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**ANGLE 2007**

**VOLUME 7, ISSUE III**

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It was recently brought to my attention that race car drivers use special gas which costs them 8 dollars a gallon. That got me thinking about how great it would to have a race car. Forget that it costs 8 dollars a gallon because you would be able to go very fast—Getting places would be so much easier traveling at over 200 miles an hour. However, there would be some drawbacks such as:

1) Possible death
2) Police chases
3) Making turns
4) Having to wear a harness instead of just a seat-belt
5) Having to climb in through the window
6) Not having a passenger seat

Even if you pulled up to your date’s house in a race car, I think the initial excitement would turn to disappointment very quickly when you inform your lovely date, who inevitably spent time getting ready and thus for some unknown reason is resistant to the idea of messing that all up, that not only does she have to climb through the window, but will not have the proper place to sit nor a safety-belt when you are going at speeds of 200-mp.h.

So what would be the ideal car to pick a date up with? A nice reliable car with enough air bags and special protection so you are sure to get to your destination? Examples of this type of car would include the classic station wagon, mini-vans, and most especially the Volvo. The car is shaped like a box, but somehow that just screams protection and responsible males have been purchasing them ever since.

Maybe a better car would be something flashy to impress your date. Something shiny, with nice “wheel things” as females tend to call them, and of course... a pretty color. For these types of cars nice SUVs, BMWs, and Mercedes come to mind. I'm not even going to bring up the Porches or the Ferraris, because frankly, I doubt I will every have the money to breath inside one of them.

Both of these cars are nice, but what are they really saying about you as a person? If you’re in college and you drive a mini-van or a really nice car most times the situation is one of two things. The mini-van was passed down to you by the family when they upgraded to the new and improved mini-van, which is great because you got a free car out of the deal. NO ONE can make fun of you for that because free is free. If you drive a BMW, then most times it is because you are a lucky S.O.B. who has a wealthy parent or sugar mama. In this case, you are allowed to
It was recently brought to my attention that race car drivers use special gas which costs them 8 dollars a gallon. That got me thinking about how great it would to have a race car. Forget that it costs 8 dollars a gallon because you would be able to go very fast—Getting places would be so much easier traveling at over 200 miles an hour. However, there would be some drawbacks such as:

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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.
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SPINNING
BY CHANNYN QUINN

she’s spinning
smile plastered on her face
cheeks pushed back by force
smiling as the world
rotates around her
one color running into the next
yellowredgreenblue
spinning as
shades of life
blur into excitement and allusion
not knowing what she’s gotten herself into
this wild ride
this wild life
and she’s spinning.

STALE
BY KARA DREBITKO

I slide a few more tired quarters into the jukebox coin slot and browse the rundown albums, swaying slightly. Grateful Dead: “Casey Jones.” “Shakedown Street.” I’ll need a few more drinks.

Back to the comfort of the worn-out barstool, and here is my legacy.

Leaning into the cracked wood, I grin at the bartender. “Hey, sweet cheeks. A few more of the same’ll do me.” I watch as she pours the whiskey, apathetic and bored. I wonder where her mind is: her boyfriend? her baby? Hell, maybe she’s a dyke.

This idea gets me and I find myself chuckling into the liquor.

I inspect the crude etchings that cover the bar. “Jill and Bobby, ’83.” A pot leaf. A phone number.

“Hell, darlin’, I’ll take another.”

The warmth grows from the inside out. Inhibitions gone, I try to chat up the pretty thing.

“Now, how would you like to meet for coffee sometime?” She keeps pouring, smiling, but doesn’t say a thing. She’s a real cutie.

Well beyond the point of tasting, I down the next glass, and I can’t stop staring. Her hair is what gets me. That’s gotta be the nicest part about women. It’s like a black flag waving around their femininity.

Depression starts to set in, and I know I should call it a night.

“How ’bout one more?” This time I don’t even look at her. I’m fifty two and she’s Lolita. She’s twenty-four and I’m no one.

