

2004

Lindsey

Adam Leahy
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

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ADAM LEAHY

LINDSEY

The whirl of the fan and the
tin hopelessness in Rufus' voice are
all that keep me company
Certain words, certain places make
me twitch, make me cringe with a feeling
I've never before known
It's a feeling I will never understand or accept

I used to think I knew the
sensation, but all the holes ripped into my soul
before that day now feel like trivial pores
I can't play Monopoly anymore
I can't golf at Cardinal Hills
I can't look your mother in the eye
I can't walk to your grave

All the memories swirl above me
Step by step, I'm dampened by this cloud
You were a ray of light so blinding, so perfect
And now I get patches of sunset or sunrise
Now I see that bright light only you possessed
in pictures tacked to a board
your life in a display case
your life in a satin-lined box

The rain falls
through my window screen
bleeding magazines blister and pucker
from the angels' tears
And I, like you, have lost my footing

I'm falling now
Fifty feet, one hundred, one fifty
Here I am, lying broken and empty
The tin voice changed to
Adam Duritz of the Counting Crows
the fan still buzzing angrily
I'm still here