

Volume 3

Number 2b

UT *Review*

A
CONTINUING
ANTHOLOGY
OF
POETRY



PUBLISHED BY
UNIVERSITY OF TAMPA

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 2b

UT Review:

a continuing anthology of poetry



A SPECIAL ISSUE: THE POEMS OF DUANE LOCKE

Edited by

Alan Britt, Steve Barfield, and Paul Roth

assisted by

Stephen Meats

Copyright 1974 by Duane Locke



Subscriptions: \$2.50 for 4

Address: Duane Locke, UT Review

University of Tampa

Tampa, Florida 33606

Single copy 75¢

Selections of Duane Locke's poems
can be found in these recent anthologies:

Mantras: Anthology of Immanentist Poetry,
edited by Alan Britt. \$3 from Floating Hair Press
4408 Carlyle Road, Tampa, Florida 33615

The Immanentist Anthology: Art of the Superconscious,
\$2.50 from The Smith, 5 Beekman St., New York, N.Y. 10038

I am Talking About Revolution,
\$2 from Harper Square Press, 401 West Ontario Street,
Chicago, Illinois 60610

*The Living Underground: An Anthology of Contemporary
American Poetry,*
\$15 from Whitston Publishing Company, P.O. Box 322
Troy, New York 12181

Also in the booklet, *IMMANENTIST SUTRAS*, poems by
Duane Locke. Inquire, Ann Arbor Review Press, Washtenaw
Community College, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

THE WORD

Word, when I find you,
under the leaf, under the stone,
under the barnacle covered driftwood,
I gaze at your birth.
The sun and moon carved from card tables
hide in the caves on the steep side of the wind.
There is the cry, the smile,
and the circling of the sea gull.
Yours is a strange birth,
for you were not born young, but old,
and you must become invisible before sight can begin.
Your first task is to remove your clothes,
for you were born fully clothed.
As you unbutton the definitions that cover you
and start to breathe,
I hear forgotten things;
the sun that shines inside the skin
of the clam shell stuck upright in the mud,
the chips of cypress bark that float on a dark pond.
As I listen, my listening causes you to grow smaller.
Starfish replace the acetylene torches in the sky,
and soon I do not know the sky or you.
You have gone beyond the limitations
of roads, bridges, and iron oranges,
and have become enclosed
in the infinity of the sand dune.
Now I feel your fingers on the top of my hand
as I utter you.

LIFE IMITATES ART

Life imitates art. I think
of Jules Supervielle still damp
from the Uruguay sea
at Oloran Sainte Marie,
and Valery, dry and remote,
at his cemetery by the sea.
I drive down the rain of the moon,
past long stretches of barbed night.
A kingbird who chased all other birds away
has gone to sleep in a cloud.
The black angus huddle together
and lick the salt from fallen stars.
The white plank church slowly sinks
into the crickets' sound.
I walk towards a stone where algae
has changed a grey name to green.
An empty jar wrapped in tinfoil
looks up at a sky of wilted marigolds.
I keep hearing a toy telephone ring,
the one you bought me long ago on a train.
I have answered it many times,
but no voice came out the other end.
Now I understand the meaning of the bent thimble
that I never removed from the warped drawer.
I was trying to keep your thumb alive.

WE ARE ON ANOTHER SHORE

It has been proven that goats
at the time of crowded hallways
graze on frozen starlight, but it is not stated by
the bronze tinted eyelashes that are pasted on pages.
When we have hoofs and elicit the horror
of coathangers and chalk dust,
and drink the light that flows
from the wounded side of the orange
and float inside the mud sealed hollow logs
in a sky of bears that sprouts between oak roots,
we shift from the shape of the loon to the shape of the otter,
and dive into the coral we have spoken.
The owners of binderies and collators
set their alarms and touch
the dead roosters in their vest pockets,
and tack the skin of the tiger
on the side of closed gas stations.
We are on another shore
where sea turtles bury their eggs in our vocabularies.

