

UT REVIEW

v.6, n.3/4 1980
DOUBLE ISSUE

Crows Stand In Yellow Flowers:

an anthology of Florida Poets.

Edited by Duane Locke

THIS COPY A GIFT FROM FLAGLER COLLEGE LIBRARY; OCT. 15, 2012

173

Price: \$5.00

Crows Stand In Yellow Flowers:

an anthology of Florida Poets

Edited by Duane Locke

Published by the UT Review, University of Tampa,
Tampa, Florida 33606

UT Review
Volume VI

Numbers III and IV
(double issue)

This begins what we hope will be an annual
publication, an anthology of Florida poets

Contents:

Margaret Key Biggs	4
Alan Britt	5-11
Dean Broder	12-19
Mary Curtis	20
Bob DeWitt	21
John Horvath	22-26
Howard Ibach	27-30
Mireya Urquidi Koopman	31-37
Duane Locke	38-42
Lizabeth Fairclough Mahoney	43-44
J. Marohl	45-47
E. A. Monaghan	48-51
Lisa Philips	52-53
G. F. Robinson	54
Silvia Scheibli	55-56
William E. Taylor	57-62
Sharon Waldron	63

MARGARET KEY BIGGS

AFTER THE SUN ON FRIDAY

The sax curls its shroud
around the world, shutting out—
shutting out the dried brown pebbles
in the bottom of a cracked white cup—

leaving us, dim light, and smoke
signaling those who can read.
Peace claims squatter's rights;
musical ribbons homestead my thighs.

ALAN BRITT

TRAVEL POEM (heading West through Florida)

Sawgrasses sit on folding chairs
and dream of ancient rivers,
buzzard bones beside highway,
palm tree's bent shoulders,
white necked birds
stand in highway's grasses,
alligator lifts wooden head
from dark water,
red cow in a field,
crows jump from highway,
palmettos sit among upturned dirt,
black cows graze far away
from corral's sagging tin roof,
signboards tap cigarettes
against road,
daisies grow along the road,
red cow's white bird,
the pine tree's official documents,
clouds push their hair back and wait.

Paws separate the fronds.
Two brahmas' lowered heads.
Dragonfly dips past windshield.
Orange trees spread their skirts.
Allamandas lean against fences.
Eucalyptus stands near houses.
Man tosses bowling ball
through hospital sign.
Bones click against neon arrow
in front of shopping center.
Bougainvillaea dreams with open eyes.
Bulldozer carries dead orange trees.
Semi trailers line up before the post office.
Fronds rustle.
Pick-up truck in the distance
drives away from two horses.
White cow kneels under pines.
Exhausted corn behind broken fence.
Pushed up hat
shadows tavern's white walls.
Pines' grey legs.
Rain spotted windshield.
Untied shoes.

Palm trees speak to sky.

Palm trees exchange hands with sky.

Palm trees bend over with hands in pockets.

Tan horse and pecan colored horse.

Restaurant's orange roof.

An orange shirt stands roadside
with envelopes sticking from its pocket.

Insurance building's young men with shovels.

Turquoise colored bus
deserted on pine shadowed street.

Headstones squat under the sun
behind factory.

Algae covered building
and chemical plant's white mounds.

Child strokes billboard's cat.

Conveyor slides down from white chemical mountain.

White smoke set free from stacks.

Tree's bare arms.

Telephone truck beside ditch.

Restaurant sign
motorlodge sign supermarket sign
all comb their hair and button their sleeves.

Railroad signs stand among cattails.

Palmettos kneel among polluted brush.

Abandoned drive-in theater moans.

Rusted television antenna falls sideways.

Orange balls balance on telephone wires.

Oak trees open their shirts.

Bar-b-q grill sign
and tourist attraction sign flash sweaty grins.

Rusted shed
and trailer beside orange groves.

Crepe myrtle's heavy eyelids.

Broken down gas station
and abandoned fruit stand crawl behind bushes.

Weeds' black cows.

Abandoned strawberry stand.

Red sweater lies in orange grove.

Trailer park sign
and Baptist church sign flex arm muscles.

Post office's flag sings.

Funereal Home advertisement snaps its fingers.

(At night roadside armadillos
carry flashlights into our bodies.)

