



11-15-2013

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Matthew Brennan

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Recommended Citation

Brennan, Matthew (2013) "Hazlitt Unbound," *Westview*: Vol. 30 : Iss. 1 , Article 31.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol30/iss1/31>

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Hazlitt Unbound

by Matthew Brennan

I waited months in Edinburgh to get
Divorced, but finally freed I fled the city,
Desperate as a man on fire and rushed
To Sarah's arms as if to running water.
I knew her mad for size and feared she shunned
My letters only then to blush barefaced
With other boarders. When I'd left, she kept
My bronze of Bonaparte, which gave me hope.

But when she saw me back, her tears burst forth,
And soon I heard the front door slam. I found
Her five blocks north, her arm around John Tomkins,
And they walked right by, tight-lipped. She had played
The double game with both of us together,
Though no serpent ever kissed so sweet.
Feeling like a man thrown off a roof,
I broke the well-wrought bust into tiny bits,

But can I burn her flaming gaze out of my thoughts?