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UT *Review*

A
CONTINUING
ANTHOLOGY
OF
POETRY



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UT Review:

a continuing anthology of poetry



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ANNOUNCEMENTS:

JUST PUBLISHED:

Mantras: An Anthology of Immanentist Poetry,
edited by Alan Britt. \$3 from The Floating Hair Press
4408 Carlyle Rd., Tampa, Fla. 33615.

Includes: Locke, Barfield, Roth, O'Sullivan, Scheibli, Fazio,
Britt, MacQueen, Rizzuto, Lustig, Rodeiro, Babcock,
Suarez, Starr, Hayes, Koopman, Joy, Benson, McDonald
and others.

Immanentist Sutras, poems by Duane Locke. Inquire Fred
Wolven, Washtenaw Community College, Ann Arbor,
Michigan 48106.

Ann Arbor Review no. 17. \$1.50 for single issue from
Washtenaw Community College, Office of Communication
Arts, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. Poems by Steve Barfield,
Duan Locke, Silvia Scheibli, Alan Britt, Paul Roth and others.

The Immanentist Anthology: Art of the Superconscious.
\$2.50 from The Smith, 5 Beekman St., New York, N. Y. 10038.
Poems by Locke, Britt, Barfield, Suarez, Scheibli, Roth,
Rodeiro, Steflik, Martinez, Hayes, Noble, Lustig, Mahoney,
MacQueen, Fazio and others.

SNAIL

i am a snail
i live tenderly
my back is my home
my body a snake
it goes out
it comes in
my flesh lives tenderly
it is my home

NOTE: Chuck Sanders is a student in Mrs. Holub's sixth grade class at Potter Elementary, Hillsborough County School System. His poems serve as a preview of our next issue: All Children's Poems. Chuck Sanders was discovered by Steve Barfield.

Chuck Sanders

MAP OF FLIGHT

if you will ever catch
a butterfly
look not at his body
but behold the resemblance
of its wings to a country road
now tell me
there is not
a resemblance

MY FRIEND AND ME

my friend is the wind
he holds my body
tenderly softly
he never leaves me
my friend the wind

Alan Britt

MAHLER

Then the voices of the geese
sag in the cold sky
A hand passes over noises
in the corn
An old woman
walks past dark eyelids in the fields,
her legs
stained from a sulphurized moon

Duane Locke

COFFEE DREGS

Coffee dregs emptied by the old steps
The mica moves over
to give room
With the dampness
a stone paints
ritualistic signs on itself
A mole cricket
gathers the dregs breath
to carry under earth

THE DREAM IN SONG

Down
the stone stairway
the darker
the star
the more
magnetic
the ice
the more
discarded
 wings
and lips
mark
the steps
back

Bill Lustig

TREE OF LEAVES

He walks a
little
farther into
the
mountains each
day he

brings back a
leaf of another
color the

same leaf he only
goes alone he
knows he will
not return.

On each and all
the mornings he'll
be seen in

the hills a
big boulder letting
the moss pile
up on his
forearms we have
watched each
other but
never speak here

the birds are
a voice at

dusk he will again
become a wall-less
cabin with its
constellation in
the window where

he takes a fallen
leaf to the tree
he is growing.

Red snow
on the mountain,
footsteps
hurry home.

Mireya Urquidi-Anaya

CAMINANDO EN HILOS DE ORO
Para Duane Locke

Caminare en un
hilo dorado del amanecer
que tu lo dejaste
con las yemas de tus dedos
en la sombra del sol
Tomare
el nectar amarillo
de una orquidea silvestre
y visitare a una nina
escondida en un higo verde
y me quedare dormida
en el ojo de la llama
Luego caminare de puntillas
sobre el arroyo cristalino
donde lunas doradas
bailan con caras de pececillos
y en la espuma transparente
del sol
encontrare a tus ojos
Entonces llevare
el hilo dorado del amanecer
a los vapores helados
de las sagradas montanas Indias
y una Kena cantara
una cancion de cuna casi olvidada
a un recién nacido

