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## Lost Romantics And Other Peasantries

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## LOST ROMANTICS AND OTHER PEASANTRIES

One grew up and chanted. One grew up  
And the expressions spelled magnanimity,  
But the hearts said *shoplifting*. Not outright  
Larceny, the kind that befalls foliage  
In late autumn, and then later, but quaint  
Kleptomania before it took root, its foothold,  
Like an ancient tuber, quintessential tuber,  
Either the symbol of sustenance or indefatigable  
Portent of something self-conscious, something  
Dangerous if only because it was aware of itself,  
Nothing more threatening than a spud in the earth,  
Precisely the fact of a spud in the dirt, waiting  
To be pulled up by a bad back and big hands,  
Bulbous paws. Normal was always meant to be  
Well, normal, but everything was just too quiet,  
Everything was too quiet on the streets and we knew.  
It's hard to speak out when there's no place  
To hide, no place to sequester oneself if just  
To get stashed for a moment, just for some respite  
Even when there's no need, no stolen goods  
Or loss of memory, nothing more mournful  
Than when you say po-tah-to and I say...

155