I use the bar to lift myself up and I leave a nice tip. With heavy feet, I roll out the door and perform my favorite ritual. Pick up the pay phone. Dial. One ring. Wait. Two rings. Wait—

“Hello, Jon.”

“Evenin’, Sarah.”

“I thought we agreed this wouldn’t happen anymore.”

“Shit, I know. It was the bartender. Reminded me of you. Same hair and everything...”
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THE COMMUTER

BY ERIC PARKISON

This is just a story. That’s it, no more, no less. It will begin and then at some point, end. And, in the fashion of stories, it will involve characters, and maybe a plot. There will be a middle that has details and hints at ideas, motives behind the authoring of said tale. It will begin, I think, when I tell you that Bob was completely unhappy with his life. He didn’t know that, but it’s true. His wife suspected, but would never state it out loud. His two children, in the fashion of modern teenagers, knew, but were quite uncaring about the whole situation.

Bob worked in the city, and like many in these dark times, lived in a dreadfully dull place called the suburbs. His job was in a tall skyscraper building, with lights and a beautiful large glowing logo. A logo that was easily identifiable, a trademark beauty mark, a birthright for a new generation of young millionaires. The curves and swirls and seemingly liquid mobility of the trademark were easily visible from Bob’s office. He was somewhere near the circle, but not quite near that one drooping shape. It was hard to point out, and his kids really weren’t concerned with the location anyway.

Anyhow, to work anywhere near this swishing swooping glowing thing was called an honor, because of the respectability of the company. “Honor,” as a concept, used to apply to many things, you could honor your family, or your mother or father, or you could honor thy wife. And now it meant that you were assigned a certain amount of prestige, usually in direct relation to the placement and amount of numerals on a piece of paper that you could exchange for the popular currency of the times, money.

All this is a little bit of history for you, so that you can have perspective. This is a certain way in which to view something, be it three apples in a bowl near a cloth with a spotlight, or Bob. You must understand that as an author, I am going to put my own context in which Bob seems a realistic and believable character. So I need to use literary devices to train your mind to view Bob in a specific manner.

So anyway, Bob had done what many people do, he had gone to college, gotten his degree in business administration, and never quite knew what that meant. What after all, does it mean to administer business? Was business a treatment for something we all had? How many treatments of business would need to be administered, before we could finally rest easy at night? Bob couldn’t let these things bother him though, he had mouths to feed. That’s why he needed to amass as many as those numerals as possible. So to meet this end, Bob got his business degree, applied to many honorable logos, and finally one suggested they could give him a quite desirable amount of numbers and in a rather significant order on a paycheck, if he would just show up between 50 and 70 hours per week.

All those numbers kept stacking up, and Bob was happy. He courted a young Janet Myers, and he was happy. There was a short transitional phase, in which they called their money “tight,” lived in a small apartment together, and were happy. Often they would find themselves in throes of passion, having sexual relations in all sorts of strange places, always within their own apartment, of course. They were active, but not exhibitionists! During some of these sexual relations, Bob released a maelstrom of sperm, two of which eventually found their way to some of Janet’s eggs. Later, these sperm would be named Robert Jr., and Steven, respectively. They were children, and Bob was happy.

It was around this time that Bob realized the city was no place for decent, civilized folk; they had kids to worry about now! Bob looked and looked for a safe and beautiful home to call home, and eventually found one, a mere twenty miles from where the building with the logo he worked for was. During this time, Bob was still happy, but the feeling was waning. Work was taking it out of him; he worked a lot. He noticed that where he once had an attractive, flat and muscular stomach, a bit of paunch had snaked its way around his midsection. He noticed that his once black hair was abandoning ship at an alarming rate, leaving his poor melon to fend for itself. Melon is what some youth at some point called the head of Homo sapiens, or, us. I use it here to suggest the strange and wonderful culture that had come up around us humans. It sounds like something Bob’s kids might say: “Dad, you are losing hair off your melon.” Delightful!