Real estate offices near our home
wrap our broken bones in cellophane.

PLACES

Crows stand in yellow flowers:

...for just a moment I forget I am driving,
and I am happy.

Sometimes envelopes are torn apart
and a language staggers
towards a mirror
in the sky.

Road crews walk around with fluorescent orange flags
in their hands
and the river ends up here
beneath weeds scattered with cement.

You would not like it here in Mango, Florida,
where the blue dump trucks haul away your body's
bruises.

Black tires beat down
these roadside grasses.

My memory becomes stuffed
and jammed with drawers.

The stray dog, small and starving
rummages through these drawers.

A popular Country and Western singer
grew up around here near Seffner;
hit a railroad track with a rock
and ate doughnuts in the afternoon
that he bought at a tiny store.

He smiled and laughed
with the TV host;
orange trees grew beneath his collar.

Redwinged blackbirds
fly underneath telephone cables.

A white bull pulled away towards the highway
in a small trailer,
his dark eyes of cold water.

If I could only exist underneath the pond,
if we could find an old house
near the orange trees,
we would go straight to Turkey Creek
and bury ourselves among the weeds and brush
they call a town.

There is never enough time for all that!

Let's go lie in the graveyard
that sits with a shawl around its head
and knees to its chin . . .
in Plant City we'll hang from the oaks!

No, I doubt if there is any time left.

I would drive all the way
to Wimauma in the fog, just to see
those cows standing,
those white birds near the hyacinths.

The bluejays pick a worn shirt
from our bedroom
and carry it across the back yard;
their beaks on fire;
I've decided I do not know where to go,
so, for awhile, I'll sit
with my cats by the window
and watch that frantic bluejay
shake its crown
at the Brandon afternoon.

WEST PALM BEACH

My ghost emerges
from thick grey palmetto fronds
and dumps my childhood
onto the tar road
Across my forehead
the bulldozer tracks
that pushed up mounds
of earth
and frightened blacksnakes
in my blood
Sadly it is almost impossible
now to find a wild stretch
of the woods' grey-white sandy bed
covered by silky dove colored pine needles
or to locate wonderful violet saw-edged leaves
in the rain soaked weeds
I can no longer trace the dark outline
of the palm tree's twisted body
A buzzard crouches
on top
of a dead pine
A door opens
on the second floor
of a nearby apartment house.

DEAN BRODER

Violent Picnics

My eyelids are frozen.
My cheeks peel the rattlesnakes you tortured.
Turn off the traffic signs.
I have heard the burning cries of blind children you sent into the
fog.
Quietly, I watched their lungs pump and beg for what little
purity was left.

I saw the picket fences rust in their vomit.
The dead Japanese nuns will weave their tapestries once again.
The blades of grass behind my eyes will never be moved by
your breath.
Your winter teeth will never grow.
The penguins you strangled hold my shoes now.
Bleached bones protrude from my feet, but still I walk among
copper roses.

The coral in my ears sleeps among the centipedes.
Harmony survived in the eye of a needle.
That is all the eagles needed to feed from my lips.
The paper classrooms you cut down will not be forgotten.

An August breeze will bring jellyfish to your heart.
When your muscles explode, my appetite will echo glass tents
across your rainbow.
The Aloe plants will no longer breathe in darkness.

My clasped eyes will open to Mary.
A newborn trout will fill the streets.
Dead elms will soon fall to form bridges over your hatred.
We will listen for your spine to speak.
The fragrance of pregnant deer will live in our hair.
Inside caves, I hear the elephants.
The salamanders feel the minutes of another lifetime.
The laughter of white rabbits will forever hold my water.

