

VOL. 1

NO. 2

UT *Review*

A
CONTINUING
ANTHOLOGY
OF
POETRY



PUBLISHED BY
UNIVERSITY OF TAMPA

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 2

UT Review:
a continuing anthology of poetry



edited by
Duane Locke

Copyright 1972 by Duane Locke



Subscriptions: \$2.50 for 4
Address: Duane Locke, UT Review
University of Tampa
Tampa, Florida 33606

Single copy 75¢

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR:

*I want poems from the wild and untamed imagination liberated by symbolism and surrealism to express inwardness as formed by a relationship to the natural world. Poems that are mystical experience, Blakian this-worldly mysticism, a visionary poetry that is engendered by an intense love of nature—and not poems that are about mystical experience, or describe mystical experience. Ultimately the poems I want have no themes, describe nothing, and are in rational terms inexplicable. I want none of this theme and execution poetry whose subject matter is nature, none of these sentimental outpourings of faked or undeveloped emotions about the natural world. I repeat that I want poems that are mystical experience created by an intense and complex love of nature. Poems that are to be experienced as something holy. Poems that are rituals of imagery praising the sacred minerals, vegetables, and animals as the creators of the inward self. Often this praise will be an outpouring of despair, for despair is one of the most genuine forms of praise. These poems will be hymns or cries from an interiority so fused with nature that stones, rain puddles, sandspurs, snails, sting-rays, warblers, and armadillos can speak one's inwardness and make him real. I want poems akin to Pablo Neruda's *The Elementary Odes*, Karl Krolow's *Siegreiche Vegetation* (*Victorious Vegetation*), Jules Supervielle's *Saisir* (*Seize*), and Garica Lorca's *El Lagarto Viejo* (*The Old Lizard*).*

DUANE LOCKE

WINDY DAY

Wind blows, water breaks over the bare lake-rocks no one loves.
I walk about on barefeet as if walking several feet off the ground,
and suddenly I have an impulse to kneel down, to put my knees
against the earth. My gladness flies out over the water like
fragments of lightning, like a beam broken up into sparks.

The virgin and her candles is the same thing as the gray body
of the whale rolling in the sea, his sides glistening, and I
understand why my hair is up near the clouds.

Inside every day there is another room of time, a stone room
with deep window ledges and morning sunlight, where a woman
with yellow hair is living.

James MacQueen

ANOTHER INCARNATION

Inside of caverns
we heard hard cash drop
on stalagmites and
stalactites. We clutched
the wounded song of the cricket
as it died
with stolen glimpses of beauty.
Roses passed their fingers
through barbed-wire hair and
cold-cream died with
the face of the dead.

You threw silver keys
against the moon
and heard them announce concrete,
but I was reaching for the puppeted
strings of another incarnation.

We have only a moment together,
and strangers ride like mustangs
through our house.

FROM SALTY WINDOWS

The potter's wheel
whirls splinters of dawn
into the copper skillet of morning

Across the wharves
the old men are crawling
out of the nets
where they had lain
with pieces of night
drawn tightly about their faces
The old men
with the wooden skin and
fishhook hands
are carving themselves
into infinity as
the seagull's drowned reflection
carries night watchmen
past the finality of alarm clocks

James MacQueen

SEPARATION OF WINGS AND PETALS

lunch whistles pierce the sky
halving day with guillotine precision

blood weary aprons drop
to the feet of butchers and bankers

the city bursts open like a mango

sidewalks extend their hands
as if feeling for rain

conversations are swapped
for the usual yawns of laughter and

shadows limp into corners
where they will wait

PORTRAIT IN REALITY

*Praise Ignorance, for what man has not encountered
he has not destroyed.* — WENDELL BERRY

can you recall
who we were?
we must have sworn the same
battered oath of allegiance,
we, who cannot hide
among the trees. whatever
there was, nameless,
in my lungs that flew with you
and in my throat
that sang with you,
it has died with you. and
i am left to once again mourn
the passing of a frail shadow
as railroad lanterns spill in the wind.
robin!
give me your wing
and take my armless calendar.
i await the serpent
that sleeps in the sorrow
of your shattered sky.

