Sixteen

Meghan Prichard
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/3

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/3 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Sixteen

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/3
be made fun of because it's not fair and I want one.

But this still doesn't answer the question of what is the perfect car to pick a date up with. However, with the cost of gas the way it is, maybe it's not such a good idea to pick her up at all. The amount of money you spend going to her house forced you to spend all the money in your wallet. So what are you going to do now that you picked her up? Drop her back off because the only thing you can afford at the moment is breathing?

The solution is to ban dating! If we all join together for a year and ban dating, the gas companies will be forced into lowering their gas prices and then we can all afford to date once again. But this takes the entire country working as one! So in times like this, we should put this idea in an email and send it to everyone we know. To convince people to pass the idea on, we could threaten them by saying that if they don't send it on to 10 friends in the next 10 minutes, they will get bad luck and never date again.

That would spread this concept real fast, and then people would stop dating for a year, and then the gas companies would lose money, and then gas prices could go down, and then we could all date again; and then I could really give you a recommendation for the perfect car to use for your date.

There's a room where my eyes go wild
Where a baby breathes, but does not bloom
Where child's eyes are compromised
In every bed, in every room.

Flesh covers her open orifice.
So she will hear, but cannot see.
And my sincerity is insincere.
Muffled by a million little screams.

I hold a sterile hand.
A grip that grieves with each heartbeat.
While my chin attempts to touch the cracks
On the saddest ceiling I've ever seen.
Every valve is pumping disappointment.
I pin my elbows to plastic arms.
See your body curled on a yellow screen.
Everything is cold. Everything is warm.

I brace myself against the room—
Against a hand, a mouth, a face.
Two tiny eyes that wince with me
Two tiny eyes that will not go to waste.