

# The Angle

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## Image

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## Image

### Cover Page Footnote

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Those who hate persecute me even now  
I have no arms  
Yet I lie down to sleep  
They flank me on all sides  
in full arraignment.

Like a winter's storm they assault  
"We will make sure he never arises"  
Yet in you my heart never hurries its pace  
You whisper in the warm breeze  
They melt away  
They stream back in terror

"There is no help for him in a God"  
"We have never seen one"  
He opens his hands  
I am filled  
they have taken all that I loved  
It was then he became as a brother

I awake in the morning refreshed  
Yet they are exhausted with apprehension  
"O people why do you utter nonsense  
There is no breath in your mouth"  
Will a turret protect you against thousands  
What missile will stop the worlds end  
Let the tears of your eyes awaken you  
the soil of pride be fertile for love.

Sicut Cervus Desiderat

Now gentle does the dawn shyly caress  
The silver tresses of the moonlit land  
Blushing away her paleness with the press  
Of silent kisses. Warm, radiant, his hand  
Awakes the air, filling with winged song  
The stretching corners rising in his sight.  
Liquid her trusting eyes reflect the strong  
Life, breaking in shadows the fullest light  
She fears to know. Burning beneath this shroud  
Resplendent glows a goddess filled with day  
And trembling arms reach to a sun, noon proud,  
In blazing brilliance night alone will stay.  
Who's known love in the open plain, once, well,  
Waits not his call in a softer citadel.

The savage soil  
Screams to be exploited  
Unwillingly, my hands plunge downward  
Laden with their burden they rise moist.  
The pleasure, I marvelled at its mystery!  
I returned often to my soil  
To taste its musty odor,  
To watch the seasons change it,  
To watch the sweat of the night vanish in the morning sun.  
One day, knowing roots stave erosion,  
And fearing loss above all,  
I placed a seed within.  
I built my home around that seed  
And leisurely I tended it,  
For with the sage sky dispensing its gifts,  
I knew the soil would keep it.

FRAN MURPHY

IMAGE

Into the eyes of my words you gazed:  
I left my face on your veil.

JOHN VORRASI

JIM HALL

SUE CONNOLLY

