

names indicated

No. 2
JUNE (?) 1964
60¢

POEMS BY:

- WHALEN
- ROTHENBERG
- JONES
- GLENN
- COLE
- WAKOSKI
- DELOACH
- DRAGONETTI
- OWEN
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- CREWS
- KATZ
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POETRY REVIEW



JEFF DUNN

UNIVERSITY OF TAMPA

member indexed

POETRY REVIEW
University of Tampa

No. 2
JUNE (?) 1964
60¢

Edited by Duane Locke
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POEMS BY:

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Book Review
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mation

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Books to be Reviewed: John Keys, The Train That Never Came
Back To Prove It (A Crank Book), Poets at the Gate (John
Knoepfle, John Palen, Richard Deutch, and David Farrelly),
William Packard, To Peel An Apple, (Experiment), William
Packard, On The Other Hand (Experiment).

THE OTHER ANGEL

Coming toward me
like some shadow in my blood
open eyed and bleeding
 or like a knife
I see him waiting for me,
I hear him in my voice:
 A stranger?
 or what I feared?
I turn away
my shadow falls from me
 against you,
your shadow seeking mine,
angel of my blood

JEROME ROTHENBERG

FUNERAL RITES

Bury me with stone
Bury me with leaves falling from my hands
& with sand between my fingers
with the moon hidden in the trees above me
ancient lights & harbors
& all cities where the wind has journed
Bury me with stone
the sweet waters of evening
my forehead
dissolving in the rain
miles of cities & roofs
miles of exiles, stragglers
the pursued & pursuing
processions passing dark graves
skulls broken open
sand, miles of light
Bury me with stone
Bury me with yellow hands for light
& with my body black
burnt diamond, shadow of the sun we run from
But bury me with stone
Bury me with windows in the earth
& let no light come thru
let no air come thru to me
that I would have to breathe & move this dirt
that my mouth would fill with it
with grain, pearls, seed of melons, dawn
But if the darkness is, the darkness must be good
& press it deeper in the earth
to weep for what you were

JEROME ROTHENBERG

is the author of two books of poems, White Sun, Black Sun (HAWK'S WELL) and The Seven Hells of the Jigoku Zoshi (TROBAR). He is the translator of New Young German Poets (CITY LIGHTS). Edits Poems From The Floating World. Some of his views on poetry can be found in David Ossman's The Sullen Art (CORINTH).

I am a most rational man, but in my dreams
 I wear a mask, curtaining myself...
 I ride a green horse, and diamonds
 shower down from his ears,
 glitter raining down on the road
 and vanishing like bubbles when they touch the ground.
 A child with yellow hair stands
 in the road and as my green horse goes,
 we stop beside his smiling face,
 and diamonds tumble over him.
 Diamonds fall, as sky rocket's sparks
 shattering down--oh, the stars,
 the rocky stars cover the child,
 bury him. My green horse neighs
 and moves along. Backwards
 I stare, at the road --the heap of diamonds sparkling
 on the dirt, burying the child,
 dead, with yellow hair;
 And green hoof prints mark the road
 as I ride on. A green horse
 with diamonds in his ears carries me
 up the road and if I did not wake,
 green hooves would carry me
 beyond all sense of time.

DIANE WAKOSKI

BEYOND ALL
 SENSE OF TIME

.

He carries a fish-hook
 In the tenderness of feathers,
 A deep-sea fish-hook
 With killing barb,
 Birds in their flyways
 Are clouding down dawn,
 A color-wheel spun to wings,
 Canthook of a fish-hook
 Wrapped in a brown-paper bag
 In his pocket,
 He walks Park woods in the early-bird morning
 Before they start with binoculars,
 Stays after the fleeing of the birders
 From lengthening shadows,
 Listens for the evening song of the wood thrush,
 Tips an ear to warbler notes,
 Turns to a feathering

EMILIE GLEN

FISH-HOOK

DIANE WAKOSKI'S

volume of poems

Coins and Coffins has been
 published by the Hawk's Well
 Press. She appeared in
Four Young Lady Poets (Totem)
 along with Carol Berge,
 Barbara Moraff, and
 Rochelle Owens.