James MacQueen

ROAD POEM #2

Texas is deferred day when
covered by nihilistic skies

Cattle move through chutes
void of senses
Dust moves like a painted eye-lid
without asking
Masses move upon hidden escalators
tied to the blunt heaviness
of self-spoken words of freedom

The deep South
sat enthroned like an Egyptian Queen
in a robe of magnolia and azalia throats

The Queen of day was
the swamp music of night
A chorus of deafening darkness
hectically whispering
the sanctity of unmined riches

We drifted in our barge
across the Mississippi deltas
as monkeys cupped hands to the clouds

An eye pointed
toward the gray gap of morning
and we sang a second-hand song

Time became disjointed
and screams followed
the laughter of shooting stars

The broken coffee cups
that lined the highways
hid our anxieties' shadows
from the vultures around the Alabama battleships
Our mouths could not give us the answer
so we did not ask them
We only hid our hearts beneath
the still hands of our confusion

Liasons to concrete
were trampled
by a crawling shell

Recovery
like always
left us
silent
with a sense of that
which we cannot own
or understand

Duane Locke

AMONG GATOR CREEK SCRUB OAKS

Mosses grow thickly
on the fallen midnight.

A wild thin stalked orchid
living on a dying star

puts an oblong eye into
the muck smeared cow's skull.

UPON HEARING A HALLOWEEN PARADE,
AS I AWAKEN FROM SLEEP

The parade of the dead, with their loud noises (explosions, whistles and horns.) A siren that drags a man from his skin. They are beating their paws against the road, they are grabbing the shy man from his room, they are dragging the sun behind them on a chain. A celebration of maddness! The march of the dead! The drumbeats of beaten eyes. They are tearing the dress of love and twisting its lilies. Engines are burning the earth in their mouths. Silence is frightened like a shield and the dead are marching through the battle of their dead brothers.

Faint voices are climbing in my window, the drummers are beating their sons against the sky. And the voices are voices of approval for the palomino horse with an organ grinder strapped to his back, the strap that buckles the moon beneath his eyes, that places saw-blades against his knees.

The afternoon is more quiet. The old women are cold beneath their quilts in their darkened apartments, the darkness hangs as a dead body with grey light streaked across its hands. The road is more soft, roots are beginning to loosen in the earth. And my cat, who did not stop to hear the morning stuffed with torment, continues his delicate walk along the edge of a dressing table. (A whistle begins to sound in the distance.)

Paul Roth

ANOTHER DARKNESS

a darkness
 not blinded
 by stars
 in the eyes'
 migration
but
 another darkness
 drawn
 by
 brown
 and red blossoming
 cracks
 in crumbled rock
assembles
 pebbles
 under splashes
 of
lightgreen
 lichens
 in
 the eyes
of
 a green spotted
 red
 and
 bent
-legged
 salamander

YELLOW

bones moving inside me
waiting for their dance: to encircle
the waist of mushrooms

night's fragrance splashing in cat eyes
seed husks emptied of the sea
the yellow forgotten by Alberti

pencils blocking classroom doors
giving birth to numbers: later license plates

feet of an egret
tasting paths in my blood
discovering stacked-up messages left behind by careless lovers

yellowthroat concealed by his song

stamen of jasmine: voice of Alberti
declaring it bracelet of the afternoon

candle's reflection of a willow leaf
caught on the blue enamel of a chair

the jaundiced face of a cliff
after a building site
after an erosion

star in the white wine
leading to an ocotillo trail in my hand
my sweat unfolding its red blossoms

snake: yellow river swimming through sand
dividing space into saucers

Chagall's yellow violin
poppy of the stable
moon of the roof top

Silvia Scheibli

VISION OF RAPHAEL ALBERTI

a silent quail hid in my eyes
so i would know
Alberti gathering words from wings of bitterns

the light from his shoulder
had scattered itself in the shape of leaves
on my hand

he spoke of wind swollen with cacti

i noticed mangrove seeds buried in his palm

i noticed the shadow of a warm fern
crouching in his hair
and beside it the bright blinking of a carnival ticket
that later vanished