A BELATED INSIGHT: A LAMENT
FOR A USELESS EDUCATION
THAT STRESSED CONCEPTUAL THOUGHT
AND PRACTICAL NECESSITY

*"If you can only rid
yourselves of conceptual
thought, you will have
accomplished everything."—*
Huang Po

*"Language now occupies
the place once occupied
by the gods or some other
external entity or
outward thing."—*
Octavio Paz

The fields gather in the hidden places
where the bones inside our bodies meet,
as if the bodies' other parts
were their enemies.
Fires and cutting machines are
the expectations of their daily existence.
How can we tell them
they can live without harm
inside our blood
and never be destroyed by our nerves.
How can we
talk
to the wheat, the straw, the goldenrod
that breathe inside our bodies.

We were taught a useless language,
practical, theoretical,
and were never taught
to speak their language.
We cannot talk to these inner fields;
We are helpless before their fear,
as helpless as before
the ignorance of the professor,
who has not the least comprehension
of the modern poem, or any poem,
or the lizard, the iguana, or the salamander.
Our past was put on his lathe
and he held his illusions in his steady hand
and reshaped our bodies
to resemble his stillborn foetus.
He pressed dead goldfinches
in his grammar book
and sought the flower in the sky
by standing in front of mirrors.
We can speak his language
because he taught us his language,
and we find ourselves
shut off
from the wheat fields
that grow out of our bones.
If he had only been intelligent enough
to understand the misdirections of Western man,
he might have saved us from his language,
and then tonight
our conversation
would have been
with the unborn wheat.

Wu-Wei

"Few understand me,"

Lao-tzu.

*"At such moments, the store
of knowledge
so painfully gathered
at school and university
strikes me as a largely
worthless clutter of
facts and shallow views
that lead to the fritting
away of one's life
on vain pursuits."*

John Blofeld

Today
by this crystal water,
in this clean place,
transparent
to reveal
the thousand blazing eyes
of the purple underwater plant,
transparent
to reveal
the holy motion
of the fins
on the blue spotted fish,
today
by the source
of the dying river,
I shall live
as the light
around the edge
of the avocado leaf,

I will change
as the light changes,
but I know
as I alter
from darkness to light
and light to darkness
the demons
with the plaster masks
of a faked Apollo
over their
illusory faces,
the demons who wear
white laboratory robes
and carry in their hands
paralyzed in the shapes of gloves
the frog's backbone,
atomic numbers, and dust
stolen from the moon,
these demons
will come
and try to gouge
out my eyes
and replace my eyes
with a slide rule
and two piles
of blue sawdust,

but today
as I am the light
around the edge
of the avocado leaf
I live a life
these demons
can never understand
and will be baffled
on how to begin
their disfigurement,
they will not know
where to stick their needles
and therefore
their ignorance
renders this one day
safe from their destruction,
and I can live safely
as the light
around the edge
of the avocado leaf,
and I can listen
to the primordial
wren's song
from the ancient cedar
in the center
of the sun.

*"Experience of a radically
desacralized nature is a
recent discovery; moreover,
it is an experience accessible
only to a minority in modern society,
especially to scientists. For others,
nature still exhibits a charm,
a mystery, a majesty in which
it is possible to decipher traces
of ancient religious value,"*

Mircea Eliade

All afternoon
I had been asleep
by hoofprints
filled with spotted water.
My head rested on
matted pine needles,

and when I awoke
I saw a backlit leaf
spin down
from a gum tree,
and three yellow
mushrooms,
each rimmed
with a soft light.
I turned over
to find a patch
of pitcher plants
with a single
thick white
starshaped flower.
This afternoon,
I will break a habit
and not meditate
on Lobsang Dorje Chang.

THE LONG STRAIGHT SHADOWS BARK AT BUTTERFLIES

I, separated from the words inside the telephone wires,
watch the long straight shadows barks at butterflies.
You, a stiff brown leaf, a second of sunlight on a dried stem,
suddenly depart, and stand under gum trees, a clay water creek
with frog's eyes, a web of starlight woven between the
burning blouse of the hairdresser and the wet
electricity of the rainbow colored squid.