"Aren't you afraid?" the fleeing birders ask him,
 "With all the muggings and the murder last month?
 You're alone in woods hiding dope addicts,
 Criminals, the insane,"
 "Maybe I am but the birds flying North
 Stay such a little while singing,"
 He climbs rocks,
 Breaks through to the cliff-edge of the lake
 To be near them in the birds in their tree tops,
 The fish-hook wrapped in brown paper
 In a hard-to-reach pocket,
 Wraps himself in the tenderness of feathers

EMILIE GLEN

BELLS IN THE WIND

No here for me, no now,
I am Charon of World War II,
Guarding acres of dead
An infinity of crosses
Near white to far dark,
Vast as a field of corn
You only hear in the night
Ice-cream bells down a summer street,
The tinkling of bracelets
On a woman's arm,
Stand me in the upright coffin
Of my sentinel box,
Guarding a night of crosses
White as a wedding

Charon of the night winds
To a ringing that could be
A trapped insect in my ear
Or the cymbals of dancing girls,
Chinese wind chimes or beaded curtains,
Iced tinkle of call-bells
Or the sound of sleigh bells
Through the snow of crosses,
Sounding brass and tinkling cymbals,
I stand in my upright coffin
Hearing a forest hung with dog tags,
Wind through a forest of bells,
Every dog tag twice printed
For the ringing of this night,
Dead soldiers voicing me Charon,
Forever on guard in the ringing dark

EMILIE GLEN'S

Laughing Lute,
a collection of her
poems, can be acquired
by sending \$1.00 to:
Chat Noir Press
1368 N. Sedgwick Street
Chicago, Illinois
60610

E. R. COLE

APOLOGY FOR THE FALL

Delirium of arms
outstretched like a sleepwalker
as he moves through onyx

I regret the fever
that escapes your numerable flesh
like stars into my telescope.

Anguished rose, where is your lost felicity?
Only where a distance of fallen men
is etherealized by the sun?

But now
you are congealed martyrs' blood
(or a woman who has suffered unjustly)

and I have heard you
at three in the afternoon
groaning in my fashionable vase.

E. R. COLE's

criticism and
poetry has appeared
in Georgia Review,
New Mexico Quarterly,
Dalhousie Review,
Northwest Review,
Western Humanities,
Beloit, Personalist,
and many others.

GEORGE BOWERING

THRU MY EYES

Eager and wary
for the energy
thru my eyes
lit every moment
lighting my way to the world

around me
I feel the batteries
running down

But to be blind!

Making out
the round edge
of the bright hung moon
moon moon
now there is the
yellow haze
I squeeze my eyelids to
press it out

Not wanting my light
of blue sky
to drop into ocean
night
We burn candles
electric lights at night

"Blind as a bat"
he felt the boat
bumping under him

dropt his sailor
into the hate of
darkness

Shapes meld and swell
surge into moving outlines
out

unholy Milton
set his villain
in the white haze

Of God's left hand
pulled the floor
out
dropt him into
darkness

Also I must
touch
you love you
are in focus
in my reach

And my hands
to know the touch of things
have no sight to them
but the suggestion

as amoebas
swimming on the glass

Ray Charles
in dark glasses
all last summer in
San Francisco

the sun shone
upon a returning sea
under rolling clouds

Even now
squinting under this
reading lamp
on white paper

I stare at all this energy
there
eager and wary
for the light
light light
in this white haze

LAURENCE PRATT

IT WAS

just a matter of trees:
should I garner their fruit,
or kindle a conflagration?

only a question of rocks:
should I use them to build a temple,
or hurl them to crush Saint Stephen?

merely a problem of sheep:
should I feed the flock,
or steal its wool?

George Bowering

is the editor of Imago. Recently published in Plumed Horn.

CHARLES WYATT

I want to the river in a dream,
Waded, pulling rushes to bear the smell of mud.
When I had finished rolling in my sheets,
I thought —Why can't I die burning in straw,
Angels' wings rustling the flames by my ears—
Instead, rising to the howl of sparrows,
I scratch my eyes with the rust of fire escapes,
Discovering crosses in the fine budded limbs of trees.
I should burn at least the birds,
Coaxing them to martyrdom with one light hand.
I see the souls rising, skulls on wrens' feet,
But I cannot follow, the river flows about my waist,
Sand crumbling under my feet, the water turns me.
Again waking, my hands brush her hair,
Strands caught in my mouth, grinding with my teeth.

Hands quivering in futile regeless fright,
Bending with the flap and give of riveted wings,
The towering starched smile of a stewardess
Looming in the roar, changing, --we'd like to welcome you—
Night falls and a shadow flows
Over whipping snakes of blue amber green
White sanded waves, the west glows
And the indescribably processions of monstrous
White majestic towering wind-ripped clouds—
Beneath wink the tiny green fields
And yellow fields and brown fields and think
God, how beautiful, but remember the great
Long glaucous bubbled white clear
Ane luminous clinging hacked-up spit,
Hanging like a wet kitten across your
Suitcase on the immaculate airport floor.

