what I didn't see in the park

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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

—CLARENCE AMANN

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

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