

The Angle

Volume 1967 | Issue 2

Article 24

1967

what I didn't see in the park

Thomas Hughes
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

Hughes, Thomas (1967) "what I didn't see in the park," *The Angle*: Vol. 1967 : Iss. 2 , Article 24.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/24>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/24> 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.

what I didn't see in the park

Cover Page Footnote

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

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