Of course, Bob’s kids don’t say this to him, because they don’t care. It’s hard work for them to not care for long periods of time, but they are getting better at it. When television news comes on the television, they make a sound often represented by this seemingly unintelligent string of letters: pfftT fftf. To imagine what that sounds like, just press your lips together and blow air out of one corner of your mouth, or the other. After they make this sound, they change the channel, unless there is something about bombing on; along with being devoted to not caring, they must also have a mild to pronounced interest in death, the end of life. Otherwise, they might not be considered “cool” by their peers, a group that they hold in the highest esteem. Way more than their father, the man you know as Bob.

Bob can’t figure out why it’s so cool not to care. He misses the days when his children would run up to him after work shouting “Daddy!” which is what they called him back then. As they got older, they modified that to “Dad.” Now, sometimes they call him “Hey” or “Huh?” if he directs a question at them. Of course, Bob idealizes those old times when they would run up to him, and often forgets that he would tell them to stay back, and that he was tired. He didn’t want them to jump on him, because if they did, he risked injury. I understand. Bob Jr. and Steven didn’t.

It was in the context of this American paradise that Bob began to grow unhappy. When one becomes unhappy, they often attempt to blame it on something. Bob blamed his poor, innocent commute. His commute had never done anything to him, per say, but he was sure it was the cause of his anguish. Bob did the math. His commute could last anywhere from 45 minutes to 1 hour, depending on traffic. That was between 7.5 and 10 hours per week, waiting for his foot, hand-eye coordination, and automobile to get him to work. That meant that every year, between 390 hours, or 16 and one-quarter days, and 520 hours, or 21,666 days per year, he was in his vehicle. All the sixes after the 21 days scared him, that was the number of the devil, you know. He didn’t even want to know how many months he would spend in his car before he could retire.

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This gave him misgivings about moving out into those idyllic suburbs. Maybe he
should move his family back into the city, he sometimes thought. But he often watched
dred and thirty-six times a year. A car accident makes someone die. This, obviously, was
the same news that his children would make sounds at, unless it was about bombing, and
saw that all sorts of people were being killed all the time. That wasn't completely true.
Bob thought only black people were being killed, and by each other, all the time. Bob
called them "they," sometimes, when the title wasn't given to political or business organi-
izations, weather forecasters, or his favorite sports team. "They are crazy in that fucking
city," Bob would say, "F*ck it, I'll take the commute." Bob was quite sure he was referring
to all the people who were killing each other in the city, and no one had the heart to
tell him any different. Bob didn't think he was racist, and his family, since they hardly
ever had to encounter black folks there in the suburbs, anyway, just kept quiet about it.

So Bob would commute. He would spend between 7.5 and ten hours in his car
every week. He would get up in the morning, clean himself properly and scent himself
with different chemicals, put on an anti-perspiring deodorant, and walk into his air condi-
tioned kitchen to watch the morning news, eat breakfast, and prepare mentally for his
commute. He would then walk through a passageway into his garage, get into his car, put
on his air conditioning and move out. As he rode to work, he listened to the radio, often
flipping through frequencies the same way he did through channels, looking for some
news, listening to how three were killed last night. "What are they thinking?" Bob would
say out loud, shaking his head from left to right, to signify disapproval. Finally, he would
reach the air conditioned parking garage of his work, and enter, via elevator, his air con-
tioned office. For all the defenses Bob used, the shower, the sprays, the anti-perspira-
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tion deodorant, Bob never perspired. Bob used to be an avid hiker, before responsibility
caught up with him, and it sometimes bothered him that he no longer perspired. Where
were all the things in the sweat going, if not into sweat? It was in this context Bob began
growing discontent.

