

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 2

UT

Review

A
CONTINUING
ANTHOLOGY
OF
POETRY



PUBLISHED BY
UNIVERSITY OF TAMPA

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 2

UT Review:

a continuing anthology of poetry



edited by

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assisted by

Stephen Meats

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Subscriptions: \$2.50 for 4

Address: Duane Locke, UT Review
University of Tampa
Tampa, Florida 33606
Single copy 75c

Announcements:

ANTHOLOGIES OF IMMANENTIST POETRY:

Mantras: An Anthology of Immanentist Poetry,

edited by Alan Britt. \$3 from

Floating Hair Press, 4408 Carlyle Road,

Tampa, Florida 33615.

Includes: Locke, Barfield, Britt, Roth,

McDonald, Suarez, Joy, Starr, Hayes, Lustig,

Fazio, and others.

The Immanentist Anthology: Art of the Super-Conscious

19 poets in the movement

started by Duane Locke. \$2.50 from

The Smith, 5 Beekman Street, New York, New York 10038

Includes: Locke, Barfield, Britt, Roth, Suarez,

Rodiero, Scheibli, Hayes, Mahoney, and others.

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**This project, with partial support from the Fine Arts Council of Florida and the National Endowment for the Arts, is presented by the Hillsborough County School Board in cooperation with Arts Council of Tampa.*

I wish to thank the Poetry in Classroom project* for allowing me to use a few of the many fine poems composed by the Hillsborough County school children during 1973-74. In this our second and last children's issue, the few poems that I have selected were written in the classroom under the guidance and inspiration of four immanentist poets, Paul Roth, Steve Barfield, Alan Britt, and Mireya Koopman. Immanentism is an international poetry movement which was born at the University of Tampa and recently has had two anthologies devoted to its participants.

It has been said that children are natural immanentists, for their poetry has a sacred view of life, a mode of being not translatable into concepts, and a superrationality that stirs with its vibrations our deepest feelings.

Duane Locke

Joe Graminski

INSIDE A RAINDROP

In a second I shrank.
Then suddenly in a wink of an eye
a bird picked me up
and dropped me into a raindrop.

I thought I would just see water
and go under like a steel ball bearing.

But to my amazement
it was like a crystal factory
with crystals in every size and shape in the world.

Then we hit the earth
the crystals broke
and cut me up like
a jig-saw puzzle.
And then I grew big
and walked away.
I was surprised when I saw
a crystal in the shape of a star in my hand.

**Teacher: Mrs. Bradley
School: Gorrie
Poet: Paul B. Roth**

Anthony DeBerardinis

The man
bloomed into a rose
and a building
went into him to work

Kevin Swinney

The earth pulled out of a sign post
The parachuting plane
I died in life
A centipede has nine lives and one leg
I have an eye in the back of my knee

Rick Groom

A duck played a guitar
but the strange thing was that the guitar
sang a song of feathers

Teacher: Mrs. McNulty
School: Dunbar
Poet: Paul B. Roth

David Logan

a tree was running in the tiger
it tripped and fell into a car
all the trees came to see him

Teacher: Mrs. Dillon
School: Chiaramonte
Poet: Paul B. Roth

Kelly Williams

As I peak through the door of a sandgrain
the stump from the tree that my house came from
started to cry when my house grew moist

Teacher: Mrs. Greenhalgh
School: Dunbar
Poet: Paul B. Roth

THE LONELY ROAD

As I walked a lonely untraveled road
I had the sense of being watched
I turned and saw nothing
But it seemed still like the plants were eyeing me
especially the blue eyed grasses
which seemed to stare at me
The river seemed to talk of stones to me
The fish seemed to catch the running river
It did seem real but was it,
was it like a wonder world?

