

VOLUME 2

NUMBER 3

UT *Review*

A
CONTINUING
ANTHOLOGY
OF
POETRY



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UT Review:

a continuing anthology of poetry



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Announcements:

UT is still ardently seeking poems that can find the wonder rather than the trivia in the everyday and commonplace. Naturally these poems are developments from surrealism and similar poetries. We do not want what is usually substituted for genuine poetry: ninety-nine and nine-tenths of what is now being published and critically acclaimed.

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IMMANENTIST BOOKS:

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 — \$2.50

THREE: POEMS BY DUANE LOCKE, ALAN BRITT, and WILLIAM LUSTIG.

Order from: Maguire Stone Press
Harry Goldberg
Circulation Associates
521 West 57th Street
New York, N. Y. 10019 — \$3.00

un copo de nieve
alza su capucha de hueso
y golpea las raíces del aire
crujiendo sus dientes
desde los muslos perdidos
de gaviotas derretidas

este copo
arranca sus barbas
antes de caer al cemento mojado
y mira furtivo
antes de desaparecer en el día

bone notes bursting in
fractions

aluminum splash
inside the moon's grapes

with the axle
eroded
a snore of snow
shakes itself
and falls in the mind
like a long and lazy
woman

Tr. by Joseph Rodeiro

Nico Suarez

RECUERDOS

Del fuerte mordizco a la manzana,
a quebrado un gusto a campanazos,
a ruinas, a cementerios abandonados,
al espanto de las enredaderas
en la lluvia.

La llovizna de cosas olvidadas
cae repentinamente, como un relampago
sin puerto, como un ojo que se apaga.

Es verdad, la mujer que amo
ha dejado su respiracion en una botella
detras de la luna y en este cuarto
donde la niebla enacta su farza,
maices de sus manos qiebran
la oscuridad. Fue culpa del tiempo:

veinticuatro dias de trincheras
bajo sabanas de harina y sangre
y en los cementerios de las noches.

Es verdad,
un dia volco su espinazo,
su sonrisa de pescado rodo
por escaleras partiendo
un rio de concreto, y una cadera
en la distancia entraba al sol
donde dos piernas caminaban
en mi pecho.

MEMORIES

From the hard bite on the apple,
has fallen a taste of a bell's toll,
of ruins, of abandoned cemeteries
of the fright of climbers
in the storm.

The drizzle of forgotten things
falls suddenly, like lightning
without a port, like an eye
that flares off.

It is a fact, my beloved
has left her breath in a clear bottle
behind the moon, and in this room where
the fog enacts his farce,
corn seeds of her hands break
the darkness. Time is to blame:

twenty-four days of trenches
under sheets of flour and blood
and in the night's cemeteries.

So it happened:
a day overturned its spine
its fish smile tumbling down
staircases, cracking
arriver of concrete, and hips
faraway entered the sun
where two legs walked
in my chest.

Tr. by Joseph Rodeiro

Nico Suarez

notas oseas cuajadas en
fracciones

sonido de aluminio
dentro de las uvas lunares

con el eje roído
un ronquido de nieve se
se sacude
y cae en la mente
como una mujer
larga y perezosa

a snow flake
lifts her bone bonnet
and beats the roots of air
creaking its teeth
from melted thighs
of sea-gulls

this flake
tears off its beards
before falling on the wet cement
and gives a furtive look
before passing beneath the day's step

Tr. by Joseph Rodeiro

I. LETTUCE LAKE II

The carpet flows
and I grow
a dorsal fin
becoming
a blind bass
submerged
in black waters
below
the cypress.

William J. Starr

II. BEYOND THE BELLTOWER

A childless mother
sways and hums;
creaking warped
walnut boards
echo
her heartbeat.

I snuggle
in the moon's breast
erupting
on your blue-clay bed
reaching for the cobweb
between the horns
of a charging bull.

From crowtracks
in the orchard
a raindrop rises
on thunder's jagged lip.

A weathered marble marker
embraces tall graveyard weeds
sought by white hair
over bent legs
merging into October's
decaying mind.

Beneath Thursday's
dried blue daisies,
a voice strays
from footsteps and elbows.

