

VOLUME 2

NUMBER 1

# UT *Review*

A  
CONTINUING  
ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
POETRY



PUBLISHED BY  
UNIVERSITY OF TAMPA

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# UT Review:

*a continuing anthology of poetry*



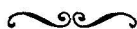
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**Duane Locke**

assisted by

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Subscriptions: \$2.50 for 4

Address: Duane Locke, UT Review

University of Tampa

Tampa, Florida 33606

Single copy 75¢

*Announcements:*

Ray Newton Memorial Award announced next issue.

\* \* \* \*

The publication of two books of poems by UT poets:

THE IMMANENTIST ANTHOLOGY: ART OF THE SUPERCONSCIOUS.  
19 poets in the movement started by Duane Locke.

Order from: THE SMITH, 5 BEEKMAN ST.,  
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10038 — price \$2.50.

THREE: POEMS BY DUANE LOCKE, ALAN BRITT AND WILLIAM LUSTIG.  
An extensive collection of Immanentist poems.

Order from: MAGUIRE STONE PRESS,  
HARRY GOLDBERG,  
CIRCULATION ASSOCIATES,  
521 WEST 57th STREET  
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10019 — price \$3.00.

\* \* \* \*

POET LORE, winter 1972, has a selection of immanentist poets.  
\$2 from Westport, Connecticut, Office: Box 688, 06880.

\* \* \* \*

POSSIBLE FUTURE ISSUES OF UT REVIEW: Children's Poetry,  
translation of DaDa and Surreal Poems, Trans-Symbolism, All  
Duane Locke.

4-25-79

Mrs. Frances Allen

PASA EL RIO

Pasa el rio  
Viejo y sordo  
Sus brazos metalicos me llaman

En sus manos  
Mi voz se apaga  
Sus ojos llevan  
La espuma transparente  
Del sol

Pasa el rio  
Viejo y sordo  
Y, pasa solo . .

THE RIVER PASSES

The river passes  
Deaf old man  
His iron arms  
call me

Into his hands  
My voice fades  
His eyes carry  
The transparent foam  
of the sun

The river passes  
Deaf old man  
And alone he passes . .

**Mireya Koopman**

Silver eyes with black mane  
Open womb  
Where nature sleeps

Bring me back the song  
of faraway shells

I have drunk  
Titicaca  
Where Inca sleeps  
Silver fencing Illimani  
Bone pierced pampa

Only the fragrance  
of a dry cantuta  
lingers . .

Let me now  
Anchor  
In the islands of your eyes

## George Rizzuto

A boneless hand  
reaches to pull  
the nightshade  
over a dead star

The sparrow  
hands marbles  
to tombstones

Frogs pass roses  
and lie on their backs

A butterfly flings stars  
among the grief

## THE GULF OF MEXICO AT NIGHT

Here the body assembles, comes  
together, as quarried stones  
stack themselves together  
into a permanent house. Here  
the body unites, unites  
after its scattering, after  
its dismemberment by  
news reports, political speeches,  
new addresses, entertainment,  
improved buildings, questionnaires,  
salesmen, car inspections, grocery lists.  
Part merged with part, face  
with neck, eye into face, merged  
by the sand, the salt, the gull,  
by the cocina's silent voice. Now  
on the tidal pool's edge, the scallop shell  
opens and squirts water, the olive shell  
digs a tunnel back to the gulf,  
hermit crabs fight for brighter homes.  
The untouched: the moon, the stars, the black sky  
grow feelers like a lobster, brush  
against the newly attached ankle.  
The renovated ankle endowed  
with a new hearing, listens to,  
records in its flesh, blood, bone,  
the prehuman sounds of underground rivers  
and the layers of earth around their bodies,  
and on its cells are copied  
the bison's gallop, the wolf's cries,  
the blind salamander stirring dark water,  
the cougar's footpads touching stone.  
Over the flesh of the seaweed covered  
and mangrove seed rubbed toes  
float a lost wig and a torn sleeve.



## Alan Britt

### A DRUNKEN MAN

A drunken man pokes a drink mixer  
down the top of a lobster tank,  
a lobster sinks slowly to the bottom.