While at work, Bob's job was to look at certain outlets of his logo's chain stores, and
figure out how to make them run more efficiently. Often, this required many people
to be let go. Bob thought that if he had met any of these people, he would probably feel
bad about taking away their jobs. Thank goodness for telephones, fax machines, comput-
ers, printers, store management, memos, pens and emails. In an interesting twist of fat-
ality, Bob once saw one of the people he had fired, though he didn't know he had fired him.
The man was sitting on a corner with a sign that said, "Have to Feed My Children," and
he happened to be one of the many that inhabited an otherwise delightful city. "Christ," Bob
thought, "Why don't they have any dignity? Why doesn't he just get a job?"

Luckily, Bob didn't have to see the man for long; he was ushered away by a fine
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in the United States of America, which is where Bob lives. Forty-two thousand, six hun-
dred and thirty-six times a year, a car accident makes someone die. This, obviously, was
one of those times. Bob felt a surprising feeling towards the small wooden cross, howev-
er. The feeling that surprised Bob so much is what we Homo sapiens call resentment.

Resentment is when you are angry at a grievance someone else may or may not
have caused you. Sometimes the grievance can be imagined, and sometimes it is real. In
this case, Bob felt, it was real. Bob resented the fact that some person had spent the time
to erect a small monument to a person whose life Bob was unaware of. What had it been,
Bob wondered, that made this auto-crashing mother fucker so important? Who was this
fucking guy that someone worked so diligently to memorialize via roadside cross with
token plastic flower bouquet? The word "unreasonable" flashed across Bob's mind, and
he shut up about it. "Unreasonable" was a word people used to ignore feelings they had
that obviously came from somewhere, but were easily able to be dismissed. That made
Bob think that he as a person, as a concept, might be unreasonable, since he was often
easily dismissed. Bob thought about a couple of other things, and made it to his job rep-
resented by the prestigious logo quite on time. As usual.

For the next couple days, Bob checked up on the makeshift grave marker, making
sure no one added to the already burdensome display there. For thirty seconds, two times
a day, out of his 7.5 to ten hours per week spent in a car, he concentrated and thought
only of that cross, those plastic flowers, and the name he couldn't read printed on the
cross in a ridiculous, gothic font. One minute per day, five days a week, two hundred and
sixty days out of 365 days in the year, Bob was going to spend staring at that cross. Four
point three hours per year, Bob was going to do nothing but look at that fucking cross. If
you get the idea Bob disliked his commute before... Man, fuck tut. He straight up hated
the shit now.

Soon Bob was thinking about the cross at home, sometimes at work, and most
definitely in his car, Bob was pissed. He watched the cross diligently, for something
to change, for someone to decide that the person had been memorialized long enough. Tons
of people die on the roads. Who the fuck was this guy? Someone, Bob thought, should
take down that fucking cross. Bob calculated, searched, and thought. Bob's children con-
tinued not to care. Bob's wife began to worry.

"Bob?" she said one night, as they lay in bed. "I'm sweating." Bob said, leaned over,
carefully placing his lips on the skin of her cheek. He laid down, his back facing her,
clutching the sheet in his white-knuckled hands. His wife looked on with concern as he
bleached his hands to their white-knuckled state. He looked around the
room, letting her gaze come to rest on objects that meant something to her: an antique
lamp Bob had gotten her, a dresser with various objects strewn across the top, jewelry
and Bob's wallet, and finally Bob's desk on which a small statue of the Virgin Mary.
should move his family back into the city, he sometimes thought. But he often watched the same news that his children would make sounds at, unless it was about bombing, and saw that all sorts of people were being killed all the time. That wasn’t completely true. Bob thought only black people were being killed, and by each other, all the time. Bob called them “they,” sometimes, when the title wasn’t given to political or business organizations, weather forecasters, or his favorite sports team. “They are crazy in that fucking city,” Bob would say, “Fuck it, I’ll take the commute.” Bob was quite sure he was referring to all the people who were killing each other in the city, and no one had the heart to tell him any different. Bob didn’t think he was racist, and his family, since they hardly ever had to encounter black folks there in the suburbs, anyway, just kept quiet about it.

