in her rocking chair knitting. Creaking with age Each year passes ignored as if not important. Sitting in a corner, Faded by the rays Passing though the windows. The child lays in her arms, whimpering with the sun in her eyes.
JOAN SIMEONE

RAMBLINGS

429 Orange Street is the first home i can remember
don't know where i lived before that
the crimson red walls in the living room and the artwork one of us etched on the wall...
don't know if it was my brother, my sister, or me...
read a book that said the youngest child in a family doesn't remember very clearly because he has learned to rely on the memories of others,
those who are older and thus possess authority where his memory conflicts with theirs,
its discarded as having little worth
he believes his memory is more accurately described as a rag-bin or shall we say "quilt" of other's memories, overlapping testimonies of what happened before he was born, mixed in with what happened after his birth, including him

i'm trying to remember pieces of my quilt now
will i ever be able to or will there be so many unanswerable questions
and when i go away
who will be left to worry?
there was that nun in 1st grade making fun of my short haircut
said i looked like a boy and the whole class laughed
it occurs to me now i was a mere audience for her and, of course, that damn nun probably had a pixie haircut too under that flying nun habit that was her costume back then
not wanting to go to school anymore
my mom locked the door so i wouldn't run back home
my sister and her friend were made to walk me
i got there
being in the car with my dad as the radio announcer said Marilyn Monroe was dead
who was this lady, i asked?
think the year was 1962 but i don't know where we were going
if he was still here i wish we could go for that ride again...there's so many things i still need to ask and question of him
hated going to the corner store for cigarettes for mom
why didn't i tell her back then...? she's been gone now from lung cancer since '89 and of course it is too late for us all so much has happened since she's been gone
dad had a heart attack one day at work
he never came home he was 48 and my mom 39 ...three small children were left behind
my three children never knew him...is it possible to explain or describe a person who doesn't exist?
moved to Geneva because mom didn't drive
it was her friend convincing her it was a nice quiet town for those small children left behind one day at school a girl approached me on the playground at lunch said, "don't feel bad about your funny last name" see, she said, "my name is Debbie Queer," isn't that queer?
Queer changed to Quinn so people wouldn't think she was Queer
now Debbie Quinn is the mayor of Half Moon Bay, California, isn't it queer?
and my first kiss at West Street playground
his name was Louie and his father had a funeral home
there was also that man in the old red car
walked a dozen paces and then ran wondering where to go - get the license plate number and tuck it away
detectives came over our house and told my mom he had been caught
no longer be roaming exposing that thing
in that old red car
married with children of his own
the men in blue suits said he was glad he had been caught
those vacations at the Edgewood Resort in Alexandria Bay
trailways bus for us because mom never did learn how to drive those three small children were all she had
cheerleading in 8th grade friends all made the squad
not me forgot how much this really bothered me
came back to mind when Sara, my daughter, tried for cheerleading in 9th grade
made varsity squad and cheered for all four years...go Sara, do everything imaginable, my heart leaps for you
freshman year dating a senior all the senior boys dated the freshmen girls that year
oh how the senior girls hated us that year
'69 sophomore year had a crush on a certain junior boy broke his leg sliding into home plate
i sent him a get-well card signed in full instead of just Joan
would he wonder who i was?
he came back to school and hobbled over,
shook his head slightly and shyly said thanks. our eyes never left each other's until after a while everyone had left the hall
my very first best friend then and still today ...a lifelong contract?
remember my fake red leather coat
a senior in high school we all traveled to Washington for Tom's graduation
as we slept that night someone came into hotel room stole Mom's money and my red leather coat
who gave that person a license to watch as we slept soundly? eerie to think someone could do this the rest of that trip, i kept looking for my coat
first job right after high school at the big yellow box
those men would whistle when i walked out to the plant
back to the thoughts of the old red car
a certain day one of them called me over and said, "it's when we stop whistling you should be concerned" i knew what he meant and wanted to tell him but you don't understand that old red car
one day someone said, heh let's run for a marathon
four months of training and
off went the eight Kodak woman to run their 26.2 miles in Ottawa
Oh the Ottawa Express:
there was Cisilyn the Jamaican
Annie the nurse
Lori who became a jehovah witness
Margie the consultant
Janice the mailroom woman
Korleen the divorcee
forever dieting Gretchen
and the 28-year-old childless me,
pasta, beer, 26.2 and cheers
celebrations all night
next morning painful for all
feeling like Mack trucks
had run over us all
all a blur those labor pains came and went

and finally three small children in 22 months
was walking the path on my usual drain the dog walk
noticed Richard's garden had not bloomed this summer
all tall yellow and brownish weeds as if it had been under some sort of spell
could the death of his dad this summer
cought him in a tidal wave of grief
could i have escaped that tidal wave?
was i too young when this happened to me?
and also, what about that brother and sister left behind?
life has to have purpose and I
know there are more experiences than you would think there are no words
this much I know is true
but
i need to tuck away this quilt and return
again at another time in my life.
Meg Barboza

3400 N. Charles St. (2)

Voice
Quaker Meeting House, N. Charles St, mid-summer

Inside there are no
stained glass windows to make
the light dance a tango
across the bare backs
of worshippers.
No heavy stone sinking
in the eyes and on
the tongue like Our Lord's prayer.
No incense, no robes, no ceremony,
no pulpit, or holy water
to wash with.
Just prayer
passing between the pews,
and outside, the hush
of cicadas moving along the morning
glory vines: the midsummer voice
of God.
Smaller Than a Pinpoint
Bloomberg Center for Physics and Astronomy, Johns Hopkins University, late summer

"What can you see through this telescope?"
--Ted Hughes

Nothing. Despite the rotating ceiling, the government approved magnification, and the 400,000 times more light of two stars whose gravities hold each other's place in the universe-cosmic bookmarks-still I see nothing.
It is oppressively hot tonight in Baltimore, and I feel smaller than this pinpoint of a room in a city as wide as the sky.