Full Issue

Cover Page Footnote

This full issue is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss3/20
LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Coming into a new year, The Angle eagerly anticipates the revival of life that only Spring provides. While watching the snow melt away, many changes have been occurring within The Angle staff. With the addition of new positions, The Angle welcomes Emily Ryan, Editor-in-Training; Jason Cotugno, Layout Editor; John Karbowski, Web Design; and Matthew Cotungo, Account Manager. Our new staff hopes to maintain and strengthen the production and expression of The Angle.

In this issue, The Angle presents a variety of voices from the Fisher community. From poems about the current political status to those reminiscing about childhood, these voices create vivid images. In addition to the colorful imagery presented in poetry and prose, the art gallery showcases a mixture of mediums that demonstrate the artistic ability of our campus.

We hope that you will continue to share your voices with The Angle enabling us to be an expressive, creative platform. Our next submission deadline is Monday, March 22nd and we encourage you to submit your poetry, prose, and artwork.

Thank you,

Jodi Rowland, Editor
Stacy Colombo, Editor
Emily Ryan, Editor-in-Training
# Table of Contents

**Cover Art** Lisa Stevens Brotz

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Angel's Home Grown Awards</td>
<td>Leslie Pogue</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Complete Circles</td>
<td>Starasia Daniel</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Am From Good Love And Every Kind Of Cheese You Can Envision</td>
<td>Amy Bianchi</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belonging</td>
<td>George Cassidy Payne</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Democrats</td>
<td>Christopher Ouimet</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pickle Juice</td>
<td>Mary Anne Donovan</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Setting: Stage</td>
<td>Kerry Meagher</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If I Never Woke From My Slumber,</td>
<td>Erika McRae</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Would I Miss?</td>
<td>Jessica Johnson</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Art Gallery</td>
<td></td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Year's Time</td>
<td>Jodi Rowland</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main Street Bridge</td>
<td>Maureen MacIsaac</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasures</td>
<td>Courtney Fleming</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning Light</td>
<td>Robin Buda</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tea For Two</td>
<td>Emily Ryan</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In The Spaces</td>
<td></td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rebel With A Cause In Mind</td>
<td>Stacy Colombo</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bittersweet Closure</td>
<td>Rachel Kooy</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Remember You</td>
<td>M.W.</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flashback</td>
<td>Chelsea Beatty</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Submission Guidelines</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[//home.sjfc.edu/theangle/](//home.sjfc.edu/theangle/)
ANGLE'S HOME GROWN AWARDS

READERS' CHOICE

FIRST PLACE Complete Circles.......... Leslie Pogue
SECOND PLACE untitled........ Starasia Daniel
THIRD PLACE I AM FROM GOOD LOVE AND EVERY KIND OF CHEESE YOU CAN ENVISION......... Amy Bianchi

EDITORS’ PICK Belonging........ George Cassidy Payne
HONORABLE MENTION Democrats......... Christopher Oumet
FACULTY AWARD Pickle Juice......... Mary Anne Donavan

ART PICKS

ART AWARD Lisa Stevens Brotz

JENNY STOCKDALE
When we were younger
we rode our bikes—
In complete circles—
Around the corner,
past the chip shops, the pubs, and
past our house—
Going in complete circles,
because that’s as far as
we were allowed to go.
Collected rocks,
gathered bundles of sticks,
for a neighbor’s fire—
Long stem purple snowball flowers
Dirt all over our faces—
And we never cared.
My sister shamelessly,
rode her bike down the road—
without her shirt on—
and a pair of florescent orange shorts
Just like the boys—
    At school we wore gray—
pleated skirts,
while playing hopscotch—
Did handstands, splits,
and cartwheels
But had to wear shorts underneath,
so the boys couldn’t peek—
    Now my innocent daughter,
Collects sticks,
rocks, and flowers—
Her long legs leap—
across the yard—
She runs— in complete circles—
A dandelion in her hand—
Rides her three-wheeler like the best—
With no shirt on—
Just in training pants—
    And I wonder — if
I might join her—
With just my bathing suit bottom—
    Like she should—
Like I should
Like we— All should—
Like all — girls used to—
    And I wonder—
Can’t we all be innocent,
one again?
Riding in complete circles—
Like the shameless little girl, in Belfast!
I decided to take the “C” local into Brooklyn
I sat down and looked across
Alone
In a seat built for two
She sat across from me
And everything about her
Reminded me of my past
That brown slim frame
Those long tattered arms
The muddy blue jeans
Worn and wrinkled Nikes
With the shoestrings strung tight
Like they were choking the life
Out of her feet
What life?

