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UT

*Review*

A  
CONTINUING  
ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
POETRY



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# UT Review:

*a continuing anthology of poetry*



edited by

**Duane Locke**

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*This issue dedicated to:*

**The Tampa Alpha Chapter  
of  
The University of Tampa  
National Alumni Association**

LA PAMPA ERGUIDA EN NOCHE DE LUNA

Caballos banados en oscuridad,  
alambre de pua erguido  
en plumas de luna.  
Toda la pampa es un manantial  
aleteando susurros plateados.

THE PAMPA IN A MOONLIT NIGHT

Horses bathed in darkness,  
barbed wire raging  
in moon feathers.  
The whole pampa is a spring  
like wings of silver whispers!

*(Translation by Joseph Rodeiro)*

Nico Suarez

DESPUES DE UNA LARGA LLUVIA

Estero, tierra de luna,  
fosiles del pasto en puntillas  
en el agua panda,  
sombras enloquecidas se suicidan  
en los precipicios del agua nocturna.

Mi caballo arranca notas derretidas  
violando las bocas del agua  
con sus pezuñas.

AFTER A LONG RAIN

Marsh, moon earth  
grass fossils stand on their toes  
in the shallow water,  
crazed shadows commit suicide  
in the cliff of night water.

My horse pulls melted notes  
from the water mouths  
his hooves violate.

*(Translation by Joseph Rodeiro)*

NIEVE

La voz apagada de los copos de nieve  
sobre el parabrisas,  
pequenos labios que besan  
con sus muertes  
el vidrio.

Escucho con el cal de mi silencio  
toda esta nieve que muere  
en mi sangre.

SNOW

The muffled voice of the snow flakes  
on the windshield,  
small lips kissing  
the glass  
with their death.

I listen with the white wash of my silence  
all this snow that is dying  
in my blood.

*(Translation by Joseph Rodeiro)*

**Nico Suarez**

**CONTEMPLANDO TUS OJOS**

**para N. C.**

**Cuanto tiempo he contemplado  
un mar oscuro muriendose en tus ojos,  
tu cabello como una vela  
robandose los mios.**

**WATCHING YOUR EYES**

**How long I have watched  
a dark sea dying in your eyes,  
Your mane like a sail  
stealing mine.**

*(Translation by Joseph Rodeiro)*

FIN DE INVIERNO

Las hojas finales de este invierno,  
arrugado cobre y pan, como  
manos tullidas.

Almendros  
en ademanes de ahogo  
contra cielos de golondrinas.

Contemplo la ultima nieve  
encogiendo sus hombros  
en hielo  
en un pasto papiro.

WINTER'S END

The last leaves of this winter,  
wrinkled brass and bread,  
like a rheumatic's hands.

Chestnuts  
like men drowning  
gesturing against  
swallow skies.

I watch the last snow  
shrinking its shoulders in ice  
on papyrus grass.

*(Translation by Joseph Rodeiro)*



Nico Suarez

## CREPUSCULO

El pasto humea po sus bordes  
al atardecer  
cuando el sol aletea moribundo.

Pequenas sombras como vino  
se escurren por las plumas  
de las blancas garzas en las lagunas.  
Sus reflejos parecen costurarse  
con la oscura aguja del grillo.

Es bello contemplar  
las sombras batallando  
como suaves olas copulando entre si.

## DUSK

Smoke crawls from the edges of the grass blades  
at dusk  
when the sun flaps its dying wings.

Small shadows like wine  
drip down the feathers  
of the white egrets in the lagoons.  
Their reflections seem to sew themselves  
with the dark needle of crickets.

It is beautiful to see  
the shadows battling  
like gentle waves making love.

*(Translation by Joseph Rodeiro)*

UN DIA DE SOL AL FINAL DEL INVIERNO

En la distancia  
el niveo espinazo de las venas  
de montañas  
cruje en carcajada de bronce  
de este sol.

Es aun invierno.  
El cementerio es un augurio  
de pinos y desnojados sauces.  
Las hojas yacen como mujeres entreabiertas  
en el barro oscuro  
en espera del sol.

A SUNNY DAY AT THE END OF WINTER

Afar  
the cold back columns of mountain veins  
creak in the bronze laughter of this sun.

Winter still remains.  
The cemetery is an augury  
of pines and bare willows.  
The leaves lie about like hesitant women  
waiting for the sun  
in the dark mud.

