

# The Angle

---

Volume 2003 | Issue 4

Article 19

---

2003

## Time Wasted

Anya Asphall  
*St. John Fisher University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://fisherpub.sjf.edu/angle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

## [How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Asphall, Anya (2003) "Time Wasted," *The Angle*: Vol. 2003: Iss. 4, Article 19.  
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjf.edu/angle/vol2003/iss4/19>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjf.edu/angle/vol2003/iss4/19> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at . For more information, please contact [fisherpub@sjf.edu](mailto:fisherpub@sjf.edu).

---

## Time Wasted

### Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 3, Issue 4, 2003.

## ANYA ASPHALL

---

### TIME WASTED

It's 12 in the morning and you haven't come home  
I guess you were too busy while I was here all alone.  
It's 1 in the morning and you still haven't been seen  
You must have thought I should be used to this routine.

It's 2 in the morning and still you're out late  
I don't appreciate this treatment and I've taken all I can take  
It's 3 in the morning and I'm pacing the floor  
Thinking of all the things I will do to you and more.

It's 4 in the morning and still you're a no show  
I guess other things were too important for you to come home  
It's 5 in the morning and I'm sitting here in shock  
I'm staring at nothing in the room except for the clock.

It's 7 in the morning and here you come strolling in  
Looking at me with such a devilish grin.  
It's 8 in the morning and what do I do?  
Climb in the bed and lay right next to you.

## STACY COLOMBO

---

### FLUID MOTION

Pain is my blood red puddle—  
I watch my past float

with broken hearts, amid  
the dying memory of the

costly mistakes I've once  
lived through—enough

to fill a jet black bucket  
full of rage. My wounds

drain like the fluid motion  
of a burnt orange candle

wax melting by heat's touch. I  
wait to be rescued by my

Guardian Angel, clothed in linen  
white, waiting at the edge of my

doorstep, but I am slipping  
away—I wait to drown.