

# The Angle

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## Burrowing deep before my sight, a flame of wick burns so bright...

Mark Krolikowski  
*St. John Fisher University*

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## Burrowing deep before my sight, a flame of wick burns so bright...

### Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Burrowing deep before my sight, a flame of wick burns so bright, bent on pillage of a virgin night, whose age of life is not yet ripe."

### Cover Page Footnote

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Burrowing deep before my sight, a flame of wick burns so bright,  
bent on pillage of a virgin night, whose age of life is not yet ripe.

The flame at first does fill the room, casting shadows of such dreary gloom, but before my eyes it changes pattern, yielding to more softer fashion. The hues they change to a neutral grey and draw their life from the inner light; Dancing upward, leaping with delight, feigning indifference to my earthly plight.

I alone do view these sights, apart from the light that yet glows so bright; within you I clutch and draw my sight, a vision are you and the vacant light.

— Mark Krolikowski