III. KHE SAHN

An old man
limps
along limestone.
Cremated snowflakes
quench granite.
Gray waters mumble
over white falls.
Bruised by yesterday's wind,
copper daisies weep.

Opiate trumpets
break a rusty breeze.
Green hail pelts
the heated hilltop.
Red Ants creep
through black grass.

My flaming hand
bursts
into the bones
of a deserted
storm.

Alan Britt

FOR DUANE LOCKE

The feet dance
on avocados
the body slides along the leaves

Cactus grows from an eye

Water drips from eucalyptus leaf
onto a rowboat's sunken canvas

This time the weather will not change
under the cracks of your hands;
the brown spots from palmetto leaves
peel off your cheek
as your feet fly by themselves
through the non-bulldozed unthought-of palmetto bushes
unbothered by ambulance sirens
that hide swollen bodies in your curtains at night
unbothered by the waving arms
above the hood of the stalled car
or the homosexual's orange eyes
that limp through the park

This time your body is made of wood
and twists moss covered
through the heron's dark voice

Your words fall from a lamp
and crawl through white flowers
buzzing underneath the clover's three headed leaves

Your thin legs wade through black water
and your dark crown ruffles the wind
with neck curved and flat
until a footstep frightens you
into the oak's branches

This time your hands pull loose boards
from the sky's roof
until the steel crane's rusted claw
dumps its chemicals
back into the sulphur mountain . . .

but, the white and red pigeon
hobbles with you along the sidewalk,
a sparrow sings inside moss,
the wind blows a tiny spider
on your arm

Charles Hayes

'SONATA IN KEY OF GREEN'

wild, wild
the sassafras
thrusts its scent
thru the pine forest sink

wild
are the november bugs
examining hair of moss

soft, soft
the moss
sits with green shoulders

giggling,
i charge up the hill,
attacked,
my senses
are falling
and losing control,
now a leaf
(one wing yellow flight)

defeated senses
marry a pine sap drop

now my throat
has fallen
from this neck
now my throat
lies across the forest,
twisted birch neck
with a collar of wind

the green fungus
on my throat
excites the light
with its green flesh;
green lights
green lights
now in the forest!

i lean at a fallen tree
and a quiet fungus
quiets me

birch after birch
clothed in green fungus,
towers of fungus
watching the leaves

land, land
everywhere,
land of moss
land of sweet sap,
land of moss
cloaks of rotted branch

land of moss
where red ants meet
where red ants speak
where silver sits on green ridges

land, land
dirt and land divine

Duane Locke

A FIREFLY

A firefly frightens us
as we watch the night
We recognize we have never seen
the darkness before
Centuries have been devoured
by conceptions and plans
Hope has separated our eyes
from our bodies
and placed them in pockets
and locked briefcases

Now we see the dark
for the first time
Now we have hands
for the first time
Our fingers dissolve
into darkness
and find themselves
inseparable from the dark earth
and the space above the earth

A LA RIVERA DEL RIO

Se abre el teatro
Moriscos de luna
Estiran sus ligeras manos
Pedazos de sol
Penetran en los abiertos hoyos

El balcon grita
Con aplauso de plumas

Monedas de plata humedas
Brillan por los pasillos azules
La tarde perezosa duerme
en mantel de jazmin

Locos moriscos de luna
Se vuelcan blancas en sus barrigas
Lenguas de pluma llenan el aire
Se cierra el teatro

* * * *

ON THE RIVER BANK

The theater opens,
Moon crabs stretch
Their nimble arms
A broken sun sifts
Through the open holes

The balcony screams
In feathery applause

Wet silver coins
Shine on the blue isles
The crazy moon crabs
Turn white on their bellies

Feather tongues fill the air,
The theater closes

Barry McDonald

ANIMAL TRACKS IN THE SNOW

when I stand before animal tracks
in the mild snow
the quizzical paw prints
having caressed the ice like rain on a pond

the flavor of their emptiness
returns my shadow to the forest of its birth
holding me in the grip of frost
and in the jaw of a moose

they are the inscrutable teeth of the moon

in the reticence of deer
the promise is honored in the brilliant soil
where a taciturn root
broods for the fruit of summer

and fevered trout listen for a signal

CONSTRUCTION BEGUN ON BULLDOZED WOODLAND

Wanted
to go away from those forever leaving
the thoughts
about breaking the promise
of money,

for
bringing centuries
of sadness
through my voice,

the forest's face
hanging
in the brush strokes
of a
francis bacon,

in agony is painted
with the language of a black-capped warbler
bleeding alone
in unrolled barbed wire.