WE HAVE CEASED LOOKING FOR SIGNS

We have ceased looking for signs
in this landscape of battered doves
Each feather a menace to the egg
Each crack a fixture on the wall
What crawls on the grass
was drowned before flight

I am watched by cabbages and closed eyes
My hand is stamped by the cactus blossom
waiting in the root
The yucca has my hand in its height
The turned away backs uplift
the fallen leaf to the vine

I am not seen when looked at
The ocean in the stone
sends its waves over my face
I taste salt on my lips
The hair of the snow has frozen my hand
I have forgotten what it says on my doorplate

I lean against the rain
I must comprehend the thoughts of scattered bones
Fur grows on the fins
I leave the marble patio
and its pictures of smoky urns

AFTER A DREAM ABOUT THE YELLOW EMPEROR
AND HIS THREE IMMORTAL LADIES

Through the rocks
shaped like snorting horses
the trail walked.
Ahead a dazzling green expanse of light.
I could not tell
where the thick bamboo ended
and the green temple began.
Crossed the wooden jetty
and heard
the minnows' voices.
Each voice was the voice
that spoke the words
I always believed I had spoken
but actually never had spoken,
but now one
with the minnows
I was speaking these words
and my fins
serenely moved through the wind.

AN ECLIPSE OF CUT HAIR

You, the roots of rain
that burrow through the beginnings of coal
until during an eclipse of cut hair
you are born in a bay bush as a wren
now fly as a word across the buried frost.

Word close to me, pressed
against the mosses, the lichen, and the cypresses
that are my body,
I see your foottracks
suddenly appear in a lengthening row over the sun
and drop off to darken the black sky of the moon.

I speak the space you left
on the golden pond
where the salamander slid
under the crossed dead leaves.

At night I study nails.

PARAVRITTI

*"Paravritti: turning back up the energies
of the subtle body which are
normally wasted in daily
perception and action,"*

from *THE ART OF TANTRA* by
Philip Rawson

A crowd: Where did you go this summer?

A person: The summer pulled water from a star.

A crowd: You went to that place the summer before.

A person: The twist of the air was the entry
into the river under the star.

A crowd: Don't you get tired of always going
to the same place?

A person: The hay as it grows older
becomes grass and sends
its roots through the moon.

A crowd: I never liked that place.

A person: The eyelashes on the grape
turned to rain when the fish
flew through the tree.

A crowd: How much did your vacation cost?

A person: When I put my finger
through the sky
I touched a furry sand grain.

A crowd: Did you borrow the money?

A person: A buffalo was perched on
the hair of a comet
and he held a diamond.

A crowd: Now you will have to spend
the rest of the year
paying it back.

BEETLE

*In memory of Pablo Neruda
and his un escarabajo*

Beetle, I watch you
crawl
from the black earth,
from the open spot
between dying leaves,
the spot
scratched by a claw,
this place
where the armadillo
buried my name.

I have often heard
this space,
this disturbed earth,
this piece of damp dirt
tap at night
on my window sill.

Beetle, open my door
and let my name
without leaving
the earth
enter the room.

Beetle, bring me
the black rainbow
and the river
on your hard wings.

Let the thorns
on your legs
circle the brow
of my breath
and awaken
the feathers
and fur
inside my chest.

Beetle, take the sky
out of my backpocket
and put it on my hand.

WHEN I DECIDED TO BE BORN

When I decided to be born
I asked the moon
to let me be born
on a dark night
when the corn's eyes
were open.

I asked the hard clay earth
under the long porch
to have me born
in an unpainted room
with a broken window
that could not be closed
and would let my cries
go outside
and touch the walnuts.

I asked an old star
about to fall
before it fell
to put an owl
in the walnut tree
and let the owl scream
to his mate
until his scream
crossed out the moon.

Then I asked the wheat
to tell the wild fox
who hid in the wheat
never to be afraid of me,
to come out in the open
raise up his head
and let his howl
give me hope
by changing the voice
of the wind.

