

Poetry

NORTHWEST

AUTUMN 1968 • VOLUME IX • NUMBER 3 • ONE DOLLAR



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POETRY NORTHWEST AUTUMN 1968 VOLUME IX, NUMBER 3

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POETRY NORTHWEST

AUTUMN 1968

Eugene Ruggles

Five Poems

WALKING BENEATH THE GROUND

Something has died and I walk
a night so thick and heavy black
it's to walk beneath the ground.

Stars stick through overhead
like white root ends of weed and grass.
The earth keeps my eyes dry.

Behind me the footprints
have already filled with sliding gravel;
like these words with silence.

The woods are close ahead
and they have what I need to wear.
They go on good over the ground.

I feel the branches bend
and nearby, hear a stream running
steady as a vein of ore.

Walking beneath the ground I come
skin to skin with the end and the beginning
of green flowing together like bone.

I move by touching and go
through into that sound. The air loosens
where this hardness begins.

Where nothing stays but the soul
I kneel, and drink from rock.
Beneath the ground I start to see
and take the reflection this rock gives back.

~

AFTER LOSING MY CHILDREN
I BECOME A DECKHAND

Today the sun is locked hard
around this ship. The Pacific
is pounded level with light.
We move in the middle of a diamond.
There is no wind at all.
The words fall straight downward.

Once more on this sea
I throw out the dice of my breath,
while the body clings to its foam.
When they've quit turning to be
gathered by an empty current,
I win every wave in sight.

~

MICHIGAN JULY BLIZZARD

All day sun
had been falling thick,
deepening the drifts
of corn stalk and wheat,
pressing the Great Lakes apart.

Cows moved slowly
their tracks covered
by the swirling pasture,
taking shelter beneath the trees
that were caked with green.

The huge horses stood
and waited
their beautiful skins trembling,
each one surviving
his own blizzard of flies.

And two boys
lay for hours where shade
had shoveled a clearing.
All day the sky
kept throwing wood on the sun.

~

THE SENSUALIST

A journey of touch
with the luck of smell.
And the map and the bed
still unmade. Once
I knew a city
in the tip of any finger.
A woman called me angel
and I could dance on a nipple.
For years I told time
by her tongue.
Her hand would come into mine
safe as a cloud,
and I sang what it was
to be the sky.
When blood begins to stick
in my skin like a leaf,
I've been shown where autumn is.
If I can fall that far.
A clean silence,
the wind wiping my mouth.

~

SELLING BLOOD

For twenty dollars a pint
she slips the tube in my vein.
I turn in time to see the jar
being splashed with red,
helping to draw the blood out,
opening and closing my hand

it is a mouth breathing,
asking money, money, money . . .
the blood rising in its new skin.
I close my eyes and eat.
I hold in my hand
the cavities of a nation.

~

James M. Keegan

Two Poems

A GRAVESTONE CLOSE TO HOME

Just as he used to purse his lips,
then crook and nod his head when something
hurt, my father died with perfect
acquiescence. The rest of us
came unprepared. The house began
the formal closing-up; windows
fell along the rooms;
we in the fixed air,
poised like the struck beast,
breathed to the stroke of a hallway door.

We're back to truth since that November.
With a smile remember the little games
we played beside the water, his lady
rummaging among the waves to find us

out. We can delineate our memories
and now have placed his death among them;
we notice others go and not
impair reality.

But sometimes when she hears my voice
my mother has to catch herself
from panic, and once while she was dozing
her hand went out to where he sat,
and turned to rock when she remembered;
even I've come shouting out of dreams,
to find them true.

All the strangers
filling the room are terribly familiar.

~

THE LIGHT KEEPER

Some phrase of all I used to sing,
to feel the morning, teeming with the sea,
buzz across my brow,
to walk the morning to the tower,
to put it out
and hear myself devoured by the rocks,
spat like a wave, devoured—
some phrase still hums in these last lightings of the lamp.
Perhaps the last inflections of the sun
are tricking on the western rocks tonight.
It is no matter. Tomorrow, should it speak,
I will intone another dance along the glaze;
should it not, I will become
the water's and the sun's smooth stone.
Business now is with the night:
the gulls are gone, the buoy-bell disembodied.
I conceive the humped black sea
torn by a mountain of crags,
and night itself, like a quivering woman,
amazed by the tower, the light.

~

Two Poems

THE ANTI-CHAUVINIST IN VERSE

(A Reply to Simpson's "American Poetry")

The only poem,
the only poem I can see
is a great flare burning out the eyes,
the indecent gesture of an honest mind.

Down on all fours it goes
worrying the tablecloth, the leg of your pants,
hunching its shoulders in a corner
ready to spoil whatever gets in its way;
asserting being where indifference makes the laws.

It coughs on the road, sick of dirty gas,
or leaks out through tires rich with tread;
it sits combing painted hair over the mantel
waiting for mom to see herself fluttering in the fire;
it stands in a field gross as the hay-y humus
that gives back pressure to the asking foot;
it camps on the ridges of mountains faced with granite,
smashed into rocky scars, holding up rocky hands;
it breathes clouds into clusters beyond vision's edges,
making, out of the dust, new worlds ten millions years ago;
it holds to the wind, a kite fraught with immanence,
woody as oaks and beeches, its arms stretching paper to the sky.

That's the only poem I see.
It isn't here or there; no one has his name
slapped in red paint on the thing's prow,
or knows how to push it off, knock the blocks down
so it can slip into the water and be home.

Only when it's done, and afloat,
does it seem a possible thing,
though talk about it, then, is always strained, a trifle theatrical,
ill-mannered, even when most reasonable, and most concerned.



