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# UT *Review*

A  
CONTINUING  
ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
POETRY



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*a continuing anthology of poetry*



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*This first issue dedicated to:*

**Dr. B. D. Owens**

*President of  
the University of Tampa*

*and*

**Mr. Charles L. Hyde**

*Associate Dean of Faculties*

A WALK

It is a pale tree,  
all alone in January snow.  
Beneath a cottonwood shoot,  
eaten pale by a rabbit . . .

I look up and see the farmyards with their willows,  
outer row, pine somber,  
made for winter, they knew it would come . . .

And the cows inside the barn, caring nothing for this,  
their noses in the incense hay,  
half drunk, dusk comes as it was promised  
to them by their saviour.

## THE BEETLE

the beetle crawls upon my hand  
i watch him walk his tiny legs  
and lift the covers of his wings  
and turn his questing eyes  
to search the valleys of my skin

he draws me closer to myself  
i walk with him in trees of hair  
i see with him the same blue sky  
i turn my questing eyes  
to search the valleys of my world

he lifts his wings and flies away  
his longest flight a single step  
of my great legs his longest time  
a single breath of my great lungs  
his voice is silent in my ears

my god hears me he cannot hear  
the beetles squeak then there must be  
a beetle god who listens him  
or can one god hold both of us  
within his magic ear of love?

WHEN THE WOODS STOP SPEAKING

when the worm i cannot see  
eats the leaf leaves a net  
that cannot hold winds  
when the skies of the days  
shut out the sun from my eyes  
make the mornings gray and cold  
when the bird speaks in the night  
saying sad things  
down the wet winds to the south  
when the woods stop speaking  
and the great stillness comes  
like sleep among the trees  
then the lodge must be closed  
then the wood must be gathered  
for the winter comes.

## BRICK BY BRICK

you descend the subway  
with clean socks  
and your lunchbox  
watch the landscape: your face  
in the window  
a masked epiphany

welder, your rough palms  
slipped into my skin I'm aflame  
with white chrysanthemums

I walk the week  
with fur slippers  
in my chest goldfinches flutter  
to be released  
in city streets  
on my birthday

when oh when  
will the rooms be open  
for habitation

I've a brick for a pillow  
sirens measure  
the distance between rivets  
when will our vines light  
when will raised arms of statues  
drop and children  
buried to their chins rise

when will a beating yolk  
climb the sky  
and the house be ready

SEPTEMBER NIGHT

stones drop from the night  
fists of generals who squeezed  
more bones through death's gap  
than death requested

soldiers with iron stars on their chests  
shake empty sleeves  
flesh drifts between trees  
clouds    termites nests

settles on a hat rim  
beside gloves on foyer tables  
under portraits  
of closely shaved diplomats

drops    like a wet handkerchief  
on a cook's forehead  
she kneads  
red dough in her dream

stones drop from the September night  
shot from Roman slings  
from cannon  
the heat and flames where they fall  
  
could bake a loaf

## THE YELLOW FLOWER

The wounded man watched the seeds  
on the dandelion stem.  
The wind closed its door.  
Along the door sill  
shadows from the street light's  
bleached finger bones  
darkened the small opening.  
The lips of the bones  
were speechless;  
silence  
carried a yellow flower.  
Hermit thrushes sung from the bushes  
brought by the bees  
flying over the flower.  
Joyous the catbird's mew  
flown in by the wings of the flower.  
Joyous the crow's caw  
washed in by the waves of the flower.

one thought puts the antlers  
back on the murdered moose  
A hand visits tiny rivers  
running inside cacti  
the rivers break from blue stones  
inside a roadrunner's eye  
A seed begins to burst  
beneath the skin  
A white prophet emerges  
on the branch of a dogwood  
the prophet tells of lonely men  
inside sandgrains  
who strive in mornings  
as the sun hatches each sandgrain  
to be able to learn the lives of ducks  
wandering in and out of hyacinths  
and alligator weeds

## OLD PELICAN

old pelican  
i see you in dark lines of purple iris  
edges of your wings  
playing with dark robes

old pelican  
sand has tasted your deep shadows for a long time

old pelican  
boys on your wharf laugh  
when you shake the fish into your belly  
the fish that leads behind brittle glass

old pelican  
your bride is crying  
she holds the footmarks of nestlings  
too tight in her eyes

circle with her  
over your secret tide pools  
over your dark kelp beds  
so they may be a candle for her  
drawing her toward  
inward images of your flight

old pelican  
my arms are across my face  
yet your wings  
beat in my cheeks

ROAD POEM # 6

It is Tuesday and  
the new saliva forms  
within the skull

Nothing sleeps today  
At eight in the morning  
our gates closed  
upon lacquered wings of wind

