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A
CONTINUING
ANTHOLOGY
OF
POETRY



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Forthcoming (about February 1, 1973) **THE IMMANENTISTS ANTHOLOGY** containing the UT poets: Locke, Britt, Suarez, Rodeiro, Hayes, O'Sullivan, MacQueen, Scheibli, Lustig, Barfield, Roth, Mahoney, and many others. Probable price \$2.95 from *Smith*, 5 Beekman St., NYC 10038.

Georg Trakl

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Translation by Reinhold Johannes Kaebitzsch

TO ELIS

Elis, when the crow shouts from the black forest,
It will be your end.
Your lips drink ice from the mountainspring.

If your forehead bleeds slowly,
Let these be:
Century-old legends and dark prophecy of birdflight.

But you walk with light toes into the night
Which hangs filled with deep-red grapes.
You stretch your arms better in blue.

A briar bush calls
Your moon eyes.
Elis, how long you've been dead.

Your body is a hyacinth,
In which a monk dips his wax fingers.
Our silence is a black hole

Out of which, occasionally, a soft animal
Will appear and drop its heavy eyes.
Black dew drips from your temple.

Last gold of fallen stars.

Else Lasker-Schuler

Translation by Reinhold Johannes Kaebitzsch

DEPARTURE

evening always came without you—
I sat in the coat of stars.

... when someone knocked on my door,
it was my own heart.

It hangs on every doorstep,
even on your door;

Between a young bull's
passed-away firerose
in the brown of the garland.

With my heartblood,
I colored the sky blackberry for you.

evening always came without you—
... I stood in golden shoes.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

your love is a white fawn,
which at midnight escapes my desire,
a tree full of tears sits in the woods
where my dreams collect you,
finally you're here—
From the bowl of his light,
the moon throws me fulfilment—
I love you,
you,
and throw carnation perfume in front of your room,
and spread daffodils across your bed.
I, myself, arrive in silver like you
arch myself high,
a holy temple above
the altar of your innocent soul.

Ernst Wilhelm Lotz

Translation by Reinhold Johannes Kaebitzsch

AND CUTE BEAST-OF-PREY SPOTS . . .

Is it really you?
The mirror is enormous, coming
from the night universe.
Your windblown image
echoes in my soul.
The stars cross your breast in harps.
But you . . .

You probably look sleepy-eyed in the white
featherbed, Dreams swim heavily in your womb.—

Or a young lover
sensuously draws his sketching finger
around the firmness of your breasts.
Both of you are hot.
And cute beast-of-prey spots color your backs.

THE CAMPFIRES AT THE COAST

the campfires at the coast smoke.
In despair, I throw myself down.
Leopards smell my face and hiss.
You are close by, Brother death.
Europe twists confusedly in the wind
of fabled ships.
The monstrous fear as
a mother cries for her child.
Tonight, my horse died in my hands.
How you deserted me, creature!
From the cadaver rises the foreign country,
up to a different sundial.

Alfred Lichtenstein

Translation by Reinhold Johannes Kaebitzsch

THE BATTLE NEAR SAARBURG

the earth turns mouldy with the fog.
Evening shoves like tin.
Electrical thunder rips everything
in two.

the towns on the horizon
smoke like inferior rags.
In the fractured front,
I lie ignored by God.

Many hostile birds in copper
buzz above heart and mind.
In the grass, I support myself upright
and offer murder my cheeks.

ETERNAL SLEEP

I was the innkeeper in silver socks
Who poured the worldremoving wine.
Have I been unraveled from the joydance of the times,
Has happiness turned itself into sorrow?

The year of gold lies
Rolling under my sandals,
I, however, pursued and wounded, must flee
Barefoot over the field in stubbles.

Thirst I see in the running waters,
A night without stars, I see from the sun.
Pleasure doesn't appeal to me.
Hours became wax.
The memory of forests, dead silent,
Came and ominous calls.

What do you poor and naked women want,
Pain, love's fields and young eyes?
I ignore your easy landscape,
The grass put to sleep by the wind.
I hear your hair turning gray!