DREAMS

We dreamt of them going off in what seemed droves
Carrying our hopes in their hands like big balloons.
Their backs were straight and their arms all true
As they melted into a classic afternoon
And we turned over and punched at the pillow.

We had visions of them dug in on various fronts
Beyond the easy penetration of Red Cross units,
Their faces seamed and their feet stuck aslant
Across boxes of shells and food and stuff for the wounded
And we sighed remembering earlier, similar dreams.

We had a glimpse of them in the evening on bemused screens
Which had fixed channels whose knobs whirled at a touch
But made nothing appear beyond efficient and stirring
Maneuvers, and these poured out of that soup in a general hush
As we turned on our axis fighting the mattress.

We had trouble at first adjusting our hopes to the arm on the line
(Although mostly the body adjusts and a transfer of skill
Takes place, so the member remaining manages, most of the time)
But being good citizens, even in dreams, kept still,
And patted the pillow and slept far into the night.



Harold Witt

Two Poems

READY FOR REMBRANDT

Ready for Rembrandt, through a chiaroscuro,
having parked far down the Indian summer day,
we hike uphill by the blue scoop of the bay—
cypress on seacliffs, a sweeping higher view
of ruddy Bridge and white sails on the blue.

But at the top, stretched from the colonnades,
past Rodin's Thinker and queued on into the street,
a crowd of others hardly moves in the heat,
and still arrives, by car and bike and bus
to see the pictures of his loneliness,

to push and shove for a glance at his antique golds
shimmering bright edged from the dark of things
and shadowed faces of imaginings
no one liked at the time, fat flesh in its folds
in the right light, uncomfortably close.

What are we doing then, in line with the rest—
we know all that and knew it from the first,
the public eye mistaking best for worst,
and, until much later, blind to the best—
it isn't worth our time to be so pressed

for a déjà vu of Rembrandt—so we step
back to the bayview, along the summer's edge
where on the frameless air the famous Bridge
from which so many leap to darker death
swoops luminous arcs of afterimage red.

~

PROGRAMED

This morning all those clever brains are figuring
how to get less into bigger packages
and more decor swirling on surfaces—
before I ever opened it my eye
was hooked on skirts so short that I could look
the whole way up.

I hadn't even filled my coffee cup
and rolled the paper out to read the murders
when I felt someone standing in my skin—
a twin of hair and very blemishes
noting the brand he used whose other foot
my shoe was on.

Correctly touched, that person's pulse would jump,
he'd say his ah's and no's like anyone—
if he got hit my head would raise the bump
and I am he statistically enough
to let him pour his preference in my cup,
but he's a bluff—

and never told what I was thinking of—
that gutless, yessing robot, adman's dupe
lied to all the polls, and they won't know
that I don't fit the square hole they compute,
counting me as one who watched the program
he swore I viewed.

~

Three Poems

THE WASP

The swing in me gentles
bone through bone. Without touching
leaf shadow goes through grass shadow.
Jen and Jon open doors which aren't there
and fake now-father, here-mother talk
of blood dumb hurts and heals.
My look won't fit my skull.
My brain is shadow in shadow,
going one way. A wasp edges the house wood
to gather a wall. I breathe
no surface, no core. One hand shadow
plays the dark light.

Then Mary calls, "Look!"
shooing the kids in.
Turning to a greenness
in the living room window,
I get off the swing. "Kill it!" she says.
The can forms my hand like fly hover
in a web. The swing goes
without me. I'm seen
like my corpse, another depth to miss.
The porch turns one-sided like a burning snapshot.
"Be careful," she says. Without touching
leaf shadow goes through grass shadow.

The first step drops me
down a robin peep. The wasp rises,
stills at no point, and opens me in
a wordless near, near.
"Wait 'til it stops," she says. Swing chain works
against one quiet. It touches its body
with its shadow. I touch in with out.

The can hisses a second sky.
The wasp drags and totters, crosses
and snaps like a shoestring.
I wonder the bodies in its body,
perfect as the crackdown of a seed. A robin calls.

"Thanks," she says. The kids snoot and Ooo.
She squishes it in kleenex.
The screendoor bang-bangs.
My palm feels the clenched beat in the can.
I hang in the swing.
"Know what?" says Jen. "What?"
"The sun sometimes gets so hot
it could catch the house."
Jon beats ants with a spoon.
The living room window is a wall.
Our wedding clock, working out one corner,
runs backwards in a mirror.

~

TRACKS AND STREAMS

When the children ask why
you say there's something I want to see
as I leave the car, cross the road, and come to
no lost gate, no one way path
only the in and out
of rusting tracks
between two streams, no heaven
but unspoken air.

Here to and from goes wild,
gear teeth in the weeds
rooting the sun in space. Queen Anne's lace browns
beyond junk angles. Dry petals lighten me,
open my hands in the air Homer breathed.
Here driven lines wear out dark holes.
Plato's cave fills
plain as an ant hill.

And here I step
less than table shadow,
less than the sun in a bull's eye,
less than the star seams along lens cracks,
less than a scrap of politician face on a pole,
snapping Queen Anne's lace into a bouquet.
A brain from the first place,
the stems point out the space in my pulse.

The children jump and shout and clap.
You smile to wild flowers.
So the hub springs, so the plumb line spills.
The car starts. Rust layer in rust layer
all tracks lead to the heart
streaming veins to a mouth
with no ghost. Clouds mountain
retina once as ripples.

~

THE ANNIVERSARY

After the turkey barked,
The-Clock-Says cat mooded. The dial stopped at pig.
I pulled the ring. The pig tweeted
to the spinning finger. Again—the horse said nothing
on the string running in.