Future bonfires are announcing  
the strangeness of sunlight  
stepping upon bruised clouds

The tongue of water is  
the language  
of the afternoon

Sandpaper and hard-silver butterflies  
fill our house  
without the memories of cold fruit

It is Tuesday and  
the naked oleander moans  
beneath a necklace of pearl

There are no ships today  
The sea searches  
for its gypsies  
beneath the enduring rope of night

A blind bell signals  
an end of  
skin and bone

## FLY

i am the island  
that is the cat's eye  
that is the silent green river  
running in grey rock  
i am the leaf's shadow  
dancing on slippery boards

i have seen the crystal reservoir  
of my sound captured breath  
breaking the silence  
between grassblades  
between the reeds that enfold  
the seed we carry  
the seed that slips downward  
with wings spread  
against the desert's wind  
this blind seed with wings

BAPTISM FROM A DYNAMITED BEAVER DAM

sometimes the sun does not harvest  
the light from the water  
it becomes heavy with estranged frenzy  
and pulls the creek bottom  
around its shoulders

the log is a saddle of years  
a bridge of brown ribbons  
relaxing  
like blank instructions from an incense box

the bones of an arabian ancestor  
walking backwards in a fire of salt  
speculate from the hill

and the children  
pull on their skins  
of experience  
in canvas mournings  
they are the eyes of a whore  
urging a man  
somehow  
to hurry

## AT THE GRAVE YARD

*only death survives love  
only in death can one find love.*

as the leaf of flesh  
i hurdled over the soft graveyard of your bone  
you opened your grave from the root of its dirt  
and held me tight in the cocoon of obstinate rock

quite white  
were your lips moving across the stones  
the thoughts i knew you in back at that place of life  
gently rolled their opening wings across the field of my skull  
it was only a reflection that you were in that hole  
only small images of twisted roots  
grown into the tree of unknown but static words

you would speak  
with what you saw  
and what you saw  
was only your body shadowdancing across my bone

we were one  
under the black play of tears shackled to the ankles of slaves

we were one  
the dirt would cry  
and we put light upon its head with our bound kiss of thought

A POEM FOR DUANE LOCKE

Seeing the snow covered body  
beneath your father's tear drenched flame  
you awake in the fragments of forests  
sun is splashing in your eyes  
you are touched by a faraway spirit  
held in a drop of rain that whispers  
to snails following paths on marble statues  
you are the eyes of a boat  
that sways my heart against  
the wings of sacrificed stars  
your voice enters the darkness  
held in the heart of a leaping colt  
you are fruit bending old limbs on hillsides  
where stone voices clap against fallen trees  
you drink the moon reflecting off leaves  
spreading tears on the fish swimming in your hands

*People of the day do not understand my joy;  
They will say that I am loafing like an idle young man.*

—CH'ENG HAO

#### ON MY WAY

On my way  
to where the moon has ferried  
a river of stars,  
I come by  
a bottomless pond  
on which fall  
the pink and white blossoms of  
a crab apple tree,  
where I see  
a bent man on a small wave  
place a candle and  
from a distance  
grow out of its fading  
light.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere  
a coyote is praying for his carcass  
the earth stares  
to become a child's prism  
where a chameleon scatters moments  
and one is persimmon  
to you alone  
tender thistle  
unborn coquina in your brow  
becomes the pond  
surging panes of a bright quivering window  
.....  
somewhere a coyote echoes violet in a thistle's spine

## THE LONELINESS OF LYING DOWN

Leaves dark leaves floating like bears  
in the black-eyed forest

white grass  
whispering into night

white fur  
climbing the mountains

moonlight snaking through the trees  
listening to stars

I think of the human face  
and my hands break into small-boned rocks

and when I lie down it is like water  
at the end of a fall

THE ACCIDENT INTO TIMELESSNESS

A pair of yellow eyes speed northwards,  
the metal skull passes telephone-poles  
which drive like burned-out forests  
on the road to eternity. A chickadee  
whistles death: Paws lose their grip  
on concrete's corner and drive  
their friend into the waiting arms  
of white pine. Trees and man embrace,  
leaves grow from the human mouth,  
branches enlarge through his eyes  
and bark falls out of ears. It starts  
to rain, the body decomposes and  
breaks green shoots from the lungs.  
The man's branches blossom into  
young leaves and all of life's  
absurd companions  
stand speechless to the scene.