Donna Steen

As I sit by the campfire
at night I hear with my eyes the owl
and in the tree
I see with my fingers the snake
on the ground

Doug Hill

Here I am sitting all by myself
My feet can feel noises
My ears can smell the empty air
My eyes can hear the pounding of the roads
as the wind fills my hands

Teacher: Mrs. Greenhalgh
School: Dunbar
Poet: Paul B. Roth

THE CLOUD ON THE GROUND

I am a cloud on the ground
I am not like any other cloud
I talk to the ground and the trees
When I want to move
I have the trees move me
Everyone throws things at me
I wonder why
I guess it's because I drink all their water
When I see a tree with no leaves
I get on it and everyone thinks
I am a tree

Patricia Allen

A TREE

I was just planted and I am a tree.
It's so scarey being a tree.
When you are just planted
you know nothing
like how big am I going to be
and when I get big
will somebody cut me down for fire wood
or what kind of tree am I.
And will other trees like me
or make fun of me.
In the fall will my leaves fall off or

will I be a kind of tree whose leaves
don't fall off in the fall?
Oh, there are so many questions to answer!

Teacher: Mrs. McNulty
School: Dunbar
Poet: Paul B. Roth

MY DEATH ROCK

I start to crawl and splash
I'm in a pond with other fish
A dragonlocust is flying very slow
and when it comes over my head
I grab onto one of its legs
and it takes me to an underwater garden
where I jump into a flower
slip and fall into its stem
and find myself below my closed eyes

Michele Morris

A SHRINKING MOMENT

I flew into the letters
of an alphabet.
I walked into the pupil
of an eye
and saw the black hole
walk out back
to the sky.

**Teacher: Mrs. McNulty
School: Dunbar
Poet: Paul B. Roth**

Tamara Lovett

Once I went into a leaf
its soil was different than the whole tree
the line that runs up its middle
is the master of all lines

Diana Stephens

My eyes
reach into the bark
and see
a green darkness
of bugs

Charlotte Hills

WHEN I'M IN A PLUM

I stepped inside a plum
and it was raining
on this big field with nothing
but pretty grass on it.
In the middle was a large park bench
with a basket of flowers
and inside one little rose was a flea
and I climbed on the flea's back
and off we went together
through the falling rain of the plum.

Teacher: Mrs. Hunter
School: Gary
Poet: Paul B. Roth

1

I jumped into a cloud
and I was swimming in a river
a river of sparkling water
There was a forest of green
and a rock
and beneath the rock
a rainbow

2

I fell into the earth
and it got hotter every minute
and then I stopped
There was a river and a cottage
I knocked on the door and nobody answered
so I opened the door
and the room started to glow.

3

I walked into a ball
and started to fly around
and they put me up in the dark
Then I walked into a cloud of white
and started down the mountainside
where I stopped at a river to get a drink
when the water started to make a color.

Bo Boulenger

THE HUNT

I shot a deer with a moonbeam,
It bolted like a frog.
My moonbeam struck its mark.
It bleeds blood of grass,
It stumbles over spiders.
It is weakened by my moonbeam,
So it fell like sand to the dirt.
On the dirt it bounced like a rock,
and I leaped to claim my prize.
I used my knife of music
to carefully slice my prize.
Its blood of grass flowed like hail
and I skilfully mounted the Head.

Teacher: Mrs. O'Neal
School: Coleman
Poet: Steve Barfield

My blood is like
 hyacinths in my veins,
Floating,
But sunken,
Breathing,
But not alive.
Why is it there?
Holding it in my body,
My skin does not
know,
O the reddish
Oil like liquid with-
in me.

Shelly Varnum

NONSENSE

The spanish jaguar played
on his guitar.
The owl sang sweet
melodies to the black square
moon.

**Teacher: Mr. Crosson
School: Pinecrest
Poet: Alan Britt**

Patrick Whitaker

A wolf is like lava
flowing from his mountain.

**Teacher: Mrs. Dunn
School: Manhattan
Poet: Alan Britt**

YOUR EYES

your eyes have different
colors pelican, and plunge
like a different color
flower.