Where Jack-In-The-Box pressed dark in his music,
the sky fumed black, feathered blue
with no window, no door. The pear tree held on.
Stripped Raggedy Ann—"I Love You"
stitched in a heart—stared one way.

A chair shadow in the doll's house
fell on a plastic crotch.
Matchbox cars held what can't be opened.
I shook a bag of molded killers.
A torn map led to thread flowers.

From the doll's empty hands,
the cap gun's rick-clack closing what doesn't close,
I came to your sleep,
finding us deeply near, beating heat,
in the open with the sun.

~

Charles Baxter

Two Poems

MRS. BARBER IS DEAD

After a long illness, whose every variation was watched anxiously by her large number of friends, Mrs. Charles Barber expired yesterday.... Born of affluence, of aristocratic tastes and tendencies, she was sociable...to those fortunate enough to enjoy the pleasure of her acquaintance. She was the center of the social circle in which she moved.
—Fragment of a newspaper obituary (1892)

You were the center of your wedding's circle.
You said, "The smilax wreathed the chandeliers
and wound about the pyramid."
These were remembered: the french provincial clock,
an olive spoon, a plaster of the graces.

Milwaukee sent ice cream. The gifts were set
on tables the servants would not touch.
You stepped lightly as a bride
to stroke the coin silver in your name.
Your husband watched you as you walked.

Eleven years your home became a court, the air
was conscious of its pleasure. To guard your own,
you gave the slightest motion of your wrist
that harmed the undeserving. Each loyalty was grave.
You did not become the future.

Perhaps you rehearsed your death-scene for close friends,
and at the skillful rattle waited for applause.
And then encores: a tissue hand, pulled by strings,
reaches for an atomizer, finds a vase instead.
A paper-white narcissus trembles to the floor.

The funeral was exclusive, and no one swayed.
Your family asked for elegance in the pastor's robes,
the procession slow, and all grandeur.
You were your age's mannequin.
They hurtled you to God without a doubt.

Servants pulled the curtains in the mourners' rooms.
Dust fell on the china set. Your ring was touched.
Rejected friends found passage through the windows,
night animals ran across your bedroom floor.
Your husband thought he saw your features everywhere.

~

THE COURT

In white
she (not quite breaking
with beauty) rises, her
arms surrounding the sphere,
it glides over the net.

Gathering each nuance,
he judges her aim
follows her motions,
returning as she
waits within light.

She watches
his return falling behind
the shimmering lines
swimming the length
along the court's boundary.

She resumes.
Now she will open her swing,
the ball rises
beyond the net's height
to the very edge of his side,

he bends, striking each
time harder, he breathes
and water begins to
run into his sight,
the water

is in her eyes, she
moves back and forth and
her hands continue
moving, moving
in the air.

~

Helen Sorrells

MOJAVE

Promise me—never the desert
nor even the oasis
(that plunge in green, that blessing of water,
the palms hinting in the noons
((like your heart))
of things better than this).
Promise me, never the desert
though it claims you,
seduces you with the light, the lucid air,
the stars like friends in the dark.

Last night, fevered, I dreamed it again—
the old nightmare, the old trap
that will get me one day,
the cruel reach of it hurling sand

on my eyelids, the dust saffron yellow
like sickness, my dried bones rattling
in a kind of music
for a kind of dance, the martyred shapes
of the Joshua trees jerking like cripples.
I wept in your arms in the dream,
not tears, only racking shudders.
A gila monster played at my feet.
I cried in my craving for water-fall,
light-fall through green,
green-fall through tunnels of trees,
through lush orchards, on meadows,
on lawns rich with dew in the night's
secret growing, the prophecy of rain crows,
and then the rain, rain coming quiet
and slow from the hills,
rain on the wind from a blowing sky
or in squalls from a storm-green sea.
Sand rode the wind instead
and scourged my skin and marked me for life
and I woke, having bitten blood
from my lip.

~

Daniel Lusk

PENNY CANDY AND BIRDS

Hot sun and thunder,
penny candy
balloon-big under
the lilac bush;
a thundering twelve-
penny candy brown
sack, like elves,
flushing birds.

Set bread and milk
(and penny candy thunder)
on the sink (bush)
board ; please, I lost
it (yes, Lost) thunder
and hot under-
arm sun (beneath
the lilac bush) brown.

Bluebirds lift brown
in noon-drum thunder,
black in dinosaur
day when lilac fever
fires the dragon in my
eyes. The brown bag
lies under the bush gone.
Thunder and gone.

Brown and gone penny candy ;
cool wind quiet
and wet, birds wet
brown and drowned ;
dead birds and penny
candy ; in big balloon
puddles wet sacks
and wet-dead birds.

A long time after
the twelve-cent rain,
fire in a brick
house, silent stain
of lilac, and balloon-big
wet dead birds, once quick
like tongues in the bush ;
thunder, penny candy
and (white) birds.

~

DROWNING IN WINTER

While I'm on center ice, someone
would walk

along the edge of winter, or, as
in the traditions

someone would skate my way
flailing his arms

and yelling at me
to get off

the thin ice and stop digging
my way through.

It happens this way once every year.
Don't I know

I could drown? Didn't I see the sign?
DANGER:

THIN ICE. Perhaps the old masters
didn't

have the hang of it after all, placing
a hand-painted

warning at the risk of their own
safety. Somehow

I've never had enough sense
to stay off

year after year, nor the knowledge
to go through

with it, retreating each year to
the shelter

of my cabin, my hands violent
from the numb

of rejection. Then I would sit
waiting all

year for the lake to freeze over
again. I

begin to do odd things;
wear

wild paint, wait for someone to come along
and show me

the way, or keep my sanity
by shaking

my fingers loose in bed. But
too soon

the cold sets in again and I can't
put it off

any longer. I put on overcoats
my fingers dumb

from broken years of braillework
and trudge off

across the lake. Like last year
I'm awed

by how deep the ice suddenly is
even

at the thinnest spot I've chosen to start
the digging.