*(Translation by Joseph Rodeiro)*

**Nico Suarez**

**CERCA A LA ESTANCIA**

Eco de sombras  
infancia de bosques  
largo pasto creciendo como el polvo  
en el ocaso

Distante, un tajibo  
salta hacia el cielo  
en sus flores rosas

El viento arrastra  
sus largas polleras de seda  
en un nuevo casamiento  
con la distancia

Estela de humo  
aullidos de perros

Estamos cerca a la estancia

**WE ARE NEAR THE FARM**

Shadows echo  
the infancy of forests  
long grass growing like  
the dust at dusk

Faraway, a tree  
leaps up  
in the rose color of its flowers

The wind trails  
her long silk skirts  
in a new wedding  
with distance

Smoke tail  
the bark of dogs

We are near the farm

*(Translation by Joseph Rodeiro)*

## Robert Stern

### TONIGHT

the howls of a wolf hang  
like icicles from the stars  
    how can you  
    graft to night  
    your own touch  
                    of sky

THE FISH'S HEAD

A man carrying a fish's head.  
That brilliant color.  
The gill, lapping over his arm,  
And a bird, circling  
As if the man were dead.

A patient bird, following  
The round shapes of air.  
Not yet nearer.  
That brilliant color.  
The grotesque company.

I saw a man, head  
Curved into his shoulder,  
Enmeshed in that dazzling gill.  
The sun was other than it is,  
And he struggled under it.

What raw color,  
And the shales slipped  
Into the clear water.  
A bird's bones  
Lingered in the air.

The man carrying a fish's head  
Shambled into the water,  
Crushing the slipping shale,  
And the water whirled brilliantly  
Under a cursing bird.

Garrett O'Sullivan

VARIATIONS ON A RELIGIOUS LYRIC

(for Alan Britt who asks for silence)

wild dogs and rumors of carriages  
are chasing the sinner with purple  
ram's fleece  
whose silent accusations  
riot and tick like silver gun barrels opening  
in the waterlight  
of polished crater rims

sign of crazed flowers a dance  
drunk among the gathering painters  
of the fox's cruel forest spires

fugitive hills  
walk somberly over their stones  
in medieval winter adagio  
finding dead saint's glass  
ripped from orphanage  
doorways  
while children wait for reindeer  
to bring back their stories  
from the weeds in the garden  
of the insane  
domekeeper.

like the single oboe comes the quickening swan  
among flowing shadows  
who shuttles his paper cup  
through night's vacant ribs  
and sheds his armor  
as ice sheds its cities  
among the lonely whores of the desert

tuonela ravages the black tundra  
     under a witch's petrified sun  
 tuonela like amethyst dragon  
     like small chinese orange tree hidden  
                     beyond bamboo balconies.

    tuonela rushing from watchtowers  
 into the glades where infants  
     cough like cold  
 and mute rain

    infected birds spill into blue fire  
 where their lost voices crouch and shiver  
     in the blackness and blood  
                     of abandoned trains  
     like herds of condemned pagans  
     who fall asleep and die in boxcars  
 after rabbits have sprung from their fingertips



Fred Wolven

THE SILENCE OF STONE

*"the silence beyond  
a final yes or a  
final no."*

—IVAN D. ILLICH

1.

often  
i play  
a popular  
role  
in my world  
when  
i  
choose  
either  
my own truth  
or  
the social

2.

then  
changing  
my mind  
  
wandering  
  
&  
deepening  
the pain  
the anguish

i must  
develop  
exacting  
ethics  
&  
the desire  
i have  
to know  
to understand  
to turn  
the church  
& myself  
into  
humanists  
into  
artists

3.

my future  
exists  
in the  
silence  
beyond words

in the  
silence  
in a  
living stone

& which  
i accept  
or face  
the mirror  
& admit  
my god  
fails

## Jay Bail

### THIS LIFE WILL END FRUITFUL

This life will end fruitful  
In a cowering pasture  
Where my quickened shoulders  
Tie your eyes  
To visions  
Unbelievable

Elm trees blend with sorrow  
Your fingers twined  
My lips parted forever  
In helpless  
Resolve

This is the way a breath stops  
Firm as a lake wind  
Rippling forgotten memories  
Of a small boy destitute  
In morning pain of joy  
Crisp

We wish for lasting dreams  
And we lock sudden lips  
Twining endless strands of faith  
My naked body  
Poised for a final  
Reception

This life will end  
As sheets newly white  
Bear the soft  
Crawling  
Baby  
Opening  
Blind  
With hope

