

# Poetry

NORTHWEST

SPRING 1970 • VOLUME XI • NUMBER 1 • ONE DOLLAR



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# POETRY NORTHWEST

SPRING 1970

*Paul Zimmer*

Three Poems

## THE DAY ZIMMER LOST RELIGION

The first Sunday I missed Mass on purpose  
I waited all day for Christ to climb down  
Like a wiry flyweight from the cross and  
Club me on my irreverent teeth, to wade into  
My blasphemous gut and drop me like a  
Red hot thurible, the devil roaring in  
Reserved seats until he got the hiccups.

It was a long cold way from the old days  
When cassocked and surpliced I mumbled Latin  
At the old priest and rang his obscure bell.  
A long way from the dirty wind that blew  
The soot like venial sins across the school yard  
Where God reigned as a threatening,  
One-eyed triangle high in the fleecy sky.

The first Sunday I missed Mass on purpose  
I waited all day for Christ to climb down  
Like the playground bully, the cuts and mice  
Upon his face a gleam, and pound me  
Till my irreligious tongue hung out.  
But of course He never came, knowing that  
I was grown up and ready for Him now.



## ZIMMER AS INCHWORM

I am all pathetic rhythm  
And fuzzy ripple,  
All anterior, then posterior,  
My head empirically placed until  
The next bit of business is done,  
The next poem or little triumph lived,  
Then I haul the rest of me in.  
I circle and circle in trees,  
Grinding leaves, avoiding sparrows,  
And hoping always to split and launch.  
I am the color of what I swallow  
And I hide in green conceits,  
Comparing myself to an inchworm.

But what can I do? I am always  
Measuring, measuring. I eat food  
And I am food. If frightened  
I hang by my mouth on a silver thread  
While lidless eyes bear down  
And great beaks clack about  
My tender segments.

## THE DAY YOUNG ZIMMER FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE WITH THE ONE-ARMED STOREKEEPER

Always he had seemed bilious,  
Somehow capable of mayhem but  
I don't know why he started swinging.  
Perhaps because I only spent a penny  
At a time; perhaps because he had  
At last decided to make the world into  
A place where one-armed men could  
Wholly live. At any rate,  
He sledged my pimply, crewcut head and  
Abruptly knocked me back into confections,  
He cornered me in boyhood and before  
I could grow pubic hairs it was time  
To defend my tender life and

The rights of two-armed people everywhere.  
I aimed my scuffy Buster Brown  
Right for his gonads and got him square,  
And then I ran until I dropped.

To this day one-armed people make me sweat.  
I avoid railroad tracks, wringers and bandsaws,  
All places where I might suddenly be equalized.

## *Stuart Friebert*

## FOR MY MISTRESS, ON THE OCCASION OF BEING UNFAITHFUL TO MY WIFE

the night men land on the moon and Teddy drives off the bridge  
inadvertently and oh yes Martin's brother dies drowning, given  
to tragedy; for Delores, Iris, Johanna, Kay, Roxie, Diane and  
in memory of Sandra, who sang the sweetest songs, amen. . . .

When we are almost out of each other the others are  
almost in and the announcer calls out to all to snap  
fingers and pass hands over each other's lips while  
the moon hears our confession, takes a look at what  
we've done—the grave of our first child lies next  
to the grave of our second, and so on, acknowledged.

Men on the moon sleep, call to us in dreams as though  
through the bathroom door, the water in their voices washes  
the blood from our index fingers. Their signals are so  
far off, your mouth is so tired, names bad things to eat—  
liver and sausage and Swiss cheese, your eating life has  
neither day nor night. I really feel dead and answer

your question: yes, I have slept away from home too, made  
war and lost my way, so what are you after, you and your  
terrible, hard menses at the mercy of the moon? Come come,  
tell me all about it, that's it, it's coming out now, draw  
nearer the vineyard water, lower the right side of the  
bridge, hide your lights. You think I've done something

I shall never be able to make up for, back away and fling  
yourself around the next Kennedy, now there's one more in trouble!  
Put the moon back in the water, Love, rise from the car, it's  
not for you to die in judgment of me you know. (We can live  
to see the dawn of the other moon.) My large right foot presses  
down gently on the gas pedal, inflates your pelvis just enough.

*Charles Edward Eaton*      Two Poems

### THE WEIGHT LIFTER

Impacted with his own strength, the weight lifter  
Abhors the notion of weightlessness—  
Anything too light makes his body float:  
Even pencils should be heavy as crowbars.  
Tell him your mood is low, he will lift it;  
Will him your quick, ethereal brain,  
And he will bronze it like a baby's shoe.

Circumstances conspire to make us what we are.  
The weight lifter knelt to the boost as to his fate  
And muscles pushed beneath the flesh like bulbs—  
This was what it was to have a body  
Packed with the controlled thrust of daffodils.  
Like the slow, silent lifting of the earth,  
It begins in his feet, shifts pebbles, then rocks:  
There's ecstasy in the heavy head of things!

Having derailed the caboose, lifted the wheels,  
He makes his move with mechanic things,  
Content as a hinge, ceaseless and grotesque.  
He, alone, remembers when perfection,  
Swollen, sacrificed itself to the obscene,  
Static, inaccessible to women,  
Jaundiced through strength, in a land with no  
myths.

### THE WIG

The short woman wearing the foot-tall wig  
Who seems to have usurped a yellow hive  
Suspects this is not quite the head's true home:  
Her eyes will sometimes light with suppressed wings,  
She fears mauling hands as if they were a bear's—  
Only the passion to be someone different  
Steadies her, and the knowledge that the brain  
May well be incubating under hair.

So now her thoughts will have a yellow home;  
They can come and go, well-pollinated—  
There is synergy among her wishes.  
One can almost sense the comb being filled.  
We must stand near her, let the spirit hum,  
Never regret the thousand flowers drained:  
The dynamo beneath the cotton candy  
Could have a revolution well in hand.

It may be sad at night to see the wig  
Faceless on its form, no longer alive  
With transformation, but this is the price  
We must pay for such a revelation—  
The woman asleep looks gray, passionless,  
Tubercular with terror—Ecstasy  
That set the cowl could not reveal the brain,  
Lucid, thick with amber, crawling with bees.

*Thomas Brush*      Three Poems

### IN THE DARK

Move quietly, move slowly,  
Avoiding shadows, with hands and eyes flatly open  
As the sweeping dip of oars.  
That only the night will know where you're going,

In trees where birds, waiting for light, make thin sounds  
That float with leaves, falling through  
The thickening air, stopping for nothing.