The ice chips away and someone
is yelling

at me, like last year. Perhaps
in this

silence, nothing
breaks

for better
or worse;

only my hands reaching down
immersed in

the water two thousand years
below

with no authority to hold
dead center.

~

Michael S. Harper

Three Poems

MOLASSES AND THE THREE WITCHES

Inside out, the police announce
there's a riot—on CBS—
it's a barnfire.
Firemen and police
ball-eye into the squares:
This is the first barnfire
in history.

Roll 'em:
Lady says she saw
the first keg of molasses
in a gunny sack
on a huge black's back;
a black rose bush
on his big-eared helper;
flour and grits
in a pelt as soft as snow—
all gone up in the smoke
of the last spiritual
of Brers Bear,
Rabbit, Fox—
the black trinity:
I will not go Quietly—
I will not go Quietly—
I will not go Quietly—

~

PROPOSITION 15

Christmas Eve and no presents;
the snow's in the mountains;
the fat saint hasn't gotten
his witless teamwork from ski
trails and mushroomed mountaintops;
the lake water is truly sky-blue—
Everybody's waiting for dark.
The minstrels take the lawns
to attract skyflies,
coming at midnight, in flight,
red-suited saint, with his whip
and his sack full of toys:
it can't be Halloween.

My backyard is covered with snow;
eight rabbits in reins settle their
cottontail feet in the molasses earth

and begin their whimsical dancing,
a figure-eight cycle
of rhythm and blues.

I see rose-thorned tambourines: see
that green honey-dewed fruit,
see the white sheets and pillow cases;
see that grayhaired black storyteller
on the porch swing;
even you are a believer.

~

AFTERMATH

Blacks all dead
in the streets;
the guerrillas run
white sympathizers in,
out of the hills;
the city streets are
brush fires of the last
lovely battle.
There were those who did
not believe, on both sides,
in the fury of those last
night's human fires;
ready-made armies
hunt even the freeways.

Now the flames suck
kerosened human flesh
as the hostages loom,
military twigs
in this medicinal barbecue:
the country, finally, is white with snow.

~

THE HAG REMEMBERS

My best loves were children, caught in flight,
who shook and beat their hearts
against the cage my arms made as we kissed.
Here on this couch we lay,
here coupled, here sucked sweet of each other,
here hugged, till I had hugged them dead.

One of my loves had eyes big as frogs
and thick frog's lips, good to kiss.
His white skin illumined the afternoon,
his frog's eyes dim.

The other child a garden.
Thorns were his thumbs, roses bloomed in the palms,
the dear breast a bed of soft earth.
He gravely covered me and gravely died
but sowed my flesh first.

Goods delight me now.
Soup that broods in the kettle,
mushrooms growing slyly back of the stairs,
the clanging cups, the silent spoons
warm my years.
Yet—I loathe disorder
and this kitchen's full of creeping things.
Black beetles scurry out of holes
and in the walls they make disgusting music.
Everywhere, creatures speak of death.

Nothing I regret
no kiss, no crime.
I'd only wish
(it grows so still)
sometimes, in the night,
to hear them cry.

Sister Madeline DeFrees

Two Poems

NOTES FROM THE TOP STORY

The widow under my third floor goes for honey and henna,
coos night and morning to a pet parrot whose
language laces her name with innuendo. Intricate
his ways of gilding the *Hilda*. Survivor of a married son
and one shadowy husband, the parrot links
her half-life with whatever comes later.

Two flights up, I sit knitting to rock-
and-roll, my head swarming with dead birds who won't
talk and wouldn't be able to name me. Eager, I taste
a strange tongue, study to listen in doubles, plume
myself on having no parrot to call me Mama.
That bird grudges a step on the stair, a voice in the hall.

I hear him early and late being taught
dependence. Therefore, my step gets lighter,
lighter, as I hurry past the widow's cage,
the love-seat on the landing, and climb when I'm
tired, skip when I'm not, to my stop-
gap convent in a convertible attic.



THE REAL CANARY ISLANDS

The bird coned to the end of that huge
Christmas pine stares past my childhood
like a moulting parrot that will not talk
whether to swear or beg for crackers.
Unwilling to let go he nestles into a screen
of electric needles greener than mould
or envy, to withhold any word I can tame
or fondle. Always I am afraid

that the bird will break in an ornamental
shower too bright to pick up; or come alive
in a volley of dung burning me blind.
So far away that I cannot see them
unnamed birds push red skiffs
into purple waters and sail into sounds
too deep to follow. Only the paired flash
low over waving grass in a gold whirl
of never was, tells me that the crow's signal
is not all, and the dumb parrot is a liar.

~

John Moore

SQUALL

Pat

In the hazy shape of my mind
I feel the glass fall. My windows
Grow dim.

When will the weather break,
The doors in me slam to a new wind?
Waiting is one thing and then another,
The track time makes and unmakes.
A song-sparrow calls. The waves
On my shore come like old ocean
Against the stones and sand.

Gulls

Paddle far out like dirty ducks, loose gatherings
Nose to the wind that hasn't yet come.
But will come before this day dies.
The leaves will all turn wrong side to
And my brain will clatter like
A broken weathercock seeking
Its own north, its own lost
Bearings.

~

STOKING THE PANES

He was licking "The Middles"
when he woke in the 'jack's eye,
saw the wick wink in the wax.
Afraid he would chuck from smoking
stale air, he swung from his sack
into boots and weatherjacket,
climbed the rungs up the fo'c's'le;
shut the hatch.