And although I didn’t know this woman
One thing was for damn sure
She was fucked up
Strung out
Or whatever those African American Addicts
Call it

She owned a small afro
With a few dashes of salt
Could be someone’s
Daughter, auntie, sister, mother or mistress
All that responsibility neglected, avoided

What I’ll never forget
About this woman
Was her leaning off her chair
As if she would fall
This is what we Brooklyn Knights
Call the dope-fiend lean
She had her doctrine!
Her eyes were filled with
Pain, sadness, separation, alienation
And not to mention
Her last fix
I was in a trance when
The conductor announced
“Next stop, Euclid Avenue
Stand clear the closing doors”
I held my hands close together
And said a secret silent prayer
For my black sister
And while tears watered
And eventually rolled down my face
I realized that there was nothing
I could do

As I stood up, to get off the train
I frantically dug in my pockets
Looking for a dollar bill
But what would she do with it?
Get a fix, buy food or put it toward the family

Time was running out
I stepped off the train
And watched it put out of the station

Going, Going, Gone

As quick as that drug escaped from the syringe
into her vein
As quick as life was slipping from that Black Queen
Gone and never coming back

That dollar
Could have saved
Or taken her life
I thought to myself
In the rat race climbing the stairs
To the street

That’s not a risk I am willing to take
I thought to myself
Walking down
Euclid Avenue.
AMY BIANCHI

I AM FROM GOOD LOVE AND EVERY KIND OF CHEESE YOU CAN ENVISION

I am from medical books about cancer, cats on the couches, and dogs in the family room.

* I am from the Blessed Mother Mary, Jesus Christ our Lord, and the holy Catholic Church.

* I am from good love and every kind of cheese you can envision.

* I am from the colorful playground at Paddy Hill, the library up the rise, the flowers spread along the way, and the friendly Italian people around the bend.

* I am from the pine trees that encompass magical powers, a willow tree that I could read, imagine, and hide from view in. I am from my pink and purple ten-speed named Kenny that led me on many exploratory paths. I am from the neighborhood creek with dirt, bugs, hermit crabs, leaches, snapping turtles and snakes.

* I am from the Flynn’s, the Gunther’s, and the Bianchi’s; masons, architects, and jewelers. I am from the Queen of Naples, Italy.

* I am from my mom’s macaroni and cheese, my dad’s early morning omelets, warm bagels and cream cheese, first rate strong smelling black coffee, no sugar no cream! I am from well done chicken and ziti with Italian spices, do not forget the mozzarella cheese!

* I am from the penny candy shop and Marilyn Schneider’s dance class. I am from bows, barrettes, flowered dresses, crimped hair and perms. I am from stretch pants, a clubbed thumb, and uncanny elbows.

* I am from my gay uncles with lengthy nails and awesome hair, riding in their black Camero made me feel like I was from Tina Turner. I was from somewhere where no one could touch me or harm me in any way, manner, or form.

* I am from good love and deep devotion. I am from beautiful people, my parents. I am open-minded and beautiful because of my past days and years. I will continue to shine on because of where I am from.

**
GEORGE CASSIDY PAYNE

BELONGING

I
do not belong to America. I will not murder another human being,
Because of foreign policy, I will not pretend to see,
What good can come from patriotism.