**Teacher: Mrs. Gibbons
School: Clair Mel
Poet: Alan Britt**

Henry Rogers

OLD BOOT

there is an old boot
a boot shaggy and torn. Nobody
wants it at all. little boot
fly away fly away till someday
you'll be part of the sky.

**Teacher: Mrs. Perez
School: Robles
Poet: Alan Britt**

Tarolyn Hand

PIG MADE OF FIRE

Pig of Fire you give me
warmth

And yet I give you nothing
you give me love and again
I give you nothing you give
me colors of orange, red, yellow,
and blue and I again give
you nothing. How can you
give me warmth, love and
colors when I give you nothing?

Teacher: Mrs. Cowder
School: Lincoln (P.C.)
Poet: Alan Britt

Mi alma es como un vestido blanco
como una cancion
en la noche
como un rio que flota
solo o es
Como un camino
hasta el cielo
Es la fragancia de
unas flores blancas

My soul is like a white dress
It is like a song
in the night
A river floating wild or
Like a road to heaven
It is the smell of
white flowers

Jose Rosabol

Cuando yo me muera
quiero una rosa roja
como la sangre
de Dios

When I die I want
a red rose
like the blood
of God.

Teacher: Mr. Castellana
School: Lee
Poet: Mireya Koopman

MI ALMA

Mi alma es como una nube
flotando en la noche
alrededor de la lun
entre tantos planetas
Mi alma es una estrella
en la noche
se va tan lejos
que nadie puede tocarla

My soul is like a cloud floating
around the moon
and all the planets
in the night
My soul is like a star
in the night
It goes so far that no one can
catch it

Brenda

A STONE

A stone is like
a turtle that crawls
about the earth
And when it crawls
it makes a sound
that sounds like a thump
So if you see
a stone listen very
very carefully
and you will hear a THUMP!

Teacher: Mr. Cianca
School: Sulphur Springs
Poet: Mireya Koopman

PEOPLE

People are weird
People are different
Some fly
Others sleep
upside down
But nobody can yell
louder than me
But others can
walk on water...

Marcelle Dean

A ROOM

A room is like a hole
with nothin in it
only wind
The wind fills the room
and is very quiet
The room is tall as a cloud
and wide as a brown board

**Teacher: Mrs. Vick
School: Alexander
Poet: Mireya Koopman**

Dogs are flying
Birds are running
I am barking
Cats are talking
Teacher are mooing
Flowers are singing

Linda McGuire

A FOUND POEM

Try to remember
a rabbit sometimes
finds sunken treasures
when a friend falls out
the door
of a maple tree

**Teacher: Mrs. Vick
School: Alexander
Poet: Mireya Koopman**

LA NINA DE LAS ROSAS

Rosas, rosas
le crecen a una nina
en las manos
La gente la mira
y dice que esta
loca la pobre
Pero ella solamente
se rie, rie....
y rosas le crecen
de las manos sangrientas

THE GIRL OF ROSES

Roses, roses
are growing
from a girl's hands
People look and say
the poor child is crazy
But she only laughs, laughs
and roses grow
from her hands
full of blood

Juan Olivera

EL PEZ ESPADA

El pez espada
es un punal
Es como el dolor
que uno siente
en el corazon
cuando muere una flor

THE SWORDFISH

The swordfish
is a dagger
It is like a pain
one feels in the heart
when a flower dies

Teacher: Mrs. Menendez
School: Alexander
Poet: Mireya Koopman

My feelings today are
troublesome
like a red spider
laughing in my dreams
and shouting for help
like a black stone
with a silver chain
of fire

Tim Baxley

My life is like a strip of nylon
my dreams are like spider webs
and voices come out of my eyes
My song is like caves talking
my hear is like a bat and ball

Teacher: Mr. Rodriquez
School: Lomax
Poet: Mireya Koopman