I SHALL WALK THE YELLOW THREAD

to Duane Locke

I shall walk
the yellow thread of dawn
left by your fingertips
in the sun's shadow
I shall drink
the yellow nectar
of a wild orchid
and visit a child
inside a green fig
and fall asleep
in a llama's eye
Then I shall tiptoe
over the silver brook
where yellow moons
dance with fish faces
and in the transparent
foam of the sun
I shall find your eyes
I shall then carry
the yellow thread of dawn
to the icy vessels
of the sacred Indian mountain
and a Kena will sing
a half-forgotten lullabye
to a new born

Steve Barfield

Stepping into river's last night
a scorpion's breath hesitates
in an apache harp
and into the taut solitude
of a tree spider's web
a cougar folded on evening's
blue limb
screams
trying to remove
the moon from its mouth

MOJAVE EVENING

Night dressed in black gloves conceals moon & stars.
Wind's robe is caught on junipers & chollas.
Rain's partial nakedness is absorbed in earth.
The mountain's chin is propped on a bobcat's den.
The eagle's circles are the mesa's footprints.
A prickly pear's rouge washes rhyolite crevices.

An oriole answers darkness:
The darkness escaping a jimson weed flower,
And parted by the poor-will's wings,
Carried on backs of moths & stones,
Touching a cicada's cheek,
Embracing canyons and mesas.
I am separated from the darkness —
See the packrat slipping into it;
The jack-rabbit running with it;
Spiders building it.
A stone's shape knows more.
Shadows speak better.

Darkness dissolves fingers, face, body.
Separately the parts merge with an owl's call,
A limestone edge, a coyote's eagerness,
A lizard's grey spots invitation.

The eagle's circles are the mesa's footprints
Are the sand's cheekbones.
Ancient jucca stalks are light's hands
Are bighorn sheep paths.
The junco's call is the voice of a fig tree's shadow
Is in the agave flower.

LOST SOLSTICE

A white horse
paws the trees
blindly
for the light
under the bark

Mark L. Seeley

(SALMON THIGHS)

the lamp's yellow fingers
pulled the splinter of your voice
through the black hive
held in my hand

asleep on a tongue of sand
where water's flat stones
pressed on your eyelids
you remembered

your hands
moths of patched light
were locked in a window

but seeing you
green fruit will burst
in the branch's well
and the moon
swallowed by your glance
will sink on the cheek of my guitar

THE STEEL BRIDGE

Marsh tangled egret's feet
clutch the greygreen skin
left by the moontide

snails and hermit crabs
build fossils from mud

mist woven by the dredge
sinks into the saltcaked beard

fiddler crabs wait
in their safely burrowed pores

morning fawns' brittle steps
pound lightly
the thin steel bridge

Arthur E. Smith

FIRST RAIN

The bamboo wind-chimes just shudder dumbly,
and the wrong angel staggers from the woods.
Tripped,
the rain falls.

I watch from the steps as blind camellias,
budding into the blunt dead-end
of winter, are poured in glass.

Between the rain that is falling,
filling the air with holes,
and the sky that isn't,
the trees walk closer to the house.

ZEN POET

When I write acacia,
I become one,
shading the yard,

rivering my veins
into the soil

lamping red beetles
from the white sun.

I catch galaxies
in my twigs,
night is morning
morning is night

but evening's green rain
is not a bastard
but perforates my thirst.

Hunger is fulfillment.
Leaves unfist into prophecy.

Who but my master said,
"You are the tree.
Your sons are the paper!"