when

our faces became invisible
to men who listen to shopkeepers

when

we were seen only by those
who seek the company of tree frogs

when

we entered limestone
and hooked our eyes to a lizard's tooth

when

the moon was carried in night's beak
to the ribs of a cliff

we settled our faces in its reflection
and poured it through our fingers

i became aware that
all voices entered his image and
learned to speak from any bird or flower

he showed me
the waterfall and the tree lichen
have the same eyes

HE REACHED OUT TO YOU

he reached out to you
across an open grave
his arms heavy with bird feathers
and the sea's green sound

he stood on the scent of pine
as it flows out of the eyes
that hold it gently
with the reverence of a mother
who has seen a child die

your hand will never meet this sun
your hand is covered with ink
ambitious ink that has erased the moon
from the broad leafed plant
from the spotted belly of the fern

lips cold as blood
blood that falls like tears
splashing on the surface of grey stone
chiseled with the antelope's bones
with skin that danced to the rains touch

no
this blue grave
cannot be yours
first
you must be born

Charles Hayes

CHILDREN OF FANTASTICA

The sand children
pressed lips
to our bloods fog

their tiny mouth
captured our search
our sight
became sound

the children
hummed into us.
our bodies vanished

the sun painted
the fevers
across our silk throat
with his horn of heat

“Speak without horn!”
plea all day
the little ones

Children
of drought
of cremated eyelids—
children
you bend sideward
as swollen soldiers
as disobedient blisters
wiggling in coarse wool

we crossed
your sands
on our journey
to the stream
always beginning

we have crossed
as hearts
shaped to shoes.
like hearts
whittled into
the wounds
of chopped pine

children
o my children
cursing the sky;
drink of our love
lost from our lives

Mary Ann Steflík

IV

golden rod harp in the distance
comforts the wind
frail nautilus
crushed
you shared with me

there are no stars

amydon abandon trees to sever
velvet claws tearing the scarred air
around your face in the sand

there is no sun

the wind suffers in a stone
and I follow the lëmmings to the sea

THE VISIT

The door opens
the room filling
with rain like the dead

ten years the birds have remained
the trees carve their names
in the earth

I hold in my hands
the black mountains of your face
the sleek hair of your mother

as if you were a flock of crows
at daybreak
or the sea dark with sleep

Norman H. Russell

THE GODS LIKE LIGHT

i put my eye to the rock
look through the small hole
and i see the same world

but in the field there is a hole
i have found it in the air
when i put my eye to this hole
i see the gods like light

i have lost the hole in the air
i look my eye in the grass
i look my eye in the sky
have the gods closed the hole?

in my mind is a picture
i see the gods like light
the gods have not closed the hole
they have put it into my mind.

SITUATIONS

nineteen bitter
ants
bitter
because the sun
has taken away
their red

and lilac
watches this

Shears

To pray I kiss the limpid fingers of a hand held down to me, my heart pronouncing — murmurs in sleep's moist sacristy. The air outside the window speaks some little-egypt phrase that takes all night while wild marigold weep on the backs of salamanders. August, your summer garden's fallen down, its last guard, hardy tomatoes, taken by the frost just after all souls day. The wild marigold's sleep is mad with pins. Rot steeps in the sump of a gourd. Once croaking prowled the furl of a ditch, harvesting the night's itches, the quick tongues picking insects, the garden's night active as a mad mind's. There was sward as suave as a cat's back in a meadow resting while the green slept. Stars mined the heavens' air-lock in the sum of distances — inks that drown a world. And the slim moon trawling limbo like a hook — the councils of older Salem yet sequestered in deliberation, some Minutia beneath last scrutiny. Then apples bump like secrets in the forehead of autumn. Ah white white white white white white white into blue; good-bye, rind of moon. No blame