I? Who am I?
I am a block of time,
Which crumbles and falls back to the sea.
I am a sorrow-wind, who makes potholes sad,
I am lightning, which zigzags snaps,
I am snow, which comes then melts,
I am the path of the oar losing itself,
I am the seed in the womb of a whore!

So you must leave the deep-red appearance
You are the good death,
I am a mole hill of earth.
Come soon and join me,
Earth in the earth.

Hermann Hesse

Translation by Reinhold Johannes Kaebitzsch

LONELY EVENING

In the empty bottle and
 in the glass
The glow of the candle flickers
The room is cold. The rain falls
 softly through the grass.
Chilly and sad
 you lie down again
For a short while.
Morning comes, then evening
As they do always,
But never you.

HUNGER

The moon rises blue
in my belly.
Already the intestines glow
and burn with hunger;
Outside the wrinkled world,
my black eyes fade into gray as if
they too lost the day's friendship!
Above the tree-like ribs, the moon
is slowly wrinkled into a grapefruit
and my sight falls deeper into my skull:
Lifting pain and driving emptiness
inside me, inside my darkened lake.
No hate, allergy or sunken love
swims here: only the hunger
which burns my stomach away.

John W. Benson

Black is a stone
It buries eyes
The fire of its tongue blisters ants

Children try to put it in packages and cry
They shatter a black ocean with a bell
A sunburned-bellied minnow dies

The decaying boy engulfed the ice-berg
Water spends forever dying
Submerged, the moon replies
No my son, you were never, except for
Yesterday

Duane Locke

SMOKE

My hand touches
a letter opener,
a sea is wearing clothes.

Smoke in the rooms
above and below.

Nothing is out of place,
dust chats near the window.

Smoke in
the hallways and hair.

The glass sky
carries a shovel,
a grave in a star.

TRANSPLANTING A CACTUS

adding a pancake cactus to my inward garden
is not easy

alder leaves were different
i hadn't noticed their smoothness yet
before i carried them within me

even the ocean gave me no trouble
planting it beside my childhood

easiest have been birds and animals
whose nests and dens were waiting inside me
for a long time

but the round spiny plates of this cactus
have met with such resentment
that they had to resort to dynamite
breaking the natural order of my breath
and are lodged so i can barely move
and must look continually in their direction

they have refused all water
only demanding my eyes to steady them

Charles . Hayes

MR. ELECTRIC FAN

Mister Fan
you poor bird
feathered
in gray paint
and spinning lead

you are always taking off
but never rise to flight

You sit chained
to the eye square of this house
trying to depart
from this dead man's wooden gaze

You are a slave Mister Fan!
always trying to escape my body
digesting the cups of fire
fed in by the flood of the sun

You are trying to flee
But you'll never flee
by flying in circles

You want to find the factory
to become disassembled
to be smelted back into earth
robbed of your self never again
by the barking jaw
guided by the tar-paper sight
of the architect
who hums the song
of the flesh and the torn tin

Never stolen again
 by the Medieval Knight
 reincarnated
 into shifts and rubber treads,
 attacking the cities of silver webs
 sewn through space
 by a sculptor of a spider
 living in the green throat
 of a small garden

Never again Mister Fan
 do you want to wear the toe
 of the obese crane operator
 upon the earth of your tongue

Never again do you want to hear
 the laughter of the crane operator
 as he tells his fellows
 the astronomy of orgasms
 filmed in his sleep
 produced in his sleep
 directed in his sleep
 starred in by him in his sleep
 written by him while floating
 downstream in a bottle of beer

James MacQueen

I AM SILENT

the stone black skin of noon
parlor in the tree stump

a water aged like lightning
a canyon
shaded poles the ceiling

two tombs and an acorn
seeds for the patient stream
a tomb without a gate
a tomb in repose
a prism cast in the motion of a wing

poles cutting the flesh of minutes
a terrace of liquid or a wooden box
or a newspaper
words from water
letters from gray forms
more welcome
when i am silent

VALLEJO

The moon jumps down from the trees
and bites a child's shoulder
runs off like a dog into the bushes