James MacQueen

PEARL MOSS

i pass through these narrow
corridors of colliding cells
wishing to break surf
like a simple rock
i exist only to read the black iron
poems in pearl moss
to speak with decaying fruit
of the light we held in our foreheads
and to learn a waxed freedom
from the mouths of bees

i am surrounded by explosions
of gasoline forests without rain
i read the lives of crushed marble
printed in doorways
ghosts from stillborn highways
point me toward the stadium
toward the fallen bull
toward the eye beneath the closed lid
toward a finality of this horror

like black acorns in the night
ambulance drivers arrive to open an eye
pointed down another highway
through stadiums of torn foxes
foxhounds and pearl moss
trees are turning their countenance
an eye escapes into the skull
of a wood-beetle
and tears open its breast
to become the birth of a civilization
drinking its rain softly
from cupped hands

THOUGHTS FROM A RECLUSE

a flower dries
on the peeling sill
a shadow sits
looking at the unmade bed
loneliness leaves footprints
on the sheets

snow drifts across
the dark wood floor
how gracefully the nude woman dances
through the fireplace's ash quilt

a child's scream
breaks the blind pace
of the day's surrender,
a deaf man waves for help
no one answers
they smell the wounds
he's buried beneath the bandages
of a smile

lock the door
don't let the world in,
an alley cat laughs
as he pulls a limp fish
from a rusty can

Charles Hayes

HALF MOON AFTER THE NEW YEAR
NEAR THE NEW AGE

half moon.
chalice
of sunbeam
and saffrons.
you serve
looming snow
to the heart
of the night

half moon.
you point
the creamy
eye through
a dream of
a buried
little boy.

half moon.
you sing
and sing
so well
and strange.

wordless
your music
seeps through
my face.

half moon.
you are a birds lantern
in a crows tomb.

half moon
half eye
half candle
half death

dark wavelet clouds
sneak as shrewd rugs
from beneath
your silver shoe.

the sky opens
its icy arm
drops your halo
you
and your cow
arc down
slowly beneath
the earth.

half moon
half moon
of
frost
and
death
and
distraught.

i can no longer
notice your golden
brush of wheat
slide golden poems
across my eye.

this night half moon;
this night
i shall be dying for you
and in death
i shall go to the place
where shadow and coal
in my nadir embrace
without any conversation.

Fred Wolven

POEM: AFTERNOON COME ALIVE

morning opening like a doorstep rose
with the freshness of late spring snow

2.

my landscape is near

the velvet sheen of summer foliage
of maple, elm & box elder
with diamond-shaped light dots
moving

floating from leaf to leaf
reflecting
brilliant in the sun

3.

the afternoon comes alive
in your presence
shaking any Satan
clearing cobwebs & entangling nets
from the silent crevices
of my mind

4.

one jay, unusually still
perches statue-like on a backyard electric pole
daring cats
& eyeing an unpicked cherrytree

5.

will you teach me to be the shadow
in which an unspoken question
becomes a quiet wait
stirs
catching silent voices

DUNES

walk the layers of
sungrass or slither
as the desert grows
a multilegged serpent tail
throws pebble air
in a frog's eye

bell music
rolls heads in sand
crawl in a crevice
open red shell arms
a beetle fights
in a desert rat's claw

the moon is launched
thru the straw
of stripes

Jack Casey

Toads crouch in eagerness
to become the changing raindropped patterned leaves.

The dragonfly's knowledge
crystallizes without her eyelids
and I sing songs of
the hum of sunflowers.

VESPERS

The drizzle
of silence
rinses
the lint
of light
from insect sounds.

Mary Nelson

ESCAPE

Antiseptic dust cloths
wipe an ash tray's aluminum sides.

The edge of a sawed board crawls on the clear frozen pond
Then crashes through to the lily pads below.

One crystal splinter
Exits from the fingernail
And falls on the edge of a dead leaf.

TIME LIFE

Iron lace,
casting transparent shadows,
crushed by
floating tulips,
listening with ears of red shells,
cold and muted as the ancient palm,
forgotten by the clocks.

Barry Wallenstein

AT TIMES LIKE THESE

At airports, for example,
the mere flow of bodies suggests the destiny of man.

For example, there's a man
who is denied his flight.
He argues with the clerk.
He speaks clearly and with authority,
yet nothing happens, the line moves on
and he can't stop it.
Watch his hands as they fly apart
into the air, back to hips, into pockets
and back to chin.
His hands won't give it up.

So now he is a sight for the children,
the hero of the sideshow,
the man who does magic:

He transforms himself into a goat
and all the terminal passengers
into hyenas and birds of prey.

It happens at times like these
at an airport, for example