Glints in the barrel, stipples
of fire poker a glass sky,
broken, when his dipper breaks
the fine skin. He stands stoking
the panes, clinking—drinking back
through their rings, where the racket
of swan mutes, when the flocks sail
up the beach.

Miles off in the black cradles
of space blinking past the guy,
he's sailing for soft obliques—
the blur of a fleet waking
out, as the blip of its track
peaks in the starry thicket—
sounding perhaps like flak's hail,
out of reach.

As he backs down the scuttle,
"Bear Jack" opens a bunk eye,
winks, and forgets. So he tucks
his face by the cold straking,
listening to the floes nick
like clear bells on a placid
lake—and far from the fo'c's'le,
in the muck of a foxhole,
strikes a match.

Hale Chatfield

EMERGENCY ROOM

hospitalia : chromescence beckoning : all that sanitary
pseudo-silver's so many foaming kidneybowls
to slobber in. here there are no twenty
snowy mountains. no eye moves here in this lackluster
landscape.

no crows.
here the eagles are rubber eagles.
here blackbirds are black birds,
here blood is a series of spots from the doubleddoors to
the emergency eyetray.

no flies.

no smoking.

I perceive, love, the reason they send me away while they
open your clothes is to keep me from seeing what their lights
and their peers and their thinkings will do to thy body

I perceive, love, they fear lest I scream O No No

O No

O NO THOSE ARE NOT MY WIFE'S HANDFULS

o no
those are not her
smoothnesses
her little hairs

and, love, lest all their instrumentalisms prove
some credible infirmity
to unflesh my sight of you
and thus undo my grin

I go

I go to cloy my gaze on lobbychairs
and hide my face amid a crowd of glassed-in candybars.

Tom Wayman

EASTER MONDAY 1967: DRIVING SOUTHWARD

To Dr. John Donne

I too am hopefully heading
for the City of the Angels.

The car drifts through the long morning
moving steadily across what
was once rocky plain or forest.
The car stopped would show a hardness
lies under this easy motion
but in the cushion of speed, this
—except for the blinking white lines—
stays inconsequential. It hints,
of course, the dangers and deaths that
are real enough, as yours were, but
so does the overturned truck near
Ashland, the wreck with its flares and
flashing red lights on Bay Bridge. Yet
these latter are cleared away in
that ceremony of police
and tow-truck, while discomfort is
banned through a competent heater.
Constant worries are remembered
statistics and smashes, fuel,
overheating, and distractions
like the crawling ant on my dash.
To survive the lane-changing and
detours seems to be a matter
of steady application and
luck. Over and over again
I find myself working the wheel

through a hundred miles and minor
problems: blown fuses (no wipers),
rain, a fog. . . .

But the dream, Doctor,
is now without order, to come
through it is hardly ordering.
You felt an anguish of faith, lest
your order go, yet looking back
at your fantasies denies us
our own: my view of L.A. will
be no more real than those segments
of the Nailed God's legend you chose
to ponder and adore. Order
—though shaken—brought you a semblance
of relief; I fall into some
personal superstitions, and
find solace in the mileage that
drops on the signboards flashing past.

Still, the route of survival has
its beauty: a mare anxiously
watches the March foal, twin highways
ahead flow up a long hill. Nor
is the route without reflection,
and there are people to be met
under the high gas station signs.

Doctor Donne, I think you might laugh
to hear me say the road throughout
is constantly repaired, straightened
—to ease the dream, and that we have
faith they are making it better.

~

Harold Bond

Two Poems

DESMOND

Young brothers, my two neighbors,
all night I heard your voices
boom out against the cold dark,
call again and once again
that queer name I came to curse
turning over in my sleep.
Desmond. Your old basset hound.
Say he's gone pawing off with
some slick suburban bitch
to weave the town wickedly,
return home late and red-eyed
hungering to be fed: brothers,
why the alarm?

Today
you hawked the streets up and down.
When you went, brave and ready,
your act of postponement done,
the pound yielded up his frame,
fingered by the tread of tires.
You broke ice in your backyard
to belly him down under,
your slapstick, lop-eared lover,
at once the scourge of postmen
and prey for every cat.

Later
we drove to wooded places.
Rifles slung on your small backs,
you scrambled over fences
and left me huffing for air.
We lighted leaves and bramble
to kindle the blood turned cold
on both edges of the earth.

The day gone dark, the fire dead,
I hollered out your two names
only to hear your buckshot
booming out shell after shell,
brothers the height of hunters
gone to retrieve your own game,
hunting out the wood's creatures.

~

DANCING ON WATER

Mothers who clutch the hands of your children,
what fable can I claim to assure you
these are not drunken sealegs I walk on?
If there is an unseen line I follow

woozily down a winter street, this is
the only act of faith I know. You walk
distances around me, winging like hens
protectively over your broods. I take

these intricate steps only in the dance
I do. I balk gravity by timing
the one disjointed knee that will collapse
predictably as a jackknife. Something

is special in the way I walk, sealegs
to be sure but drunken only in what
blue waters will not buoy me up. These rags
of kneebones for my fable, can we not

call it beautiful that I move over
such fathoms in this my clumsy fashion?
We will say I am dancing on water
in my faith. Ladies, I must dance or drown.

~

A WOMAN AND SILENCE

1.

The place that she has never gone is wild.
That much she knows. She feels its map careening
in her hands, blown by a hidden wind
in wild touching, an anarchy of turn
and plunge; tongues caress the trees, bodies
torn and open in its dark. Then,
when she sees his eyes engage with hers
among their friends or in a dim room alone
her throat restrains the scream of its savage women.