## THE SOUL AS SQUID

There is a soul to put in words  
who is a god, a buried animal soul  
who is

as translucent  
and nearly invisible as a squid.  
His tentacles softly cleanse the light  
like a child's hair cleanses  
the wind  
or flames cleanse blowing glass.

The plane trees are really sycamores  
unravelling  
and the eucalyptus are really eucalyptus.  
And the light under the plane leaves  
is green as the light under the ocean.  
It is green as though the shadows of the leaves  
were fish

and the leaves themselves  
were shadows.

Breathing the air  
is like eating watermelon  
and eating is an art  
like breathing.

THEN WAS

Then was a stirring  
in the bowers,  
the leaves stripping,  
the moonlight dipping;

& this light reflecting  
off bones  
strikes the shadows  
within the cavern;

then was this new light  
striking the gentle hands,  
hands stroking the throat,  
many hands feeling together  
the guttural sounds  
from the 1st throats;

then was the sounds  
brought up under this moon,  
passing the bones of age,  
hand passing to hand,  
throat to throat.

## OF DEATH'S SKULL

fresh-cut boughs  
of flowering apple trees  
floating in dreams  
through waiting-rooms  
in old abandoned railway stations  
at the edge  
of small midwestern towns

empty, unused decades  
no one  
not even ancestors  
still dreams fill  
refill  
with bamboo  
the evening aroma  
of early november change  
& quiet ponds

then images of  
indian myths  
& the legend  
of premature burial  
of a chippewa chief

dead rock  
a whirring of wings  
a bird's eye  
earth heaving  
a mountain singing  
rain-washed sky  
& cloud silhouette  
of death's skull

WHAT AWARENESS STIRS YOU, CYPRESS?

What awareness stirs you, cypress,  
knees bedded up from your swamp roots,  
erect phalluses plunging heavenward  
toward the suggestive ovals in your trunks?  
Did you propagate the world  
one time before that hoar moss  
clung and grew, betraying age?  
Do you share some ancient wisdom with that  
stunning white shore bird,  
greet insects, toads, and snakes,  
familiar all, with passions steeped in  
universal joy and timeless mourning?  
You, played false by man,  
seared by fire,  
emasculated by vandals,  
do you welcome home that  
sloe brown girl mourning her own dark  
passage through your midst,  
druid born, knowing the voice of trees,  
thoughts of flowers,  
hopes of birds?  
What awareness stirs you, cypress?

## FUTURE (NEARSIGHT)

Up electric enclose  
out car-manufactories cough  
behind tint-glass,  
between enclosures  
self-contained-apparatuses for breathing  
(SCABs), the challenge of  
over-city-kill  
(the creeping OTHER-violence  
menace) met with  
over-protect,  
budgetory and emotional post-  
war over flow  
flowing into  
re-establishment of order over  
disorder, cutback on  
mod dollar affluence into  
humble-shirted workaday  
again,  
no extras,  
barely enough to pull  
ends together into  
survival,  
the electronic  
bubble popped back  
to silence,  
zero-population-growth,  
anger holding back  
the neo-libertarianism  
that always sat so  
uncomfortably on the  
Puritan-Purina head of  
America  
anyhow.

BLOOD

bloodblood  
river red  
stench-grass  
green blue grass  
borne-down stalks  
down-oozed night  
thunder-lipped  
flashfar  
fire-spat  
yellow burst  
recoil-swung  
thud flowered  
hiss-oranged  
straw crackled  
crumble bricked  
steel boned  
broken-snaked  
flesh-ridged  
redblackgray  
grime split  
mandead  
womandead  
shriekingdead  
stream trickled  
purple-seeped  
sap-soaked  
open-jawed  
earth earth earth

## CARVED BY LOSS

There's a bird on that branch  
Above the grave  
A blue bird —  
Oh, yes Mr. Maeterlinck, we know  
But this one is but a  
Raucous jay and scolding besides —  
And the silent sparrows  
Sit like commas  
On the wire  
Each a breath  
For the next sigh.  
We go

Carved by loss  
And vacancy.  
For there in the area between  
The drawn blind  
And the spoken word  
That space behind the object  
Becomes a shape we devise  
Not to see the thing  
We're carving.  
Have a go at Charybdis  
Easy to chisel as cheese  
Scylla is harder  
And slicker  
So hack a way through  
Making useless mudpies  
Raisined with regrets.  
Language arranges reason or  
Disarranges it  
All depends on how much  
Smog  
You can take or frog  
In your i or mote  
In your throat  
— A hoarse a hoarse  
My kingdom for . . . —  
We carve our loss.

