The Web In The Wellspout

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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 . . .

"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 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

—CLARENCE AMANN