Move through darkness heavy and black, going  
Where the eyes will see, with fingers touching and sounds  
Swirling in a night of water, where thoughts  
Like spiders float on strings of lights. Move with softness  
In air flaking at your feet.

Go where the distance drops and slides away,  
With echoes that are lost in the wind,  
Where words rise slowly and stick in the trees.  
When everything is settled and cannot move,  
Sit silently in the dark.  
You've got nothing to lose.

#### THE ABORTION

The door was closed and you had all morning.  
The knives balanced in their own light,  
You in the light that fell from the creases  
Of the white mask and was lost.  
You watched your feet in the iron stirrups,  
Your blood slip away on your legs and you left  
What only belonged to the air.

Floating out the windows, down streets,  
Past trees, over people looking up in amazement,  
You turned in light, slid on the water's surface,  
Your arms curled, your mouth agape.  
And you crawled just below the water  
Like a frog and made for the mud and hid. But they found you  
And pouring from every opening  
You were pulled like a boot from the lake.

The soft walls are moving as your eyes move,  
As the eye of the doll was bleached  
And the thought of the shadow of stirrups flies by,  
And you ride, ride.

#### THE BURNED GIRL

The moon falls like a fat, gold moth  
To die in the dust.  
The night swings once in the darkness  
To sink in its own light.  
A girl floats on her knees  
In a land thick and alive  
As breath. And the sky  
Turns over and over.

Light flashes and grows in air.  
New girl. Black trap.  
In a night of dreams the shadows fall  
From your eyes and are lost.  
The drivers stand by and look  
For a sign of life.

But you are out of sight around the corners  
Of air, down roads bone white.  
You step out of your skin and walk  
Pure flesh on the wet grass  
And fall through.

*Gary Steven Corseri*

Three Poems

#### MAGICIAN

Pity the magician!

The mad magician waters his roses.  
They are lovely above all things he knows.  
You will not leave me, he tells them,  
stroking their longlimbed stems.

He is so happy. There must be a God  
if a man can be so happy.  
Watering roses! Like any happy  
lunatic, he works hard.

The roots of his roses are caught in the hair  
of a woman and her son.  
The roots grow in the eyes of the son,  
sucking his brain's cadaver.

This is symbolic poetry.  
The magician is only a man.  
Please do not think him extraordinary.  
Please do not think him more than a man.

The woman is beauty or death. Try death.  
The son is the fruit of their lust,  
under dust,  
conceived in stealth, like death,

under roses.

#### THROUGH RIPLEY'S WINDOW

Hananuma Masakichi  
striving for God  
carved his own image  
from a mirror in wood.

Today stands perfected  
gawked at by tourists  
revolves on a platform  
believe it or not.

Japan's greatest sculptor  
spurned to be mortal  
planted his hair roots  
into the wood.

Grafted his skin  
onto the dummy  
Teeth, nails, and eyeballs,  
whatever he could.

Old friends betrayed him.  
Mocked at his folly.  
Proud Hananuma  
too vain to die.

Friendship is silken  
as cobwebs in winter.  
Love is a flower  
of snow in the spring.

Art is forever  
just idle chatter.  
Nothing lasts always.  
Not even the wind.

God's in the making.  
God's the imparted.  
Whatever fades whatever  
fades into something.

He built himself outward  
to see what was mortal.  
Until there was nothing  
and nowhere to stand.

Look at him she says how incredible he must have been crazy  
he must have been some kind of nut who would want to do a thing  
like that practically to immolate himself to cut himself up  
like that his own skin his own body was he on drugs didn't it  
hurt him now tell me what it means she says you tell me what  
it's all supposed to prove I think it's all a lot of bull she says  
I think it's just a hoax.

#### THE LESSON

Suspending bodies in acidic foam  
we are better able to control the variants.  
Yes. Yes. We put them in a vacuum.  
Be seated, please. We'll watch them through this glass.



We give this one a knife, and that one flesh.  
We have constructed a library  
with yellow light and a buck's head  
mounted respectfully on the wall.

We can wait now. Five years, perhaps, ten—  
the hand is broken that has held the knife  
fisted tightly, the bone arched circular.  
The other's eyes are mostly always closed.

Gentlemen, be quiet please. Be still.  
They cannot hear us; but, possibly,  
they'll blame us, swear we whispered "kill."  
Fat barristers will plead for mercy.

The luster of the leather chair is gone.  
They cart their words out of cold storage,  
battered as old tennis shoes.  
It is no one's fault. Who said it was a fault?

They hope to touch  
barbed corners strewn with fish  
opening and closing wired mouths  
in stagnant lakes like maniacs.

We only give them time.  
It grows out of themselves.  
They accuse us of chicanery.  
They are mere spectators, bystanders.

The bloodspot on the carpet spreads,  
a dead, magenta seal.  
See the other looking at the knife,  
the little, murderous grin.

We can start again now, gentlemen.  
The results, I believe, are conclusive.  
We have a summary statement here  
of the various procedures.

Please focus your attention now. Another case.  
The wine upon the table, the buck's head  
smiling amiably above,  
the knives shining in the hands like teeth.

*Ann Darr*

Two Poems

#### GREECE: SUMMER OF SIXTY-NINE

All these ruins signified  
death, death  
until I found you in Corinth.

Your coffin, large as it was,  
was not large enough to hold  
you, so they bent your knees,

and with those knees you lived.  
You were not the skeleton, the bones,  
the remains and artifacts; you were you.

This angle of your leg, folded to fit,  
brought you into my circle of sight, I  
wanted to pat you and say, "it's all right."

We've come—a very short distance.  
Yes, we've reached the moon . . . the what?  
the moon. Impossible. and then I hear  
your chuckle, and roar of laughter.  
Surely you roared with laughter.  
You were tall. I've fleshed out  
your head so you can throw it back and  
roar with laughter. The moon. Apollo!  
I never thought, of course I knew they—  
we would. And who are you, come from where,  
come, get up off your knees and tell  
me about you.



## AT LUNCH ON MONDAY

I rambled on and on over the water  
cress salad, the mushroom slices,  
arthritic decorator, the querulous  
paper dolls, the thieves of Song,  
and stumbled over the body on the floor,  
hidden in my mind's maze. It was you,  
drifting. Don't you see that big sign  
over the door? No drifting, it says,  
no drifters allowed in here, all drifters  
are deported, torn down from the walls,  
defrocked and deported. Drifters  
are unallowable. Must be discouraged.  
Set bad examples for others. Drifting means,  
don't you realize, going out on the tide?  
And all these ties to be broken  
are not simple sailor's knots, they  
are embroidered and embittered, intricate  
French knots, Dutch knots, English yesses  
and no's, how can we distinguish  
the knots from the tied. But you must not  
drift. For god's sake, do not drift  
away. wait, wait. don't die.