GUSTAVE KEYSER

Haiku
Together six feet
make their way through noontime crowds.
Sad eyes of a dog.

CHARLES WYATT

is currently a flute student at Curtis Institute of Music. This is his first national publication. He will be appearing in later issues of Poetry Review.

GUSTAVE KEYSER

has a poem "Unsated" in the current issue of Green World.

IRENE DAYTON

LA COTE D'AZURE

Nice, set into the hills
Having the broken moon at her back—
Treasures the Mediterranean as mirror.
Slanking upon white rocks along ancient borders
Sea breaks the image.
The month of May, a life giving season,
When rock thirsts—
And shaking waves carry the picture along
Until the likeness is re-entered again in the myth making sea.
The month is born of white wave crags-shoved
Upon a hot beach and quick the rush of it.

Dawn flings her jewels above the sculptured tops of trees
By virtue of speaking leaves.
Long ago as the reign of kings—
Cafes dank with the mold of centuries,
The keepers setting out wares in the sun's heat
And arranging tables upon this shopkeeping
Street where the Boulevard of Hugo,
Stands historical in this city set into a curve.
The Promenade dies Anglais reflects
Bathers like picture cards, fair, full of summer.
Sun worshippers lying lightly on the pebbles
Ground out of the sea's hand.

A sun-forgetting road where bicycles
Round sharp curves encompassed still
By Roman fortifications.
There flowers hang adroit hidden villas by full bushels
Fragrant, lush, clumped into the hill
The steps leading up, unnumbered
And cumbered with honey bees distilling sweet burdens.
Love brought me to cove washed harbors
Where boats lay at will
Unattended by sleeping masters:
And to Cocos Beach, hushed in the noon's reasoning hour,
When the Mediterranean lies
Unperturbed by the rock-white wall.

IRENE DAYTON

has published in "MODERN AGES", "VOICES", "U. of KANSAS CITY REVIEW", etc. . In 1958 she was a finalist in the Yale university Series of Young Poets". She is presently Chairman of the Poetry Division of the forthcoming Rochester Festival of Religious Arts, Rochester, New York

1. EVENING

The old house still echoes your vanished voice,
 The bricks like loose teeth hold the word good bye.
 Blind beggars count pennies with lucky eyes.
 Over old rays the young shadows rejoice.

I dream of you as of fire a fallen tree.
 Each thing you touched, the ground on which you walked
 envies even the ears which hear you talk,
 is a conqueror's whiphand over me.

Mammon corners the day in a cobweb.
 Mammon the merchant of life and death turns
 you into stocks and bonds, a Wall Street urn.
 Night and fire, fondling foes leave me spear swept.

Good the sun is noosed in the spider's prey.
 No darkness dismays as the light of day.

2. NIGHT

I light candles for you as for the dead.
 As on gallows hangs here headless your dress.
 Lilith comes to rip it to the last thread.
 Left of you is a tear, a frown, a guess.

The mourning candles wave to you farewell,
 in the sullen room of this condemned house.
 Visions with bodies of smoke, souls of hell,
 dance on the fierce ceiling. A friendly mouse

and this moon-mad poem is their sole meed.
 The night vies with the wicked lanes, homebound.
 On a faded wall a stray dawnstreak bleeds.
 Flickering wicks in a merry-go-round:

LARRY EIGNER ASSOCIATION

Foggy ringlets speed in a dreary race,
 touch the last flame as a guillotined face.

Thought
 against death
 variety
 death no-one can lead
 the stars death, a current
 dream, where it is night mostly

but there is no death, for they were never living

they burn

the points
 like death

PHILIP WHALEN

LETTER TO MICHAEL MC CLURE, 11:III:63

Here I come to sit in the sun
Beside three young redwood trees

A number of bugs, a distant cat,
.....
 some kind of wild geranium leaves all through the grass
.....
Each plant has flowers of a different shape
 color, smell, the use
Is general

Bees make tastier honey from clover than from oak & pine
I mean we like the taste, the bees
didn't figure we'd find it, they made it for themselves
a secretion of bug saliva: delicious, costly, rare
they were planning to eat it all winter long

but the flowers quite often they used to make me sneeze & cry
there was no living with them
strongly sweet grapeclusters of peaseblossom shapes
a bug name, locust

I got no intention fighting City Hall
Only the idea of it
& your depending on its rectitude, its strength
 (it is your father, your mother?)
 to lean upon, a church
 that confirms your belief in it
 to ratify your own existence

2

In addition to the weight of my own displeasure (I censure
 myself by the hour)
Here you are belittling, putting me down

There's no forgiving or forgetting, no absolution, no resurrection
You'll have me eternally wicked
As you're eternally good, totally righteous, predestined
 to salvation

Do I have time to hate you, to fight you and there's no prize
No crowns & harps, no eternal glory, gold,
Final perfect tyranny ~

If I believe all this, I'm truly gone
Totally in blackness, death & hell

.....