I do not belong to Oneonta, Lowville, Sackets Harbor, or Rochester.
Not to St. John Fisher College
or the Crozer School of Divinity.

These places do not claim my soul for an address.

I do not belong to Amy Bianchi, my glacier eyed seraph
my best friend
I do not belong to Don and Cheryl Payne—the ones, who taught me,
Gandhi’s art of fishing—

The ones who married me to Christ.

I do not belong to the Open Door Mission, or the Sojourner House,
Although, it is within these walls
That I taste true fellowship.
I do not belong to the Prophets, or the Apostles, or the Saints, or the Martyrs
Not a single man or woman
Has my allegiance.

I have never spoken to Mary.

I don’t belong to C.S. Lewis or Pierre Teilhard de Chardin
Although they have saved my life more than once,

Yet, I do not owe them a single debt
It is because these are people and places

And exist as presents—

We are presents to each other—
That we open with mad pubescent muscle.
II
I say, it's ok

Not to belong to the billions of skies
That passes beneath the Ether
and equations of hemispheres untold

I say, it's ok

That we think of nature not as Thoreau did,
    As the only source of daily bread

It is because I eat,
God, that you are willing to teach me hunger.

And yes, the pagans will suffer.
I too have felt their wailing stomachs—
I too have resorted to licking memories of holiday recipes
From dusty Life magazines.

But I have come to your table.

I have come back to the feast which is your love

It is because you have taught me how to eat your blessings
And how it is to starve without them,

That I will forever, belong to you

Jenny Stockdale
They are the rain on the party
And when it rains it pours
There is a downpour of this liberal
political news
Too bad none of us
have an umbrella.

It affects everyone under the sky and
No matter where you go
You see Howard and John and Johnny and
Little Dennis the Menace.

These low hanging cumuli hope to flood
the incumbancy with their acidic drops
and muddy waters
that come not from the heavens
but from somewhere transcendent of this world.

If it rains hard enough
and long enough
the dam will break, humanity
as we know it will be
destroyed.

The Grand Ol' Party will need an ark,
and pray to their Gods that Junior
has not spent four years
building the Titanic.

Yet Dubya is confident that when
the rainy season ceases in november, the
Rain will turn to ice.
Frozen
No more rain until thaw, when the cycle
Will begin yet again.
Who would guess
That the answers lie
In a bowl of
Homemade potato salad?

I cried when I saw
A fly
Like king on a big hill
Spreading its filth
Atop the lovely mound.
Mayonnaise, potato, onion and celery
(Did I tell you about the hardboiled egg?)
All mixed up,
And garnished with parsley.

Summer
Winter
Spring
Fall

There is no potato salad
No one ate it,
(So tenderly crafted, so gently joined.)

Because of a fly,
Even the pickle juice,
Mixed magically amongst the rest,
Is gone.

It is sad because
There will be no more salads
There will be no more dreams.

There are only flies
Spreading filth
And sucking up
The pickle juice.
Kerry Meagher

Setting: Stage

The most comforting place in the entire world is in the audience of a theater, during a musical. The darkness of the auditorium surrounds like a quilt, a protection from the deafening sound of silence.

Everyone stirs in their seats as the opening chords of the overture begin to play, piercing the black void in which the crowd has been comfortably wrapped in. The melody of the overture makes hints as to what's to come. The beauty and tranquility of the piece brings the audience to weeping eyes, while I giggle silently to myself because I know every note by heart. I quietly sing the words of each song as the melodies slowly pass; my lips tickle as the breathy words escape from my mouth.

The final sour notes of the overture play and there is a silent moment. The anticipation is strong, the audience slowly takes in breath, to make sure that not one note is missed. The first chords of the opening song shock the audience into the play's atmosphere as the stage comes alive with the endless color and movement of the actors and actresses as they take the stage. The song and dance begins to set the mood. The words of the songs escape from the depths of their throats into the dark abyss that was once the audience. The melody flows through the vacant auditorium, while I lip-sing the songs with the cast. The music stops and for a split second, a sting of silence overtakes the crowd, before there is a burst of thunderous clapping that shakes every crystal in the chandelier.