*John Haag*

Three Poems

### THE PRICELESS SPREAD

Take yesterday's conversation, sliced and trimmed,  
plus an ounce of affection, ground to a halt;  
add aggravation, bring to a rolling boil,  
fold in the anger, slowly; let the whole thing  
simmer till the lid flies off. Then cool it.

Note: no matter how you slice it, love  
just won't spread smoothly at room temperature.

## A CURSE AGAINST UNFINISHED POEMS

Last night the moon sold  
another million discs—  
the old bitch.

Once I said: Happiness  
is for peasants—all I want  
is ecstasy.

The indiscriminate moon  
shines on whom she pleases,  
and I've changed my mind.

If she won't come to me,  
I'd rather be someone else  
—someone happy—

Someone who hears her music,  
vaguely, but never worries  
that he can't sing it.

What the hell good  
is it, this having secrets  
from yourself?

### BILLET NOIR

In places my abyss  
goes scarcely skin deep,  
and nowhere, I think,  
deeper than a grave,  
but Love, none have crossed it:  
moonrockets drop unnoticed  
where no thing grows; even  
Great Quixote would lose  
himself, unless wild luck  
and a random black wind

should blow him back before  
 he rode down to bare bones  
 at last. I don't expect  
 to make it across myself—  
 I try to stay near the edge;  
 I invite no one in,  
 regardless of what you've heard,  
 and so you won't mistake  
 my signals, I send you  
 this postcard.

*Douglas F. Stalker*

Two Poems

#### THE INSURANCE MAN

A man in a dull blazer sits down  
 and speaks to me  
     about the X-frame: it's simple—

money when you live, money  
 when you die . . .  
         his voice continues  
 spiralling into the night  
 like a television shadow turning  
 in its own pale glow. . . .

On the last crisp page  
 we reach the policy,  
     the X-frame  
 about panty hose,  
 how it can swell at the ankles  
 yet cross at the top, right  
     where the pen dots the "i" he says.

I sign my name to the form  
 with the wild, red tip  
     of his cigarette.

#### THE LATE SHOW

Showtime, 3 A.M., I lay  
 a five-dollar bill on my desk—  
 the drama of kleenex and sperm opens  
 on a red-haired girl, the last

daughter of light, and her  
 third boyfriend. Their clothes are  
 knotted beneath them, clotted  
 beyond wearing. Focus

closes on a head like a doorknob  
 as it goosenecks and pulls at  
 soft corners of marrow; a quick  
 ten frames more and they

have found themselves  
 under a neon sign, the letters  
 like two lovers slowly dying  
 of carbon monoxide.

*Kenneth Arnold*

#### BALLAD

(After Paul Claudel)

Chromium dreams, these vessels gorged with salesmen and tourists.  
     Home was never enough for any of you,  
 nothing is, and you have ideas about yourselves to peddle.  
 You have gone but you know it least of all forever and will not  
     arrive anywhere.  
 Consumers of nautical miles, it is the sea being stirred for you  
     now in cosmic kettles. Will there be enough of it to fill  
     your hungry mouths?  
 Put once your lips to that cup, some say (but do they know?) and

you're hooked, you might snigger, for life.  
It takes time—the word is scarcely long enough—to drain the cup,  
but you are Americans and you can try.

On a perforated printout drenched in statistics the names of  
torpedoed ships unfold, their crews blacken margins,  
a thousand names, jawbreakers all of them. They wheeze aground,  
their iron palates taste a shifting earth. You can hear the  
breathing of submarines on a calm night.  
The air is awash with commands, orders, the hoarse bump-and-grind  
of a following sea  
and fire. Your duty swoops on you with bared talons,  
the merchant ship upends, unloads, charts a new horizon: get the  
picture?  
That is the sea approaching, forget about finding yourself or  
anyone else. Open your mouth and let go for once in your  
life, swallow all of it.

The last words you thought but the first you said (how clever  
this world is), upandcoming passengers on transatlantic  
nightmares,  
were lost in the wireless: We Are Sinking. Below decks Third Class  
emigrants played quaint music,  
the sea drowned them out. Evening clothes struggled to be relevant,  
but other thoughts, other staterooms, intrude. What good is  
music, dancing,  
Chateau Latour, what good is your life when you are about to lose it?  
Can you answer that one? Can you remember, crushing panicked  
women,  
your destination?  
Yes, it would be a good night for swimming or better yet for falling  
in love for the first time.

Dumped like so much luggage, wasted, and nothing but a sea that  
seems to be alive.  
Do you see it that way? Call it the bane of your existence, a  
newsreel passing endlessly between features,  
that timeless expanse is yours now, drink, you are in it. Enough,  
you say? Is it, could it ever be?

*Ross J. Talarico*

#### THE CONTRACT

*tras de mi, sin rozarme los hombros,  
mi angel muerto, vigia.*  
—Raphael Alberti

The guardian angel keeps a gun  
Under her wing  
And flutters over my bed  
Feeling under the pillow  
For bad teeth.

Under the pillow  
Her hands lift slowly  
and I feel the feathers  
Of ancient geese beat sadly  
Against my bald head.

I am stark naked,  
Frisked clean to the jaw,  
Lost in the cold sleep  
Of fear, dreaming heavily  
Of a few coins.

All night long I am sinking  
Into the open wings  
Of my pillow, drifting off  
Over the small white stones  
Of a distant graveyard.

Toothless, I clutch my last coin  
Against my chest. Behind me  
The angel smiles  
And spreads the white sheet  
Of her wing.

## WEEKEND PASS

Much bloody flux ago  
you lady and I soared  
in our green vertigo  
during the something war.  
Flight in a cage.

Though thoughtworn folk might fret  
we blazed like those bonfires  
piled with dry books in streets  
encircled with barbed wire.  
Flight in a cage.

And rollerskating waltzes  
you glided, sailed, you steered  
me stumbling—scorning halts  
we danced and never feared.  
Flight in a cage.

Still puffing and oblivious  
we took off in your brother's Chevy  
to the park where both lascivious  
and good girls took the Navy.  
Flight in a cage.

Beside the flower beds  
on a newspaper mattress  
we picked blooms, yawned, time sped  
and ships burned south off Hatteras.  
Flight in a cage.