There will be no more suffering.

september's child

Yesterday
i noticed a little girl
beside a park bench
kneeling
into a puddle of tears

Every minute
turtles surfaced
with bags of pearls
they put each bag into her pocket

Old men approached her
pidgeon droppings in their hair
raised their canes
smashed her skull
into the sidewalk

The squirrels complained
salamanders took flight
silence filled the trees
i watched the clouds

Her eyes exploded into avocados

distant wings

distant wings
fall
onto sidewalks

oil stained eyes
struggle
to push away
a beetle's claw

the wind swallows
a final cry
an unheard voice
ignored

leaves join hands
with the hands of white feathers
both now bleed
into the shadow
of this murder

The Winter Tree

Single out
a winter tree
and remove it
from its earthen womb
Wash the soils away
and you will be puzzled
at which end
you should
replant

telephoned silences

as i walked today
an explosion
shattered my face
a hammer
thrown from darkness

above my head
a squirrel
twisted and frozen
fell
to the cobblestone

black telephone lines
rubbed their legs together

the police lied to their radios

leaves
raced through
my shoulders
found exit
in my fingers

my nose bleeds naked

people shuffled
over my hands
laughing
at the cornflower
on my knee

outside our windows

shoe lace caterpillar
suspended in water
climb into my hair
see the world as i do

in a voice out of focus
i heard vultures talk
of stealing your cheeks and eyes

i heard them playing
the music of the spheres
for the ears
of witches

shoe lace caterpillar
stay away
from dead cats
on railroad ties
for they did not die
under metal feet
but by the silent pesticides
our earliest scriptures
speak of

shoe lace caterpillar
believe in me

chisels of death
peek in our windows
my bedsheets
are asleep
in the bathtub

dean broder

people you belong to

1. There are liars
who carve their initials
in beached whales.
2. There are liars
who drag poison nets
across the sky.
3. There are liars
who mechanically rape
unborn sand.
4. There are liars
who masturbate with
rubber gloves.
5. There are liars
who blind the elderly
with gold calculators.
6. There are liars
who ink their wrists
with aborted foetus.
7. There are liars
who build tennis courts
over their mothers' graves.

"Shut up, my parents are on the front porch."

dean broder

MARY CURTIS

THE WINDFALL PEACH

Small, hard, pale and wizened,
drab in color with a blighted cheek,
it lies there in the woods
at the foot of a tree gone wild,
a gift from nature at her least bountiful
and a reminder when placed side by side
with the luscious red-touch peach
from a carefully tended orchard
of what we have done—
and can do!

And yet the memory
of that little
wizened peach lingers on
gnawing at the heart
and nagging at the mind.

—Mary Curtis

From *Thistledown* by Mary Curtis, published 1978
by the Placebo Press, Pensacola, Florida.

BOB DeWITT

solus

self alone
aware

gravel
between toes
wind
on cheek
water
to tongue
mockingbird
in ear
magnolia
in eye

love is we are
not alone
self

play
to the audience

JOHN HORVATH

Clouds

- i Look how you carress Wade Mountain,
so white and grey against the green,
so damp heavy, wet with rain
for pastures.
O How you crowd the slopes,
run your fingers through the trees!
- ii Rich and green, my lawn;
my house, darkened eaves,
thirsty foundation sucking
water from the earth.
We could have been
good farm and farmer,
my land and I,
were it not for subdivisions.
- iii Wheat, corn, soy, okra, peas.

- iv John Deere up and down
the easy hills, cutting
long scars into the earth.
I look up at Wade Mountain,
at the clouds, missing
the sight of a steep bank.
We overturn, John Deere and I,
at the end of a furrow:
a curlicue.
- v Only the peak of Wade Mountain
and a wisp of cloud,
the children are crying
and mama asks "does it hurt much?"
Mostly John Deere and I
wondering how my land could have
sold for a subdivision.
- vi victory garden, streets, cul-de-sac.

Triptych

- i She is the left panel
obtusely angled against the light
that shines through morning windows,
green leaves woven into the locks
of her brown hair hanging gently,
gently about the contours of her face.
- ii Remember me, when I was young and thin
with a nose that hugged my cheeks and
with a mouth that grinned straight but
broken teeth. Remember me, I am the same
although my features, like my soul,
have grown older, more wizened or wisened,
definitely abused, more than when you knew
my youth.
- iii Bury me in the confines of your soul
so that memory may shelter us,
keep us forever together.
- iv I am a central panel to myself.
Love is the contemplation of my
novelty among the things of the world.
Look upon me, proud and erect, affirmed.
I am a creature of my days as often
as days create time and place for me.
I am a central panel to myself.