THE SEA: POEM 1

The sea is only dynamite
the waves
are a thousand closets

the night passes through
the windows, the
shells perish in evaporation

the cluster of faces
airs the gull's cry
mounts
feathery waves

a thousand novembers wash
the trough
clear each wave

the sea waves shadow:

the land

Fred Wolven

AFTER THE DEATH OF THEODORE ROETHKE

i moved
walking near the site
of his father's greenhouse
trying
to enter his world
to sift thru
the florist's heap
thru the roses
the tulips & geraniums

passing
again & again
outside the gates
of Oakwood
unable to enter
unable
to approach his grave

why does
he move in
the mystic night
beyond me
within a circle
connecting our childhoods
into a slow early winter
with its shallow freeze
chilling wind
& meditative mood

when he passes
will i know
will petals
drop on his grave
untended
will i recognize
his twisting shape
his dancing spirit
will i only pass
once more around
outside the gate
alone
unfound

WORKING AT NIGHT GOING OFF

"The United States"
sighs an alligator

An elk dreams of demolishing trains
but seeps off
in the foot-tracks of vegetables

Working at night:
The hovering flights of Erasmus
The spiritless rabbit of Durer
The communities of woe:

commodities

"All the advances of
civilisation have occurred
in periods of internationalism"

(In the morning I should raku
need lots of fire & straw & damp earth)

but it is cold
it is the season they
turn off the fountains
and carry off the ducks
and . . .

Ah, I am dropping this,
going off to see a friend
Gail! Ring the buzzard

John Jacob

IN NOVEMBER, THOUGHT 1890

In the lava beds
the heads peer up
as from irregular tables;
they are occasionally
sighted upon;
the words that pass
in whispers
are often in Spanish;
“*dahinii 'na*”
is spoken in whispers;
the air breathes
with the Modoc tongue;
in the day
moccasins move upon
the hot substance,

and the days
repeat themselves
until the heads
uniformly rise;

the heads have risen
above the clouds
and drift east;

several heads
line a wood table;
the lips don't move:
the black hair has dried
over petrified mouths;

the heads that have risen
drift onward,
passing many
spectres of themselves
drifting over
the dark continent,
drifting over
the darkening land.

DRIVING IN THE MOUNTAINS

calmly a
first mountain
turns unseen
and the
wind
unlike the
rain
that is
unlike
blows
to where it's
blue
for us

Charles Wyatt

I HEARD AGAIN WORDS

I heard again words
Which were not spoken to me,
Yet I listened.

I loved the things I loved.
I was water reaching over stone,
The toad's throat bubbling.
Hard weeds scraped me.

I ran through thorns.
The thorns felt my running,
And I felt thorns,
Thorns touching.

Those words told me, wait. Wait, sang the words.
What was once, shall be again. I saw a mole's nose.
I was rooting in leaves. I was waiting.

It was cool,
Cool close to the ground.
I remember I was strong.
Come again, once forgotten,
Words like water,
Grasshoppers dropping wearily
Into heavy grass,
Hiding.

Yes I survived,
But I remember.
Summer scraped me.
I was never a bird.

I reached into the grass,
Touching earth.
I reached,
Touching nothing but myself,
Reaching.
It was a dark place.

METAMORPHOSIS

I saw them sitting in the lotus position
on the steps of the stock exchange
we are deciding the fate of this city
they said their eyes
were stern but small golden
birds flew from their foreheads

I joined them I love this harsh city
their methods are subtle and sure
they include anti-matter
structured in intricate patterns
divination by fireflies and kauri shells
and runes in the eleventh language

several days must have passed
time behaves strangely
but dew has fallen on us
and there has been night their eyes
are prisms in the darkness
the city has begun to change

carboniferous ferns shoot up through the pavements
from high windows people drop hyacinths
and purple plums into the street
naked children pipe on alpine flutes
behind us the stock exchange
has suddenly vanished