How much will I pay for Life Eternal ?

.

Will you get the money ?

.

If it costs too much, I may steal it

.

If it costs too much it may be fake and I can ignore it

.

If it costs too much I may have to build my own
elsewhere

(although you'd immediately announce
that it didn't really exist)

where's the point, I've

lost myself again

Suppose you despise me:

Have your loathing & welcome

Have it & see what it is,

Have it until it is knowledge, heaven, enlightenment

Don't have it under any lesser terms

In which case it would become an impediment

To drag you down forever

3

Your trying to tell me I'm dead why don't I lie down

Is all very well but not necessarily
true

& what if all those psychological authorities are
RIGHT

?

in a world like this

?

.

I heard a man put it plain and nasty:

"I'm practising bending over further & further every day
so that when I see that flash, I'll be able to lean over
and kiss my ass goodbye."

.

Let it go if it won't holler

Or hold on & squeeze

while it writhes & heaves

.

Make a new profession they told him

Have you thought of becoming a symphony conductor

Like Leopold Stokowski, marry Greta Garbo

Never write again

never again

go away to live in Ohio
join the Rosicrucians

As for me,
I'm constitutionally unable to enjoy
the taste of Bourbon whiskey

Or there actually is a conspiracy,
A war against us,

Why shut up when that's exactly what the adversary wants
Will even pay you money to dump your paints, typewriter &c
down the toilet, give up

never again

The number (and intelligence!) of those
Who want to stop us, who wish that we'd keep

SILENCE

HOLY
SILENCE

their fear
their existence in a state of continuous rage
who don't listen to any of this
who don't know what it means
who can't control it, who know that it will outlive them
certainly (finally)

.....

Alternatively, I suppose that you figure
Sell guns to both sides & hope they wipe each other out

No doubt this is the reason so many work in secret
One stores his canvases in a bank-vault, nobody sees them,
few people know that he's a painter
Another stays away ten years at a time, "Underground." he says

.....
so impossible
the odds against it
too high & yet

we must feel free to do with it
whatever we can, for laughs
or for serious
as the blue-painted wickerwork chair stands
in the muddy driveway

what will
and what won't go

PHILIP WHALEN

is the author of Like I Say (TOTEM), and Memiors of an
Interglacial Age (AUERHAHN). He was recently featured in the NORTHWEST REVIEW.

LEROI JONES

ARCHIE AND THEM OTHER CATS

Don Cherry, conducting
in his rain
coat,

by jumping
around.

Black jam haiku
in the new york
of our world.

Under
stand us

ON OUT

is a prayer. But we
are not

Wheel music
moon across windows

religious.

Feeling, like the world, in
so many places. (Train roars thru
dead dark. Lights ringing
on fences, air, night, slide
on the outside, and I ride
pinned together in the fast light.

RADAR

Old world dries its sons, New
respects, the objects of lasting
hatred, division, ugly repetition
of the repeated same, battling this
one's brain, In the crowd we close
our eyes, and dream of pies...shaped
like Nikita Krushchev, the lord jesus christ
of the merchants, just returned from the stale
romance and dwindling image restored to the Crackers
in their cruelty. The Nation Applauds, the old broken pimp
who is strong enough to look middleclass. We look at them in bars,
and smile, as if they were Yeats and we the Irish goddess of dope.
So then the world is as I am, or should have been. I am. I am, big-
ger. The poem rests.

LEROI JONES

is the editor and author of many books, including a volume of
poems, Preface To A Twenty Volume Suicide Note (Totem). Grove Press will
soon bring out a new collection of his poetry. His critical writings have
appeared in many publications, including Poetry and Kulchur. Selections
from his work can be found in American Negro Poetry and New American Poetry,
1945-60.