The energy peaks, and the audience can't wait for more. The stage lights dim down as the house lights come on. There is a pause before the first few people stand up to stretch their legs. Those still in suspense stay in their seats for fear that they will miss what they have paid to see, while others venture into the lobby for a mid-dream treat.

The play continues on after the brief intermission, when the thunder deadens to a scatter. Hours and hours of splendid fun or drastic tragedy are played out by the actors as if it is their life that they are telling. The audience rolls in laughter as a character on stage takes a comedic fall or blubbers in tears as the heroine has her heart stolen away.

The opening notes to the final song ring out and the lingering laughter or last set of tears drift slowly away. The choruses of actors come together on the stage and fuse their voices into one final goodbye to the audience. Then in an instant the music stops and the applauding audience overtakes the acoustics. Flowers are thrown to the ones who did great. Cheers and applause continue as the cast takes one final bow.

The audience grows tired as they are slowly brought back to reality. They file down the aisles and exit through the doors. The cold air shocks the warm feeling of comfort that had been theirs only a moment before. This world they are leaving will be gone for good in a day or two. But the rare opportunity of being a part of something this special will stay with them for the rest of their lives.
If I Never Woke From My Slumber, What Would I Miss?

If I never woke from my slumber
what would I miss?

a smiling child grateful for his first imaginary friend

a sporting event in which the last 5 seconds mean more than the first 5

a dog's companionship on days humans are unacceptable

clothes that fit only me and no one else

seasons changing until it appears where one ends, the other begins

hearing the words "I love you" and saying it back

an egg mcgriddle that you can only get at Macdonald's and a cappuccino at Starbucks

looking in a high school yearbook and remembering only the good times

watching the sunset at the age of 12 & thinking I live in heaven

singing along to commercials and believing that the jingles are real

wearing shorts in the winter and layers in the summer

laughing at my own joke; yet everyone manages to get it in the end

knowing Santa exists because I am the only one with proof

running away from home only to end up at the house across the street

tea parties with dolls and my brother as our butler

riding in an airplane & thinking I can fly

seeing movies at age 9 meant for those at age 13

playing outside to keep from doing household chores

blowing bubbles in a grocery store

never running out of peanut butter or rice krispie treats

if I never woke from my slumber
what would I miss?

everything, and yet nothing at all

because I am still dreaming
ART GALLERY

DRAWING  

SINISTER AND DEXTER  

KEITH MICHAEL EDWARDS
ART GALLERY

DANCING SKY

PHOTOGRAPH

JESSICA TIMOTHY

PHOTOGRAPH

MORNING DEW

STEPHANIE METZ

PHOTOGRAPH

HORSE PACKING

BRYANT HALEY

14
JESSICA JOHNSON

A Year’s Time

A LOT CAN happen given a year’s time: birthdays, anniversaries, holidays, memorials, death. One year can bring forth many changes to a person’s life. Seasons come and they go. Spring to summer, summer to fall, fall to winter, winter to spring, and so on. The seasons will continue to go on in continuous repetition . . .

"David."

. . . How many days in a year? Not nearly enough . . .

"David."

. . . Time will not stop or wait for anyone. Every human being has a choice . . .

"David, wake up."

. . . A choice about life . . .

"David, honey."

. . . They can either give up or continue to push forward . . .

"David, honey wake up."

"Hmmm . . . what?"

"Come on sleepy head, I made you some breakfast."

I saw stars as she drew open the bedroom curtains and the morning sunlight poured into the room. The bedroom walls transformed to a rich golden color painted by the sunlight. Her childbearing silhouette was so angelic the way the sun’s rays outlined her body as she made her way across the room towards the bed. She sat down besides me and grazed my face with her gentle hands. An angel, that’s what she is. Her voice, a song from heaven.

