

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 4

# UT

# *Review*

A  
CONTINUING  
ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
POETRY



PUBLISHED BY  
UNIVERSITY OF TAMPA

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 4

# Ut:

*a continuing anthology  
of immanentist and other poeties*



edited by  
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assisted by  
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Subscriptions: \$2.50 for 4

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

Ut

wants the immanentist poem. This poem is oriented towards the word, linguistic reality, not the thing, the materialistic illusion. Through the word, the mystic word, the thing becomes a reality, a reality of consciousness, the only knowable reality. The thing is the beginning of the word and consciousness, but it is not a separable and external entity if it is to be humanly meaningful. Without the thing, as in conceptions, there is only the unreal word. The mystic word is the thing, the word, and the self as a consciousness, not an ego, fused into an experiential reality.

\* \* \* \* \*

Recent anthologies containing extensive selections of immanentist poems: MANTRAS, \$3 from Floating Hair Press, 4408 Carlyle Road, Tampa, Florida 33615. THE IMMANENTIST ANTHOLOGY, \$2.50 from The Smith, 5 Beekman St., New York, NY 10038. THE LIVING UNDERGROUND, \$15 from Whitson Publishing Company, P. O. Box 322, Troy, NY 12181.

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#### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Poems, prose, art, children's poems especially welcome for a projected *Ecology Consciousness* anthology relevant to the Hudson River. Send with s.a.s.e. to the Hudson River Immanentist Charles Hayes, 158 Depew Street, Peekskill, NY 10566.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Ecology Consciousness Calendar: A Pocket Poetry Calendar, "Poems of Earth, Sky, and Living Things,"* 75c from Pocket Poetry, PO Box 70, Key West, FL 33040.

HERON AT LOW TIDE

No wonder Old Patsey  
Called him sun's first born.  
He stands in shallow water,  
So like, wind's reed,  
That you almost feel  
His break from this world  
Snap once for your memory.

Duane Niatum

THE SEED

It opens like the eye of dawn,  
Closes when you least expect it.  
Sometimes, it builds a nest  
In the tiny hand of a child,  
Sometimes, under grandmother's hand  
Digging roots in blackbird's field.

THE HAPPINESS OF IMPURE SOLITUDE

(from a work in progress entitled  
*Answers For Juan Ramon*)

Inside these scrub oaks,  
with leaves curled around frogs,  
with leaves bound together by crab spiders,  
this solitude as impure  
as the pond's bottom leaves,  
their dark undersides pressed against dark mud,  
their strange white fungi  
broken into points like stars;  
this solitude grew hands of its own,  
stained hands that pushed open space  
and touched the swirling colors,  
damp, gritty, earth-bright and earth-dark,  
in the center of every bud  
on the winter branches of brown light.

Fred Wolven

SIFTING SAND

sifting sand  
like stirring sexual crabs  
in sterile residences  
i walk foam-choked beaches  
along the gulf

overhead a solitary dove  
wheels & turns  
floating over the bayou  
soundlessly  
as the easter moon  
throbs in me  
& the dead child  
of each day's vision  
jabbing within  
burns materials of my mind  
eating away the darkness

In the outskirts of the city  
I left my mind,  
in the softening and sweetening  
color of a flower,  
and went back many times,  
to take and  
forgot 2nd time & 3rd time  
4th time I fell down beneath it  
& became one among the  
dryleaves living in her shade.  
The wholenight  
I chanted mantras,  
and in the morning  
I was in her lap.



Fredric Matteson

Towers rising  
in someone else's  
sleep

The night has turned  
a different color  
it is seen through  
the hub  
of a still wheel

The moon strikes a  
resonant chord  
in the trees

A clock keeps missing  
its bell  
like a flute  
buried in sand

THE WIND IS ITS OWN

The wind is its own mistress,  
stays up all night,  
tells stories to the curtains,  
strokes owls.

Water is its own child,  
sleeps in small places,  
reaches with its fingers  
to the ground's profile.  
It's free to take  
all shapes for its toys.

The dust is its own mother,  
combines crumbs into rock candy,  
dresses gaudy, or nude  
and horizontal,  
refuses to return to us  
after we've paved over  
her wild, crooked elbows.

Oh liberty, rough mare,  
we're coming after you  
with our saddles and bridles.

Jeanne Hill

TROPISM

Fountain Park, Marblehead

Rooftops,  
the ocean beyond.  
I lean back against a rock,  
feel its chill in my bones.  
Across the way, a window  
looks blackly at me from a face of shingles.