KIRBY CONGDON

The body's compact flesh
glorifies the skeleton's
sparse and delicate structure.
Each joint's fit
defines the shape
and elegant history
of that rare instrument
which takes strong hands to play
in its full range.
The body's music
is in the art of its acrobatics:
we ease into the difficult
like rapids in a stream's descent,
a bass-note of handsome grace,
an arm, a leg;
while the simple is hard,
concentrated, endless, complex.
Our lessons learned,
teacher-pupil are one exchange
where the love-life leaves us off
and life-long love begins its pace.
The skeleton and its flesh,
inside out and outside in,
are, to lovers like us, the same.

Kirby Congdon's

SUNS and
LANDSCAPE were recent bonus
selections of the best book
club in America, the Hors
Commerce Press Book Club,
(225 Shadycroft Ave., Torrence,
California).

JUDSON CREWS

TO PUT A ROSE UPON IT

For some
 unnecessary
reason

Carrying coal
 as they say
to Newcastle

Yes, there are
 some who
find it necessary

To put
 a rose
upon it

And the attar
 of the damask rose
at their armpits

Judson Crews
is widely published.
Has appeared in
Chicago Review,
Wormwood Review,
and Poetry. Some recent
poems are to be found
in Motive (April),
Desert Review no. 1,
and Ante no. 1.

WILLIAM E. TAYLOR

ON NARROWLY ESCAPING DEATH

What now is the landscape?
If there be war, let there be war--
No bodies bloat in this kingdom,
For this is the land of love-em-up
All day in the dark where worms
Crawling in and out are honest
To god worms, no mice
With silken noses sniffing.
Here it is the always angel
Of the sword
No errant gladiators slicing the mind
With words.
Here you can pick the contestants
From between your teeth
And dig like a mole to purity--
Oh, imago!
Oh, Spiritus Mundi!

A SPHINX IN EVERY GARAGE

Bad enough for Oedipus
Staring up at black breasts,
Golden hair around her face,
Two cruel eyes watching
One more fool with the wrong reply.

A riddle asked has an answer
But this! I see the cloudy moon,
Put out by the wind in a palm tree,
Stare up out of the river.
Red arms reach from the bridge.

Cypress trunks on the far shore
Kneel naked into the water
And pray to their own ghosts.
The wind goes under silence,
And the Ghost waits for my reply.

A GOOD FLORIDA DAY

Especially where my Chinese elm
Grows almost as fast as my son, the grass
Crawls under my feet, and somebody's kid
Gets his ass whacked for supper.

I try to hold the light with my eyes.

My neighbor bounces through the yard,
Gives me a free simple smile, then frowns
Toward home. Someone, I guess, poured
The sun down the drains, it's that precarious.

I watch the wind leaving my tree.

A red-headed woodpecker across the street
Pounds the rest of the day into
A pole owned by Florida Power.

WILLIAM E. TAYLOR

is the author of a volume of poems, Man in the Wind, and a
play, Captain Philips. He is the editor of the poetry page in the Florida Educator.

Sitting in silence
 Knowing that silence is a voice
 This is a reality Moving the hand
 Slightly to touch the eyes
 Closing the eyes
 In a strain to look deeper
 Is the same reality
 Seeing the reality
 Seeing the moment
 The image of the second
 Talking quickly
 Becoming a defective shell
 Lessens the intensity
 Learn then to be silent
 Not the void of a shell
 But the essence of fulness
 Become as the tongue of a seer
 Know the projected image
 Take as picture the total
 reality
 Drink of the silence and
 reject the defective
 Then close the eyes and gaze
 deep into essence
 I drink of the essence
 Of existence
 and then do I know
 that the paths of smiling
 faces
 can not be erased from
 the annals of time.
 For all the suffering of
 vagrant words
 that my senses have lost,
 For all the shame that has
 made me blush,
 and yet, made me hungry;
 For all the words that I
 have spoken,
 but not really thought;
 For all the ignorance that
 I have had,
 and molded to knowledge;
 For all the wrongs that I
 have bred,
 and nurtured to rights;
 For hates that have been me,
 but turned to loves;
 For the fears of night
 my youth did know,
 that fled to anticipations;
 For all the evils I once
 created,
 but grew to good;
 And for all the despair ever
 known

that blossomed to hope;
 So do I smile
 and smiling still will I
 Sing
 For all the world to feast
 that they may feel the rapture
 and ecstasy
 that I have known;
 And yes,
 I do know
 That the paths of smiling faces
 can not be erased from the
 annals of time.

MARY DRAGONETTI LATE AT NIGHT TRAIN

Aura of drowse and laxness,
 Glisten of small litters,
 A drift of mixed odors,
 Left in passage.