THE SAINT WORKING IN THE WORLD  
(for St. John of the Cross)

His heart throbbed  
As pulse through twisted breath  
Called it soul  
Delight in night unrest  
And dreams exploded as blown glass  
Broken on parched fields  
He felt his flesh  
Was adamant as stone  
Thrown as ballast from God's thunder  
And the vision crossed and convoluted  
In dark suggested miracles of motion  
But he worked through daylight  
For his soul's progression  
Up toward sainthood  
God realization  
In which the man and God  
Merging, remain separate  
And the eye turns inward

## BREAKDOWN LANE

(On some highway hills there is an  
extra lane built for slower cars.  
At the top of the hill the lane ends,  
and the vehicles must reestablish  
their order.)

Breakdown lane,  
calls the axle turning  
revolutions, overthrown  
personalities or governments;  
justice, the halls and dockets of justice,  
speak contradictions . . . tongueless  
warriors, a deaf and dumb troupe  
gesturing, touching, in a subway car.

Order, he asks for order,  
and a single subject. Diseased  
minds reflect four million gypsy moths  
munching a tree's leaves;  
back to the highway, you're on 42nd street  
in the mountains, a new motel chain.

Or, ride that car clear,  
make your moves wherever, and  
watch the sap flow thru a full moon's  
piercing cry; over a blizzard and perhaps  
a forest full of mines and lurking gunmen;  
a highway gang, the excitement  
of a breakdown lane . . . when order  
is reestablished, the men and women make their  
deals and climb on top of one another.

UNWRAPPED

my eyes are brown  
color of scorch marks

I have no hope  
view only what is

lemon speared  
I squeeze and  
juices drip out

on a turning spit  
bleeding, helpless

garlic loses its skin  
easily, one-step  
bleaching

silence hears  
itself  
in pain

I press in  
press down  
pulp slithers through  
without choice

the chicken  
roasts its future  
quartered in silver foil

no way out

try to  
create myself  
in my image

knawing on fears  
I write, to escape  
their succulent stupor

## SONG: 16.i.70

The flowerskin woman from the flowershow

I went to see her

Me: The Two-Fisted-Son-Of-The-Moon-on-Sunday once  
now Toulouse-Lautrec

an umbrella balanced on my nose  
walking upside down  
with suction cups on my toes

knocking on her door and waiting  
balls in my socks  
until she comes and  
I get a facefull of applause

But after that  
when alone  
with her

we make collusions on the walls  
write refusals on the walls  
invent religions on the walls with chalk  
just

until my luck's all behind me  
and the Impatient Pope of Hollywood  
grows happy  
as a leaping stone

FOREST

I.

The road to you was thistles,  
You were locked in the glowing universe  
Like a patriarch in the midst of God.

To the dusty traveler you seemed a beauty,  
Radiant and content,  
A holy servant of the earth;  
And the stranger felt even more strange.

Golden lights secreted by evening,  
Around the ladder's last sunrays  
Dance active by pink angels,  
And the nymphs, your daughters,  
Hung their silver bodies around your chest.

II.

A violet fell on my feet  
Like a blue star:  
I carried it into the golden evening.

With our eyes, both of us  
Illuminated and flared up:  
So badly, we wanted to cry and kiss!

But our language was too weak!  
And our love so unsayably tragic!  
We wilted and died apart.

III.

In your deep animals though,  
Dark from moist eyes of the same spirit,  
You were my equal, forest!

To be you,  
Nothing else but a voice of the earth,  
The butterfly a colored drop of sun,  
And thin foxes  
Which in near-by bushes feel in their strong blood:  
Sacrifice and brotherly peace!

In your deep animals you were sacred to me.  
And I yielded myself to you:  
blooming tall in young shoots and fragrance.

## PATROL

Stone alienate

Windows grin as traitors

Branches strangle

Mountains shrubs rustle lively

Yelling

Death.