

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 3

1975

UT

Review

A
CONTINUING
ANTHOLOGY
OF
POETRY



PUBLISHED BY
UNIVERSITY OF TAMPA

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 3

Ut:

*a continuing anthology
of immanentist and other poeties*



edited by

Duane Locke

assisted by

Stephen Meats

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Subscriptions: \$2.50 for 4

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

Ut

seeks immanentist poems. An immanentist poem fuses the self, the thing, and the word into a new, unique, and substantial reality. The fusion begins with bare attention and ends in an alteration of the consciousness. The alteration overcomes the illusions of conceptualism and the public non-reality of Western rational orientation and allows emancipation from the profane and rebirth to a sacred mode of being.

Immanentist poetry is brother to Surrealism, Jung's Synchronicity, Assagioli's Psychosynthesis, Maslow's Peak Experience and B-Cognition, R.D. Laing's Transcendental Experience, Masters and Houston's Mind Games, the Ecology Consciousness, the Zen Zoen, Tao, Yoga, Tantric Tibetan Buddhism's exorcism of abhutaparikalpa, Agehananda Bharati's view of Mantra communication, Castaneda's non-ordinary reality, Smohalla, Mircea Eliade's Sacred, Shamanism, etc.

* * * * *

Some Immanentist poets are Alan Britt, Steve Barfield, Paul Roth, Silvia Scheibli, James MacQueen, Charles Hayes, Barry MacDonald, Nico Suarez and Joseph Rodeiro. Extensive selections of immanentist poets are to be found in the recent anthologies: MANTRAS, \$3 from Floating Hair Press, 4408 Carlyle Road, Tampa, Florida 33615; THE IMMANENTIST ANTHOLOGY, \$2.50 from The Smith, 5 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y. 10038; and THE LIVING UNDERGROUND, \$15 from Whitson Publishing Co., P.O. Box 322, Troy, New York 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, N.Y. Send with s.a.s.e. to the Hudson River Immanentist Charles Hayes, 158 Depew Street, Peekskill, N.Y. 10566.

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ECOLOGY CONSCIOUSNESS CALENDAR: A Pocket Poetry Calendar, "Poems of Earth, Sky, and Living Things" 75c from Pocket Poetry, P.O. Box 70, Key West, Florida 33040.

THE PSYCHIC READING

the
psychic
advised
me
to
stop
seeking
my
Self
by
my
self

he
advised
me
to
begin
to
be
in
the
world

i
kind
of
knew
what
world
he
was
hinting
at

i
took
three
deep
breaths
and
entered
the
streets

i
asked
the
people
to
come
out
from
their
double-
locked
doors

i
said
"i
want
to
love
you
all
and
share
our
vision
and
joy"

the
police
surrounded
me
with
their
walkie talkies
tape recorders
and
guns

i
was
charged
with
benevolent
mischief,
with
disturbing
the
general
dormancy,
with
threatening
lawyers
and
business
people
with
love

after
paying
my
fines
i
left
and
entered
the
avenue
where
i
began
this
time
i
began
calling
by
phone

the
people
behind
the
double
locked
doors
to
tell
them
the
news
i've
arrived
with
the
love
of
God
the
Almighty
who
is
trying
desperately
to
reach
out
my
mouth
and
through
my
fully
frozen
fingers

the
police
arrived
and
made
the
routine
arrest
charging
me
with
brotherly
telephoning,
with
disturbing
the
sick
values
of
adults,
with
loitering
with
the
intent
to
be
spiritual,
with
threatening
lawyers
and
business
people
with
love

i
paid
the
fine
and
re-
entered
the
avenue
and
climbed
up
on
a
building
top
and
leaped
d
o
w
n

luckly
i
landed
face
first
forming
a
blood
sandwich
of
concrete
and
flesh

the
police
came
and
charged
me
with
suicide
in
the
first
degree,
with
littering,
with
lethal
exhibitionism,
and
with
death

i
laughed
more
than
the
typical
corpse
would
normally
laugh
until
the
stiffness
of
the
two
ashen
cheeks
on
my
face
fell
apart

because
i
knew
i
could
not
be
brought
to
court,
that
finally
i
was
liberated

i
awoke
in
a
strange
place
where
a
man
with
a
cotton
face
was
laughing

he
told
me
to
return
to
the
womb
that
i
must
learn
to
love
thy
neighbor,
to
share
commodities,
to
be
a
better
human
being,
to
learn
emotional
control,
and
to
stop
annoying
the
other
consumers
with
my
religious
fanaticisms