 The succumbed-to-sleep,
 Limb-loosened, unguarded;
 The bundle-burdened;
 The avid see-er
 Peering through windows,
 Gulping telephone wires,
 Lights in crooked houses;
 The traveller, accustomed,
 The train and travel,
 A second skin, worn badly;
 The women comforted by her furs
 Whose thoughts go up and down stairs;
 The man who stares and sees nothing
 But his own inner landscapes
 Dishevelled with figures,
 The observer, noting;
 The scholar to whom
 It is at once a conveyance
 And a study place;
 The conductor, a monitor
 And a hovering angel.

ALLEN DE LOACH'S

Poems have appeared in
 a number of issues at POETS at LE METRO
 HE is also an editor of INTREPID

GUY OWEN

Best of all things--never to be born
Never to see the light of morn:
But being come, then second best--
Follow the sun like a parting guest.
(Theognis)

FREE AND EASY
As one fig-tree in a land of rocks
Feeds whole flocks of crows.
So freely Melanctha Rose
Diddles her dandy cocks.
(Archilochus)

THE PATIENT LOVER
I pleaded when you were a young grape;
Laughing, you spit in my eye:
What answer now, Juanita,
Old raisin wrinkled and dry?
(Anonymous)

HEAT: FLORIDA SUMMER
(after reading H.D.)

Enough of this imagistic drivell
of heat blunting the points of pears-
Who can plow through it, pray?

I tell you the beaks of birds are parted,
the palms are like plucked fowl;
I say even the stucco sweats
and my tile is parched and blistered.
In the garden weeds are harrows,
the lawn is coated with rust.

I swear at my ear a lizard pants
gulping pennies from hell
While I swill beer, smothered by images:
of a chinch in a Negro shanty
the molten thighs of a Paris whore
and a rutting (canine) bitch
in the worst dog days of Carolina.

GERARD MALANGA

PERSONAL POEM 3

It is also the dailyness of the fresh air
and all my attitudes
about sophistication that do not belong
at all times and to all
personalities.
"Taste" is just the decision
to select out of
the deception of being wrong.
The banquet which in itself we are
offered to attend is all the people
we would have never dreamed
of meeting or desired to meet at all along,
which puts me out in front
serious, innocent and enchanting.
But my mind flows above
the congratulated couples
into a sweetness of the neighboring trees
whose presence
continually announce the centuries that cannot return
nor that universe,
kind and concealed, under the gowns of those
rarely seen debutantes
whose unique intensity on the eve of my
twenty-first birthday
puts me everywhere;
for when we are closer
we are closer to being our own understanding
in the center of accepting
this knowledge that looks on
and never ends.

SANFORD STERNLICHT

JUNE 8th, 1963

Stillborn, a morning leaks through shutters.
Gray eggs of light crack on my face.
I swing up from a dream of pinpoints,
dull and shivering, to shake in khakis
and my black watch sweater.

She lies in the deep hold of sleep.
The web of nightgown high on her thighs,
mouth staked open by thrusts of air spikes.
I look for flies.

Unkind.
Unkind the light of the seven year candelabra.
The walls swell and bellow like a silent accordion.
The air is curdled with last night's sweat

Outside in the cold dimness
I pull the shroud of dark glasses over raw eyes.
There may be children. Why should they look at skulls?

Again I am drawn to the quay.
This time I shall walk the breakwater
to the old light, perched like a blind stone cyclops
guarding the edge of the dawn.
The way is L-shaped, hooking the water.
There is a view of the harbor from the toe of the L
that I must see.

At the foot of the breakwater a car is parked.
Curious bird that I am, I cannot pass without looking.
A boy and girl asleep are curled like a rose
on the front seat.
Her hair, long and red, runs between his thighs.
He has pushed the creased, white sweater above her breasts
and his lips are a kiss frozen on her navel.
They are stone in the cold lava of their night's lust.
They are a seed unawakened.
Has anyone seen me?
I back away as if from a throne.

"Look out!"
hurtless as if from the gray clouds.
I turn to fright but the spear is not for me.
An old fisherman has shouted to some boys
who have tumbled too close to the edge of the slip.

Last night it stormed and a tide of death
has smashed hundreds of fish--
moon-eyes, carp, and bass--on the breakwater.
Dead fish and bird lime are everywhere.
I walk, I crunch, I slip on lime and death.
There has been a Verdun of fish.
An age of fish has been broken.
Yellow turbaned and black striped gulls
like janizaries nonchalant in victory,
search the dead.