On another hill, a skull  
flies off slate, flies  
down the half-lit halls  
to the window. In its eyes  
I see me, rooted behind cast-iron stalks  
of aspidistra, turning  
to the light.

POEM

my hand is a sea anemone  
see what strange pictures  
it paints on the wet pavement  
with its undulating fronds.

the sky is jagged coloured  
abbreviated  
to a few scratched inches  
above the high flaking walls  
of the courtyard  
where the blind walk  
tapping gently with their sticks  
upon each other's shoes  
in search of the door  
which isn't there.

a single sunbeam  
falls on a statue of myself.  
a curtain of gulls  
ripples in the back of my mind.

Patricia Eakins

MOON SONGS

i

chin on elbow  
you fall around  
the edge of the world  
as the edge of an urn

Turning love:  
a Chinese girl's  
    (paper moths  
      junks on the greasy  
      moon-splintered sea

face reflects the sun at night.

ii

Red red room red  
chamber red  
velvet heart The moon  
is caught in the bathtub  
now It's  
silvered speech of an amputee  
wriggling edges of tables  
crow of the  
snap of the bean.

iii

Gardenias claim the future  
for napkins Bananas  
proclaim immaculate dawn  
Your hands persist in shining

Lies as fair in flesh  
as butter  
smear the bread of the sea.

WALKING UP A HILL IN CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX

Our footsteps  
stumble on rocks;  
a bush  
leaps up  
its red doves  
fly through our faces.

Our fingers  
reach behind the air's teeth  
that cling  
to our bodies,  
they push the sun  
through our hair.

We lean on sticks  
and watch our blood  
dance inside rocks;  
a white butterfly  
drifts past our shoes.

Breathless leaves  
hang from our ribs,  
our shadows  
go wriggling across the sand.

Dark bird  
remove our skin  
and leave our bones  
in a straw hat,  
our feet  
touch the grass  
and dirt!

Someone glides  
over a valley  
above a woman  
who wears a white dress,  
above the wooden telephone poles  
and black wire.

We walk  
on the wind  
and crawl  
beneath its old mattress;  
the sun asleep  
in its coils.

We sit  
by the road's end  
and our eyes  
scatter with chameleons  
beneath the leaves,  
our hands  
float in silence.

CANTICLE I

Cooling bog of starlight oozes  
vegetable transients sprouting  
amoebic eyes of reptiles that melt  
into warm seas disgorging that  
which is neither ape nor man but  
process becoming ritual through  
the myth of fire stone bronze steel  
they bury their dead like children  
fetally curled with bone games  
clay pots flint tools and pet dogs



Helen Sorrells

SOME DAYS

Some days, living here in these mountains  
I think the prairies that packed my childhood  
away in a flat round box

have stood up, stretched,  
heaved for the sky,  
put a cap of snow on the buffalo grass

and shouted this is how it always was,  
the howling dust,  
the wheat in the wind,

were always the undersides  
of mountains.  
And that I knew it all the time.

Although it seems  
Less finely improvised,  
The lake turns on its end  
And sliding fishes

Become appoggiaturas  
Moving as far as  
The broken reeds  
And drooping cattails.

Then, contriving darkness,  
We send soft feathered  
Monsters toward  
The regions of the moon.

The sliding fishes seethe,  
And following our plan,  
They toil into a certain  
Mystic pattern.

Listen then,  
As it follows you,  
Sounds of the swallowed moon  
And of waters hovering

Like a field of blackened  
Humming moths  
Waiting to pour  
Into the stunned and silent air.

Fernando Arrabal

Untitled prose poem

from *The Stone of Madness* (1963)

translated from the French by Laurence Lewis

Monday:

I have a very bad headache — it's the back of my neck. In the street I've noticed that the people speak a language I don't understand. All the programs I pick up on the radio are in this unknown language.

Tuesday:

A child, around ten years old, with a paper pinwheel in his hand, spoke to me in this unknown language and I answered him in kind. I could understand neither his questions nor my "answers," and yet we did chat for a couple of minutes.

Wednesday:

As soon as I stepped out into the street, I began to speak this incomprehensible language.

Thursday:

My head hurts worse than ever — it's my neck. I noticed that I recited complete "sentences" in this language all day long, even at home.