- v, Doubt is a frame holding me to
the wings the painter screwed
to my arms, pinioned, angled.
I question them, keep them near with
questioning. Who am I? What value
lives in deeds and words forgotten?
Who am I? Too often asked and never
answered.
- vi She is the right panel,
asking of my years the total answer
to her perplexities. Never ashamed
of her ignorance, nor ashamed at my
lack of knowledge; asking, asking.
Girl, youth is foolish asking after
elder thoughts and baking them into
a pie that is forever half-browned.
- vii Ask me of love, daughter,
and I will tell of useless pain;
but, she will answer herself—
marry the beau I would not choose,
sing hymns I would not utter even
in the company of my beloved, who
knows the facets of my heart as well
as I and perhaps better than I.

viii Ask me of life, daughter,
and I will tell of useless pain;
but, she will spin her own lies
from half-truths I wove to shelter
her from harm. This is all we gain
by what we pass on to them: a faith
in the endless change of words to deeds,
in the endless change of deeds to myths.
She will speak her own broken tongue and marry
into her own lost tribe before I am grey and
wary of her flux. Her mother will cry
traditional tears, knowing the agony of love,
the joy of awaiting separation from loved one

ix and I will shake my hand
and nod my head for a grand-daughter
who will no more understand my bitter years
than I.

HOWARD IBACH

Listening to you

I.

You have become my body, erupting in parallel colors against black ruins. Grays and whites unfocused. Your cloud-scarred hands my skin. Your face my eyes. Your naked chest, an evening crest suspended in my arms. I breathe your water. I want the foam on your darkness.

II.

My flame bends and melts on your thigh. So penguin sounds are wed in your eyes. I can still taste the penny we shared. We will be buried on your shore and darkness shall die with us.

III.

You have captured the illuminating sound in your blond wave. That leaping sound whose fingers mix my face with your shadow. That sound of sea gulls and silver light penetrating blackness. My eyes inhale your fading colors.

IV.

And I will walk across your sacred wetness. I will become a vanishing pearl on your tongue. I will become the warmth on your pulsating breast. Your September gale will someday embrace my music, that lonely oboe resonance on a forgotten prairie.

V.

The voice you gave to me is a white feather on an egret's throat. You speak of silent seaweed, the sounds of driftwood memories. Your hidden voice, that invisible estuary. I am blind to your whisper, whose texture engulfs my red star fish.

VI.

Your arms, the rainbow's mirage, carry spiders across my pages. Hidden among seahorse images, those arms brush against unseen whales. You are waiting to be born. I will wait for you.

VII.

Carry me with you. I will sacrifice my poem for your embrace. I will become your shadow to be near your feet. I will always listen for the blood in your autumn leaves. Your reds and browns and yellows are carved on my back. Long before your beach was invaded. But I will not unlearn the secrets in my body.

VIII.

I am the wind, the mysterious light, that sleeps on your shoulder, waiting for your lonely shore to awaken.

XI.

Maybe I was wrong to want the sand dollar in your lap.
Maybe I was wrong to weave my burnt candle around your
hands. I am but a poet drawing your outline on shattered shells.

X.

I will witness your birth in my hands. I will hear your
death on a dark side of a distant snail. When we return to your
bleached sand, I will kiss your moistened lips. Your sea urchin
will finally shed its poison.

XI.

As I close my eyes, I reach in to you and touch a quiet
breath of light. I will sleep against your knee, dreaming of a
word unspoken. Its sound may never touch my lips. I will move
softly within that white vibration.

XII.

Two souls separated by a black line drift slowly on a cold
tide. The ghost of a forgotten morning mist rests its hand on my
eyes. I hear the familiar sound of a boy's tears dripping into my
hands. The pain burns my skin.

XIII.

This sleep, filled with rusty nightmares, your foam washing my face, is the only comfort darkness can share. All my life, I have looked for the color of your hair, and now the tide changes. That black line dissolves, but you move toward the horizon. As a salt water olive pulls me under, you touch the setting sun.

XIV.

As I die, I will look up into your radiant light. I will hear your soul and I will awaken again on your sleeping shore. As you move away from me, as our bodies unite in silent motions, a sea turtle shadow will speak our unspoken word.

