

1970

## An Original Poem - Stolen

Clarence A. Amann  
*St. John Fisher College*

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

Follow this and additional works at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Amann, Clarence A. (1970) "An Original Poem - Stolen," *The Angle*: Vol. 1970: Iss. 2, Article 16.  
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1970/iss2/16>

This document is posted at <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1970/iss2/16> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact [fisherpub@sjfc.edu](mailto:fisherpub@sjfc.edu).

---

## An Original Poem - Stolen

### **Cover Page Footnote**

Appeared in the issue: Spring 1970.

## 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 cacophonous 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 gilded  
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