Molkerte ·

Vadonserve ent llica mossoreglas teiner milu artem lo tersijilomen gualen saipe sy oy on prencomder.

## LAST BID

The screen is torn and the beams  
move darkly as I enter. Trees  
lean in the windows  
branches resting on tables. Cracks  
line walls and floor and the old woman  
trying to sweep moonlight under a rug.  
She offers me the broom and wine. We  
drink. I ask if her place is for sale.  
She nods and we drink more wine.  
I ask the price and she dances with  
the broom up the broken stairs  
to the attic. I follow and we sit on  
straw and drink more wine. Again I ask  
the price and she laughs and skips rope  
in the attic dust. With the rope  
I tie her down and ask the price again.  
She slips from the rope and her clothes  
and asks if I won't taste a little death first.  
Below the old face is a girl so young  
I remember how this place was long ago  
when I learned that love lived here.  
Did it live here still, tucked under a rug  
or warm beneath the dust? I ask the girl  
and the old woman laughs; no answers yet,  
she says, there's death to be tasted first.  
And so I press the girl to the straw while  
the woman laughs. Need kills need while the  
woman laughs, and new need stirs as a storm  
begins to tear at the attic roof,  
and now the woman sings with the storm  
as the girl struggles in the straw,  
though it is only the struggling I feel  
and not the girl at all. This is not,  
I know, a taste to my liking, and not again  
will I ask the price. What alone seems certain  
is that the taste will grow until the price is met.

Salvatore Farinella

## COMFORTING ORIGINS

I have lain in the field of breasts and rock  
my hands on the warmth of the hill  
and looked through cathedrals of rib  
a Jonah of total blue  
a blind man of wide stretch  
whose fingers against egg shell  
need not poke bird beaks  
I have lain upon my wool red coat  
and shared it with green spiders  
I have been nude without shame in its comfort  
I have paraded my bones on lakes  
I have laid them in the field of rock  
and let cattle press moist noses  
into the mark on my belly  
comforting origins without thought.

## CONVERSATION

On this piece of earth I seize a knife  
no sunset in its land  
nameless flagless  
life cannot take on its rude rock  
On this piece of earth I seize knife  
its features split into my own face  
one breath, and already kicking off its seeming death  
through the soils of decades of summers  
the hot fountain jets up like misery  
spouting balls of barren tufa  
and the acids of recent strata  
The shadow of charred wingbeats  
flits across our sky and crashes in the outskirts  
a Pleistocene beast clattering it's broken free  
and its name must be uttered by no one  
and tidal waves  
we live in a windowless skyline  
the supersaturated monsoon bursts over us  
Before my eyes the coming geological age lives  
my frontiers fall away from tomorrow's blank vision  
seasons freeze boil each minute  
my world settles in gullies  
and you, straddling chairs at the door  
your pupils dilate terrified  
as I spin off beyond the front gardens  
like a fresh galaxy in outer space

*Translated from the Hungarian by Jascha Kessler*

Robert Stilwell

## REREADING KROPOTKIN'S WRITINGS ON ANARCHISM

money or other leaves  
invested in a murderer's barns  
an over turned black lamp with its wick of soot  
picture cards and even red haw envelopes  
pf our unremembered signatures are nearly dust  
before night's fall or chill rain's falling  
wealth was once granite shoes hammered from the tomb  
stone for some crippled person  
is stick tight garments emptied of their sooty flesh  
recalls every pasture left by bloodless animals  
life sieved to crumbling moss and to crumbling snow

SONG OF THE LOUD CLOUD

There is no science  
to measure the evidence  
of a first rate menace  
walking through shiny weeds  
on pale, flexible stilts.

The sun counts steps  
then buries them  
in the hasty fringe  
of old denials

but relevance finds the trail,  
eyes the sheepish skins  
polishes the owl shoes  
& stakes a claim check  
in the western maneuver.

Opposite the cherished display,  
the world turns flat  
based on the law of flaw.  
Cheeks turn in their badges.

Costly bulletins are pasted,  
cosmic graphs move tentwise  
& a beleaguered serpent points  
to a fast deer in slow motion.

This is a time of elapses,  
for liquid chairs & applied acrobatics,  
for tilling a soiled dynamic,  
for sleeping in rejected coffins.