MIREYA URQUIDI KOOPMAN

A REQUIEM FOR A MAN

In memory of Dr. Jose Macedonio Urquidi

My father. . .
The giant man. The tender child
Everything speaks of you
quiet, persistent man
the churches have your prayers
crystal brooks carry your eyes
When I look at the Andes, I think of you
Father. . .
The soaring condor has your song:
"The idyllic love of the condors"
My roots sprout from the liquid pages
of your books
your hand held the torch for many generations
a pilot light still burns in the long tunnel
I feel your presence on the campus
your voice still merges from the old columns
among eucalyptus and the old magnolias
Your voice lingers in the house
Father. . .
I see your love in my mother's eyes
your finger-tips touch my sister's face
I feel you in my veins
Father, this is your song. . .

COCHABAMBA, ALWAYS

Warm garden embedded
in the high Andes
Honeysuckles, gardenias, magnolias,
jasmynes, wild orchids, mountain laurels,
cantutas, juncos, and mountain lilies
embroider your skirt
red roses hold your black tresses
Ancient eucalyptus, molles, olives,
sycamores, ceibos, and jungle-green palms
shade your valleys
"garden city" in the clouds
Mount Taquina stands vigilant
at your door
Its ice-shoulders hold glacier
sculptures for all seasons
crystal-trout sings in your blue veins
flooding the corn fields with
"huayno" tunes
the old cathedral rings sacred bells
on my roof
Chochabamba, you are my poem

THE YEAR OF THE CHILD AND AFTER

The mountain echoes children's voices
young bare-footed shepherds scramble
over high bolders
after their wind-blown heards
chased closely by the fire
of their hungry dog's mouth
by day shepherd-children read the sky
at night only the moon fills
their empty huts . . .

In the war-ridden cities
children awake each day to eat
a slice of the fear-laden hour . . .
hungry bellies grow seeds of hate
Old-man-babes carrying machine guns
forget to pick dandelions in the park
for Mother's Day . . .

TEJADOS ROJOS

When i close my eyes
an immense silence opens

from my eyelids high mountains grow
beyond the lofty pampa

my blood sings sings

swallows feather the blue sky
red roofs spit dats from the sun

a simple tune enters my room
like a lost friend's laughter

my hands blossom in wild orchids
my voice rides arroyo currents

cool mountain air enters my body
i feel warm

MIREYA URQUIDI KOOPMAN

ANOTHER STATION

At the station
screeching sounds and smoke blend
with the obstinate whistle calling:

“All Aboard!”

It moves off without waiting
In her cabin she sits expectantly
soon her children enter
the salty waters of her eyes
she kisses each child
and the child turns into a bird
and flies through the open window . . .

The whistle deepens
entering the tunnel
of shiny stars

From her window she sees
a line of little birds
perched in the sky
Is there another station?

MIREYA URQUIDI KOOPMAN

THE LONELY JOGGER AT JACKSONVILLE BEACH

The shape of a lonely torso cuts
the morning feather-mist
seaweed braids the air

thirsty foam laps fleeting feet
man is crown by the sea
with liquid beads

The duel is on . . .
man plunges into the road
the sea has paved

head-high he reads the gulls map
his muscles stretch and flex
in their boney looms

with each step his blood rushes
into the oceans warm breath
hungry sandpipers surrender the way

the blue sky opens to the fleeting foot
tomorrow is harvest time

MIREYA URQUIDI KOOPMAN

COCOA BEACH IN THE ATLANTIC

From my balcony
I greet the angry ocean
his clamoring voice bewilders

before me he stands stretched
in the sun's dying feathers
he is veined with smells
of salt and ginger
his courting is macabre and luring

My mountain floats
on the diamond wind

Nervous gulls roam the sandy mist
with raucous calls searching
for fish and moons
Now the shade unfolds and
hundreds of hermit crabs gargle
the day's white wash
fleeting sandpipers take
the last heart beat of a dragonfly

My silence is captured by
the shimmering eyes of the sea

DUANE LOCKE

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

Wind-bent weeds lean
away from the plank house
towards the chinaberries and pines
on this windless warm day.

A red flat earth, flat
as a slate,
the only scribble,
a spiral, a black snake.

An intrusion, stones
raked
as if to form a fence,
but the rake is rust.

To be generous, the farmer gave
a shotgun for snakes.
I tolerated his past and unloaded.
The sparkling snake is my holy vision.