Douglas Campbell

WITH MORNING

With morning
with ibex horns
spiders will dance from your eyes

I will come to the sea
and watch the tides
roll from your back

with evening
wrapped in yoga's silence
tree limbs
fold your shadows from me

SURROUND THE UNNAMEABLE

the young
on your fingertips
became distorted
shadows hypnotized on gulf sand

you produce your own situations
silence the creator
your words doctor of intricate forests
my way into tropical eyes

the lake imitated
rimbaud floats by oarless

in the mirror pieces of minute
wind blowing stranger than religion
the inhabitants of loudspeakers
hand back the bizarre

the sky is on the wall
lighting the stage with birds

in the politician's forest
anything comic forces the mouth
screwing on the head of a new drowning

Silvia Scheibli

INSPIRED BY GEORGE TRAKL'S "SOMMER."

Last cactus wren caw from the black canyon.
Nest of cigarette butts in the Indigo bush
whose blossoms of water
cascade in sleep of an over-heated traveller.

Silent mouth in the mesa
opened and streaked with lightening's
steel whip. On the desert floor
grass' quiet wings
retreat in stones.

Bats nibble on damp cave shields.
Twilight's child stares stiffly
on raven wings dipped in moonlight.
Black lava beds, earth's funeral veil,
creep to the edge of tame things.

Lost beneath the blinded pines
the dog moans to the moon
crying that I buried myself in a grave
where the stars will never find me

through the kitchen window
the sound of the marsh
crawls

the fireplace
smiled at her children
as they danced
in my hair

Fred Wolven

GOLDFINCHES

goldfinches

 male & female
in brilliant summer colors
flit nervously between
an immature dying birch
 & feeder
to share fresh seed
with blue-oil backed grackles

these finches

 float
in slow motion, stop-action sequence
as i move
 on rusty railroad ties
in short subject pictures
rear-screen projected behind eyelids

while a muted trumpet

 protruding from my ear
 rough-soft as the lizards
 crawling over each tree trunk
 in the tampa garden
sounds the silent call of a tongue-tied squirrel

THE LONG GRASS

the grass
is already growing
up between our chairs
on the veranda

it's difficult to rock

I take your hand
across the space

second floor columns thickly sprout
and white railings

it's already up to my knees
thin blades waist high
up to my chin

my eyes reach for your eyes
still sunbright
I'll save them in my mind

my head sinks below the grass line

it's already dark
as you're whispering 'yes'

Sonya Dorman

Notes from Bonne Bay, Newfoundland

TABLE MOUNTAIN SERPENTINE

the wind blows
among rock ranges
over desert red flats
in gusts and lulls
under its rough surface
old men speak
their voices tumble
and groan like boulders
torn loose

ice shines
on great bone peaks
in crevices
arctic fern drinks
and whistles
on wild trickles

down in the yellow gulch
I hear metal hairs
a power line lute
strung over old encampments
between stones I see
clumped blue bells
and the ferocious
glitter of soda cans

* * * *

WINTERHOUSE BROOK BEACH

the mountain's pitchers
spit nuggets of pyrite
and spout sweet water
over beach rocks

in storms when the harbor
flattens like a wet animal's back
salt water smacks up
on brook ledges

big stones
 with our history crushed in
 break apart
 are worked over
 their strange faces wear off
 or on a metamorphic shard
 new lips begin to smile

graphite's black soap
 opens up
 ghost of bruised leaf
 breathes out
 from the slippery pieces

when the air clears
 over the clean harbor
 you can see monsters
 on the rock bottom
 of the town's living

what's alive is noisy
 water
 bringing the mountain down

* * * *

TROUT RIVER

in the steep town of Trout River
 sheep graze above the church steeple
 it's so poor in the town
 a single power line lights
 their immense winters

a truck weathers overturned
 on the beach among
 its sea-going sisters
 the dry bread of their ribs
 speckled with truck rust

nails bent as old women
 nap among the pebbles
 while children with faces
 like peaked roofs
 shine tin blonde

back to the mountain
face to the gulf
Trout River is such a sharp place
the people wear shoes
even in summer
which is three days long