## INDIA WHARF

Poets are leaning on the sea  
The watered mouth of the wolf  
tosses foghorns across the table like a cigarette  
A jar drops from a shelf and the splash  
of a constellation signals the sun  
to spill salt on the forehead  
of the old man by the lobster trap  
With that part of a hand and its lone-long fingernail  
he has put on so many raincoats  
that he forgets which is his  
He anxiously awaits a gasoline explosion of the sun  
to escape from his cheeks  
and carry him across the freeway  
past the swimming-pool gates of some  
well-known starlet who is on vacation in Paris  
stabbing a portrait of VanGogh  
But the gray expands blue green and brown  
horizons of the eye and the air  
heaves its sullen head away  
from the wooden stool on the dock's eyelid  
Then memory presses its frame through the window  
as the eye's fetus twists its shoulder and drifts  
like smoke away from the glance down-in-the-knife  
where the street leans on its shoulder  
and the sun's soliloquy falls before a deaf audience  
and silence speaks with itself after the unfolding of boxcars  
In the dusty closet anxiety raises its wooden wing  
and like the gull's fog-carved statue  
it gives impetus to the small wind of falling bodies  
The old man lifts an eye toward the ink  
and scratches the ground with his boot as if trying  
to repaint a constellation on the lip of the broken jar  
so that perhaps he may somehow relive an unproductive hour

## James MacQueen

with the season's face hidden  
in the abundance of its overcoat  
the children had quickly tired of the game

wood bound the sudden bones of the beetle  
the jasmine coffin  
the starving lute  
the palsied dog  
the cemented lungs of the robin  
all things passed with the tedium  
of the coin-blackened palms of the newsboy

easily  
we had met  
in a touch . . .  
florida blue heron  
is night  
is splash-black mullet  
shadow sprung  
is also  
poacher's ruby ring

red sorrow  
in the ancient flint  
of alligator eyes

like light  
we spread ourselves across  
the thirsty thicket shouldered cliffs of new mexico  
the rose of the sky shook  
in the willow tree's wind  
and you wrapped your skin around me  
like some enchanted reptile of the swamp

autumn lost its feather  
in the low-heeled mountain snow  
and the desires of river dust  
crept inside the silent tortoise shell

you moved like the lynx on the timid feet of night  
 as we watched the door for the return of the green  
 butterflies and the stained-glass back of the beetle

the air sliced open like a black pear  
 and you left  
 to wear the cloak of water  
 as i in concrete exile  
 carried my shadow's weight  
 you drifted with the ocean's seed  
 and your wing arced like the sword of electricity  
 over the wild cherry wood  
 it was  
     the time  
             of vows  
 i knew  
     no language

truth turned itself  
 inside-out  
 before balanced mirrors

as i came near  
 you told me that  
 we all must live  
 our own poems  
 and that there must be  
 a separation  
 of wings and petals

the big horn spring  
 a thunder of buffaloes  
 pound themselves across the muddy plain  
 in the memory of yellow glacial flowers  
 a sun-fastened glimpse of gold  
 on river bottoms tore away  
 from the fox-flesh moon  
 and we stood before  
 the altars of our separate destructions  
 parted by these tragedy of all finished poems

**Silvia Scheibli**

**THE MURDER OF MUSTANG**

on wild horse mesa  
with little smog  
almost any day  
children watch the waltz of the mustang  
in the extended arms of the helicopter

trails are scattered with red carnations  
empty rifle shells

in the stallion's eye is a hand  
tightly grasping the kite-string path  
of a white-throated swift

children aim their sling-shots at the dancers  
who have reached the last switch-back

the mouth is bent back  
a bullet cuts the tongue  
eyes drop the string

the mesa  
silently like a basket of wild gourds  
licks her side

a cactus is like a pet  
at night i can hear it  
purring close beside me

. . .

some days all the rocks are eagles  
and the eagles pebbles

. . .

wind creeps along branches  
branches dream of being snakes

. . .

mice live in tiny cracks between rocks  
i live in large cracks between rocks

. . .

the coyote is always the coyote

. . .

clouds are free to be anything they want  
who wants to be a cloud  
when you can have a backbone

. . .

i envie water  
it has many ways of fulfillment

. . .

water is nature's poet



**Silvia Scheibli**

**FIRST CALL OF THE CICADA**

first call of the Cicada  
from the desert willow's white balcony:  
fragrant sleeves of summer

also first promise of heat and  
wind's invisible tablecloth against shoulders

expected call of the Cicada  
you brought grey veils for the rocks  
you stole the water drop  
that sat dreaming in the eye of a green leaf  
you are the knife being cleaned  
by spring's last flowers

call of the Cicada  
heat follows you everywhere  
and the mesa  
having hidden her apron clouds  
is longing for her old lover: summer