Norman H. Russell

## THE SUN AND THE EARTH

in the moving shadows of the dusk  
when the mountain pulls the sun  
slowly into its body  
then the trees walk upwards

in the growing shining of the dawn  
when the sun crawls up  
out of the body of the mountain  
then the trees walk downwards

in the many dawns and dusks of my days  
in the long lonelinesses of my life  
in the mornings in the evenings  
i have seen the trees walk

the sun walks on the trees  
the trees rise up and follow him  
the earth is the master of the trees  
but the sun is the god of the trees.

WADA'S RE-CREATIONS FROM VARIOUS  
TRANSLATIONS OF HAIKU (William H. Cohen's *To Walk in  
Seasons* and *Japanese Haiku*, Peter Pauper Press, 1955,  
translator unknown)

the skylark's voice  
swallowed everything:  
even the voidless void

Ampu/Wada

primal energies  
breaking this stone-piled fence:  
horny alleycats!

Shiki/Wada

the gods are gone  
only dead leaves genuflect  
on this temple step

Basho/Wada

echoes of a bell  
follow this misty path  
down autumn dawns

Basho/Wada

after I watched the moon  
its fading shadow  
came back with me

Basho/Wada

yellow autumn moon —  
the scarecrow hangs on its sticks  
with a painted yawn

Issa/Wada

see: the heavy leaf  
on this silent windless day  
falls of its own will

Boncho

*Wada's reply to Boncho*  
see: the heavy leaf  
on this silent windless day  
drops — will-less

Michael Joy

BEFORE THE RAIN

moths stick  
to grass sweat  
as homes open  
and fathers call  
from screen doors.

One passes  
working men  
piled on trucks  
as the last blades of sun  
sniff mirrors, headlights.

wind gains  
direction,  
dressed in the lake's eyelashes.  
leaves tender  
while cars pass slowly  
by the orchard  
where a fire burns  
unrecognized.

Sidewalks struggle,  
mouths full  
of ants.

hedges lock bodies  
as the school bus barrels into the tunnel.

birds circle homes  
questioning the trees' folding arms.  
they drift along roadways  
tasting wind.

a siren's moan  
forces birds deeper  
into trees.  
Darkness draws dogs  
from shade  
into foreign yards.

Drunks dressed in white  
strewn across the bridge  
like worn nets  
left to dry.

Wafting out of beach road  
bars,  
a warm, salty laughter  
tangles in the sea.

Streetlights  
fasten down a wreath  
around dry trees.  
A harsh glare, a glass eye  
webs on a window pane.

Charles Hayes

Poem in the year and honor of lorca's seventy-fifth birthday  
(with Maria in Dix Castle Falls, Garrison, N.Y.)

night  
clawed  
into  
you  
with  
razor  
and  
wound

i want to hear you speak again then again.  
tell us mr. lorca that poets dreams are found by roots  
and underground invertebrates  
spread the news of your buried talk  
throughout the Earth

i want to press this body backward,  
backward to be near you  
near you in the arrangement of green  
bones swollen with words

i know that you still speak with us.  
today, i held the edge of a small limestone  
deep in my left palm in a canyon  
    of pines.  
the stone wept forth  
frothing a dried blood of dust.  
cold, my fingers listened for an  
hour, maybe for you a minute or an  
eternity

i cannot see you  
though you still live,  
because i know darkness  
belonged to you  
and  
darkness cannot die

night  
exuding  
from  
you

a black mailman of space  
arrives with your love  
bringing an open bag of crickets  
and your epidemic of laurel

OUACHITA

ouachita the indians called it  
meaning the cardinal's voice  
is the embryo of our dawn  
and the singing river breaks  
you move toward the east bank  
fish of light splashing in your face  
like ivy your hair climbs the sky  
your hair of wild wheat and lamp oil  
pulls sunlight through the morning mist  
ouachita the indians called it  
meaning inner trees unite  
in the black earth of our souls

Barry McDonald

MEMORY OF FLORENCE

Within  
the manycolored eyes  
that dot  
the air  
little oval  
mirrors

one line between owl and otter sews together  
with oil dripping from their jaws

a night feeling killing "crow" people  
spirit grizzly runs with snow inside a rain drop  
as a man throws his legs into a mountain  
and a smell of changing seasons with quail sleeping  
a brief leaf holds the sun  
a piece of bark holds hands in bread



Paul B. Roth

EVERYTHING I TOUCH

everything i touch            is this a stone

or blind objects in the middle of a fall  
who step from this waste called light

are they delicate leopards  
who step out of shadows on a wall

white doors banging  
against open cages of wind