So Bob would commute. He would spend between 7.5 and ten hours in his car every week. He would get up in the morning, clean himself properly and scent himself with different chemicals, put on an anti-perspiring deodorant, and walk into his air conditioned kitchen to watch the morning news, eat breakfast, and prepare mentally for his commute. He would then walk through a passageway into his garage, get into his car, put on his air conditioning and move out. As he rode to work, he listened to the radio, often flipping through frequencies the same way he did through channels, looking for some news, listening to how three were killed last night. “What are they thinking?” Bob would say out loud, shaking his head from left to right, to signify disapproval. Finally, he would reach the air conditioned parking garage of his work, and enter, via elevator, his air conditioned office. For all the defenses Bob used, the shower, the sprays, the anti-perspiration deodorant, Bob never perspired. Bob used to be an avid hiker, before responsibility caught up with him, and it sometimes bothered him that he no longer perspired. Where were all the things in the sweat going, if not into sweat? It was in this context Bob began growing discontent.

While at work, Bob’s job was to look at certain outlets of his logos’ chain stores, and figure out how to make them run more efficiently. Often, this required many people to be let go. Bob thought that if he had met any of these people, he would probably feel bad about taking away their jobs. Thank goodness for telephones, fax machines, computers, printers, store management, memos, pens and emails. In an interesting twist of fate, Bob once saw one of the people he had fired, though he didn’t know he had fired him. The man was sitting on a corner with a sign that said, “Have to Feed My Children,” and he happened to be one of the many that inhabited an otherwise delightful city. “Christ,” Bob thought, “Why don’t they have any dignity? Why doesn’t he just get a job?”

Luckily, Bob didn’t have to see the man for long; he was ushered away by a fine young police officer whose name is completely irrelevant, you need to know only that he carried out his function just fine. It was in this context Bob began to believe he hated his commute.

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“Bob?” she said one night, as they lay in bed. “Just go to sleep,” Bob said, and leaned over. It was in this context Bob began to believe he hated his commute.

“Bob?” she said one night, as they lay in bed, a prudent amount of space between them.” Bob, what’s wrong, your hands are gripping that sheet like you might fall if you let go.”

“Oh, it’s nothing, Janet, rough day at work, you know,” Bob tried to keep his voice even and husbandly. “Bob, you’re sweating.”

“Don’t worry about it, honey, let’s just go to sleep,” Bob said, and leaned over, carefully placing his lips on the skin of her cheek. He laid down, his back facing her, clutching the sheet in his white-knuckled hands. His wife looked on with concern as he clenched and unclenched his no longer muscular arms and legs. She looked around the room, letting her gaze come to rest on objects that meant something to her: an antique lamp Bob had gotten her, a dresser with various objects strewn across the top, jewelry and Bob’s wallet, and finally Bob’s desk on which a small statue of the Virgin Mary...
holding her expired son, rested in the night; shadows playing across the face of Jesus as Janet and Mary looked on. Janet lay further down into the bed, attempting to sink under the covers, reached beside herself and turned off the lamp. She knew Bob wouldn’t notice if she cried a little.

The next morning Bob got up and went through his routine, just five minutes earlier than usual. He got into his car and started it up. He began to put it into reverse and then hesitated. He put it back into park, and got out, leaving it running. He leaped up the stairs and back into the house. Bob walked briskly past his kids who were eating cereal in front of the television, waiting for their school bus to come. Bob went upstairs into the bathroom and grabbed his stick of antiperspirant deodorant, and came quickly back down the stairs. As he moved towards the door to the garage, one of his sons, Steven, we’ll say, for clarity’s sake, called out “Hey, what are you still doing here?”

“What do you care?” Bob asked, and closed the door behind him. Steven looked stung for a second, and he and his brother glanced at each other at the same time.

“What?” Bob Junior asked.

“Nothing,” Steven replied, and they both turned back to the television.

Bob meanwhile, began his morning commute. As he drove towards the city he didn’t listen to the radio, but instead kept glancing at the digital clock display, and afterwards, his Rolex, keeping a close watch on the time. Bobs feeling of resentment began to tickle his insides, and he knew he was getting close.