Charles Hayes

WATERMELON

Watermelon,
green dog of the flowers.

only a fanatic frugivore
could enjoy
a day full of hunting
for you inside a field.
and the breaking
of your two perfect shoulders
into two halves of fruit —
oh! how painful
the summer

then you are finally revealed,
no longer a treasure
made of green mystery.

you are two moons
molested by so many seeds
full moons, red desire
for a hundred tongues.

two red moons
beginning to bleed
a vegetable blood.

why watermelon
are you made of infinite forehead
and lame
because you have no leg
on which
you may run away?

why do the children
of our world
gnaw at you
(helpless as you are)
until they abandon you
leaving a pile of wet ribs
piled along the paths of parks?

SEA FOAM

sea foam,
your rib
of
evanescence
is
so big
it is
of darkness,
of tiny lives
that drown
in order
to live
and
reside
in you.
your forearm
of oil.
with these things
you arrived
the moment
i noticed you.
you came running
to me
as an aquatic wind,
as a liquid city
built with
restless cement —
yet so soft
as if
you
wear
the
bone
of
a
fresh lily.

you come to me
sea foam
like a horse
new to our earth,
a horse
insane with
its own neighing,
with its own breathing,
with its own hoof,
with its own mane,
its tail
and its self
made of winds,
eyes, and earth.

sea foam,
crawling love!
you're the
watery finger
of our world
upon which you
tap yourself
eternally.

to the seawall
you drive foolhardy;
you are my love.

the stones
of the shore
are my spine
upon which
you may continue
beating gleefully
with that idle moisture
of your bodily swish.

your liquid
self is like
the woman's dark eye
which she swings
unknowingly
as a lantern
into the white night
of my face.

And that continual footage
of yours — it is so large.
it obsessively taps
upon my hundred senses.
i love it
because i love you
because i've become you.
i am the dirt
upon which you
arrive,
a sexual bath
of flowers
and silk.
i am the flesh
upon which you
arrive as the woman
bringing
her liquid black hair
of soft starlight
through my soul.

Duane Niatum

EVENING

Wind ends its travels in the mountain;
Moon shakes away the hazel clouds.
With new light, we run to catch the star
Falling far, far out to sea.

TO WATER MOON AT OAK BAY
(for Karen)

Lying outstretched on the beach,
We wear her light necklace;
Wait for her promise to form:
Our night shadows ebb and flow.
Hidden by these cloudy changes,
The scars are august birds;
Voice what's secret inside the shell.

Paul B. Roth

THREE MOONS AFTER THE ARABIC

1

cat claw

crescent moon

2

cheek mole

chipmunk gnawed almond

3

water

dreamed a son

cradle

lamp

THE ORANGE, OR ORANGES, OR THE SELF, OR
CONSCIOUSNESSES (from a work in progress entitled
ANSWERS FOR JUAN RAMON)

"Bid your soul travel to any land
you choose and sooner than you bid
it go, it will be there."

Hermes Trismegistus.

One with skilled fingers
cannot touch the nameless,
the nameless that is named,
the nameless named the orange.

The same name is never the same.
When the oriole shakes the leaves
the orange is another orange;
one's consciousness is another hand.

When one's consciousness is the finite, temporal orange,
when the consciousness holds the name,
one hangs from a twig as orange light,
and as orange light moves through the wind.

Alan Britt

THE CATTAILS

I will wear
the empty sleeves of the cattails
until my fingers
turn green
numb;
until ice
forms inside my pockets.

TANKA ON A RECENT DEMONSTRATION
OF ZEN SWORDSMANSHIP

whizzzslash!// slashslash-whizzz!
Oshiteru Otani
divides all demons
into "birth" and "death" — splitting
the "and" again and again

Richard I. Collier

6/74

wild berries in moss circle a ground hog
a weeping willow brushes shadows from his burrow
his eyes curl around trees
with time creeping in shadows
earth movers line roots with flourescent street lamps
as the groundhog eats tire tracks
and he stares into asphalt daylight
grasping fish with hands filled with holes
as blades of grass break rainbows