* * * *

TABLE MOUNTAIN MASSIF

ascending a steep face
I curse each stone I put
my cheek to and each stone
rolls under my feet

a transient crack
looks me in the eye
as another handhold crumbles
splattering my nerve
with arrowheads

just short of the peak
I quit
put my back to the mass
on the last ledge

woman I say to myself
there's more distance
than just to the top
look at it look away
far
the good bay lies
in its poplar pocket
beyond Gros Morne gone bald
among its spruce brothers
below the wind yawns

an awful mouth
to fall into

TOURISTS IN BIRCHY HEAD

the reason you see no lynx or caribou
is because grief has eaten them
their pelts swing from barbed wire
rusting on human brows

precipitation is madness weeping
it falls in muddy drops
the sky is clear as truth
filled with a green ache
over the Long Range

go north to cold water to bathe
your teeth will freeze in your smile
the chattering you hear will remind you
that once stones made the only noise

Jascha Kessler

FALLING

I lie strewn on these blind sands
that shift in the August breeze
and blow back on winter gales
etching my bones grain by grain
with faint words I speak now
as I slide from these seasons
a man falling from the sun

what sifts through my bleached skull
agate chips shells emptied claws
frayed bits of broken silence
floating up to the world's skin
as I sink in this long fall
through the staring darkness.
through time through these dry sands drowned

and dropping slowly drifting
past the frenzied spinning worlds
past stars that blossom and burst
raining shattered light as dust
that sweeps over the last shores
in dead foam of bitter pearl
blasting the void where I fall

straight through this stilled universe
crushing our stone to nothing
like a thin floor of hard space
and far how far below there
a lake of black waters wide
cold waters held deep held pure
in the open hands of death

towards which I am falling
my life burning out my bones
cell by stubborn cell crumbling
dissolving my selves at last
waste shadows traced through this night
lost between being and not
annihilated and gone

plunged at the end and falling
still falling towards that lake
those ancient heavy waters
no hands can touch no mouth drink
waters waiting under the sands
for all that falls from above
and falls thinking to the end

to enter the quiet pool
stripped of hope fear stripped away
and every fearful turning
of that rope of twisted words
that tied me to my own thoughts
naked of words now and thoughts
I slip blank beneath its waves

Eric Greinke

BLACK (For Duane Locke)

Vast black cats walk
the roofs of the dreaming houses.
Snowy ravens
with their wings spread wide & broken
are crucified
above the purple chapel door.
Negro doves sing
through the pale caucasian midnight.

I gave my love black roses
to wear in her bloodblack hair.

A REASON FOR AUTUMN

Evening is a roosting
of interchangeable birds.

Smoke from burning things
drifts through telephone wires
humming their distant songs,
& on toward standard stars
suspended from time.

The moon is a nurse
cutting the strained gauze
on referential wounds.

Orchards, all fruity,
perfume the felt chill.
Fox fire embers glow.

Over a redundant veldt,
the beating of gasoline drums
carries a codeless urgency.

Nightmares race across
a creamed landscape,
their harness curdled
in bugaboo barns.

In the desert lavatory,
dried hands reach out
to shake down other hands
dry as skeletal bones.

I drop a nickel
in the Medici Slot Machine.

Ronnie M. Lane

THE WIND GOES ON FOREVER

The night breeze
threads its way
through parched brown grass,
brushes past the roses
in my garden,
scratches its back
against an abandoned barn
 under a yellow moon
 the highway sweats
 a fog that clings
 in the lowlands
 like stubborn snow
 I am wearing only shorts
 sitting on the front steps
 watching the wind
 as it herds the clouds
 into the dawn