You wore home a wreath.  
At the Greyhound ramp  
I had no thought for death,  
I caught the bus to camp.  
Flight in a cage.

## MACDUFF IN THE INTERLUDE

After increasingly vicious skirmishes  
conclude with your last hostage led across  
the field, wired to the fence, shot,  
because now all your pretty ones are dead  
you can tell Fortune straight: Screw you.  
No longer vulnerable, from day to day  
you get the feel of defeat: austere and peaceful.  
No need for a pact with the bitch and her favorites;  
there can't be more reprisals, you think,  
until you get where heart again  
is yearning after these tender creatures  
so easy to tear you know they will be torn:  
and you remember the racks  
as heart is taking them in with love and horror.

*Nancy Price*

## A DO-IT-YOURSELF POEM

In Colorado once, Iowans,  
farm-hungry, scooped up that western dirt  
in their calloused hands. It was crumbling  
and richly black.  
They staked claim, out-waited the winter,  
waited out the summer, and almost starved.

They had the seed; they had the plows  
and the prayers  
and the babies coming, yes, and the strong arms  
and the willing backs. What were they waiting for?  
Rain. That was all. And it never came,  
and never would. Now you go on, like they did:

say, "That's life."  
Make your own metaphor.



*John Barr*

JELLYFISH

Brought in to the feet of the piers,  
this thing succeeds the hurricane.

Hung in a dome  
four sacs, a ruffle intestine  
all in gelatin,  
distended, calm.

Lordlike the rim flagella beckon in  
a freighter's melon, swollen bread-bits.  
Stoved boats litter shore. This thing shows up  
like a bishop who survived the overthrow.

*Greg Kuzma*

THE LAST POEM USING THE WORD NASTURTIIUMS

1  
No more poems about nasturtiums  
my friend.  
And they are taking the old ones  
off the shelves.  
Slender threads are pulled from  
all the books  
in which nasturtiums appear.  
The librarians are startled;  
they always liked those predictable  
minutes among the nasturtiums.

2  
At last the last poem  
can begin.  
The field is dark around the fire  
in which the last poem  
will be burned.

All the poets who have leaned toward them  
with wonder  
or with jealousy  
stand in the shadows  
like the souls of the damned.  
They are waiting for me to finish this poem.

3  
Oh dead language.  
Dead word.  
And yet so delicate.  
We salute your passing.  
A certain flavor has gone from  
the tongue,  
a certain stupid delight  
from the scanning eye.  
The alphabet is very sad;  
never can it form again  
that forbidden word.

4  
But I am better off.  
Beyond me the great mountains  
of "carnation" and "archipelago"  
and "stint" loom.  
Beneath them the flowers  
"perfidy" and "stark" begin.  
My love and I will walk  
there of an afternoon.  
Perhaps in the air there  
will be a faint aroma.

5  
They were never any good.

6  
In all the museums of the world  
the nasturtiums are gathering.  
Come, let us go and see them.

THE ROOM

I came into the room  
out of snow and heavy cold.  
Grease hung in the air  
from the fry pan on the stove.  
The meal was done.  
Was this the right room I had come to?  
No one was home.  
I was a visitor  
standing just inside the door,  
waiting to be asked in.  
The day bed was unmade.  
Orange light came through the shades  
from the street lamp.  
Someone should take my coat,  
ask me to sit down,  
take the chill out of my bones.  
All had been arranged I saw,  
the family pictures standing  
on a wooden chest,  
a candle, shells, beach stones,  
like relics in a row,  
a mother, father, smiling through the dust.  
The room must have belonged  
to someone who had died.  
No one else would come.  
Books on the shelves,  
three pictures on three walls.  
What would it matter?  
The refrigerator hummed,  
the heater made a glow.  
Unasked for at the door,  
heart running on its own,  
I heard melting on the floor,  
saw myself sitting in the writing chair.

ITEM

The paper said:  
In a Minnesota prison  
An Indian named Dean White  
Hung himself last night  
For no apparent reason.

The report read:  
Dead: White, Dean  
(Indian). Weapon: Curtain  
Sash. Motive: Uncertain.  
Age: About thirteen.

POEM FOR THE BODY

You move in your own direction  
away from wherever it is  
the rest of me would go.  
You have a previous appointment.

The things you do amaze me,  
and the things you don't.  
And so I follow behind unbid,  
subservient as a dog.

Attentive, I attend your school.  
We major in "Temporary Significance."  
We will wear diplomas for clothes  
and graduate with honors.

Only in mirrors you escape me  
or in the rooms of dark windows  
where you pass: alone, in-animate.  
In case of fear, I will break the glass.

*Richard W. Hillman*

TO THE CHANCE OF HIS CHILD

Now that you exist, I love nothing about you,  
Bulging a belly I shall never see again  
Or dream about as anything but firm and flat.  
Do you not understand? It is for my sake  
I grant you ears to take, for a moment,  
My own version of nourishment.  
I know it is difficult. It is her breath  
Breathes for you, the seas of her life  
Float you, her secret coils  
Keep you moored close. But my pen aches  
For your blood to flow through it,  
By clumsy feet to know  
One blade of grass has sprung up  
After their trampling, though there is no  
Going back. If only as a way  
Of setting these words in motion, I need you,  
Myself awash and alone in a dim place,  
Seeking, not a way of moving towards you,  
But merely a way of moving.  
We may do each other some good, after all.

*Raeburn Miller*

Two Poems

ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS

It would not to do write (sigh) after a line,  
Or, for modern proprieties (hysterical laughter),  
Or even, as in the funny papers (sob!).  
If the substance is essentially that of good news,  
Such stage-directions would be gravely improper  
Even by implication, even by a faint turning aside  
With "Yes, yes, the reward is great, but the abjuring  
Is always painful and half-hearted." Such snide hints

That though all shall be well, we may hope the hour postponed  
Are finally only one more hidden temptation,  
One more vanity, one more pluming of our pride  
That after all we have a choice and are making the most of it.  
At worst it becomes a way of holding on,  
The soldier's parting aria to the fat soprano  
While the enemy surely by now has pillaged the country,  
The poet's repeated protestations of intending  
To decide art is worldly and toss it aside  
As soon as this piece is finished and possibly just one more,  
The European actor's eighth farewell tour.

Yet, no matter.

