



# Lit. Page

## One O'Clock

by Margaret McLellan

The old grandfather clock at the end of the hall ticked slowly, marking the passing of the seconds as it neared one o'clock. As it struck, the low chime echoed in the empty hallway and down the stairs.

Her slippers made no sound as she slowly walked through the hall. The floor was cold but she did not feel it. A layer of dust covered the faded carpet, yet the dragging hem of her gown did not stir it.

She slowly, almost languidly, approached the door to the first chamber. Her delicate hand reached for the knob and tried to turn it. Locked. Dreamlike, she turned and continued to the next door, and the next, and the next. All locked.

No one lived here anymore - not in this wing of the house. They had left,

boarded it up, not even bothering to take the old furniture. Time and dirt were extracting their price from all that was left, fading it, rotting it.

She reached the old clock and the head of the staircase. She began to descend the steps.

At the foot of the stair was a small hall that once led to the rest of the house. Two huge white doors blocked the entrance. Boarded and nailed from the other side.

She pressed her cheek against the door crack. He was near. She could tell. The one who would set her free. But not this night. Soon. Soon, she would be freed from this task she had been compelled to perform for over two hundred years. Soon. But not this night.

Sighing softly, she turned from the door and climbed back up the stairs.

## BILLY

I saw him die. The car came down the street, went up on the side-walk, and hit him. The car just kept right on going. I saw him die because I was standing next to him.

There was a lady driving. I don't know if she was drunk, or stoned, or just plain crazy, cuz she looked right at us, and kept on going. She SAW us, dammit.

Billy was my friend. He didn't have that many. He was the type of guy who could blend into a crowd, but still never be part of it. Like, he was a loner because he didn't want to join the crowd - he liked to do his own thing. The guys that I hung around with didn't like him, but I did. Something about the guy really intrigued me. Billy had a good head on his shoulders. He had such a stupid laugh - I always teased him about it...you know, I hate having to talk about him in the past... he's really gone.

Tomorrow is his funeral. Gonna be put in the ground, six feet down. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust. Goin'

to see St. Peter and the boys. Damn. Everybody from school will be there, but only a handful of us knew him. I mean REALLY knew him, not the 'I-borrowed-a-pen-from-him-once' type of thing. The principal will make a speech about how he was so popular, and how he was such an all-around, neat-o kind of guy. Hypocritical bastard. He didn't know Billy... bet he never even met him...

It all happened too fast, or maybe not fast enough. I can still see it, like in slow motion or something. We walked out of the 7-Eleven store. We went to the side-walk. The car came down the street, went up onto the side-walk, and hit him. She looked at us, then left.

'Did you know he died in my arms? Yeah. He didn't say anything, he just looked at me. Then he smiled. God-dammit, he looked at me, and smiled. Then he just up and died in my arms.

God. It coulda been me. Four more feet to the right, and it woulda been me. God help me, I want him back.

—Brian Cormier.

You talk to me of inhibitions  
of how you think and feel,  
but rarely do you show me  
who you are inside.  
I stand at your outskirts  
yearning to be in your midst,  
your eyes desperately empty  
for they have not seen you or me.  
We share a similar  
sense of sight,  
for mine have held the same  
aching wisdom;  
a soul in the seclusion  
of the beings body,  
a place in which  
to live and to hide,  
a manifestation of  
my self  
which is curiously unre-

lated to  
who I am.  
Yet, it is what you see  
and perhaps all you will  
know  
of me  
the rest of me  
is hidden within.  
I cannot be seen.  
I offer you  
my body  
hoping you will  
give me yours  
then, in sharing these,  
may we remove them  
and see who we are.  
Everything let go,  
praying all is not gone.  
your soul without its  
body  
takes a step toward mine,  
my being reaches to you  
and we, in passing, are  
passion.  
For I know  
we will return

to our bodies  
and once again  
live from there.  
I watch  
as you walk away,  
perhaps to save  
ourselves from a place  
that is not  
where we are,  
where we are not  
who we are here.  
Love seems so far away  
yet, it asks for all  
of who we are.  
And that is why it hurts,  
for it seems we do not  
know  
who we are inside.  
And so,  
I talk to you of inhibitions  
of how I think and feel,  
but rarely do I show you  
who I am inside.

—Margo Connors