"What were you dreaming of?"

"I was speaking to a group of people."

"What about?"

"I’m not sure. I can only remember it might have been a sorrowful crowd."

"I made us breakfast. Let’s eat and maybe we could pick up some new materials for the baby’s quilt later today. That should take your mind off of your sad dream."

God, she is so beautiful, her brown hair with soft ringlets of curls. I love how that one curl always seems to find itself falling just so on her face. I reach for it and it’s so soft. She smiles back at me.

I tell her, "I’m always happy when I’m with you, Tate."

She kisses me and leads me to the kitchen where breakfast waits.

EVER SINCE WE came home from the store tonight, Tate has been working diligently on our unborn baby’s quilt. It is bound to be our child’s very first birthday gift. Everyday she adds another square piece to it. I walk over to her and watch as her fingers move in a repetitive pattern as she creates the quilt. She is taking such care with every stitch she makes into the fabric. I place my hand on her shoulder.

"It’s beautiful," I say aloud.
"Thanks. I hope that it gets finished in time."

"And the quilt looks good too," I say with a half grin on my face.

"Wise guy."

"Come on, baby, it's 10:30. We should get to sleep or we'll be beat tomorrow."

"You go on ahead and I'll be right behind you. I just want to finish this piece tonight."

I kiss her on her head and go to our bedroom.

As I lay there alone in bed, I find myself beginning to cry. I'm going to miss her so much. Why does such a horrible sickness have to infect my beautiful wife? No angel deserves to have such a fate as to have only a year left of which to live! Tears stream down my face. How can she be taken from me so? The doctors gave the name "cancer" to this horrible disease. This stupid, bitch of a disease! My face is flooded with tears of sorrow. I will not be able to go on without her. My beautiful angel is bound to die because of a disease. I can not bear the thought of it.

I hear her footsteps walking across the room.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

I can't believe I let myself be seen by her thinking these thoughts! What should I do? I'm crying and I have to be strong. But I can't anymore! I feel like a child now and I have no control in me to hide my emotions.

"I can't let you go! I can't let you die! We have to raise a family together and grow old together. We can't do this in only one year. I need you to be with me forever! Every night I have nightmares and I am scared of losing you the next day. I cannot bear the thoughts of you not being with me!"

"David, time will not stop or wait for anyone. We have this very moment together. We have now, Do not think of or fear tomorrow or the preceding day for I will always be with you. Live in the present with me and I will live in the present with you. You are my love, my best friend. I love you. Now rest easy. I'm with you. Our baby is right here, safe."

She brought my hand to her stomach and gently held it there with her hand.

"We already are a family."

... Two years later ...

"A LOT CAN happen given a year's time: birthdays, anniversaries, holidays, memorials, deaths. One year can bring forth many changes to a person's life."

I paused and looked around at all the sad familiar faces. All were dressed as black shadows.

"Seasons come and they go. Spring to summer, summer to fall, fall to winter, winter to spring, and so on. The seasons will continue to go on in continuous repetition. . . ."

I looked down upon my little, beautiful, curly blond haired daughter who stood holding my hand as I spoke.

"... How many days in a year? Not nearly enough . . ."

Oh, how she reminded me so of Tate.

"... Time will not stop or wait for anyone. Every human being has a choice . . ."
A little blond curl fell to the side of her cheek. She looked up to me and I looked to her. We are family and will be there for each other forever.

"...A choice about life..."

I had a sudden feeling of relief and strength. We are going to be all right.

"...They can either give up or continue to push forward..."

I looked up to the sky and knew she was looking over us from heaven. She never left us.

"...We have this very moment together. We have now. Do not think of fear tomorrow, or the proceeding day, for Tate and any loved one will always be with you. Just reserve part of your heart for your loved ones to be remembered and thought of dearly day to day, and they will always be right with you. Live in the present with me and I will live in the present with you. We are friends, family, rest easy..."

