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Two Poems

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TWO POEMS

1.

Ungentlemanly, brusque, however it may seem,
Discount all this as gracefulness gone lame;
Always disclaiming the direct and real,
Suspicious of the simple and the good.

Don't think you're not involved; whoever
Has told to me these vitiating anecdotes,
Picking at lint in his mean navel,
Has sometime told you something you know still,

But cannot quite repeat. That influence
Gently corrodes a thing that might be good;
Stands at the wooded verge of all bad dreams,
The hands unhappy at the bitten ends.

2.

Who stood at the dim margins of that dream,
His agents busy as the night rolled on?
Denying that they took their orders from him,
A thoroughfare, an unknown girl, a lawn

Suggested they were free and meaningful
But smirked behind elaborate disguises.
No buildings could be entered, the girl touched;
Somehow the lawn seemed meant for other uses.

All was forbidden but a silly quest
Whose rules were scrawled in a familiar hand:
To wear a uniform or be more naked,
And run for office in an alien land.

DEAN JEFFRES