DUANE LOCKE

THE WRECKED BOAT

The beach dark
except for
the fish of light
that leaped down
from the sky.
The wrecked boat rocks,
rocking like a child's toy horse,
its boards break
from its sides,
drop down into the water,
are pushed somewhere to decay,
decay and be reborn
as part of the earth,
to grow hands
and feed roots.
Colored wires break apart
to become the blood
that throbs through the sand.

DUANE LOCKE

A COUPLE FROM NEW JERSEY
COMES TO RETIRE IN FLORIDA

A sea whitened pine,
barkless,
solitary on turtle tracked sand,
a dark hole
pecked by a woodpecker.

In front blocking
the thin strip of land
to the pine, a sign
"Private Property. No Trespassing."
A fat woman in a grey dress clips
off the fingers of her hibicus.
Her overfat husband stares at the TV
under the umbrella in his yard.

I had walked for many years
before the property was sold
across the thin strip of land
and became holy by touching the pine.

Now there will be hate.

DUANE LOCKE

A CYPRESS POND IN A STATE PARK

The beginning,
a genesis of rain,
the pond
is dark again.
The obscuring of the light
helps me
to overcome
the sadness
from sensing
the uselessness of all sanctioned human endeavors.

A pileated woodpecker
is hopping upward on bark,
moving towards the cypress top.

I am the woodpecker,
friendly with wood
and climbing away
from the human foottracks beneath.

DUANE LOCKE

AN UNFINISHED LIE

I hold the beginning
of an artificial rose
left on the restaurant table,

some petals curled by
scraping with scissors
to resemble the natural petal,

other petals straight,
stiff, never yet touched
after the shape was cut,

A green paper twisted half way
down the shiny wire,
the steel that fakes the sap.

I have a strange and rare social feeling,
I want to talk with the person
who discarded this false rose.

LIZABETH FAIRCLOUGH MAHONEY

My occupation

peacock feathers braided in my sentences
twisted around my breath
below the surface of glistening syllables
is a pain trying to tear off its clothes
but knotted words are used as scapegoats
for these wounds
deep regrets follow these conspiracies
the morning sun eclipses these contortions
tired words beg to sleep
my mouth is a mothball preserving lies
My occupation
is the search for my voice

"We shall enter upon a trackless memory . . ."

paul Eluard

The horizon bends
it arches its back
crawling closer to me
I begin to renounce the cataracts
of useless memories

Forever
foam has vanished
even upon vacant shores
under an uneclipsed moon
foam is gone
vanished
 under the arched curve of a wave
 into history.

But foam washes with the tides
beneath my skin
forever
upon a trackless memory.

J. MAROHL

Wind

The wind notes
the cries
of vanishing insects:

the throb on web
the smeared pollen
the acetate wing.

Wind shrives
the earth—
pouncing wrenlike among

bitter blue.
Scattered dust
and tousled skein,

confessions
under lace
oleander.

J. MAROHL

Heaven

A jasper heaven,
not gauze,

swinging on real steel chains.

A music at the pith of
silence, chanting lyricsless

no language but a spirit.

A tangent peace
with viscera and bone, a saintly flesh:

testicles rejoicing at church.

A curative fire,
a traction to completeness,

holiest of holy

covert God, still speaking
no sermons but

the blueness preaching in the wound.

J. MAROHL

Rain.

Rain patters the
silent tin: cicada
strums a dreamless sky.

Dragonfly.

Among cattails, she
is lucifer: she codes the
blackbird's play of light.

Snake.

Dream coils in his mind
and sweat: color fires the
movement in his skin.

E. A. MONAGHAN

UPON READING ASHBERY

It was thunder from the mountains
and whispering in the forest
that accompanied my hesitant advance:
my long slow journey to this place
of deliberate study.

Rumors of its occupital occupants
had been creeping into the tabloids
and journals.

Tales of phenomenological syntax
settled a great cloud upon my brow.
When the constant chorous clambered
into my cave, and recited
an endlessly broken chain
of strange misunderstandings,
I vowed to go.

The way was not easy.
There were many twistings
and turnings,
dead ends not ending,
so much backing away and
retracing of the view.