Earth is our home, to be remembered foolishly  
Someday, like the slanting peach tree we dangerously climbed  
Or the dark hand-worn smells in the saddle-house.  
If we show less than an angel's crisp bravery  
In feeling tender toward it and are slow saying goodbye,  
We need only remember that we are still encumbered  
With the material manifestations of being created,  
That our flesh must eventually reveal its nature  
As true earth, to share in the turbulent cycles  
Of transmutation, wheeling, caprice, putrescence.  
So long as we commit ourselves to saying goodbye,  
It is of small importance if we make a production of it,  
For in the act itself there will descend  
Certain indecisive but urgent assurances  
Which will be enough finally to bring us around,  
Shepherd us with confidence toward a true taking leave  
Accomplished in its moment of ultimately sudden decision  
With a joy beyond any fanfare or fluttery regret.

And the choice is to strike a bargain, giving as consideration  
All beauty we have sensed here, yes, even hers,  
All love of created things, and all the pleasures  
That arise from the machinations of body and mind,  
And finally body and mind themselves, our only coverts,  
And, hardest of all, our one distinction, by choice  
Abandoning our power to make choices.  
In return for such traditional tender we receive

Suffering, our body grown more raw  
 To darkroom acids, more congested in the wet gaps  
 Of our lungs and the thin framework of our circulation;  
 Our mind exhibited to the bewilderment and mockery  
 Of friends who so obviously wish us well  
 And are kinder and more gentle than we, that by rights  
 They ought to know best, but only succeed in leading us  
 Back toward doubts and dissensions and the throes of virtue;  
 Our resolve beset by slashing temptation, in utter obscurity,  
 Known even as a fool at last only to a few  
 Incidental strangers and acquaintances.  
 Then finally we are granted a bare death  
 Unattended by the dedication of libraries or bequests to eager  
     cousins,  
 And burial in the dark beneath a wooden marker  
 With only the Vision we had put our whole trust in, waiting  
 Beyond the ravage of pale worms. (Reader, be glad.)

#### THE BLACK ANGEL

I can't remember the legend  
 Dorothy used to tell  
 about "the black angel"—

that cemetery marker  
 with an outstretched wing  
 on the side of the hill,

pointing, deep black.  
 Was it that whoever  
 lies there under the stone

had been unfaithful,  
 so that her white marble  
 uncased from Europe

was found black with grief?  
 Or that chaste lovers  
 kissing beneath it will see

the dark figure finally  
 whiten? Whatever the story,  
 it was about love.

Dorothy is dead now,  
 but the angel's wing  
 still motions, still black,

pointing toward the distance,  
 toward the past, some other place,  
 where our lives come true.

*William Doreski*

Three Poems

#### HYDE

Masterful, no longer a parody of  
 the man he wanted to be, he stepped out  
 in the clothing of disease and fell.  
 Pity the poor doctor who died of lust.  
 He never dreamed it possible that he  
 would ever suffer for such pleasure.  
 The good in him melted like chocolate.

The monster didn't live too long but  
 while his clock still ticked off victims  
 he sprung the props bracing his mind  
 and loosed an avalanche. The widowed  
 whores of the world cry over Hyde.  
 Charcoal smolders like a dream of war  
 inside his cheap city-bought coffin.

Well and good. Murder can still happen  
 in the drawing rooms of manors  
 where butlers peep in keyholes. It still  
 stands around, hands in its pockets,  
 waiting in the stink of back alleys.



Nothing died with Hyde. The Dr. Jekylls  
still mourn the boiling in their groins.

The cities remain lit until dawn,  
factories busy machining fear.  
Dogs howl and creep into our hearts  
and we dream of running the bitch down.  
We laugh to watch the ancient movie  
but Hyde is in a corner of our bed and  
there sleeps all the heat of our engines.

#### SELF-ELEGY AT THE SEASON'S END

The world is a whisper  
My little other-land lover.  
Laurels have gone yellow  
And are drooping like snakes  
Left too long in the sun.

Brooks have been thickened  
Glutted on pastel leaves.  
October's ghost hums  
Through woods smoky with sun.  
Swamps gloat in their icing.

You stayed away while months  
Passed like geese and I  
Whom you will never know  
Was a leaf as wilted and dry  
As a poem about growing old.

#### THE TEMPTATIONS

To be Xed on a homemade cross  
stapled by splinters of pain  
was for him the weaning of his star.  
I saw him stand in the dark  
where rivers fork to form a crotch

of sand spreading east and west  
enclosing in a ring of rock  
the earth his father had cursed.  
Drunk on his blood  
and thin with wordlessness he shone  
naked through his flesh.  
When the moon rattled its throat  
calling him with its astronomical  
horrors and the tap of shoes  
on the sky he sat and cried and  
each tear in his lousy beard  
was a nail tapped with a stone  
sealing the sepulcher of  
the followers he learned to regret.

*Jay Wright*

Two Poems

#### MOVING TO WAKE AT SIX

I never wake at six,  
though I lie,  
wrapped to my scalp,  
twirled like a mummy in my clothes,  
with my ears awake to a bus  
singing bass in the hills.  
Though I am still not awake,  
I turn and catch the white shadows  
leaning at my door like drugstore cowboys.  
I hear everything that moves,  
or would move.  
I seem myself to have split  
and moved to every corner of the town,  
watching jeweled vegetables drop  
and float on the floor of the market;  
standing on the moldy arch of the bridge,  
watching a man uncurl from the braids  
of a fat woman, and roll his mat,  
and there, at the governor's gate,

where two soldiers march,  
smug and tight as clam shells,  
to hang the flag in a wisp of sun.  
The town is changing voices,  
changing faces, moving from one  
life to another, and I am still  
at that point of choosing to move  
and wake, or fall off again,  
one of those who cannot scurry  
to the solemn cluck of a clock,  
one who cannot give up  
the frightening warmth of shroud-like clothes,  
where perhaps I could wake,  
under a tinted window,  
to conjure up a glazed lake,  
a bearded man and a boy,  
and a vision that could be my own.

#### FEEDING THE STOVE

The fluted stove is giving out.  
It burns as red as a dog's penis,  
then gives up some of its sides  
as a share of the ashes.

No chance, no reason, to repair it.

It keeps us mushing through the snow,  
going down, after dark, to the train's coal yard  
to grub up the fine-grained coal,  
or all over the city, where anyone is building,

to snatch a cracked, wet board,  
or two, hiding them under our transparent coats,  
walking from the limits of town to home,  
like some version of the cross-carrying Christ.

This stove is insidious.  
It makes life more dangerous than it is.