2.

She attempts maturity: to turn,
with dignity, away from truth.
A knife of mind reveals
the small bones of her hand:
not in death; alive
with blood and active nerves;
when uncovered, cold.
A lost phrase returns:
"One should never see one's bones."

3.

Seed catalogues arrive on time, and seeds
for starting in the window. Guards against the winter
sunlight and the snow that make the house
shadowless and dizzying. Anchors in the window
to peer at. Reminders of time and the movement of season.

4.

Every footfall shakes the house.
Cupboards roar and shower stalls
roar back. There is a time for stillness
when every presence seems a messenger:
the water pipes are voices; insects

reveal great purposes; the drape of ferns,
designs that must be stared at, in great
quiet. The ceiling cracks are going
someplace with significance.

5.

Dance is strain. To move with the boneless grace
of the stalk of grass that sways against the porch:
to be purposeless like that, the hang of its flower,
to accept the movement of air, she
must be deliberate. To equal it, she must
assert it. She knows a dancer's hand,
to hang, fall, splay like that,
must be all control.

6.

She sees those women among fat, ragged trees.
Their dance releases. The lines her mind connects
and hands hold firm, her life
unravels now. The man upstairs asleep
intrudes on her, guards against her passage.
Old dog. Worn rug. Partner in the old dance
where everybody moves in time.
Familiar stranger, like the flesh
of her back. But to be boneless, sustained
by release, a deathdance, held in love,
holding, handless.

~

Henry Carlile

GRANDMOTHER

No one remembered when she first discovered God.
Her conversion was sudden as a slammed door.
Outside, my grandfather beat the doorjamb
With his fist, but she, God-furious,
Would not relent.

Shut up like an oyster on a speck of dirt
She praised God in her bedclothes,
Read the Bible like a French novel,
And dreamed each night of Christ the Saviour,
The lightning bolt of revelation forking at her
From the black cloud of her Bible,
The godhead stirring inside her like a sick sea.

Overnight her skirts grew longer
And her temper shorter,
The black buttons on her boots
Crept higher and higher on legs
That had never seen the light.
Whenever she rode the cablecar downtown
She pulled her bonnet tight around her ears
To let no evil word hiss through,
Her eyes magnified by scripture,
Split by the seeing lens and reading lens
Which could never look together,
Beholders of two worlds: one black, one white,
Negative, censored and unprintable,
A damned world bleached of color.

Stern as an iron stove she drove
Her children off to church,
Beat their bottoms with a willow
To kneel like thirteen sinful sheep,
Recalcitrant, flagellant, baaing at the altar,
Pinched upright in their pews,
Reciting alphabets of sin
While the preacher, a red-faced Russian
With a beard as black as God,
Gospeled from the pulpit
And the congregation flapped their tongues,
Propheying improbable forgiveness.

But nothing ever was:
The family scattered out like rabbits
From the sawed-off shotgun of the true faith

While Grandmother rocked in the cradle of belief
Reading and praying, reading and praying,
Copying scriptures on tiny scraps of paper
Which peeped like mice or children
From every nook and cranny
Of the old house:
From cookie jars and table drawers
And kitchen cupboards—
Even from the Bible itself,
Marsupial with misconceptions,
Threatening every minute to explode,
Until one day her heart did,
And we hunkered in the shadow
Of her death,
A bad luck come-to-nothing family,
Wrong since genesis.

~

Adrianne Marcus

Two Poems

THREE MOVES TO WINTER

The vines have gathered
A spilled geography of birds.
They come to eat the grapes
We did not pick. Perched
Like leaves among the twisted
Vines are clusterings of Sparrows,
Grating Jays. The remnant grapes
Are food enough for all.

Late afternoon, the vines are
Stripped; the birds have vanished
In the winter air. Everything is
Brittle, going grey: no loose intent
Of green will hinder winter's

Coming. Across the sky, a crust
Of clouds; November stalks
Our land.

The snow fills up Nebraska, moves
The Great Plains in a white
Unbending wall. Even here,
The sun has lost its heat,
And though it rises firmly
In the sky, it folds against
The trees, predicts thin shadows,
A hungry flock of months.

~

ANIMAL BIPES IMPLUME

Two legged, featherless, he dreams
Of flight. The heavy bones respond,
Grow light, irrational. No longer
Weighted down by day, he balances
His head, moves into the night;
Soaring, dips and stretches
With the dark,
Feeling the air stretch
To meet his shape.

The easy confidence of flight
Returns. The sky becomes a steady
Motion; he glides in circles, rises
With necessities of air, wings curved
To instinct. He hovers motionless
Inside this shadow-self; the moon
Dips on his wings . . . now he is silver,
Dark, now bright again, and surging,
Takes the air in one gigantic swing,
One final swoop before he spirals
Into morning: awakened, fixed,
And incomplete.

~

MASS PRODUCTION

at night
watching my fingernails under
the flickering bathroom light
I posit reasons: cops don't
talk to me, lines
could be drawn to show
I lived a life
unthreatened
what about
this breathing fear
violence then
maybe
a leftover newsreel of my soul
cluttered with
dream
eyes
walking into a hard landscape
and forces that can turn on you
angular
greyness of houses streets
caught in their own drama
and concealment.

it patterns itself in a
careful
arrangement of eyes
the people pass by
the snow falls where I'm walking
like a human advertisement
going somewhere
nervous in a snowstorm

the sky
producing what
my desperation calls for.

Donna Brook

Two Poems

WHEN AIR CONDITIONING FAILS US

This psychiatrist sweats
"Like an honest man," like
A horse must move. I glow
Like Victorian spinsters
With lilacs, damnation
And daydreams as he sticks
To his black leather chair
As I twist in my hell
The doctor squirming and
Handsome. I am confused.

