

VOLUME 2

NUMBER 2

# UT

# *Review*

A  
CONTINUING  
ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
POETRY



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VOLUME 2

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# UT Review:

*a continuing anthology of poetry*



edited by

**Duane Locke**

assisted by

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***Announcement:***

This is a special issue, the poems being selected from students in the 4th through 6th grade in the Hillsborough County School System. The poems are the result of a project that received partial support from the Fine Arts Council of Florida and the National Endowment for the Arts, and of the cooperation of the Arts Council of Tampa.

The project was directed by Duane Locke and Hans Juergensen.

UT wishes to dedicate this issue to the man who was chiefly instrumental in bringing the project into being:

Mr. Raymond C. Mesler, Jr.  
Executive Director of the  
Arts Council of Tampa

DL

\* \* \*

*(Poems appearing in this issue were selected by Duane Locke)*

## INTRODUCTION

Who invented  
poetry—  
those wild  
and witty words?

So writes Melissa Biggs who is ten years of age . . .

This special issue of the UT Review features the best poems culled from the creative outbursts of nearly fifteen hundred elementary school children — fourth to sixth grade — in the Tampa Bay Area.

Six visiting poets — Eugenia Nable, Ilse Juergensen, John Calderozzo, Mireya Koopman, Duane Locke and Hans Juergensen — stirred up the wonderful imaginations of these youngsters by reading poetry, by talking poetry and by encouraging the writing of poetry.

Children respond to such treatment with the energy of the very young and the as yet untrammelled capacity of picture-making.

The experiencing of a world about them and the verbalizing of experience become the most exciting activity of the week. Everyone gets involved: children, teachers, administrators and cooks.

Every school visited publishes its own pamphlet, with each pupil represented. To see themselves "in print" is accomplishment of a higher sort than grades. The shy, the underrated, the troubled compete on even terms with the bold, the appreciated and the well adjusted — frequently, and for the first time, expressing their true personalities.

For the visiting poets this program is a revelation of new possibilities toward new poetic horizons. For the teachers language is resurrected as a live phenomenon. For administrators, the "learning specialty" offered through poetry grows into tangible, visible results. For the children, it is the athletic field of developing minds. For the parents, this may be a miracle.

May the readers of this Review enjoy "those wild and witty words" with a sense of discovery and hope in the future.

HANS JUERGENSEN

## Jana Dawson

### I SAW

Kitten made of water  
Paper made of fire  
A dress made of pickles  
The alphabet made of leaves  
A clock made out of grass  
A pitcher made out of strawberries  
Water made out of chewing gum  
Fish made out of eyeballs  
A ball of flowers  
A bush of water  
The ground made of squash  
Crayons made out of peas  
Powerlines made of water  
Grass made of metal  
Bones made of water  
Stars made of glass  
Books made of cars  
Toes made of French fries  
Paperclips made of brick  
Wood made of water  
A girl made of pages  
A pitcher made of hair  
A bear made of beans  
Bears made of fire  
Dragons made of hearts  
Bread made of butter  
Wood made of leaves  
Glass made of light  
Rocks made of sand  
Needles made of sugar  
Clowns made of hearts  
Horses made of yarn  
Chalk made of wood  
Metal made of paper  
  
And to think all that happened last night.

BOY AND BROOM

Boy: Broom please sweep.

Broom: Why should I?

Boy: So I will get money.

Broom: I don't get money for sweeping.

Boy: That's because you aren't a person.

**Denise Malcolm**

**MY HOUSE OF WEIRD**

When you open the door of paper,  
you run into the living room of plastic  
and on into the dining room of feathers.  
And zoom into the kitchen of thumbtacks  
you march down the hall of roses  
until you reach my room of bookcovers.

A GARBAGE CAN

I am a little garbage can  
I was new  
I have turned old  
They use me in all  
Kinds of ways  
They have thrown me down  
They have put a dent on me



## Cecelia Walton

A shoe is like a mouse  
running along the floor  
putting his tail on floors,  
and saying "Hello,"  
running roaches, spiders  
up the tables,  
telling bugs to talk,  
saying "meow, meow"  
like a cat,  
and after everything is  
happening,  
he is a door  
opening and closing  
without saying "ding dong"  
as a bell does,  
breaks down and cracks  
but still doesn't cry,  
all he does is say "meow,"  
a few minutes he is  
saying "Now I am wood,  
peoples cut me for the  
fires.  
I am not saying 'meow'  
but saying 'goodbye.'"

Sand, do you like being scattered  
all around?

No, wall.

Wall, do you like being stretched?

No, sand.

Sand, we're almost the same.

Because you are scattered and I am stretched.

Wall, let's go out to dinner and celebrate.

