

# The Angle

---

Volume 1967 | Issue 2

Article 23

---

1967

## The Web In The Wellspout

Clarence A. Amann  
*St. John Fisher College*

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



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

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

---

### Recommended Citation

Amann, Clarence A. (1967) "The Web In The Wellspout," *The Angle*: Vol. 1967 : Iss. 2 , Article 23.  
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/23>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/23> 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).

---

## The Web In The Wellspout

### Cover Page Footnote

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

# 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  
savours 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