It is very humid
Closed in a room of dark
Panels with the blue fake
Oriental throw rugs
And windows so modern
They don't open the place
Being air conditioned.

Something fails the body
Forcing salt and water,
But I am not crying!

Rather, we are sweating
Cooling into an itch
For breezes and iced tea
For a repairman
To do anything but talk.
Let us loosen our clothes
And lie under the trees,
The method not being
Meant for this discomfort.
It has all broken down,

But it might mean something.
This man may be human.
I may be human. I

Who once worshiped machines,
Who froze in my tracks, who
Praised myself dry may be
Liquid. It is time now
For artificial means
To leave us. Look at us
Who burn and swim in it.

~

THE CANDIDATE'S SPEECH

No more will the colored scarves
Turn into eggs.
The doves hide behind elbows
All top hats empty, with the
Rabbits breeding like Catholics,
Minding their own business.

Sequin droppings
Litter the stage we are at.
The women in small costumes
Are on strike. Do we care for
These magicians
Who perform to their mirrors?

Saw me in half.
I will go to Rotary
Wearing the cape and turban.
Put the sabers into me.
I will pull paper daisies
From nowhere. Believe in me.

~

Three Poems

SAN XAVIER

I feed the mouth of the lion
 candles
 tarantulas
 net the walls,
rise in the dome ;
 the snow blows in
 beneath the door
 she screams in the wood,
frozen feet twisted in the grain . . .
a purple breast
 presses against the window . . .

I strike my forehead to the stone
 lay sweaty coins
 between his plaster toes—
he leers down from the golden throne

and as I leave,
 mouth full
 of plastic toys
 babies' arms
 jeweled receptacles,
he spits them out ;
 they bite my flesh
 like spiders,
 like shattered glass . . .

ice grips my wrists
 I see his footprints
 across the winter sun.

~

MAILMAN

if the mailman
 would come back
 in his little red truck,
up the hill tinkling
 like an ice-cream bell ;
rabbits and grackles
 leaping before him
into the roadside grapes
 and sheaves . . .

carrying in his crippled hands
 a book covered with walnuts
 and clusters
of gold, horns and green
 lizards roaring through the vines ;
it would sprout wings,
 his hat would fly off,
and he standing astounded
 losing his warts,
would soar through the
 fleshless afternoon,
and drop its purple entrails
 on my head
 like a dove.

~

IDIOT'S SONG WITH A BROKEN STICK

I curse the stars
and these cold tortillas ;
here, take this money,
I am generous . . .
my car, my machine,
what I am . . . like in the Navy.

gods that took my brother
and drove my father mad ;

the fields and the sweat . . .
to get in and get out quick,
knowing what devils lick
 the rotten flesh
that falls from the Virgin's toes . . .

see this stick, the flesh of woman,
with it I beat the flowers from
the deepest midnight sky,
 and through with them
spit the chewed petals out . . .

yet feared by judges,
 loved by children ;
I rape the pines, known
 as a man among men.

~

Ralph Robin

EXCULPATION

The technical virtuoso,
Instructed in publicity,
Threw his card to the second balcony
Or sawed his woman in half

With the balance that can weigh a pencil scratch,
The compression machine
Capable of bursting a frame at a million pounds
Or of not breaking an egg,
The microscope that can make visible a virus—
The simplest form of what we are—
And man-made lightning not lacking at extraordinary voltages.

If the orchestra misjudged the entrails
And the second balcony misread the cards,
He was not to blame.

THE ROAD BACK

We drove along the stream
Through snow, found the pass
Impassable, cars caught in a dream,
Those crumbs cast upon snow
To feed a casual starling,
And turned our blind driving
Back along the stream
Black by then rutting the pure
Fabric of mountain and sky.

Could we have said we were lost
And trying a last shivering match
To some gathered twigs
Or peering for direction
Over the round, cloudy face of a compass,
We might have had a story to tell
When we were elders docked in chairs
Before fires lit by the young:
How creatures survive in circles
In the mindless drift of winter.

But we turned back,
Took the road down without compass
In the dark of our sliding nest,
Safe like some mute carolers
In the middle of a Christmas card;
Down through somewhere where white meets night
Going somewhere we couldn't see
At speeds we couldn't comprehend,
Drugged by the oily blasts of heat,
Staring off into the blank of direction.

~

THE FATHER

"Girls of your age are the freshest, purest things
Our Blessed Lord has made."

I was just twelve, and fatherless.

The winter carrousel
in Central Park was ours. I drank hot chocolate,
he chain-smoked cigarettes.

Books, relics, blessings warmed me
less than his smell, of lime
and incense. I was not Catholic, but he still
held me on his lap,
and sent me flowers on Father's Day.

He was new in my world of women;
my mother and aunts thought him strange but safe,
and useful to our needs.

I wrote him letters every day,
learned Latin with delight,
spent weekends with his parents in the country.

His mother had been dying
since his birth; for forty years
she thrived, patient to outlive
her husband, take sole possession of their son.

His father told Irish jokes
and felt between my legs to warn
me not to let boys touch there.
He never did that. Often we didn't touch
at all, but sat and watched
the space that breathed between our hands.

He said I would outgrow him,
and every birthday, teased my bitterness
at others who, he smiled,
had gone before me, and would follow.

He asked for the frock I had worn
the day we met, and folded it in a box
tied with satin ribbon,

to remember me as a child, I thought.
He called me Princess.
Once, he was drunk, and slapped me in the face.