Salvatore Tagliarino

JEANNETTE

a field of white figures disappearing
to the focal point
of a slowly rising mist (as if from a bonfire)
a hairy butcher a contorted face,
a withered breasted woman in his background
the round of young breast and stomach
an old woman with cane
her face is sharp with intellect
the field of figures all looking the same direction
to the mist which is no
more intense and rising to the whitish sky
the point of origin of the mist
is the goal of a slowly moving line
of black as if it were black ink
running on one filament of celery stalk
to the distant leaf.
the momentum is biologically ritualized
in its rhythmic progression
a bacillus growing on gel,
variations in the intensity
and the strength of the black line
kinetic textural activity on people plane
as line proceeds from upperleft
to source of rising mist and forms
a growing bulbous mass at focal point
through the conical forms of white bodies
seeing the black ones passing in procession
towards the end frame
angle change; the black ones
are walking towards the audience.
the rhythm is the same
with perspective now on the black monks
instead of the mist source
an inverted focal point

U. S. 495, THE BELTWAY AROUND WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the glare of headlights sweeping beneath my feet
as I stand on the bridge over the beltway
sapphire gleaming in the pineal gland
heat-lightning of dessert storms
silhouettes camels marching to the sea
bended forms of Bedouins
drinking wine of the wind with their ears
muttering prayers the echo-chamber of the blue deep white moon.

And over an oasis dawn pond
a Bedouin reflects on a figure
white robes clutched to neck
bended over camel stretching for the sea
and through the resisting dust, cries into heart-well
to skeleton-shape that will remain
long after scars and squints have been devoured
by the buzzard sun, its yellow mouth raw with white.

Such is the torch of the Bedouin and his friends as they blister
against burning day wind
until they fall into fog next to the ocean and gallop through
the fish-laden air like sea gulls pumping the sea.

On the bridge what future poet will recall
the machine draped masses below,
crawling with headlight eyes
and grim teeth through the nuclear bog?

The honking of these stampeded and frightened cars
push the harried memories into quicksand.
In rear-view mirrors the terror of expanded pupils
and enemy bumpers presses each spark bone
of thought into asphalt.

After the cars rush past, there's only the sound of the falling bridge,
and the image of Bedouins circling the Pyramid of Giza.

Harry Smith

3/DAY OF THE EARTH (an excerpt from a long poem)

Once upon Hudson's shores beached whales
Heaved & shook, shook earth and the gathered men,
Through their feet the life throes in the land,
Resounding and receding like the waves
of the lessening tide. The fathers of the church
with whale spades, axes and long knives
Cut-in, Great God, the yet living flesh,
Flensing in long spiral peels fat thick blubber
which the women tried out in coppers
on the beach. Oil, soap, and from the head,
spermacetti candles; steaks hewn from the small.
Thus the leviathan nourished the church.
Governor Ben Fletcher therefore chartered
Trinity for salvage of wrecked whales
from the High Seas. Where that rough strand had been,
a man walks straight concrete athwart steel frames
for which New York pushed Hudson's piered banks westward
far, and no whales roil this thick marine.

KINGDOMS

Beneath my shut eyes, sun,
 prayers of leaves,
 hymns of orchids, blooming.
Generations of birds glide through my veins.
Centuries seed me.

My sleep, a town's waking,
green farms, untrammeled woods,
a metropolis of headstones.

Arenas of armies rise
to a falling flesh of sky,
my mother's spread thighs
harvesting stars

and what kingdoms between.

Rando Bottosto

RAIN

clowns roll in the iron field

OPUS II

I do not turn red in the Fall,
nor can I pour myself like a fungus
into the secrets of decay,
nor am I the genie
who assembles the silence of the deer;
and walking into the night, I wonder
if a man has to crawl
like a caterpillar
before flying to the stars

Damon Fazio

PERHAPS WE ARE

the mist on the lake
has windows
sometimes faces of fish stare through
watching the rain ringing bells
on the huddled hillside

i have been dead
adrift in a boat of broken toys
among torches burning the darkness
alone with many voices
cold
face down in burning timbers

it seems as though
i have just remembered
my hands asleep
covering the wings in my eyes
looking at the afternoon
through spider webs

and you see leaves falling on words
sadness in cracking streets
memories of snow falling

sparrows in long shadows
fall across your bed dying

brown weeds everywhere
found alone in gusts of wind

rain quietly drums its fingers
freezing on the rocks of a cold gray morning