“Come on, come on,” Bob said to himself, pressing on the accelerator. If he had planned it right, he thought, he would have just enough time. Bob glanced down at the deodorant stick, riding shotgun beside him. How absurd, he thought, my little buddy!

Finally, it was in view, the cross, the flowers, catching the morning sunshine and flashing its ugly little visage in through Bob’s windshield. Bob put on his four ways which are lights to let people know that you just have to discontinue the forward momentum of your vehicle, just for a while, and much to your dismay. He pulled off the road and parked next to the cross. Bob hopped out of his car and marched forward, his business suit whipping around him in the wind.

“Yo son of a Bitch!” he screamed as he reached the cross, pulling the flowers off and throwing them one way, while simultaneously grabbing the cross with his other hand. He yanked it out of the ground, and slivers shoved their way deep into the meaty pad of his hand.

“Ahh!” he yelled, a primal, animal and wordless scream, holding the cross up to his face and watching his blood run down its white surface.

“Danielle,” said the cross, in stupid fucking gothic, and Bob threw it down to the ground. Many motorist beeped as they passed, yelling out their windows at Bob, who was on his knees, punching the wooden cross as hard as he could. He landed blow after blow, and the cross splintered, further injuring his hand. He lifted the whole thing back up, one of its arms now hanging by scraps of wood to one side, and slammed it down over and over. It wasn’t much more than scrap wood now, and Bob continued punching the pieces from his position on his knees, hitting wood and gravel and ground over and over again, his tie waving in the wind, an angry red.
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Niki Goulin

STAR DANCE
Sarah Beth Sobczynski

GROUND ZERO
Theresa Charlebois

REFLECTION
Angela Shek

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
Theresa Charlebois

FALLING
Sean King

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Finally content, Bob stood up and looked down, smiling at the mass of blood splattered wood lying defeated on the shoulder. Sweat ran down his face, stinging his eyes. He wiped at his forehead with his hand, smearing blood across his face. Bob walked back to his car, and leaned in the passenger door, to grab the stick of deodorant. It was then a tractor trailer driver had a mirror lapse in his hand-eye coordination, and slipped over onto the shoulder. He was coming down the road at roughly 78 miles an hour, and when he slammed into the back of Bob's car, he pushed it a long way. At first dragging Bob from the doorway, and finally rolling over him with all the tonnage of a truck full of blood feed, a mixture of chicken blood and dog food pellets fed to cows who grow up in cages to be hamburgers, and leaving his mangled corpse to lie in the sun, without antiperspirant. The whole mess was later cleaned up by members of a road crew whose names are completely irrelevant. Just know that they carried out their function just fine.

I'M NOT THE AVERAGE GIRL

BY KATELIN TRESSLER

Forget the mannequins that modeled a better dream than the one I had for my own life. I hate your guts—just your guts. Your "guts." Reaching for the jar, I pull out my face. We're back to the drawing board—Let's make it a good one. "The only thing that holds her together is stretch marks." Remember, I am not a Barbie doll. I am always bloated like soggy cereal. Enlist one apple orchard and a forest of broccoli. To apples and broccoli, thank you—For teaching me to accessorize this invisible skin. You don't feel. But you can see a thin waist and firm thighs. You must have loved entertaining the thought that I could kill for what you gave them. Nights of endless tears, days of self-disgust and I have a feeling you know what I mean.

I'll eat your heart for life.
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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.
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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.
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NEVER AGAIN
BY AMY LEWIS

Soothing hands, sympathetic lips
kind heart, passionate force
Drives fast, but never lasts
moments spent together apart from him.

Open hands
Closed heart

Wedge removed, yet hung beside
the love I pride myself in
not showing.
No less, much more,
yet
no one knows not even him.

We are what we have become,
Us, Friends.
Together today, maybe never again.

