SKULLGRIN

BY

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THE WORDS OF DUANE LOCKE

dust
of butterfly wings
drops on
patent leather shoes
that interrupt
the cocoon's harbor
and
the crested night heron
near the tree
of her young
strokes
palmetto winds

SONGSCREAM

my eyes
must not look
where
the cat
is taut
on the tree
my hand frolics
in lead
with fingernails laced
my ear stretches
over my mouth
where the songscream
is the cadence
SUMMER NIGHT
	night crawls
from a crushed beer can
scraping its ribs
on white caned eyes
i pull june
about my neck
like a leper
adjusting his bandages

EAR CARRIES BIRD SKELETONS
TO SPORTS PAGE BLOWING ACROSS EMPTY PARKING LOT

the wind cups
my face
low
naer the tree's cough
and
tells me quiet secrets
inscribed on
indian blankets
learned
from still rocks
gathered on
river bottoms
where they mate
with a laughing
rush
FOR JACKIE

now
the laugh is different
her walled nails
night calliope's libation
of naked epileptic branch
inspects
an empty tomb
at the wind's insistence
now
she sees
lizard's eye
in the desert
flash flood

NIGHT HERON

night heron's
branch
knows of phosphorous
leaking laughter
from the rear of drug stores
of quiet shrinking coffins
speckled egg
acknowledges writings
in earth tracks
of roots spastically leaning deeper
seeing ears
sown to slot machines
they cough colors
in the spanish moss
MORNING DOVE

morning dove
knows
the chain saw's
whisper
they smile
into my broken mask
when
the folding leaf
claws
to hold
the river bottom

THE NATURAL PARTY (WRITTEN IN DUANE LOCKE'S STUDY)

the fledgling mouths
open slowly
in their barbed nest
past careful ashtrays
into the quiet rug
and our hands
are not enough
to save
the burning fish
from the beach
so
i squeeze by
crowded feet
to stare away
NIGHT

harsh hundred watt bulbs
wallow in night virginity
a thousand wounded bulbs
each one
an
unheard siren

STILL FEET

still feet
climb
to the moon's reflection
that calls to itself
through sown lips
near
the closeted hand

NIGHT JOURNEY

braced faces press the street
gratting concrete walls
reeling on fire hydrants
slamming light
searching a black corner
solus
of unmasked tears
RAY NEWTON (IN MEMORIAM)

dull fingers
have slipped
the ribcage
from your pen
that creeps
from closed books
behind shelves
of grammar
still your pulsating eye
molds
the cuckoo's own nest
from the cities soft bricks
that now
dress in glass

THE SKULLGRIN DANCES

the skullgrin dances
in my rusted bicycle frame
stepping swiftly
to the ballad
of a night spectored sigh
and gives a hush
to midnight pine needles
THE TREE CROUCHES NEAR

the tree crouches near
fire hydrants
wrapped thirsty in
indian blankets

breath blots away
cricket's high mass
on stiffened water

and
a sea of spanish sabre
is the bed
for my eyes

MARSH HEN

marsh hen
carries
the innoculation knife
of encircled school yard cry
to the impeachment river
coloring the grass with her rush
to quiet flushing
of the sand embrassure
ONLY THE SEAGULL

the fronds
used to laugh
on the bare footed stairs
now
the imposter
in the mirror
disbelieves
the shell's symphony
and
only the seagull
will forgive
my white throat

THE LIGHT

the light
whispers of curtain stains
i have seen the edge
of razor blades
obscure it
pigeons circle
head down
with the still cat
in their bodies
the trees breath
calls the grain
from the fields
and only the iron dogs
see the tree
where the baby's hand
is wrapped in cellophane
YESTERDAY'S CEREMONY

splash aired bird
leaves
eye reflecting
an aluminum
smooth hand
breathing
torn black snakes
whispering of
yesterday's ceremony

STREET LIGHT

street light
drinks
night puddles
where
dog's nails
tick
breath rhythms
of burning egg sacks
moon rings chill
the possum's shy stare