They are connoisseurs--feasting only on eyes and viscera.
Great fish and small fish lie together,
eyeless, grinning, gaping--intestines snaking out;
bullet holes pecked in their bloodless flanks.
They stink in concert, in symphony.
The stench rises in curling fumes. It is visible.
Beyond, the light grows larger ahead.

What kind of ship am I
to steer to a light that is out?

The car
is like a dropper squeezing juices into my hand.
I want to go back to look again.
It is now a song.
But there is the light and the view of the harbor
from a great distance.
The walking is harder
for the great stones themselves have been smashed by the seas

and the crevices are hidden
by the treacherous stuffing of fish.
At the bend of the L I must decide.
There is a great break in the barrier to be leaped.
Fall and I am a poor fish broken
and for a day delicious.
The gulls are patient.

The car
better than a view of the harbor?
I turn and begin to walk back
Quickly, goat-footed, not minding the gore.
Now for a few seconds I can loosen my gaze from the footing.

A figure approaching startles me.
An enormous man is a cloak--
No--a boy and a girl--
a blanket flapping like a great black flag
hoods them as they walk.
It is the boy and girl.
The sunlight wars with the loose wisps of her hair.

I offer a smile as we pass.
After all I know;
but they ignore me.
At the end of the breakwater a fear whirlpools about me.
They are walking out to the light
and do not know how dangerous it is.
I turn to warn but they are too far to hear me--
almost to the L bend and the crevice.
Anyway they would not listen.
I do not want to see if they jump--
it is their decision.

The boys are fishing now and screeching like gulls.
The old man has gone.
Of course the car is an empty couch.
I do not even bother to look.

The sun is impaled on a smokestack.
I pull my sweater off.
Like an old friend the odor of my body calls to me
out of the black wool.

Near my house the smell of black coffee
rushes through the green leaves,
takes my arm, and leads me home
as if I were a mindless old man.

SANFORD STERNLICHT'S

poems have appeared in Western Humanities,
New Mexico Quarterly, Dalhousie Review, Midwest Quarterly, and sixty
other magazines. A recent poem is in Green World (Jan.-April 64). His
book GULL'S WAY is published by Richard R. Smith Co. Inc., Peterborough,
New Hampshire.

CAROL BERGE

BRIGHT SUN, SWEET DREAMS

I

c'mon, baby, come wid mama. subway don' go
where we wanna go. we ride onna subway lader.
honest, baby, subway don' get me where i
wanna go. but lissen, baby, the rabbits'll
get ya onna subway. them rabbits'll eat your
toes. eat up all your toes. bite your little
bones. monkeys inna subway too, honey. them
monkeys'll scratch all your hair out. they
live inna subway. eat alla meat off your bones.
look how nice it is onna bus, sweetie. looka
the sunshine. now what would i do widout such
a priddy little boy, i wouldn have no priddy boy
left, alla monkeys eatin all that nice meat
offa your bones, leave nuthin but a skeleton.
an you'd be ugly little boy then, sweetie. . .

2.

rabbits'll get you soon, big mamma. bite your
tits off. them monkeys gonna find you inna
subway, fat mamma, find you one of these dark
nights when you're onna way home, late. and
them monkeys'll have 'emselves a feast, you bet.
them monkeys and them rabbits, they wouldn
forget. what happened to you when you was a
little girl, big mamma, what happened to you
darlin. just look how your little baby loves
his bus, him with his nice bones just fine
and not too much meat like you. watch out for
them rabbits, honey. and them monkeys, too.

Carol Berge

is represented in the recent issue of Image. She is an editor
of THINGS, which is scheduled for September publication. She is also included
in Totem/Corinth's FOUR YOUNG LADY POETS.

BOOK REVIEW: Judson Crews, Hermes Past The Hour (Estes Es Press, Taos, N.M.)

In Hermes Mr. Crews has an objective. Call it what one will. His effort
towards a simple and reasonable display of the sensual deserves more than the
usual edge response. The element of sex in poetry is usually obfuscated by the
author's misuse of connotation and the reader's rapacious perusal of interpolation.
Mr. Crews' presentation, his stylistic innovation, and his underlying ideas are
indeed a challenge.

RMN

LITTLE MAGAZINE NEWSLETTER

(Comments continued from Issue No. 1) The Creative Review (Glenn Coffield, P. O. Box 564, Eugene, Oregon, 97401), Hoosier Challenger (8365 Wicklow Ave., Cincinnati 36, Ohio), Twigs (Box 27, Franklin Square, L. I., N. Y.), Jean's Journal (P. O. Box 15, Kanona, N. Y. 14856), Poet's Bulletin, Orange County Writer, and Goliards are similar in their varied range.

