The Inexpressible

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961)

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June where the dew from off the cool grass bathed your feet. When you heard a banjo thun'kin' on the porch across the road, and you smelled the scent of lilacs in the park.
there was something struggling in you that you couldn't put in

words--you were really livin' poetry in the dark!

Inexpressible poetry

try in the dark.

* circa 1' 55*