The Web In The Wellspout

Clarence A. Amann
St. John Fisher College

1967

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 12, Number 2, 1967.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/23
To this Summerplace
Owasco
I come each year
Here
this morning
I went to draw water
from the common well
that fronts the cottage here
With my first fervent pumping
the nitent waters
burgeoned fulgent forth
across the squarelipped mouth
and each new thrust
upon the handle
forced a fuller flow
like some giant's heaving pulse
and as the polyethylene pail
gathered the vital potage
to its very shape,
I noticed 'cross the squarelipped mouth
slanted
one single wispy hair
of spider webbing
securely fixed on either side
but its slender middle
taking the floodflow full
so softly lean 'twas hardly seen
unless the light was right
and then it glistened certainly:
it slackened slightly
before each sudden burst
lightly arced and slightly strained
threatened, drooped, pulled, waned,
but held,
held, held, and held
through ten and twenty, thirty
lusty handstrokes and thirty
gusty floodthrobs, held, held,
and never gave, never broke.
this slender strand
so frail and firmly fastened
firmly founded by its fixer
How?
I dare not hope for answer.  
Yet some simply sounded depth  
seems here  
whose cold and crystal liquor  
savors of a truth sublime.  

"The weak things of earth  
he chooses oft  
to stupify the strong."  
I dare not hope for answer  
Still there's answer gratis  
satis!  

what I didn't see in the park  
lovers hoard words like disgruntled  
domestic raccoons in the green roots of night  
picking buds of trust from g stringed  
bouquets of thunderclaps and maturely  
contracepting time with careful silences  
with twinkle lying joint blurred eyes  
to prevent the platonic and be carnal if they want  
secretely hoping astray they ejaculate their  
o gods to some obscure last week playboy  
and pet the underbelly of planned parenthood  
until it sleeps in a jealous quiver of shrieks  
and chuckle knowingly when told  
it just ain't that great  
by a campus minded ex professor  
because they lead an exciting sex life  
complaining of stiff necks and palpitating  
kneecaps while soothing matchless complexions  
and peppermint brushing commercial compliments  
reading poetry as a fragile type  
of intellectual debauchery  
and extending their immortal union in  
rough suggestions to huddled next day friends  
sharing a tender moment  
living in dorms with the constant threat of  
wine stained bedsheets they roar  
cries of liberated love  
burning in the ice of drying belief  
not knowing the whole time  
that love is a rhythm  
breathed in two different rooms  

—THOMAS HUGHES

—CLARENCE AMANN