Recent Little Magazines Received:

IS (Parastudy, Inc.; Chester Heights, Penn.) light, metered, rhyming verse.
STYLUS, Vol. 8, No. 1 (1830 N. Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.) has Tracy Thompson.
WORMWOOD REVIEW (P.O. Box 111, Storrs, Conn. 06268). ONE OF THE VERY BEST. No 13 has Barris Mills, Micheal Silverton, Carl Larsen, Charles Bukowski, and J. Crews. \$3.50 for four consecutive issues.
EPOS: Spring 64 and EPOS Summer 64 (Crescent City, Florida) A group of good poets.
IMAGO (George Bowering, Dept. of Eng., U of Alberta, Calgary, Alberta) Excellent. No. 1 has Micheal McClure, LeRoi Jones, Carol Berge, Larry Eigner, and Robert Kelly.
IMPETUS (Eng. Dept. N.C. State, Raleigh, N. C.) Well Wrought Poetry.
DUST No. 1 (Box 123, El Cerrito, Calif.) Promises to be among the best.
ORANGE COUNTY WRITER, May 64 and ORANGE COUNTY WRITER, Jun 64 (Box 1, Santa Ana, Calif.) Stella Craft Tremble, L. Stanley Cheney, Jan Brevet, and Susan Headen.
VERB (2084 S. Milwaukee, Denver, Colo.) Good Satire.
GRIST No. 2 (Abington Book Shop, 1015½ Massachusetts, Lawrence, Kansas). Lively.
POETS AT LE METRO, May 64 (149 Second Ave., N. Y. City): Kirby Congdon, Allen Katzman, Will Inman, Jay Socin, Erik Kiviat.
DESERT REVIEW, Spring 64 (917 Idlewild Lane, S.E. Albuquerque, N. M.): P. Whalen.
SUM, No 3 (Fred Wah, Eng. Dept., U of N. M., Albuquerque, N. M.). Now issuing. Sumbooks. First: Robert Duncan, Writing, Writing (1.00).
VOLUME 63 (Board of Publications, The University of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada). Large selection of good poetry.
GREEN WORLD (P. O. Drawer LW, Univ. Stat., Baton Rouge, La. 70803) Jan-Apr 64.
YOWL No 6 (C4, 331 E. 5 St., N. Y. City 10003): Bob Blossom, Dan Saxon. New publications listed: Femora (Female Poets) (C4, 331 E. 5 N. Y. City 10003), The Other Worldliness (C4, 331 E. 5 St., N. Y. City 10003), and Cold Mountain (303 E. 6, N. Y. City 10003).
THEO No 1 (306 E. 6 St., N. Y. City) Exciting new magazine: K. Congdon, John Keys, Richard Schmidt, D. Saxon, Jack Micheline, Barbara Holland, G. Malanga.
BLUE BEAT No. 1 (331 E. 5th St., N. Y. City 10003) Full lower East Side NY coverage.
BITTERROOT (5229 New Utrecht Ave., Brooklyn 19, N. Y.--\$2.50 a year)
ALASKA REVIEW (Alaska Methodist University, Anchorage, Alaska 99504) No. 1 out.
STEM (107½ E. Gladys, Tampa, Fla. 33602) Charles Shaw issue. Feb-Mar 64.
GOLIARDS No 2 (605 Azeele, Tampa, Fla. 33606) 100 poems by 50 poets.
GUILD Summer 64 (317 6th St., Idaho Falls, Idaho)
POETS BULLETIN (8880 E. Mexico Drive, Denver Colo. 80222) Every two months. Money and prizes given for the best poem. 16 line limit. 25¢ copy, \$1.25 year.
INTREPID No. 2 (333 E. 5th St., A-4, N.Y. 10003) G. Malanga, K. Congdon, D. Saxon.
INPUT (24 Olsen St., Valley Stream, N. Y.)
KAURI (Will Inman, Apt 3, 42 Ave. B, N. Y. City) Informative Random Notes
SECANT 2 (2 St. Andrews Drive, Belleville, Illinois) Richard Deutch, J. Knoepfle.
SMITH 1 and 2 (15 Park Row, N. Y. City 10038) High quality, conversative poetry.
ELIZABETH VII (103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, N. Y.)
(All magazines received after June 30 listed in No. 3)