The child
with a blue star
in his ear like an orchid
speaks to stones
of his mother sleeping in the pines' mosses

His hands are wild animals
crawling in the forest
his voice is wool stuffed in guitars
his walk is an old stick leaning
beside a knife
his arms are driftwood tangled in the sky's hair
his eyes are worn salt blocks
in a field

Vallejo, flies off on a gull's foot
and dives into the brown foam bouncing
along seaweed rocks

Paul Roth

TO A DEAD WREN

Somewhere under shadows
gathered by those
who prepare to mend together
the separation
of the fur from the feather,
a dark glow,
ever-changing the gravel colors
around what was lifted
from the indentation of a stone's absence,
is fastening a green mold
to the under-side
of a violet ringed green fungus
whose green
resembles the jelly egg green
of salamanders
hung on the pond's conversation
with a soft log.

the young tree
stretching
like a morning glory
making a hushed sound
borrowed from the
earth, replacing
some of the sap
in spring's birth

Sonya Dorman

FINAL DISPOSITIONS

WATER

Water came calling, a broken face
in the teacup. I erased her with a spoon.

A narrow river poured up my arm,
stayed like a heartworm.

The doctor gave me arsenic but nothing
killed the need to float.

Then I loved an ocean
but she threw me away.

Kicking off from the sea wall,
I'll settle for blood salts.

DANCERS

I love to watch dancers rehearse what they love
in sweat which fits them like costume pearls.

Chained circles repeated, repeated
with their partners the mirrors.

By pieces they put parts of a part
into a harness of music, by step and stop.

They shine together lively
as a school of mackerel.

When I die the dancers will continue to cut
their notches in the air I no longer need.

EARTH

To the mountains whose peaks
are faceless, I'll leave seismic faults.

Embankments will stand behind me
as good as strong schools.

The garden may turn over
exposing me among root crops.

When I've finished melting snowmen
their ghosts will people the tundra.

You may all share my boots
but I've walked my own mile.

LOVE

Here's the garden of delights,
there's the door where you vanished.

The laurels under your arm contained
fossils and bones from a glacier.

I vanished in the other direction
with a heart in my head.

Inside were plasma clouds,
the bulging eye of a blue star.

Sunward, rising, it was possible
to extinguish ourselves in each other's eyes.

ANGELS

Will angels bang out their tunes
on the scale of twelve ribs?

I was innocent as a statue
in the Public Gardens at noon.

Mother pulled off my wings
leaving me to the scabs.

A boat took my eyes to see
the wings fly by themselves.

When Michael throws my heart downstairs
Azrael will catch my head on a pin.

CAUGHT

The films
Reckon
Onward
As we relieve
Dry dust
To our homes

The actors
Retire
Upwards past the laughter
Hugging to their jackets
Silver coils
Promises

The director
Sharp
Controls the deathly moment
Ticking in a watch
Of blue aware
Where my mother
Died
For you

And all this
Too
The egging of my heart
The tapping elm
One clear call
In late afternoon
Autumn
That shines from off the bark
And crawls
Itself
To fine
Ohio
Dust

Douglas Campbell

THE BIRTH

Glassy eyeballs of the sun
wheat yellow blood drippings
hang outstretched from snakes' tongues
bait to tease bilingual spiders
weaving heavy blacklined webs
imitating carbon copies of trees
hung from highway billboards
dragonflies divide the lake
with a shoestring
unlaced from a bittern's nest
among the caterpillar hills
rippling between the sun's knuckles
the moon unfolds from within
a crumpled gum wrapper.

VIENTO ARTICO EN UN DIA DE SOL

El viento enrieda sus dedos liquidos
en los cables electricos
y los hace cantar.

Este viento artico
ha llegado mas fuerte que nunca.
Envuelve al cementerio
en sus largas blancas y finas bocas
y hace vibrar los miembros desnudos
de los almendros
como candelabros encendidos en un negro llamear.

El verde de los pinos se cuaja en parte
en la voz del viento.

Las caravanas de hojas
se escurren
bajo el cerco de alambre del cementerio
y pasan como lamiendo el asfalto.