I remember one dark night,  
the dry wind scenting the town with lilacs,  
the tattonie trees whistling by the ditch,  
we filed along the bobbed streets

to where I had seen a fine preserve of boards.  
The gutted house was jack o' lantern sharp.  
Its broken windows glinted in the hastening moon.  
There was no sound,

except for our gruff shoes,  
tamping the bricks and bottles  
into the broken earth.  
We entered in confidence,

sure that no one had heard,  
sure even that, if he had,  
he would not begrudge us  
the warmth of a few, discarded boards.

But, from the shadows,  
a black mackinaw moved,  
lifting one ill-defined  
and loaded hand toward our eyes.

The figured hood had lips that would not move,  
eyes that could not change direction.  
And there it stood, in the shifting moon,  
the querulous wind whispering harshly around it.

It could not have been a man,  
but some exiled figure,  
ripped from the bowels of the house,  
come to scream and guard against us,

come to send us cringing, ash cold,  
toward our ash-crumbling and dry stove.

*Daniel Lusk*

APOCALYPSE

Seven times the dog brayed.  
The rooster sang his thrice.  
The scientist sat his porcelain throne  
and plied his mice.

Jack Frost painted the windowpanes  
oranges running red.  
Fish coughed in their breather tanks.  
Plants died in bed.

He chortled and wrung his hands.  
He spoke and spoke and spoke.  
The air grew thick with alphabet.  
The mice began to choke.

Then the walls began to breathe.  
Green moss sprang from the floor.  
Bright throbbing pipes danced writhing  
on ceiling and door.

The man in white clutched his head  
which shriveled in his hands.  
And after, quick, in order,  
limbs, organs, glands.

His tied frock fell still.  
From one big sleeve he ran.  
Through bursting walls, pigs  
crowned with pearls tripped in.

*Shirley Kaufman*

SEEING YOU IN A DREAM

*(After Tu Fu)*

1

From the last place you traveled,  
losing books, leaving  
trains to go on without you,  
drowning in dark streets you'd never  
remember, I dreamed you  
into my room.

There was a continent  
filling with chairs.  
If you stopped,  
there were strangers'  
faces.

2

These gulls that have risen  
all day from the sea  
may, like the exiled,  
never return.

Two months now  
I have thought of you  
as tender, intimate and real  
as though I am asleep.

Your fingers barely not  
touching my arm, you tell me  
your rides to undoing by water.  
Over the side. And nights,  
the child who climbs into your skin.

Not moving closer, you sigh  
as if to breathe them  
out of you.

Our city staggers  
with fragrant women,  
while you are trying  
not to be alone.

Thin books, a thousand years' fame,  
and we, now that it's done?

*Edward Morin*

#### SEANCE

1

Tonight we are all shadow boxing  
in foliage from our past existences.  
Only Ann, my niece and imagined daughter,  
knows the score of our magniloquent opera.  
She cracks bubblegum, imitates squeaks and groans  
which we say we hear from another world.

Because Ann finds reality pleasing,  
a phalanx of adults has put her outside  
to "find an appropriate cypress bough."

None grow here, yet we are anxious lest she discover  
anything the rest of us know does not exist.

Left alone, she may stay pure of heart,  
for she is most like you, dear Grandmother.

2

Since you unwillingly gave us your death,  
none of us has been quite right in the head.

Perrie insists she saw a monarch butterfly  
ascending with your orange and black soul.

Mme. Balonska, our medium, wearing loose silken  
outer clothing, picks you up in three languages.

Blaise sees you everlastingly in politics  
and fornicates mightily to escape past disapprovals.

Your garden straw hat is gone from the newel post;  
it is now a dome that caps my favorite keepsake—  
your tasseled floorlamp. Moths get trapped in its shade,  
bumping their powdery heads at night  
against the isthmuses and islands tapestried  
inside out on that inscrutable landscape.

*Betty Adcock*

Two Poems

#### COMA

Her body clenched and leapt,  
caprice like a girl's riding under the gray hair,  
rare and cancrioid.

Thrown by that rider, her soldier years dispersed  
in hospital breath, she is a cloud  
on the surfaces of instruments, a knot  
in the tubes that try to be rivers,  
a stitch the needles drop.

Worldless now, tall  
as the leap she took,  
(moment of moving as she had never moved!)  
and stopped  
while faces gather beneath the stunt  
with nets, with tears,  
she keeps her static dance aloft.  
Nothing under the hoodwinking skull,  
neither wire nor mirror, to contain  
this wait, these distances, or this applause.



## THE REASON

Rooted in the air's flux,  
long a vine-growth turning  
note on note like rain on leaves  
shrill rage too steep to hear.  
Darkness of gullet, crotch, the sun  
that bears this bloom, soundlessness  
clinging to the trellises of words  
leaps from face to face, tendrils  
clawed as a cat.

And holding invisibly unless the flesh,  
our light, should break too perilously  
close. Then see the blood-red flower grope  
from lips held open like a crack in stone.

*Alvin Greenberg*

Two Poems

the house of the would-be gardener

you can tell from the mail it's  
almost spring. seed catalogues  
drive you right out of your mind.  
you call up an old girl friend,  
thinking maybe things have changed.  
while her phone rings you look out  
the window, and watch snow patches

melt before your very eyes. then  
she answers, with a breathless hello  
as if she has come rushing from her  
shower just to answer your call.  
hello, she says, hello hello hello.  
your own throat goes dry, and your  
voice cracks when you try to speak.

you look at the phone as if it were  
a gleaming piece of black fruit  
and the vine from which it hangs  
had only begun to grow. who's there?  
it cries, then the wire comes after  
you, winding its great loops around

your arms and legs, wrong number!  
you scream, writhing among its many  
tendrils, but remembering, as it  
tumbles you to the floor, the dream  
in which you planted the seed. who's  
there? it whispers, coyly, at the end.

celebration

look! eight people and more  
trying to write a poem about  
one small cabin in the woods.

just look at them slinking about  
between the beavers and their trees:  
are there words there?  
trust them: they'll find the words.

but what about the children?  
what about the dogs?  
cram them all in!  
and don't forget the poets' wives.

there they go! is that the  
"infinitely expansible cabin of the mind"?  
hell no! it's only wood and stone.  
nonetheless, it opens its doors

and they all rush to get in at once.  
trees and islands plunge in among them.  
*that's* an act of creation for you.

*Linda Allardt*

LOVESONG

How the marvelous body can dump out  
its blood and mire  
but not the mind—  
a well-rotted soil, seeded  
with savagery,  
crossed with hunting trails,  
a rain forest—  
and this one comes to cut  
firewood in such a woodlot!  
Light beacon fires,  
fire shots in groups of three,  
ring bells in the civilized areas  
before the dark comes down.