I put my hand to my daughter's heart.

"...Tate is right here, safe in our hearts and with us always."

...Twenty years later...

"Dad! Are you home?"

"Come on in, baby! How's daddy's girl doing?" I love it when Kira stops in to talk with me. She always seems to light up the room like the sun with her smile. She is happily married now to a wonderful young man of 24. They are now expecting a child of their own.

"Dad, I'm 22. And I'm doing just fine."

"You'll always be my little curly haired girl, no matter how old you get."

"I know, Daddy. Hey, do you know where mom's old sewing kit is? I wanted to give my quilt to my baby as its first birthday present. It just needs a little stitching up in a few spots and it will be as good as new."

"It's in the spare bedroom on the table in the far corner."

"Alright, I'll be right back."

She laid the quilt down on the chair and went off to the spare bedroom. She quickly returned with a quilt piece in her hand.

"Daddy, what's this in there for?"

"I guess she really didn't ever fully finish it, doll."

"There was this note with it. May I read it?"

"Sure baby, go on ahead, it's your mother's handwriting."

I watched her face as she read the handwritten letter. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Daddy, it's a letter to me. She said she wanted me to put the last piece in when I'm ready to raise a family."

"You're ready, doll."
The rustic brown buildings
line the Main Street Bridge
in late morning.

Clouds, hazy smoke from nearby factories,
and the sticky air melt into each other,
while two lovers peer over their balcony

into the murky green and blue speckled water.
The intoxicating aroma of an apple pie
mixed with the clean laundry hanging above them

reminds them that they lead simple lives—
Factory workers, perhaps,
or just lovers

overlooking a river—
their only connection to a moving world—
a world they do not touch or swim in,

a world they only watch flow by.
The woman looks at their world—
brick buildings, busy streets, constant smog—

and she decides:
it's not rich, it's not brilliant,
it's not cold, it's not open,

but it is home.
I found the letters you wrote
to me in college, crinkled with smiles.
I found the pictures of days
spent resting among pillows
and stuffed animals
that we treated like the yellow-orange cat we dreamt of.
I found school projects
that seemed so important at the time.
I found wrapping paper from our wedding
day, yellow-orange sunsets
melted the past with our future.
I found your ring
that kept splitting down the middle.
Each end sealed together after rough winters
spent together.
I found receipts for
gas
cheap beer
and yellow-orange roses.
I found Classic-Rock cassettes under soft loveabies CDs.
I found a place I wanted to stay.
Dad played Frank Sinatra
and took out the mushrooms from his famous spaghetti
when you visited.
I found you
in family, in invitations to family events
dinners
tax forms.
I found a place in the dark
that was
light enough for me to see
the yellow-orange glow
emerging from the trunk under my bed.
COURTNEY FLEMING

MORNING LIGHT

Waking, I feel pieces of you inside of me now;
my antibodies pushing against your foreign intrusion,
doing only what comes natural,
   working overtime on instinct.

Sunlight seeps into your room
through blinds, gently lifted
an inch or two above the windowsill,

and my eyes fix on the light
just beyond your sleeping body
motionless by my side.

Perspective is like this:

focusing in on what the eye desires regardless of proximity,
trying to memorize the detail of any other object
   rather than the man-stranger, asleep by my side.

He, who taught me
that to love,
no strings attached, is only to sacrifice my innocence
   for the sake of having done it and nothing more.

Your room, full of morning light
brings discomfort to the
calm exterior I have created in the dark
   negotiating with internal rage.

Your room, full of morning light
feels like an offering, promising love
I know will never come to me like this:
   Nameless and hung over in your bed.