**MY FEET TANGLED IN YUCCA FIBERS**

my feet tangled in Yucca fibers hear  
wind and sun: ancient Indian pencils  
take their language  
from square-shaped markings on snakes  
carry it to the sphinx moths  
who bury it deep within canyons of cactus spines  
where only rain can weave words  
that will be spoken by a night bird  
during the brief blooming  
of white desert willows

## Silvia Scheibli

### DAILY REMINDERS

a hidden purple and brown mushroom trail  
became a washed-out trail  
became a cement trail

the elbow of the overlooked limpet  
is stuck on the abandoned tire  
is part of a key chain

reeds for the wren's nest  
were lost in the bulldozer's fist  
the stream is dressed in sandfilled burlap bags

fox sparrows disappeared in windows of grocery stores  
land rovers carry citations to spotted sandpipers

a sign  
do not dig  
is curled up in the eye of a yellow lupine

strange markings of pup fish are found on a wrist  
electrodes are attached for determination of the source

bobcats are collected and mailed to wrong addresses  
the green eye of the rock crab is filled-in with bald computers  
the voice of red algae is standing in the basement of an apartment  
complex  
deertracks are seen on the walls of a trailer park

eucalyptus trees  
fruit trees  
azalea bushes  
swallow tails  
were transformed into desk sets

silver-sprayed manzanita branches line cocktail gardens

A TRANSFORMATION

inside the striped eye  
of the speckled trout  
you came face to face  
with a television antenna

when you washed your hands  
your fingernails fell off

you chewed  
the praying mantis leg  
before disappearing  
in the Japanese quints

afterward  
for one moment  
the pink flowers turned green

some days you  
take the shape  
of a bird's beak  
and oak leaves  
listen  
to your waters'  
love song

## William Lustig

### AWAKENING

i awake  
and cat-like  
lick the yellow light  
of smoke stained rooms  
from my dream

i have at last drowned  
in a pool of stone  
beside the ice-bound river

my body so serene  
planted in grey rock  
a fossil sniffed  
by curious white-coated men

behind the delicate curtain  
of the ibis' eye  
the evening grows  
to the wild dimensions  
of a dew drop

my motionless dance  
along hawk flight's  
ivory lattice  
emerged in pine sap  
crawling seaward  
on the hatching turtle's  
untested limbs

i splash before  
the bathing sparrow's  
beating incantation

ODE TO THE BUZZARD

a stilled harp hangs  
an ancient shadow in the wind  
swelling to the incantations of insects  
it is an organic angel of mourning  
to the rattle of a medicine gourd  
it leans into a river of stone  
sliding on a song of quiet  
it is a bouquet of black marble  
laying on the sun  
turning slowly  
it is a gypsy woman hesitant  
at a night fire  
gently raining  
it is the dark lips of an indian  
kissing the earth  
bending to its bright sacrament

## Alan Britt

### LIZARD

lizard,  
his eyes the children of night,  
running along the tongue of darkness  
i hear him breathing below my window  
come in and be my veins  
leap behind my eyes  
and let loose the sun  
to burn on my brain

you have the wisdom of the fern  
you were born on the edge of the pond  
who cast the ivory on your hands  
it is your voice that drips down the windows  
you tell of the pain inflicted in night's thigh  
the pain of an arrow  
that came from a robbed hand,  
a hand robbed of leaves  
and guided by words soaked in gasoline

lizard, night's finger,  
your sharp claws clutching my dream  
you hold my dream next to your eye  
so that we may see  
the infinite light that flashes  
like the screaming savage of our soul

CONVERSATIONS WITH SENOR LIZARDS

Are you the Dinosaur Antique?  
The spotted wax dragon  
dripped down the tea-kettle  
of ten-million years?

And are you the shy bull;  
pinched in the collar of a twig?

Or are you  
the Reptile Liberated?  
The one competing  
with the muscular stone  
in the Olympic Game of Sleep?

And here Senor Lizards  
Is this Lovely Mrs. Lizards  
nearby?  
The lady half of your silence?



## Duane Locke

### THE DEAD OAKS

Summer goldfinches bring day  
to the dead oaks' dry mosses.  
Their voices sparkle along the leaves  
of the surrounding willows.  
Each sound is a glittering boat  
moving inside a canyon's darkness,  
a yellow walled canyon  
about a thousand miles away.  
I cannot find my body  
it has entered  
the water trickling between pebbles  
and has sunk  
to the river's bottom.  
My eyes look through  
clay thickened water bubbles.  
I see in the sky  
a moss heavy oak  
holding up two fingers  
like God in an old painting  
saying, "I intervene."