1999

Theresa Charlebois
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?
Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/10

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/10 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.
1999

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss3/10
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.