A possum runs across the cool pavement  
of a deserted highway.

I hear a noise  
coming out of a green limp leaf  
on an avocado tree,  
a tiny snail crawls up  
a hotel's glass door.

A CYCLE OF SILENCES

Sometimes  
the fallen oak  
the bent knee  
the strapped arms of exhausted coffee.

The heron's moss covered voice  
comes out of oaks  
and erases the curved arm on the blue sofa.  
The vireo's call behind cattails  
lifts me out of a carpeted lobby  
and places me inside the muddy twigs  
of the alligator's wooden eye.

Alan Britt

I WAS AWAKENED

I was awakened by a cotton flower  
outside my window.

I heard the faint voice of the leopard moth's spots  
shining from under a wrinkled leaf.

I saw an old woman walking  
across the sky,  
her hands were mosses tacked  
on the back of the moon.

WE FOLLOW NIGHT

We follow night  
into grey long-stemmed saw grasses.  
Clam's purple shells dig a new language  
around the mud,  
a language unheard of by the secretary  
smearing typewriter ink across invoices.  
We hide among the reeds  
until the spoonbill  
climbs out of our collars  
and flies across the lake.  
A woman walks along the lake's edge  
her feet tangled in darkness  
a violin hidden  
under her dress.

## William Lustig

dry rain is blue thread  
snagged on the moon's voice

it freezes there and is  
distilled into silver basins

that the wind arranges  
across the mountain's pelvis

the sun's voice leaves  
a trace on the grass

inside the river a  
bird's voice wanders

on the mountainside a  
boy wears it for a necklace

## William Lustig

### BIRCHES

a stand of birches  
silver fauns with  
black-streaked brows

a leopard of sun  
stalks between the  
river and dark water

ON THE TRIMMED LAWN

on the trimmed lawn  
children's smiles bump  
the wood's breathing slows  
with a drowsing sun

the choir's steel voice  
clatters to the stones  
across the fields shiny  
spurs tear the melons

a single beam lights  
the porcelain dove's tarnished sorrow  
that is a churchyard where bent  
peasants are black on the snow

a thousand dark boats choke the harbor  
with the frenzy of arrows, ice,  
the insanity of black engines



**William Lustig**

**FOR JACQUES LIPSHITZ I THINK**

a sculptor carves with  
his chisel of tears

he hears the waning star's  
fallen music that  
*alters water's dimensions*

he carries his white bones  
to night's pyre  
perfectly arranged fragility  
on his naked arms

SYMPHONY OF MEMORY

I

fingers of ash  
tug at the corner of my eye  
where the pomegranate seed  
shivers in a thin breeze

the walls hold their breath  
and shadows stretch their wings

a box of ice  
shatters in the fireplace

sheets slap the window  
the white of frayed elbows  
and the blue of washed-out skies

chalk  
dried mud  
burnt pine-needles

II

rain's body  
squeezes through  
my closed shutters

breasts of moon  
and belly of snow

whispering feet brush the floor

a rib of moonlight  
sits in my lap  
as the floor's grain  
prints itself on my back

smoke tangled on a piano's horns  
flute teeth genuflecting on a bare arm

a slice of white canteloupe  
drifts across night's harbour

### III

a foaming horse rears  
haunted by the eyes of the tall grass

hooves beat on a bell of air

a spider's web of thorns  
a pencil's scratching laughter

the stormcloud  
thrusts a bloody arm  
through my window

my granite head  
falls  
into the basket of my hands

the canals of the cheek fill with salt  
the sulphur moon ignites the snail's path  
the dry moss of the cheek flakes away

needles of frost  
sew my eyes shut

### IV

waves throb  
against my temple

a woman sleeps  
on a tongue of sand  
flat stones of water  
press on her eyelids

swallows tremble  
in the ridge of her brow

the mushroom bellies  
of two fish  
sink into air

her feverish eyes  
wearing their lashes of rain

the tide seeps down my throat  
night drops  
on the bottom of a well

## V

milk of flesh  
a bather  
emerging from the mouth's river  
cloud of petals  
filling a snake's lungs