**Cindy Barker**

**THINGS**

**I see monsters and alligators  
dancing in the sun  
Tables walking in  
the halls  
Books opening  
and reading to themselves**

**MY DREAM**

I dreamed I was in a place far beyond  
the world's existence  
I was very impressed by nature's surroundings  
There were purple and blue mountains  
White, blue, red, pink and maize colored flowers  
Thistle colored squirrels,  
Yellow and white birds  
And everything was so mild and gentle  
that I wished I had never awakened

**Lisa Hardigan**

**LOOK NATURE**

Dogs have fish fins  
on their side  
Ride a big steak bone  
Go somewhere  
Fly a long time  
Fill your cup with rain  
Bring back a star or two

A pencil is a rocket that just fell down  
A tornado is like Mother Nature doing her thing  
A balloon is a globe that likes to fly  
A flower is a star that fell down far  
A mouse is a little man that shrunk  
A mushroom is an umbrella stuck in the ground  
Florida is a boat that grew too big  
A canoe is a spear that fell in a lake  
The rain is the god of flowers  
A storm is a giant that just gave a snore  
An egg is a little ball that got bigger than smaller  
A fire ant is an ant that goes in a fire  
Snow is water that went to the Snow Queen  
    before it came down  
The sun is a ball that I threw up  
    and it caught on fire  
A hill is a man that kept putting on  
    men who were dead

**David Durey**

**THE SEA**

**Underwater in the sea  
Fish spitting out diamonds  
Big hard stones swimming fast  
with voices gliding by**

GRASS

Grass is green like a small green lizard  
Every blade sparkling with  
the first breath of morning  
The grasshopper is a small  
blade of grass with wings



## **Jimmy Correll**

Once I fell asleep and started to dream.  
I dreamed a man came and brought my head, a  
woman brought my arms and another man  
brought the rest of me. And then I woke  
up in one piece.

**Carl Alaniz**

One time I saw a star  
Run away from the others,  
Because there were so many.

**Darline Wilson**

I like to play in the hay,  
It is soft as a cat.

**Kathy Noller**

A garden with its flowers bright  
Is like a psychedelic night.

## Melinda Heredeen

I touch my dog  
I touch my face  
I touch my glass  
I touch my clothes  
But I can not touch the moon  
I can not touch the sun  
And when I jump  
Boys laugh at me.

THE DIRTY OLD SHACK

Oh! How dirty!  
There's a little shack down  
on a dirt road.  
It's very clean around there  
except for woods and wild animals.  
It's very wet—like a swamp.  
Water everywhere!

There's moss hanging down from  
the roof and the house.  
No one lives there—they might, on the other hand.  
You never know!  
With mud all around the house,  
the door is cracked,  
and the screens are hanging by one side.  
When the wind blows,  
the screens bang on the house.  
The front porch has a broken-down  
love chair and a straw chair;  
they are really filthy!

But . . . But everything seems to be hiding  
back in the back.  
Let's go back there and see.  
There are many smashed cars,  
but look!  
But look at their back porch.  
There's a dog laying on a . . . a . . .  
I think that's a swinging chair  
with oil all over it.

Inside, it looks like everything's smashed!  
Look at that picture hanging on the wall,  
and look at that beautiful chair!  
Why the picture?  
Why the chair?  
It seems like someone cares after all!

## **James Baker**

**My leg            My leg is bending  
like a yellow cloud**

## **Kathy Noller**

**A flower to me is a tiny person  
With a face and even arms.**

## **Greg McDonald**

**An ant is like a bulldozer, always  
moving things about.**

**FIRE**

**Fire**

**Fire**

**New bird**

**Fire**

**Your flames**

**Are strong**

**And watery**

**Too!**

## Jenny Goldensoph

### JESUS

I wish I was like  
Jesus high up in the sky,  
I'd rise up from  
the dead

But I can't even fly.

I wish I was Jesus  
way down low in the hay

One day in school the lead of a pencil broke. The pencil said,  
“Please don’t sharpen me, I want to be tall like a pencil.”  
But everybody in the classroom said, “Sharpen him!,” and they  
attacked the pencil and broke him in half.



**Kevin O'Mara**

**MOON**

**Moon works all alone;  
has no one to talk to.  
I will talk to you  
every night.**

FLY

I met a fly; his name was Shy;  
he flies high at night.  
Shy flew in the day and he get the  
blues and he knows to fly at night.

## Scott Herrin

A hat is a covering waiting every second to  
fall off your head.

A baseball and a bat are lifetime enemies.

Raindrops falling from the sky  
Look like when the barber cuts your hair  
and it falls.

Snow falling from the sky looks like blond  
frozen hair.

The enemies of your carpet are dirt and little  
children.

The enemies of little children are *monsters*  
and their parents.

The night  
Is like an animal,  
So dark and strange;  
With little silver speckles,  
And one bright eye.

## Shari Schmidt

The sun is like a yo yo.

The moon is a golden seat in heaven.

A mushroom is like an umbrella covered  
with raindrops.

The snow is like an old man's beard.

A dark rainy night is like a funeral.

