A Proposal

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 12, Number 1, Autumn Winter 1966-67.
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When I knew your beauty I became confused
and words were vulgar beside you
— to Sue

And if your parents like my parents
we shall paddle down the river
the grease skimmed Genessee
with the wind against us
then shall we drift idly to the ground
and measure out time by
complaining crackling autumn leaves
lying there with the smell of dirt
mingling in our joyous embrace
that we are human and exhaust it
and be subtly told to
move on for that sort of thing
pat the foolish dog accomplice and
move on up the dusty path
murmuring soft words of loving
and not caring about propriety
not being cynical
but walking together into the night
in concert with the swamp frogs
without moon or stars
mounting strength and courage dispelling fear
we pledge in whispered glances
to withhold opposing strife —
when the cool air finally rains
we forget all those righteous faces
in a windy chapel
and command nature to our happy prayer
together now

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