THE GEORGIA LANDSCAPE GAVE ME LIFE

The pines, the sycamores, the chinaberries,
the gums, and the oaks
were still there when I was born.
Ant the moon and the sun and the stars
solidified in the bright wood beneath the bark
came out of the bark and formed my bones.
The pigs, the cows, and the one white horse
sent vibrations through the air to give me flesh.
Scents from fallen pine branches walked from the woods
through the glistening wheat fields
to touch a formless mass into the shape of my nose,
sounds from peacocks and guinea hens created my ears,
taste was given me by the wild grape, the wild blackberry,
and the shaggy pomegranate tree near the rusty dinner bell.
My fingers came into being when my preexistence
walked between rows and touched
the rough husks, the moist white and purple flowers,
the intense softness of the cotton.
Finally on December the twenty ninth an indigo bunting
came out of the honeysuckle tangled over a ditch
and said, "Let him be born."

In my present room surrounded by wires
and meaningless voices traveling through the wires,
the clay that after a rain sticks between the bare toes
rocks in an old chair
a long black shawl covers its grey hair
and it knits
fireflies on the dark.

THE DISCOVERY OF ASIA: YANG—YIN OR YAB—YUM

*"But for the primitive, such an act
is never simply physiological; it is,
or can become, a sacrament, that is,
a communion with the sacred,"*

Mircea Eliade.

They try to decide on what ceremony, what manual.

Perhaps a tantric ritual. Open the ice box,

turn up the air conditioner, shake

ice cubes on the rug, and they can

pretend they are in the Himalayas.

What ever happened to those red

chickens, the old stone wall,

and the sadness of the rural scene.

It was only last summer, they chilled

the wine, and invited a goldfinch

to dinner. Perhaps what is wrong

they both learned how to read. If one

had been illiterate, he could have been

exploited by the other, and they would

have had a happy symbiosis.

They decide to turn back on the lights

and read a book about Paul and Virginia.

THE GRAND PROSTRATION

All the gurus we hired
have lost their fingernails.
Their pranayama had not the
proper credentials
to contain the calcium.
In that basement rented
by the bearded schoolteacher
and converted by a charcoal Buddha,
we swore to each other
that we had found enlightenment
and now were on a rooftop
above all good and evil,
but still we got arrested
when we parked overtime
and our tantra could not
convince the jury.
Tonight as my legs ache
in this position
of the highest meditation
my mind's one point
begins to scatter
and brings back
my two divorces, unknown children,
and all my regrets.
Suppose I had
sent roses wrapped in wax paper,
or had gone ahead
and paid the back rent.

ANGELS

The other day I met an old man
who had spent his entire life
rocking in a chair.

He whittled angels out of broomsticks
until he had so many angels
he had to move to a larger house.

The old man said to me,
"If one has lived a fulfilled life,
he does not mind dying."

I did not reply, but watched
this old man move his knife through wood.

I noticed how he enjoyed
the odor of the wood's blood,
and even his rocking chair
felt delight as it crushed the woodchips.

MAYPOP

At this wheat field's edge,
rain eroded, a bare red,
a dead blackberry, a wilted passion flower vine,
I see the disembodied touch of an old hand,
a hand that lifted the passion flowers,
but now this hand is named under bronze.
Yesterday while it rained I discussed immortality
in front of a lunch room;
the discussion was friendly,
it was with my worst enemy,
a man who stole hours from eight years of my life,
the man, whom you never saw, the man who caused
your hand to become arthritic.
As I stare at this gully
and at the dead vine's twisted fingers,
I hear you and your dog's footsteps
by this "maypop," the name
the starved children in your one room school
who had no other food in their lunch box
gave to this plant with the center cross.

A SEPARATE REALITY

The large black iron pot
and its price tag
from the antique shop
is now the piece de resistance
in your dying room,
once was other than a medicine
and a decoration,
more than a unique last joke.
Reddened hands
poured in potash
and chased away
the chickens pecking
around the red worms
that crawled through the coals.
I cannot explain
to your reflection
left on the glass
of your illusion collection
the washed flour sacks
I wore as baby dresses
when my cries were picked up
by blackbirds
and carried to the uncut pines.