*Francis Sullivan*

ADVICE FOR LIBERAL CURATES

I ran right through the screen door  
and came out in hexagons.

We love you they said. We will seal  
you with wax and store honey in you  
because you have not trifled  
with our love's hunger.

I ran through the ranch-windowpane  
and came out dripping O positive.

We love you more they said.  
We shall become your god and you  
our people. A pleasing holocaust;  
whatever remains is yours.

I ran down the circular staircase,  
spun like a skater into one leg,  
one arm, one question mark  
at the bottom.

We love you they said.  
While England slept, you did a spin  
and made us all laugh.

I run now over ice-fisher's lakes,  
deer crossings, along fan-vaulted  
ceilings arc-welded by stained glass,  
over the tackle, round the end,  
alpha, beta, gamma,  
hammer! Latin, hammer!  
make them laugh and feed on bread  
and wild honey,  
because there is a norm somewhere,  
they say, a game plan,  
a saving grace for all madness.

*Stuart Silverman*

Two Poems

IN OUR LETTERS

"The disease that caused most casualties on the Western Front was trench fever, which was transmitted by lice. Nearly everyone in the front lines up to the rank of colonel was lousy most of the time. The only means of getting rid of the pests, temporarily at least, was to delouse our clothes by hand or, out of the line, to bake them in ovens while we bathed."

—Basil Peacock, *The Listener*, 9/14/1967

They never give lice the proper play.  
We had them all the time, of course.  
Colonel to Jack Lackey carried his volunteers  
from trench to trench across the belly of France.

Ardennes, Somme, Ypres . . . it made no difference.  
We cleaned them out at times the way you empty pockets for the  
night:

the next day they'd be back; powders did no good;  
forgetting was best for those who could manage it.

When we could shower, we'd leave our gear stacked in ovens  
to bake the beasties out, but they came back.  
On leaves, we'd wear rented clothing when we could,  
sick of the issue we'd shared for months with nits.

In our letters we spoke of mud, bad food,  
the hell of waiting, but hardly ever of these.  
And when we died all in one piece, as happened,  
unpunctured, but wasted and yellow with fever,  
the lids they pulled over the glassy stares  
covered up what we'd seen of the guns' work,  
what we'd seen of the wreckage where mortars fell among men,  
shut out the leg hanging over wire  
as though afraid to step down having tested one mine too many,  
but left on the rapidly stiffening skin,  
until they scoured the hulk for its fitting into the grass,  
the legions of visitors claiming a final look round  
before they spread like a pool and ran to the ground  
their host having gone into disuse.

We thought it a little beneath us to mention these things.  
And we died in summer and fall and winter and spring  
wracked with the weight of war and the fever that hums  
over the thin-slit trenches louder than shells.

#### ON FIRST LOOKING INTO MY REALMS OF GOLD

I came back empty-headed as I went.  
Not true, not quite true. My head was stuffed full,  
But whose isn't? when wasn't mine? If I sent  
A question nerve by jittery nerve, a rule-  
Of-thumb answer shot back my papa's bull.  
When an answer filtered through the creaky attic,  
It spilled out splintery wrecks, a tug and pull  
Tides of junk set up, a rubbery asthmatic

List degenerating item by item to static.  
I listened for Alexander and Montaigne.  
Somehow they'd gone, though their automatic  
Names scratched on, on cylinders, like a pen.  
Chapman's *Homer* named heroes; so did Keats.  
They're somewhere up there, a box repeats and repeats.

#### *Phyllis Thompson*

#### MY BOOK

This death inside, my skeleton,  
paces the length of days, winter  
and summer, blind. It hears nothing.  
It comes no nearer taste than teeth  
packed in ruts of jaw. Odors  
of buildings, meadows, streets, bypass  
the insensible rods of bone I carry,  
that carry me.

How shall I touch them?

Wherever I go on earth or water  
or on bridges thrust over water, or higher  
than that, in planes, or beneath the broad  
surface of things, in caves or subways,  
what is outside reaches and fills  
the cavities of my body, space  
of all the passages of ear,  
warm places where my breath rises  
and falls, all soft hollows of love  
or waste or sense.

My darkest parts,  
hollows invaded every time  
and way I turn with different air  
keep their own secrets, are not mine,  
are a new mystery, puzzling each breath  
I take. Nothing I learn or love  
is mine.

The only parts that live  
finally are the unknowing bones,  
the anonymous spaces they define,  
and this.

Read it.

At dead center,  
to which my body hurries, bone  
grins with a grave rhetoric, and waits.

*Stanley Radhuber*

Two Poems

### ACCIDENT

Thrown into the posture of love's recklessness,  
Her knees spread like honey, her face turned,  
She received the whisper of that other Lover  
Who floats through the evening, ah, so soft,  
So full of caresses, one was surprised  
By the sharp punctuation of her legs,  
The stunned car losing its own life all askew  
In the intersection which was then wrong  
Like a violin with one string gone.  
I could feel the whisper rubbing  
Against the fur of the wreck,  
Locked in its own purring as a silent movie  
Star strokes the down of her arm.

No, not dead, though she knew more death  
When she woke beneath that red flower  
Than I, who had felt its corrugated breath  
When it eased me out of sleep  
With that cold, loveless, teasing grip.  
And when she rocked the white starched arms,  
Her stunned marble face full of innocence  
In the softest light of evening,  
Her eyes full of pleas like a deer's  
Pulling back to dark,

What fences, fields, and rivers she had crossed  
In that intersection of perpendiculars,  
What ways we do not walk.  
Her life ran down like oil, and when the process stopped,  
She rode the screaming ambulance toward full recovery:  
Someone was already pacing off the skid marks.  
One man was pointing up the street.

### ON THE ORIGIN OF SEA CHANTEYS

All day his fingers moved around his nets,  
Mending holes with line held by a boy.  
His body rocked to the feel of the sea  
Thick with fish. The river sang his tune.  
Ask his dog, his wise ear twisted toward water.

Old man, I'm standing at your back,  
And at my back the world is hunched.  
It comes down three ranges inland,  
Then levels off to sand.  
You turned just once to look at me,  
Just once.