I observe our lives when I see your eyes.
Behind my eyes, forever lingers
hope.

I stop to question,
you start to go.
Circles running,
ever ending, again.
Chasing all haste away from happiness.

Again never happened
just like before.

A love floating
will never reach the
shore.

VINES
BY KARA DREBITKO

It happened last year
Right below the orange tree
Without cause or form or testament
It happened last year
And those who know about it
Don’t remember where they heard

It may have been the sidewalk
Guilty as sin
Covered with the remnants of what was and what fled
Protected by the footsteps that carry the dust around
And with it, the unholy traces

It may have been the oranges
Coke-high and arrogant
Always on the lookout and always on the stakeout
Protected by the reality that no one can reach them
Though no one has ever tried

It may have been the thing itself
Dirty and flirtatious
Cognizant of her evils and proud to be contagious
Protected by the sheer fact that everything avoids her
And anyway, she’s close to dying
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AFFECTION
BY NIKI GAULIN

Soft kisses upon my brow
wet, cool, and pure,
like dipping my fingers in
semi-sweet chocolate icing
as if I were eight again.
The chilling caress of the rain
brushes over my ripened cheeks
soaking my ruddy-blond hair,
and drips like a loose faucet
off of my nose and over my lips.
Trickles to showers
as I stand colder than bedsheets
not slept in,
waiting for nothing but
everything at once.
Droplets of cloud borne rain
stick to my eyelashes
like and old lover’s lingering kiss.
I feel safe and wanted
under the shower of this
undaunted affection.
Yet rain—cold, unforgiving, miserable,
like love can be—
reminds me that sometimes I am
only human.

SIXTH AND SECOND
BY MEGHAN PRICHARD

In the corners of every crease I can see it.
When you say,
"I'm done. That's it. Go. Come back. Say you'll never leave."
So I stepped onto the corner
Of Sixth and Second Street,
Said what I meant
Without the poignancy.
But I knew,
Making plans would ruin this
I wish you saw, what I can always see.

I started humming
Pushing keys through lips
On tiles white and green.
And it's the saddest song I ever sang.
The saddest song I could never really sing.
I walked down to McGregor's:
The last bar without a cover.
The boys here
Will all be sick when morning comes.
The girls, hurling,
Crying for their cotton colored mothers.
I'll be wasted on my front stoop—
Too exposed for chicken soup or my father's lemon tea.
You'll be somewhere sleeping.
A bed, eight pillows, four blankets
Everything you need.
Everything but me.
On our way home
I gave my cell to Sara.
If it were up to me, I'd call 'til I couldn't.
Until my face and hands are clouds.
If you say you mean, I'll believe it.
Confess a quiet conscience
That under liquor, comes out loud.

I've been here for an hour.
It could be three or four a.m.
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undaunted affection.
Yet rain—cold, unforgiving, miserable,
like love can be—
reminds me that sometimes I am
only human.

SIXTH AND SECOND
BY MEGHAN PRICHARD

In the corners of every crease I can see it.
When you say,
"I'm done. That's it. Go. Come back. Say you'll never leave."
So I stepped onto the corner
Of Sixth and Second Street,
Said what I meant
Without the poignancy.
But I knew,
Making plans would ruin this
I wish you saw, what I can always see.

I started humming
Pushing keys through lips
On tiles white and green.
And it's the saddest song I ever sang.
The saddest song I could never really sing.
I walked down to McGregor's:
The last bar without a cover.
The boys here
Will all be sick when morning comes.
The girls, hurling,
Crying for their cotton colored mothers.
I'll be wasted on my front stoop—
Too exposed for chicken soup or my father's lemon tea.
You'll be somewhere sleeping.
A bed, eight pillows, four blankets
Everything you need.
Everything but me.
On our way home
I gave my cell to Sara.
If it were up to me, I'd call 'til I couldn't.
Until my face and hands are clouds.
If you say you mean, I'll believe it.
Confess a quiet conscience
That under liquor, comes out loud.