The planets are like balls hanging from  
heaven.

Fall is like pieces of candy falling from  
a tree.

The sky is like a sink full of soapy water.

The grass is like a green carpet on the  
floor.

A book is like a long letter written on  
a cloud.

An old woman was in the bed,  
When suddenly the bed said,  
“Get off me! How would you like  
Some one to lie on you?”  
So the bed dumped the lady off.

**Laura Hammond**

**THE MEADOW**

The meadow is made of  
a summary of smiles  
Whispers of the wind  
sing through  
The sun is a pumpkin  
on Halloween night  
The tall grass is the hair  
of the wicked witch of the wind  
When darkness stalks in the meadow

## Notes on the poets:

- 4—Jana Dawson, 4th grade, Manhatten.  
Teacher: Dunn. Poet: Locke
- 5—Melodie Timberlake, 4th grade, Manhatten.  
Teacher: Dunn. Poet: Locke
- 6—Denise Malcolm, 5th grade, Manhatten.  
Teacher: Slough. Poet: Locke
- 7—Rosa Cobb, 6th grade, Lockhart.  
Teacher: Howell. Poet: Koopman
- 8—Cecelia Walton, 5th grade, Manhatten.  
Teacher: Slough. Poet: Locke
- 9—Chris Innocent, 5th grade, Manhatten.  
Teacher: Slough. Poet: Locke
- 10—Cindy Barker, 4th grade, Riverview.  
Teacher: Sheffield. Poet: Koopman
- 11—Tina Davis, 5th grade, Manhatten.  
Teacher: Slough. Poet: Locke
- 12—Lisa Hardigan, 5th grade, Riverview.  
Teacher: Sheffield. Poet: Koopman
- 13—Tommy B, 4th grade, Manhatten.  
Teacher: Dunn. Poet: Locke
- 14—David Durey. Poet: Koopman
- 15—Penny Gadbury, 6th grade, Lockhart.  
Teacher: Minili. Poet: Koopman
- 16—Jimmy Correll, 5th grade, Manhatten.  
Teacher: Slough. Poet: Locke
- 17—Carl Alaniz, 4th grade, Tinker.  
Teacher: Graves. Poet: Locke  
Darline Wilson, 4th grade, Tinker.  
Teacher: Graves. Poet: Locke  
Kathy Noller, 6th grade, Tinker.  
Teacher: O'Hare. Poet: Locke



- 18—Melinda Heredeen, 5th grade.  
Teachers: Land and Ailee. Poet: Nable
- 19—Sharon Henry, Morgan Woods. Poet: Juergensen
- 20—James Baker, 5th grade, Woodbridge. Poet: Nable  
Kathy Noller, 6th grade, Tinker.  
Teacher: O'Hare. Poet: Locke  
Greg McDonald, 5th grade, Tinker.  
Teacher: O'Hare. Poet: Locke
- 21—Wilma Jackson, 5th grade, Mango. Teacher: Moffett
- 22—Jenny Goldensoph, 4th grade, Roosevelt. Poet: Calderazzo
- 23—Tony Garica, Chiaramonte.  
Teacher: Fleischman. Poet: Calderazzo
- 24—Kevin O'Mara, Morgan Woods. Poet: Juergensen
- 25—Kelly Williams, Morgan Woods. Poet: Juergensen
- 26—Scott Herrin, 6th grade, Tinker.  
Teacher: O'Hare. Poet: Locke
- 27—Steve Bolstridge, 6th grade, Tinker.  
Teacher: O'Hare. Poet: Locke
- 28—Shari Schmidt, 6th grade, Tinker.  
Teacher: O'Hare. Poet: Locke
- 29—Linda Johnson, 4th grade, Tinker.  
Teacher: Graves. Poet: Locke
- 30—Laura Hammond, 6th grade, Lockhart.  
Teacher: Minili. Poet: Koopman

*Announcement:*

IMMANENTIST BOOKS:

THE IMMANENTIST ANTHOLOGY: Art of the Superconscious.

19 poets in the new poetic movement started by  
Duane Locke at the University of Tampa.

Order from: The Smith, 5 Beekman Street,  
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THREE: POEMS BY DUANE LOCKE, ALAN BRITT,  
and WILLIAM LUSTIG.

Order from: Maguire Stone Press  
Harry Goldberg  
Circulation Associates  
521 West 57th Street  
New York, N. Y. 10019 — \$3.00

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The next issue of UT, Volume 2, Number 3, will contain poems by  
Nico Suarez, William J. Starr, Alan Britt, Charles Hayes, Duane  
Locke, Mireya Koopman, Barry McDonald, Paul Roth, Douglas  
Campbell, Damon Fazio, Silvia Scheibli, Michael Joy, Fred Wolven,  
Jeanne Hill, Sonya Dorman, Jascha Kessler, Eric Greinke, Ben  
Tibbs, and Ronnie M. Lane.