

# The Angle

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## Troth

Alfonso Borrelli  
*St. John Fisher University*

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## Troth

### Cover Page Footnote

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Alfonso Borrelli

TROTH

You speak quiet  
To me my tormentor,  
As though we were  
Alone;  
And once again  
I say to you,  
Admitting I love not me  
But another,  
"As fleeting beauty  
Do I go  
Where none can be  
But are;  
Where winds from the east  
Caress thy breast  
And Murmur soft hymns of love;  
Here in this realm  
I hear thy life's pulse,  
Like the strains of an organ  
In the depths of a Church . . .  
And I sip soured wine,  
And inhale foul odors,  
But sense instead  
Hair of brunette  
And taste only lips of red."

PORTRAIT

She whispers softly  
Thoughts I have never heard,  
While her tongue is still  
And her look grown cold.  
Her lips I Kiss  
But never touch;  
And her fingers entwine  
About those of mine  
But never hold my hand.  
Her eyes gaze deeply  
Where mine have been;  
And I tell her I love her,  
But into her ear  
I never speak.