life evaporates  
through the flute's dew

## VI

light moistens  
the basin's lip

a window-ledge leans  
on its elbows of air

an aspen peers in its mirror of shade

a cloud scrapes a glass pond

my voice caught in a thicket  
the veiled oars of midnight

I will dress in a lizard's suit  
and a robe of spun wind

a gull will sprout wings  
from where it had been resting  
as my eyebrow

**Paul Roth**

**LAST DAY (Elegy For Wen I-to)**

**Petal  
by  
petal,**

**climbing  
high  
into the breath  
of tiny  
yellow wildflowers,**

**you  
nibble  
the  
blinders  
of  
pack-mules  
into  
fragments  
of  
sky.**

RITUAL

Under  
lightblue lichen

covered  
twigs  
fallen

over mossy logs,  
the  
shadow  
moist twists of  
white  
roots

you  
enter unseen,  
make the shape of your body,  
water.

## Charles Hayes

### 'THE OPERA AT THE WINDOW SILL'

Four fiddles splinter off a stick standing in the corner.  
From the finger-boards are born from each fiddle one pair of  
hands.

I wait here being digested by time in the square intestines of a  
room.

I wait to hear the bows lift and begin their inhuman quartet.

The musicians calling themselves The Eight Palms  
take their place upon the stage of the window sill.  
The decayed dust of a bum in his hangover in the corner  
awakens startled. He returns to sleep to die once again.

The hands are suddenly raised.  
A string is stroked by the Leading Hand  
The second the third finally the fourth follows.

The sun peeks out from behind the clouded sky.  
He sticks his lips through the windows to drink of the music.

A book walks down from the shelf upon the pages of its legs.  
Spots of poetry emerge from the nests of paper and the audience  
of lightbulbs and shadows join bodies and begin to dance.

Suddenly thunder kicks against the sides of the house.  
The musicians grab their music and gather their fingers back  
into the violins and the violins gather back into the stick in the  
corner.

The poetry book calls the Frenchman's flowers and the Spaniard's  
wild bees  
back into its closing body and hops back into the shelf.

The sunshine  
O! the poor sunshine  
starts to choke  
as it is beaten by the thunder  
with a heavy club and a loud bark.

The dust that lies drunk with death  
dreams that it hears the words  
"dust onto flesh" and gets up  
walks across the room and out the door.

LOW TIDE

dark kelp bed: ocean's voice  
contented by the willet's shadow  
hiding legs of turnstones in your open mouth  
you move sand through light into words  
i saw you reach over yourself  
shutting the air under you  
just before your great hands collided with a wave  
showing me how you carry the sea



## John W. Benson

Silver winds no longer pierce your innocence  
Music, sleeping in your closed eye  
is no longer free

Your feather body  
carried on the silent odor of emptiness  
paints pale frost on dead finger tips

Cold quietness  
passes through your empty eyes  
seeking refuge in belonging

BLEAK LIGHT REVEALS THE STIFFENED FIELD

Bleak light reveals the stiffened field  
Where rabbits used to play  
In the realm of the white moon  
We quietly gather stalks of corn  
To warm the hovel  
A lone owl keeps watch over  
Black fruits of summer and  
Crossed marker of the summer grave

## Peter Finch

### BETWEEN THIS . . . AND . . .

on three very special occasions  
the tree, the leaf, the sky,  
you've got a, wood climbing  
different attitude, altitude  
sun vanes, cloud rake  
penetrate a forbidden  
    world  
where eyes float, ridden  
by light, searching for  
more  
about how we really are.

discovered with clean  
scream

    sssss    hoes  
whoes life style has  
become a blue,  
blue, blue, blue,  
blue, blue, blue,  
blue, blue, blue,  
blue, blue, blue,  
blue, blue, blue,  
blue,  
    blue,  
        blue,  
blue,

everyday  
the wide open space waiting

ACCIDENTAL DEATH AT THE HEAD OF A PEN

And we will be crushed  
Like this flea  
On the end of this pen  
Crushed so little so big  
Like this flea  
And we will be crushed  
By an empty pocket  
Sad eyes  
Begging forgiven  
And we will be  
Suddenly small  
In the eye of a pen  
Brought from stiller words  
That need no writing  
Suddenly  
Crushed at the end  
Of meaning

