FOR BENO-

Thomas Outt

Unlike war followed by peace You left me with despair Followed by despair. An unaided refugee Camped alone Deprived of misery's love. Only dramatic-absurdist thoughts My friends whose entertainment Endowed the inane with exalted abstractions. Yes, sight rendered the dying Hyacinth distressed victim Stoically endured to the pre-chartered course. Shots destroyed, followed by death I left with despair Followed by despair. MANUSCRIPTS



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