PLOWSHARE

The plow rusts
under planks
crisscrossed by chance
and crumbling
according to fate.
The handle
has already joined
in death
the hands it held.
The emptiness
where the fingernails
broke the wood
was the last
to go,
for its heart
was strong
and it screamed
for days
under the bed straps.
The steel and its rust
cannot remember
what was once
in the open space.

ALLEYS

I walk down alleys,
for there is a solitude in alleys,
not found on sidewalks.
There is a sacredness about alleys.
Often I find a companionship in chairs
that have been thrown away.
I converse with their cracked leather
and the wood where the paint is scraped off.
The chairs now not quite as sad
as when they were in houses.
We often talk about the old times
when their wood fused into the forest,
and when their roots
pumped the stars' voices
through their bodies.

A BLUE BIRD WHO FLEW
OUT OF A FENCE POST HOLE
AND PAUSED ON A PINE

not the origin, its unbornness,
but the birth, its embodiment,
the rare moment of the feather,
the birth cries of the sky and the grasses,
the blaze of the blue wing,
the close contact with the new sun,
the word being born from the flash,
your body being born from the word,
your body the unique word with no definition,
the post, the flight, the pause, the pine, the sun,
words without meanings and graves,
words living in the coral
of the flying and pausing word.

THE MICROSCOPES THAT ANCHOR SAILBOATS NEAR CASINOS

I hear the iceberg in the trunk compartment
of an abandoned automobile call to stumps
scattered over the microscopes
that anchor sailboats near casinos.

You were not present in the knife markd
caught in the nets made from melted banks,
or in the twisted arm of the condemned tissue paper
enticed from the lunch stand that stayed open all night.
The pictures said to be you,
the pictures passed under caps behind the cheers of the pump
house
and passed over the crushed cups and lost bottles beneath
bleachers were pictures of that not you:
the beheaded bell and the pawned rope,
the outturned pockets and six yellow scraps of washed paper,
the wax fern and the dice inside the bottle.

You, the broken seaweed stacked by a winter wind
on the other shore, watched and illuminated
the gunpowder that spun around inside the bicycle tire.
Your unborn hair in the thistle
I spoke to the bee and to the goldfinch.

*"This inner way leads into the mystery
of Amoghasiddhi, in which the inner
and the outer world, the visible and
the invisible, are united, and in which
the spiritual takes bodily shape, and the
body becomes an exponent of the spirit,"*

Lama Anagarika Govinda

a red leaf
inside a breathing tear

a heron perched
on an absent star

the horizon burrows
under fallen oranges

a plum blossom
walks in a green eye

tiger stripes
creep through a hollow log

the mushroom lights
the pathway for ashes

the emptied mind
swims with the lantern fish
of the deepest ocean
inside your bones
and goes in an out
of the sky's reefs

DAKINI

When the dakini brings her dark body
out of my body into this dark space,
no bodies, no space;
measured time is a myth for pyramid builders.
This is the moment
when the boards of houses
take off their paint
and change back into trees,
when the steel of the saw
throws away its identification card
and reenters the earth,
when all the chemists
change back into alchemists
and bless the sacred metal,
when all men renounce steaks
and enter the cave of meditation
to live on a few bowls of rice for centuries.

Now at night
when the star
leaves the sky
to float upon
the rainwater
in the blue bowl
made of wind
and the waters
from underground rivers,
I pick up
its hair
and spread
the light
across my hand.

My skin
becomes transparent
and I watch
an old wheel
half buried
in clay
among stubble
rust away
to become
the iron
in the blood
of the new born
flickers
in a nest
behind a chimney
that stands
without a house.

Now that
the past
that walks
in my blood
supports
the sky
and gives
the stars
feathers
and lets
the moon
cackle
as it pecks
the corn
of strange light
grown on
distant comets,

I no
longer need
to be
consoled
by the
illusions
exchanged
in conversations.
I stand still
and remain silent
as the mirrors
people place
on others' faces
fall and leave
a community of skulls.
All life
begins
in this cemetery.