I've been here for an hour.
It could be three or four a.m.
I should never drink alone like this.  
But you're not here  
To tell me when...  

I should stop.  
I should count.  
I should quit while I'm behind.  
 Someone just to say,  
"When I get old, I'm gonna miss you all the time."

You didn’t ask me  
so I didn’t tell you  
that I went to pawn my wedding bands  
and a little golden medallion  
and they had no value  
not even $20  
that’s about the same in Euros  
or 600 Dominican pesos  
which sounds a bit better  
but still they’re nothing but worthless pieces of bronze.

Because you didn’t ask me  
I didn’t tell you  
that I was six months behind  
in child support  
and they were going to take away  
my driver’s license  
how stupid is that  
since if I can’t get to work  
they can’t get any more money  
like blood out of a stone  
and even stupider  
if they were going to put me in jail  
because then nobody would ever see any money  
ever again.

Because you didn’t ask me  
I didn’t tell you  
that my son will grow up  
to marry a size six airbrushed beauty  
and she’ll end up in the slim woman’s harem  
ingeing and purging  
until he has to put her in her plain white shroud  
into the ground  
with a flat headstone  
wouldn’t it be better to buy  
a blow-up doll instead?
I should never drink alone like this.
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To tell me when...

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wouldn’t it be better to buy
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You didn’t ask me
so I didn’t tell you
that the Nazarene came down from the cross
and hasn’t gotten back up there yet
but still the ones
who circle around the Black Stone
want to cut off my head.

Should I ask you for absolution
or make up a penance of my own
I’m through with crosses and crescents altogether.

You didn’t ask me
so I didn’t tell you.

My grandmother’s house smelled like love. The kitchen was always baking, boiling,
simmering – the pepperoni pizza, the pesto, xastina in chicken soup. The living room
was bright and comfortable – the squeaky, soft couch (the davenport, they called it)
draped with the maple syrup crocheted blanket, the ivory-colored chairs covered in plastic,
the baby basil and thyme sprouting in milk cartons cut in half on the windowsill, the old TV (a piece of furniture, she calls it) on which a couple of Virgin Marys, the pope,
and some relatives I don’t remember watching me watch TV. The bathroom was always
clean, but always smelled like Grampa’s Old Spice, like fresh cut hair when Gramma
trimmed my bangs, like Mintadent toothpaste. The bedrooms, especially the one that
used to be Uncle John’s that I slept in on the double bed, were Gramma’s beauty powder.
The garage-turned-porch was a forest – the wooden rocking chairs, clothespins, the cuckoo clock that never worked quite right, and old, heavy tennis rackets. The basement was
sealed with homemade tomato sauce and peaches from the backyard during the canning season, along with Grampa’s wine.

Grampa died.
Gramma moved.
Her apartment smells like nothing.
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ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

BY THERESA CHARLEBOIS

Mary Therese Norman
2.24.85 - 1.25.06
*Happy Birthday, 2.24.2007*

I look for you
In the pages
Of yearbooks
Of days and time
Gone by
I search for your
Pictures
Your words
Anything to bring
Me back
To when you
Were here,
We weren’t prepared for this
You know
We never thought we’d say
Good-bye
To a friend, so early
In our lives
And all of our tears combined
Can’t bring you back to us.
We were not ready
To walk those steps
Up into the funeral home
To see your casket
To think of you in the past
And not in our present
We were not ready to say good-bye
But as a class
We were strong
Hand in hand
Arm in arm
Tears flowing freely
We stood in front of you
As your friend
To say we love you
We miss you
Until we meet again.
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Submission Guidelines

- All writing submissions must be sent to angle@sjfc.edu.

- Although we have previously required your work to be sent pasted into e-mails, we ask you to please send all pieces attached in a single document.

- Please include your name or a pen name and the title(s) of the piece(s) submitted in the body of the e-mail.

- Art can be submitted in JPEG, photograph, photocopy, or actual form.

- All submissions are judged anonymously.

Thank You!