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The Web In The Wellspout

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Cover Page Footnote

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The Web In The Wellspout

OWASCO LAKE
SUMMER 1966

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 . . .

—CLARENCE AMANN

“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 racoons 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