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Wake UP!!!

Tom Tharp
St. John Fisher College

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Wake UP!!

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay’s first paragraph.

"Yes I will walk along the beach with you. Your hair shines like gold in the sunlight. Your eyes glint like diamonds in the moonlight. Your place or mine? I could lay with you all day and night. Let me touch you. BZZZZZT!!"

Cover Page Footnote
Yes I will walk along the beach with you. Your hair shines like gold in the sunlight. Your eyes glint like diamonds in the moonlight. Your place or mine? I could lay with you all day and night. Let me touch you. BZZZZZT!!

Damn alarm! Always right when I’m getting to the good part of my dreams, the alarm goes off and spoils it. It is a small, off-white contraption with a black front and glowing green lett...well, I guess, they are actually numbers. No letters on this clock. Well unless you count the ones on top that mark the setting buttons and the snooze button. Then there is the button that I always always always push before I go to bed. The one that turns it from a lump of plastic to an annoying demon from hell. The on/off button. Oh, what a pain that button is. The thing always chooses the wrong time to go off. Oh I know that it isn’t the clock’s fault. But why is the moment that I am always about to bite into the biggest most tasty confection in the world, or kiss my dream girl exactly when that alarm goes off. You’d think it knew. Do I talk in my sleep? Do I give it some warning to my mindset right before it goes?

Or is it me? Do I in fact always set a mental clock that tells my dreams to come to a climax right when I know the alarm will be ringing with its annoying buzz! buzz! buzz!?? Someday science will figure it all out, or I can ask God when I get up there, or at least Saint Peter, if I don’t get past the Gate. I will be most interested in the answer.

But for now wake up. Cast off the fading images of a warm sandy beach and come to grips with the reality of a cold off-white room made of concrete and drywall. Leave my fantasy maiden who never judges and always comforts and return to my roommate who, while a good roomy, is no fantasy maiden. Enter the world of no dates and many women. Pickups that never work and go untried as a result. A world where to be able to say what I mean would shatter the fabric of space time and condemn the universe to a cold hell and pork that gets caught in the turbines of 747s.

The floor is cold and hard and piled with things that I would file away if I had anywhere to put them. Newspapers I have yet to read. Folders that have yet to fill up with materials. Papers that lie half-finished and books that need to be studied. So much to do. My mind is full and I haven’t even gotten out of bed.