Quietly I lace my boots and slip out your door
into a strange world I will wear as a veil,
shadowing my impulsive decision to love you;
   to temporarily fill the hollowness of my heart left empty

deeply your love returned.
ROBIN BUDA

TEA FOR TWO
AFTER FRENCH TEA GARDEN BY CHILDE HASSAM

Heartache is awakening
alone,
your side of the bed,
cold.
Getting ready.
No kisses on my lips,
no arms around
me.
Linen white dress
cascades
from shoulders to
floor.
Blue is the hat and scarf I wear
which matches my insides,
screaming to get out,
show emotions,
ger angry.
Must not let the children see.
Following them to the garden.
I have to keep moving
forward.
They play among the flower walls.
I envy this.
I sit down to tea at the bench made for
two.
Freshly cut vibrant red and orange flowers
scream from the vase before me.
Wanting to join their chorus,
but knowing I can’t.
Stirring my tea until it is
cold.
Waiting for the gate to creak and for you
to approach me
with another excuse.
Fidgeting in my seat,
moving my dress through my
hands,
wondering
how I shall respond.
Finally,
I hear that oh-so-familiar
sound.
You slowly peer your way around the corner.
Day old clothes.
Bouquet of flowers in your hand.
The scent of another
catches my breath
fills my lungs
as you settle down
beside me.
Red lipstick on your collar.
French whore.
EMILY RYAN

IN THE SPACES

found my childhood today,
hiding in the spaces.

between the rippling shadows
made by maple leaves
in summer sunshine;

between the snowflakes
falling lazy, fat, calm
in winter’s white abyss;

between the breaths
when I hear, “I love you”
from four hours away.

it was hiding
between the leaves in piles
built with frosty fingers,
and blushing cheeks.

there in the silence,
before I fall asleep,
it dances above me.

found my childhood today
in the white spaces
of my existence.

STACY COLOMBO

REBEL WITH A CAUSE IN MIND

“This was a momentous step forward, and I decided to push myself one step
further. I cut my hair.”

—Lucy Grealy, “Autobiography of a Face”

The long flowing locks of brown hair fell one-by-one to the gray linoleum tile.
In small bunches the length of my full, bountiful mane began to inch away—shoulder
length, above the chin, tightly around my ears. The teeth of the cold, black scissors
gripped into the last few sections of uncut hair, and my teeth rattled as the scissors
grazed my scalp. My legs bounced on their toes as my hands ran down the length of
the black cape to dry the moistness off my palms. My mother smiled—Am I doing
the right thing? With a swift rotation of the designer’s chair, a new woman stared back at
me in the mirror.

It’s not me I see,
a stranger to my naked eye—
rebellious nature
Eyes sunken, pale gray blue
Fragile hands—
I watch the blood pumping life through your body
Through your fragile hands
Keeping you alive,
Restlessly gasping for every breath you take
Struggling within to keep your eyes open for me.

Use to be you didn’t know me
But today, I know is different
The feeling is strong
I know you know me today.

Picture show and tell of the family at Christmas
Your eyes flicker in recognition.
Your forehead, so dry and rough, I stroke
Running down your cheek
It’s alright to close your eyes and rest
Go ahead, I’ll hold your hand,
I’m not going anywhere, I’m right here.

I know you recognize me somewhere deep inside
Just by the way you smile at me
Peace overpowers me, and I know it does you as well
By the way you squeeze my hand and then release.

I know you’ve fallen asleep
As I continue to stroke your face
The same way you stroked mine when I was a little girl.

My vision becomes blurry as the tears start to flow,
It’s okay to let go now, both you and me,
You’ll be in a better place soon,
Just know that I love you, Leafe—
Oma, I love you.
M.W.

