It's Over

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Cover Page Footnote

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HELEN
BY ETHAN LYON

The world has no bounds for one man’s obsession.
Millions could die in the fire of his heart;
His warriors could not die enough deaths to quench his mania.
The hands of his artists could not replicate her beauty,
For that kind of beauty goes beyond the measure of description.
Other empirical admirers of his were long-cast shadows on his castle’s outer walls.
Not one man or woman could penetrate his thoughts;
In fear that the image of her alabaster countenance might escape him.
The chords of her voice, though unsurpassable in angelic beauty, suited him to no avail.
In that brief encounter, between sunset and sunrise—
In that moment of love—life and heart surpass the continuity of time.
In this love, discourse is suspended, yet the conversation continues.
Though he will never attain his bride, he will forever maintain his affections
and no distance or time will distort the supreme beauty of his, Helen.

IT'S OVER
BY MIKE REILLY

I am fed up with all this, nonsense.
I cannot take this anymore.
I have had enough.
It’s Over.

I need to leave this place.
I need to get out of here.
I must go forever.
I must get out now.

I don’t want this to be over.
I never wanted to leave this place.
My hopes were high when I entered.
I dreamed of being accepted here.

However, I was only met with
Disappointed
Anguish
Hurt
Depression
Betrayal
Loneliness.

What happened?
Why did it happen?
What did I ever do to deserve this?
Why am I constantly being left with the dust?

I tried so hard
To make it work.
But every time,
The same sad ending always greets me.

Why did you disappoint me?
Why did you let me go?
Why did you throw me to the gutter?
Why did you shun me?
I cannot take this anymore.  
   All of the pain.  
   All of the sadness.  
   All of the melancholy.

I am through with him.  
I am through with her.  
I am through with it.  
I am through with this.  
And I am through with...  
   YOU!

There is no turning back.  
You had your chance.  
And you threw me out.  
It's Over.

I made an imprint of my foot  
While yours was of your hand,  
A cemented moment of our lives  
And how I'm always damned.

Your fingers are so straight, so smooth  
And mine aren't even there,  
Instead it is my foot you see  
Hiding what I'm ashamed to share.

My hands are not like yours, you see  
They are special, they are mine;  
They tell a tale of heartache and pain,  
They travel back in time.

For now it's knobby knuckles  
Raising and sloping in a contorted mess.  
Retreating towards my palms  
Doesn't make my fingers any less.

So I made an imprint of my foot  
While you of your hand,  
If I could I would turn the clock back  
And imprint my ugly, beautiful hand.