CARTESIAN ATOMISM

T			
HE			
WH	R		
OL	TS	O	
ED	NO	LL	O
UR	ON	OW	WU
AT	EO	FR	NL
IO	FW	OM	ES
NO	HI	TH	SA
FM	CH	EF	TT
YL	DE	AC	HI
IF	PE	TT	SV
EC	ND	HA	ER
AN	SI	TI	YM
BE	NA	EX	OM
DI	NY	IS	EN
VI	WA	TE	TS
DE	YU	DA	OM
DI	PO	SH	EC
NT	NT	OR	AU
OA	HE	TW	SE
NI	OT	HI	PR
NF	HE	LE	OD
IN	RS	BE	UC
IT	AN	FO	ES
EN	DT	RE	ME
UM	HU	TH	AN
BE	SI	AT	DC
RO	TD	IM	RE
FP	OE	US	AT
A	SN	TE	ES
	OT	XI	ME
	F	ST	AN
		N	EW

Fred Wolven

A CONFUSED LANDSCAPE

1

the algae-green pond water
covers last year's leaves

2

in a shower of sunlight
you walked on
new steps of crushed stone

3

one tiny sparrow
a dreaming bird
settles in the pine cones
at the edge of the forest

4

solitude in a confused landscape

COLORADO

I.
In Sunday's shadows
I pass through the belly
of a withered tree
to crawl with the red ants
under its peeling bark.

In the hollow,
a lodged toadstool
dies
in a morning.

II.
Aching juggler's balls
my eyes
resting
as the canyon's stone wall
absorbs my shadow

I drowse
on the needle of a cactus
listening to a sigh
from the wounded mesa
tracking the dusty saddle
of a dying mustang

III.
I melt into the purple foothills
held
in your warmth
on the beach
listening to your smile
played on the quiet strings
of night's guitar.

Your voice whispers
from within your eyes
through the cardboard image
past villages of prairie dogs
and beds
of stub-foot cactus.

A blood-drop on the desert,
I mount a cloud
to search
where the jungle screams
as elephants stumble`
and birch bark cracks across the barley.

Arthur E. Smith

AFTER THE RAINS AT DUSK

I heard the moon
so I came out.
What do you want.

Cold air fills my hands.
I have nothing
to bang softly into the night with.

Below, those tires in the runoff creek bed dump
have worn elbows.
Some are still

wrinkled with tread. But
I don't want the anatomy of tires.
I want to see clouds

pile up on the Sierras.
But at my feet the only clouds
is fog,

leaking from this mossy bank.
Bare trees are lifting up
their scribbled branches.

There are no weeds in these woods. There is
one door left, and it
just burned up.

TOWARDS A SEA POEM

looking for a justification
as the gull passes
it is a gull by its gullness
need i take time
to reflect it?

- a) a gull
- b) a headland like a lizard
- c) a sea
- d) rocks
- e) a horizon blurred by islands

shuffle and think
replace in order
complete the phrase:

"I am here and this is what
happens....."

Barry McDonald

LORCA

In a narrow room
by candlelight
I wrote your name on a wall

and suddenly
as if the word contained a storm
as if it were a broken cloud
where all who dream of fountains
take their residence in sleep

from each letter grew another
until the silence splintered
and language like a flood
tore away the door
to go and blister every tongue

that would not be its blossom

LA MUERTE DE UNA VACA

En la carniceria
la vaca muere
descargando un balido
lleno de astas retorcidas.

Los insectos liquidos del viento
parecen suspenderse en sorpresa
pero
 prosiguen sus vuelos.

DEATH OF A COW
In the slaughterhouse
the cow dies
with a long mooing
filled with twisting horns.

The liquid insects of the wind
seem immobilized with surprise
but
 they fly away.

Translated by the author

Silvia Scheibli

NOON

Heat sleeps on grey brances
pushing the wind
out of rock and leaves.

Wind retreated into pinon pines
along with birds.

The spiny lizard tumbles on a wall.
The sun eats cactus spines.

Wie gross ist das Leiden im Zauber?

The mesa paints her eyes purple.
She teaches gourds the inward and outward
of silence. The coyote knows this
and boasts of it to the stars.

Everything learns from the mesa.
The Indigo bush excels in learning.
Only the jimson-weed flowers revolt
because of their love for music.

in this season
of dying things
i become apologetic
as the earth rots
and smolders
under my footstep

impatient dark moths
move in sequence
around statues of light
as i count the cloth
days pulling shadows
from canvas hawks
i am recalling other
days the length of aphids
when the evening sun dropped
like an avalanche
from my hands

alone as a mineral
darkness surrounds
my body with
the flutter of nuthatches
that will die
pressed against the glass

eyes cast down
i return
my face to the cedar
where we await
future skins and
pirates will mail
their wooden
boats to me
i receive them
in a house without
walls or stairways

Damon Fazio

the road
a rose opening its petals

vines grow from my
desires create
cracks on the wall
tiles fall from the ceiling

a tomato falls from the vine