An Original Poem - Stolen

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AN ORIGINAL POEM - STOLEN

To be yours, may I not cry, rage, bluster, strut?
Must only soft soothings of satisfaction be heard?
What of the seething, piercing, blood-red cacophonic word
That swells painfully within my stricken gut?

And what of that chilling, stilling trance
That locks me in my psyche’s blackened nooks,
The fears unclassified in wisdom’s books,
And what of the ripping, frenzied, tearing dance?

And what of the urgent press to purge this guile;
The ancient, amorous hallowed deities defile;
Does love, your love, demand I always smile?

_Ehmann-Amann_
(victim-thief)

Poverty is a pest with a thousand faces. Most of us have witnessed the poverty of the penniless. Many have seen the decay of physical poverty. Some of us have even known the aching poverty of the mind. But few of us have ever experienced the torture of one whose poverty is spiritual. All the guilded riches, physical prowess, and mental magnificence in this world cannot begin to appease the torment which wracks the soul of those poor in spirit. There is nothing in this or any other world which can begin to approximate the devastation left in the wake of spiritual deprivation. Hope is found only in love. The joy transmitted through a tender touch, a knowing smile, an understanding word, or a lovingly sincere glance can do more for one who stands spiritually unfulfilled than can all the wealth of all the worlds. Happiness is loving and being loved—forever!!

_Jim Koeniger_
1969