ARTIC WIND IN A SUNNY DAY

The wind weaves his liquid fingers
through the electric cables
and makes them sing.

This artic wind
has arrived stronger than ever.
With long white and delicate mouths
it envelopes the cemetery
and vibrates the naked limbs of the chestnuts
like candelabra lit with black flames.

Parts of the pine green crystallize
in the voice of the wind.

Caravans of leaves
stream
under the cemetery's wire fence
and go by lapping the pavement.

(Translation by Joseph Rodeiro)

Nico Suarez

VIDA DE CAMPO

para mi padre y mi madre

En la pampa
el sol es un macollo
de virutas incendiadas.

Las aguas en pequenos arroyos
laman los labios de barrancos
con el sonido
de mil lenguas de bueyes.

Los polvorientos caminos
parecen llevar ensillados de sol.

En la claridad del mediodia
el pasto cerca al curichi
flota en nubes de verdes mariposas
de vapor.

El ganado criollo
observa al viajero con curiosidad inquisitiva.

II

Atardecer

Los caballos en los atardeceres
se borronean en relinchos de sombras.
Las sombras tratan de subir
a los ojos
pero aun no llegan.

Como bailarinas de ballet
las nubes oxidadas y ensangrentadas
dejan sus pasos borroneados
en el fuerte viento
de los labios crepusculares.

III

Noche

Las lejanas luces de las campanas
de Santa Ana del Yacuma
se tragan por un instante
el perfume de la flor de limon
el silbido quebrado de grillos, y el palpitar de los sapos.

Cabalgando aun, de lejos
la estancia es un ramo de luces.
Ciertos ojos de aves nocturnas
brillan como monedas de luna.

La luna se estremece
carcomida por el aullar de perros.
Va en canoas repletas de frutas o lina,
los campesinos la llevan durmiente en sus caras,
palida por los senderos del agua.

En el silencio de la laguna de Copacabana
cae el rocío con su llanto de lana oscura
dejando ombligos de corta vida
en la superficie del agua.

Nico Suarez

COUNTRY LIFE

for my father and mother

In the pampa
the sun is a bunch
of flaming wood slivers.

The waters in small streams
lick the bank lips
with the sound
of a thousand ox tongues.

The dusty roads
seem sun saddled.

In the midday brightness
the grass near the marsh
floats in green butterfly wings
of steam.

The longhorns
stare with a questioning curiosity.

II

Dusk

The horses at dusk
faint in shadow neighs.
The shadows attempt climbing
to the eyes
but do not reach them.

The oxidized and blood stained clouds
are like ballerinas
that leave their blurred steps
in the strong wind
of the dusk lips.

III

Night

The faraway lights of the bells
of Santa Ana del Yacuma
swallow for an instant
the lemon flower's perfume,
the cracked whistling of crickets,
and the heart beating noise of frogs.

Riding still, from faraway
the farm is a bouquet of lights.
Some eyes of night birds
shine like moon coins.

The moon shivers
gnawed by the howling of dogs.
She travels in canoes filled with fruits or cut wood,
peasants carry her asleep on their faces,
pale through the waterways.

In the silence of the Copacabana lagoon
the dew trickles down with her dark fleece wail,
leaving short lived navels
on the water surface.

(Translation by Joseph Rodeiro)

Nico Suarez

LOS LABIOS DEL CIELO

Por entre medio de los miembros desnudos
de los robles
veo la luna con la mitad carcomida
por el azul

Los pinos se mecen suavemente
y los pajaritos con sus cantos
parecen atraer la noche
que empieza a penetrar mi pecho

Contra las montañas
ángeles de polvo
juegan en la última exhalación del sol

Los labios del cielo
se están cerrando
en nuestros ojos

THE LIPS OF THE SKY

Through the naked oak limbs
I see the moon half eaten away
by the blue

The pines softly sway
and the tiny birds' songs
seem to attract
the night that begins to enter my chest

Against the mountains
angels of dust
are playing in the last breath of sun

The lips of the sky
are closing
in our eyes

(Translation by Joseph Rodeiro)