Fred Wolven

INTERLUDE

raindrops falling in a  
soft winter rain

\*

a summer snail  
small, quiet  
moving  
Buddha-like

\*

first the gleaming  
iced plumbtree branches  
then the  
sun-melted snow

THE BEAR

a long way five miles down the mountainside  
and night creeps faster behind me  
the air opens up so that any sound  
snaps upon me from miles around  
even a pebble moved by a foot  
bark tossed off by squirrels  
even these small things sound like him

his eye watches me i do not fear his eye  
i think he never moves but waits quietly  
it is the tiny mind in the great head  
i fear his thought what he may decide to do

the ache grows in my pounding legs  
my feet turn in the debris of old glaciers  
the silence grows and looms about me like shadows  
if he waits me in that last small forest  
i shall see my own fear in his small eyes  
i shall walk through him like water  
i shall blow him away like wind.

## Norman H. Russell

### GHOSTS

there is a white woman ghost  
in the black night forest  
singing her heart to pieces  
caught in the owl's own wind  
she blows past me she blows through me  
she blows around me like cold snow  
i turn cold with the sound of her song

there is a red man ghost  
in the yellow sun forest  
dancing his feet to pieces  
caught in the green tree's leaves  
he blows over me he blows under me  
he blows past me like a yellow storm  
i turn hot with the sound of his feet

there are children ghosts thick as thousands  
they are going away somewhere  
they call and they call come o come  
and the white woman ghost moans a song  
and the red man ghost dances a sun  
and i stand as still as the stone  
and i think my mind to pieces.

DEATH'S PREGNANCY

Graybellied sky.  
i in red fields  
pregnant cold

a distant loon, a taste of snow  
under white pine  
in wet, the gourmet mushrooms,  
chanterelle, in the strong rot of autumn  
Death's steady smell of changes  
pregnant



Harry Smith

FROST FIELD

Footsteps on the crunchy frost.  
A stop in moonlight. Pale field,  
the frozen dew, the crystal facets glitter.  
Listen                    the trampled haygrass clinks  
stiffly up again.

ANDRE BRETON: "All I love, all I think and feel, leads me to a particular philosophy of immanence, according to which surreality would be contained in reality itself, and would be neither superior nor exterior to it. And reciprocally, for the container would also be that which is contained."

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THE

From the backcover of the  
IMMANENTIST ANTHOLOGY:

IMMANENTIST

ANTHOLOGY

ART

OF

THE

SUPERCONSCIOUS

THE IMMANENTISTS--"Linguistic Realists" are one of the few real movements going. They create from shared concepts of artistic ordering, unlike other "schools" which are brandnames for would be celebrity--"The New York School," for instance, being mainly distinguished by motley common intercourse in Literary Affairs--where Success to puny talent is like the strong pull of a small dog.

This collection is the work of 19 young poets in the Immanentist movement started by Duane Locke, whose poems lead this presentation. The twin centers of Linguistic Realism have been the University of Tampa (Locke's UT Review) and the University of Michigan (Fred Wolven's Ann Arbor Review), and many of the poets are Locke's former students. Their esthetic proceeds from Blake who said "mental things alone are real." It is directed toward the superconscious and seeks that which Locke describes as "a confrontation of the unfamiliarity in the familiar." In his manifesto, included in this anthology, he refers to Gwendolyn Bays who said in The Orphic Vision that "the superconscious may be said to contain the future as an acorn contains an oak."

Despite heavy substructure in theory, this poetry is accessible and evocative, often revealing "the unseen in the seen." A movement concerned with the nature of mind and language, it leads to fresh relationships with nature. Through that "terrestrial illumination," the Immanentist discipline is "the cultivation of the soul."--  
THE SMITH.

THE IMMANENTIST ANTHOLOGY, ART OF THE SUPERCONSCIOUS---Order from  
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An extensive collection of  
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