Once among the inhabitants, I became
aware of a secretive cacophony
in the air, and was instantly alert
to an aurora of orderly disorder
carried within the rustlings
of non-directional winds.

My apprehension was modulated,
somewhat,
by the approach of Rodin,
a gentleman I knew by reputation:
having, in fact, once or twice,
dipped ink about him.
This strange familiar's greeting
was so hearty
as to lure my relaxation forward,
while he lured my mind into the group.

A mammoth, square circle
engulfed me.
I was the "it" in a game of
Bird-In-A-Cuckoo's-Nest.
The circle circled,
a camera clicked.

On a hill, overlooking
all of this,
Proust stood
throwing encouraging obscenities
at the participants.
A voice from the primal
wilderness
joined his,
proclaiming,
BEHOLD — OBSCURANTISM!

Hands clutched tightly
together, each a leader,
each a follower,
the characters swirled
around me.
My eye aligned with
a dainty feminine stress
remembered from the sixth grade.
The rim revolved.
An old college thesis
raced into vision,
hovered for a split second,
then, was replaced
by three pronouns,
juxtaposed, front to rear,
shouting something out of the past
hinting at the future.

An adjective dropped out of play
long enough to
dress a noun splendidly
in sentence structure.
The rejoining was marred
by the tripping of a modifier,
which, thank goodness, maintained its
balance
and didn't dangle.

Three verbs staggered past:
the blur of them tugged
at my nerve endings.
I closed my eyes
to clear my vision.
Three placid vignettes
laughed at my discomfort,
causing me to lift the
edge of the security blanket
and once more view
the rites in progress.

But they were all gone.
All had vanished,
leaving behind
a diminishing mass of smokey mist.

I hastened to regain
familiar terrain,
still not knowing
what was back there,
but already planning
another trek, another time.

That tremendous voice
echoing upon my footsteps,
OBSCURANTUM MENO OBSCURANTUM

LISA PHILLIPS

Evening Song

Your eyes walk upon my splintered path,
A sweet thirst courses through my autumn
hand-

Our moon-soaked shadows swallow the sap
from the root that sleeps pink upon your
man-made stem.

I wind my lilies around your sunken waist.
Engulfed in yellow sheets,
your rippled skin stares at my ripened
tree-

Scarlet stars flutter to my open breast,
While the yellow-stained brook trickles
beneath your softened thorns
as our battered flesh bites the darkened
willows.

Stormy Evening

Crimson strangled hours
dew-dropped fallen walls
lie among trampled star-lit
faces nestled upon a virgin breast.

Schools of twisted yellow branches
choke the charcoal footprints
that dance upon dust-covered crests.

A frozen flame knocks upon
the cracked window where acorns
engulf the pines rage.

Raindrops bloom upon a petals
silvery tongue where the white
thorns hide a whisper in a pale
carress buried among the
sand pebbles wing.

G. F. ROBINSON

road

the road is heavy and dark,
leading to the unlit desert of angry trees
the road is empty and loud,
filling the teeth of faded stone
the road is dank and arid,
seeping upward to the cries of hollow mountains
the road is erosion and ice,
laughing to the screams of chalked toads
the road is heat and clouds,
eating a thin rabbit with one eye
the road is blind and steel,
shadowing the hands of glass birds
the road is being walked
to find light
 any light
 any light at all.

SILVIA SCHEIBLI

HUMMINGBIRD'S SONG

Once I kneeled
beside the pain's armor
nailed on the sun's eyelids.

Not knowing my way
I pleaded to enter
the cage of your hands.

But someone had changed
your lips to grind stones.

Sand grew on my tongue.

LETTER TO ALAN BRITT
ABOUT MORE REPORTS
ON THE SLAUGHTER OF DOLPHINS

I feel the dolphin's eye
dissolve
in my hand.

I cut off my hand.

The dolphin's blood
bubbles
on my lips.

WM. E. TAYLOR

SELECTED POEMS: 1957-79

Treachery, though you hold the rank of bird colonel
and ordered us into all the weigh-stations of the Pacific
Ocean,

I remember you.

You are the old woman who stood at the gate of the
gravel schoolyard
and rang the tardy bell.

All my friends clutch you to their bosoms in hatred.
They persuade me to clutch you to my bosom in hatred.