I R E M E M B E R Y O U
F O R R O B I N C U M M I N G S

I remember when you used to clean my room
My clothes piled until I couldn’t see the floor

I remember when I had the chicken pox
You told me not to itch them
They would leave scars
I didn’t listen
Now I have scars

I remember when Dad died
When you told us that night
Didn’t cry
But rubbed Jenni’s back as she threw up
Her favorite brother dead

I remember how strong you were
How I used to get mad at you when you started dating
The guy with the boat from Canada
The “werewolf” Don as Kelli and I called him

I remember when you used to cry at every sad or romantic movie
Ghost
Those stupid “tear jerker” movies you would say

I remember when we moved
New friends, new home
How I cried when I had to leave

I remember when I got arrested
Rollerblading in an empty pool
It was in the news

I remember when you tried not to laugh
But grounded me anyways

I remember when you told me he wasn’t “the one”
He wasn’t good enough for me
No one ever was

I remember when I came home drunk
Keys in my hand, ringing the doorbell

You let me throw up on myself
Had to teach me a lesson
But I know you stayed up all night in the next room
Making sure I didn’t choke on my vomit

I remember when you told me I couldn’t see him anymore
How I hated you
Then I got grounded
Again

I remember when you told me
You hoped I had a daughter that hurt me as much as I hurt you
I didn’t know what you meant at the time
Now I know

I remember when you were at every softball game
Rooting for me
Taking pictures even though I hated the attention
But it meant a lot

I remember you telling me how proud of me you were
How I was “going to be great” someday
That I could do anything I wanted to

I remember the day you called from Florida
I killed the fish
Put hot water in the tank
Killed Skittles
The last time I talked to you

I remember how happy you were
But were tired, your leg hurt

I remember that night
Bob calling to tell me to get to the hospital
How I knew then
No one had to tell me

I remember the doctors saying you’d be okay
You were fine

I remember the nurses flying into the emergency room
There was a problem
I saw you lying there
Trying to be resuscitated

I remember the nurse asking if we had a priest we could call
Time to say goodbye

I remember rubbing your forehead
Cold, surreal

I remember crying hard
Calling Jenny, Nicole and Ashley
My Mom is dead

I remember all the things you taught me
I remember how everyday I miss you
I remember why I strive to be like you
I remember how I wish I had gone to Florida
I remember how I wish I could see you one more time
I remember why I don’t want to be selfish
I remember why I want to live each day to the fullest

I remember why I remember you
CHELSEA BEATTY

FLASHBACK

Home was 24 Prospect Street,
2nd house on the left.
I remember how it used to be—

Riding down the hill
Full-speed, no brakes
My pink hot wheel skids to a stop,
the soles of my shoes hot—

Gliding over the packed snow
wind and flakes whip across my frozen cheeks
my blue sled tips me over at the bottom and I tumble off,
falling onto my sister, laughing—

Summertime, swimming all day
the concrete of the pool crumbling under our wrinkled toes
one day in springtime it was gone
big yellow bulldozers in its place.
Years later, running across the yard in games of
Tag, Mother May I, and Mr. Fox,
we’d find pieces of it,
aqua blue against the mud—

Twilight brought out the fireflies and the mischief
hide and go seek, our shrieks of laughter and surprise
filled the warm night air
our little legs pumping hard as we ran for the safety
of the front porch.
We drank lemonade on its steps,
eating our tray of snacks that appeared,
courtesy of the “snack fairy”
we’d run, breathing hard and sweaty, to gulp the sugary sweetness,
wipe our faces with dirty hands
and collapse on the fresh cut grass.

Home is 24 Prospect Street,
2nd house on the left.
PRAISE FOR THE AUTHORS

In “Complete Circles,” Leslie Pogue reminds us of how good it was to be a kid.

—Emily Ryan, Editor-in-Training

The witty language in “Democrats” demonstrates the political state of our country.

—Jason Cotugno, Layout Editor

Using religious images and personal experience in “Belonging,” George Cassidy Payne exposes us to the different and intriguing aspects of his life: a unique perspective, well worth reading.

—Stacy Colombo, Editor

Whether your appetite is whet or not, “I am from good love and every kind of cheese you can envision” is everyone’s slice of cheese.

—Jodi Rowland, Editor