*Robert Hershon*

Three Poems

### THE COOPER & BAILEY GREAT LONDON CIRCUS

In 1876  
*The Cooper & Bailey Great London Circus*  
Sailing from *Tasmania* to *Australia*  
Suffered *Grievous* Injuries  
During A Storm of *Singular* Magnitude

The *Rhinoceros* and The *Lion*  
And The *Alligator* and The *Silver Fox*  
And The *Tattooed Mule* and The *Imitation*  
*Penguin* and The *Whitewashed Elephant*



Were Among Those *Drowned*  
In The *Bubbling* Pacific

*Cunning* James Bailey  
Had The Waterlogged *Giraffe*  
*Stuffed* by A Gentleman in Sydney  
Its *Head* Equipped with A *Device*  
That Made It *Nod* Slowly and Regularly  
*Wily* Bailey  
Showed The Beast in A *Darkened Cage*  
And It *Appeared* to Be *Alive* Which Made  
The *Australian People*  
*Very Very* Happy  
And So They *Remain* to This Day  
A *Grand* Triumph for The *Grand* Bailey  
*Mourner* of Rhino *Fisher* of Lion  
*Resurrector* of *Giraffe*  
The *Bold* and *Businesslike* Bailey  
Who *Gave* The People What They *Wanted*

*This Has Been A Demanding Quarter*  
*For Your Company*      *Sales Decreased 14*  
*Percent over The Corresponding Period*  
*A Year Ago*      *Nevertheless*  
*We Are Pleased To Tell You That*  
*Net Earnings* (There Was A Fire  
In Ohio In Which Several Clowns  
Burned Up) *More Than Held Their Own*  
Hold Your Own      Hold Her Own  
Hold His Own      Nod Your Head

#### AT THE LETTUCE REVITALIZATION CENTER

High on a catwalk  
at the Lettuce Revitalization Center  
on Twelfth Avenue  
giants with round heads  
scrub off the shrimp salad  
with heavy strokes of velvet brushes

Furry women scurry  
in the dark corners of the warehouse by the river  
There are cracks of sunlight between the boards  
Dust is thick on the alligator-sized crates  
addressed to Tall Gals' Footwear  
The crates are stained and warped  
by the ceaseless drip of mayonnaise  
The giants work in silence  
Bundles of lettuce are delivered each dawn  
by luncheonettes as far away as Darien  
The warehouse 10,000 years old is sinking  
into the stinking Hudson  
Furry women in purple shoes size 13  
nibble in dark corners

#### NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT

I never met a fireman I didn't like  
Firemen are earnest and healthy  
humorless and rubbery  
Firemen proudly display their engines  
but never hose down your books  
Firemen's leather hats are heavy  
but their eyes are very light  
Firemen wash their own little cars  
when they are between fires  
Firemen listen to white tile radios  
and snore like brass  
Firemen stand guard on my fire escape  
and watch the noodles boil  
Firemen come down my chimney,  
and blow out the candles at dawn  
Firemen express concern about my smoking  
and listen closely to my heart  
Firemen worry constantly irishly  
about my children's skin  
Firemen cannot be told to stop  
once they have been told to go

## About Our Contributors

PAUL ZIMMER's second book of poems, *The Republic of Many Voices*, has just been published by October House. He is assistant director of the University of Pittsburgh Press.

STUART FRIEBERT teaches at Oberlin College.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON's fifth book of poems, *On the Edge of the Knife*, will be published this spring by Abelard-Schuman.

THOMAS BRUSH is a graduate student at the University of Washington. These are his first published poems.

GARY STEVEN CORSELI, formerly a student of Robert Lowell at Harvard, now teaches in the San Francisco public school system.

ANN DARR, of Chevy Chase, Md., has just won a Discovery 70 Award from the YMHA Poetry Center.

JOHN HAAG is currently on leave of absence from Pennsylvania State University.

DOUGLAS F. STALKER is a graduate student at the University of North Carolina.

KENNETH ARNOLD is Paperback Editor at The Johns Hopkins Press.

ROSS J. TALARICO of Syracuse, N.Y., is a former student of Donald Justice and W. D. Snodgrass.

RICHARD DANKLEFF teaches at Oregon State University and has published widely.

NANCY PRICE teaches at the University of Northern Iowa and is doing graduate work at the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop.

JOHN BARR, a Navy lieutenant aboard a guided-missile frigate near Vietnam, will soon return for graduate work at Harvard.

GREG KUZMA teaches at Slippery Rock State in Pennsylvania.

JOANNE WARD is a graduate student at the University of Washington.

GARY MIRANDA is visiting instructor aboard Chapman College's World Campus Afloat.

RICHARD W. HILLMAN is a student at the University of Manchester in England.

RAEBURN MILLER teaches at Louisiana State University in New Orleans.

WILLIAM DORESKE's first book of poems, *To Face the Sea*, was published this year.

JAY WRIGHT is currently teaching at Talladega College in Alabama after an extended stay in Mexico.

DANIEL LUSK is a jazz singer and teaches English at the University of Missouri.

SHIRLEY KAUFMAN's first book of poems, *The Floor Keeps Turning*, was the 1969 United States Award Winner of the International Poetry Forum and has just been published by the University of Pittsburgh Press.

EDWARD MORIN teaches at Wayne State University in Detroit.

BETTY ADCOCK lives in Raleigh, N.C., where she is an advertising copywriter.

ALVIN GREENBERG is in Mexico this spring on a Ford grant.

LINDA ALLARDT is doing research on Emerson at the University of Rochester.

FRANCIS SULLIVAN, S.J., teaches in Concord, Mass.

STUART SILVERMAN, a frequent contributor, lives in Chicago.

PHYLLIS THOMPSON's first book of poems, *Artichoke & Other Poems*, was published in 1969 by the University of Hawaii Press.

STANLEY RADHUBER teaches at Portland State University in Portland, Oregon.

ROBERT HERSHON's new chapbook called *Atlantic Avenue* will be published by Unicorn Press in the fall.

## Poetry Northwest Prize Awards, 1970

HELEN BULLIS PRIZE: \$100

Will Stubbs for "Three Poems" (Spring 1969)  
and "Three Poems" (Autumn 1969)

### Previous Winners

Hayden Carruth (1962)

John Logan (1963)

Donald Finkel (1964)

Mona Van Duyn (1965)

Richard Hugo (1966)

Winfield Townley Scott and Katie Louchheim (1967)

Sandra McPherson and Gwen Head (1968)

Eugene Ruggles (1969)

THEODORE ROETHKE PRIZE: \$50

Philip Booth for "Let the Trees" (Autumn 1969)

### Previous Winners

Carol Hall (1963)

Richard Hugo and Kenneth O. Hanson (1964)

Kenneth O. Hanson (1965)

William Stafford (1966)

Carolyn Stoloff (1967)

John Woods (1968)

Thomas James (1969)