You caress me with evil words. That is my reward, I
think.

Oddly enough, the words will make me rich.

I will have a yacht, I'll make a movie about the worst
of my marriages. The movie will say we should all exist
in our own scenarios, which we should invent as we shoot.
Then I'll marry Jackie and start a new film,
one the whole world will watch.
It will have reruns on t.v.

CHRIST!

"Christ," she says, she keeps saying "Christ."
I ask a question. "It's Christ."
She is in love with somebody else.

She modifies her sweet husband,
who preaches his silver cufflinks,
predictably named Lazarus.

I tell her the pelicans are flying and
dive-bombing, I tell her the yellow moon
is predictably born again.

"I'm Ruth," she says.

Two Responses to the Atom Bomb

Whenever he came out of his foxhole or his tent,
if there were tents, which was rare, Cookie
would look carefully around before he stood up.
That's because he always peed in his pants
during the night — not because he was scared, he
was scared, just he had bad kidneys from being a fighter.

(This is WW II, kids, but don't get excited.
I'm not going to say it was just or glorious or fun.)

It was really fun, the way Cookie, the sergeant,
and I, the leut, understood one another: he would do
the work and I would get the medals.

We got through the war that way, both wary,
both lucky, spent six weeks drunk in Hokkaido
on Jap beer — that's all they could build in those days.

The day of infamy was over, the war was over.
Blessing Harry and the atom bomb, I drowned
myself in joy and relief — he, in pee.

He was right. The world is urinous.

Count Down

The only man who's never
betrayed me
is my accountant.

Diane Wakoski

Let's see,
it's done in columns, right?
And numbers, lots of numbers.
One column's good, one's bad —
black numbers, they're the good ones —
red numbers, they're the bad.

I'd start with the black numbers if I had any.

Red number one —

I shaved off my beautiful white beard
10 years ago because the coed I thought
was in love with me said I looked like
Santa Claus.

Red number two —

My motorcycle has a temperamental battery.

Red number three —

When I got to my fantasies and dreams
I fired my female psychiatrist.

Red number four —

I don't understand the word accountant.
It's someone who gives an accounting,
isn't it? Or is it just somebody who
counts, counts up, matters. You can see
I flunked out of business.

Red number five —

I still don't know where my body
leaves off and the rest of me starts.

Red number six —

I am beginning to suspect these reds
are commies and really black. For
example, if I said you are beautiful,
you'd disappear into laughter; if I said
you were ugly, you'd disappear into
laughter.

I can't count.

Let's just say I'm broke
and you will get a refund
from the IRS.

Message to the Almighty Impossible

Someone down on the beach is sending up a message
that looks like an enormous gull or dove or a
 miniature holy ghost,
which has nothing to do with this poem except
it's a way to get the thing started.

The subject is women poets, whom I both envy and love
but the best are the lesbians and I envy them the most
because that's what I want to be, a lesbian, and I can't.

I can imagine what it's like loving a woman like a woman,
but that's just a kite up in the air, held by wind,
a grim string — flapping, occasionally diving, a kite
 driving
toward heaven but never really getting there.

SHARON WALDRON

DEATH
AFTER THE RUN

Indian stripes slide on sneakers
like the caps of the Niagara

One, alert
risen like a squirrel

Rests against enamel
listening to laughter,
alone.

He doesn't know

His twin is,
dead.

Choked by inverted Christmas tree crossings,
his tie lies
like a desert dog discarded.

The squirrel drops to his brother's bones.

Two thirsty feet have died by the toes
of a tyrant.

BOOKS

of poems

still available from UT Review

University of Tampa
Tampa, Florida 33606

FOAM ON THE GULF SHORE by DUANE LOCKE	\$2.50
A WHITE VOICE RIDES A HORSE: an anthology of new thing thing poems	\$5.00
THE LANTERN DANCE IN THE BEEHIVE by SILVIA SCHEIBLI	\$2.50
IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER THE SON AND THE HOLY GHOST by GARRETT O' SULLIVAN	\$2.50
AFTER THE DEATH OF THEODORE ROETHKE by FRED WOLVEN	\$2.50
WEDDING by STEVE SLEBODA	\$2.50