Years later, married and pregnant,
I saw them in the park one summer afternoon,
his collar cast away
beside her shoes and socks. Her pinafore was stained.
Surprising them, I loomed, a green
round shadow against the sun, and laughed
"You don't know me!" but pity
stung my eyes at her protective anger
for him who, kneeling on the grass,
looked as if he saw heat shimmering with some
dreaded annunciation.

~

Peter Cooley

THE ROOMS

I keep leading the blind man
through rooms where the stones
are all that's left. I put
his hands to their sides, say
they're warm, that one's soft,
he can eat them. I give
him names to put on them
I make up as I go. Look,
your woman, a friend. . . .

I see shadows of words
I've given him glisten
under his fingers, hardening to light.
Till he's speaking my words
to the stones, he can hear me,
he's holding one up, repeating my name.
I hear it growing harder than stone as I leave.

MORGAN'S CANES

Morgan had a limp. When he was twenty-nine
he caught his right foot in a trap his brother set
for bear, and because of this he took to making canes.
When he bought new sows and plowed the pig-yard wider
than it was before, he saved what larger roots
the shoats might waste themselves upon or hurt their snouts.
They made for better walking, or a sure support
for conversation when the talk was interrupted
by a sudden waft from overalls, or he felt
the time had come for hawking spit and pounding it
to punctuate the graveness of a point. They were
always gnarled and bronzed, the canes I mean, like pine
you sometimes see in the woods, where bark has split high
in the tree so evening light reflects on it like sun
on a polished shield or burnished amber, and made from wrist-sized
wood, the kind old-timers used to bend their backs
to when the plows got stuck. He'd cure them for a year,
then close the grain with an old sow's bone, just like a big
league player with his favorite bat. "Nothin' like
a sow for sealin' right, the way the tourists shut
car windows when they pass my place!" he'd shout, near twelve
o'clock at Hamm's each Friday night, standing at
the bar and striking the cane against the darker wood,
just to demonstrate the point as fact, or just
in case some younger buck, knowing it was Morgan
and the smell that made him rich now ripe enough
to air his pride, might care to hold his nose and laugh.



Steven Foster

Two Poems

ON A GOOD MATTRESS, WARM MILK

dozing, our cats grow into the spread.

the bedroom is gravid tonight,
like the square-bellied trucks on Interstate 30
and the men who guard them through the dark.

Nancy has slipped from a dull book
into relaxed delirium;
breasts slackened under the sheet,
she sleeps dead, but murmurs,
the clock seeming to labor
between her sprawled legs.

doesn't she know she has become a cat
after a full day's meal—
or a mountain, or a bending branch,
or a sultry day in Kansas?

once when she thought she was alone
she skipped across the grass
of the meadow behind Pole Mountain,
and was the meadow.

the worn brown purse is her too.

master of the house am I, now;
PEACE a blueprint on white
done carefully by this hand—

which even as it grows complete
under the spell of entire sleep,
wavers, runs red and yellow down the page:

dissolves things, woman, cat and flesh,
spreading into the colors and shapes
of a ragman's wagon.

I can't resist drowning in blue-green.

glued together with gold leaf
a shattered vase is a brain, is sleep—
is a spider's web at dawn.

~

MR. KELLY'S CANCER

Nine weeks he bloated and starved,
a stump stuffed with mistletoe,
while Mrs. Kelly frenzied God
at Wednesday night prayer meetings.
Who else could preach the high school boys
she and the elders said.

They went to purge that fruitless pregnancy,
their hands on his head,
anointing with prayers, vegetable oil,
believing their God and St. James,
or whatever *did* burn Kelly down for a while—
clean as a knife scoured in Bled for Praise.

Why then did Kelly later up and die,
before more prayers could unrealize the fact,
strangled by his bad organic luck?
The high school boys whored and drank,
lost their burning causes,
their shepherd of certainty.
Their green lust chilled again
the veins of Mr. Kelly,
clogged the narrow ways to his presumption.

~

OHIO: 1925

Now at the dark's perpetual descent,
I remember the hoses, looped like snakes,
The arcs of silver spilled in little lakes,
All that rainbow bridge to summer, bent
Under the hanging stars. They swung so low
Our shirt-sleeved fathers grazed them long ago;
Giants with silver whips, who could crack down
A shower of stars to cool our parching lawn.

That time of summer, there was always time.
Shrill voices counting: *twenty, ready or not,*
And bodies light as moths or a firefly's
Glimmer among the elms and then wink out,
Or at the statue-maker's sudden whim,
Swing from his hand in easy equipoise,
Creating marble myths of girls and boys,
While the water falls like silver over them.

Our porches bloomed with shy and spinster aunts,
Daisy, Olivia, Elizabeth—
Their names a nosegay or an orchard's breath;
Among the potted ferns and bric-a-brac
They fluttered fans or flirted gauzy sleeves,
Caged in a latticework of trumpet leaves,
And made a constant litany of talk
Till porches darkened and the cage went black.

And in the smothered furnace of the street
A moony Ford goes by on muffled wheels;
Boys and their mongrels spin like Catherine wheels.
Under the maples where their elders wilt
One banjo plucks a tune, and two guitars
Follow the tinny plinking charitably
And as another fumbles for the key,
The gloomed catalpas blaze with sudden stars.

Come home. The coast is clear. The river's voice
Ravels the labyrinth of space and time.
The blurred canoes, the dance pavilion swim
In wrinkled splendor on the water's face
And the riding lights of towns along that shore
Hang like a chain of tears we bargained for
When first we set our small boats bobbing free,
And never dreamed the river flowed away.

Here in another town the sprinklers jewel
The blue suburban dark with their clear fall,
And other voices chant the ritual
Of lost and found by patio and pool
And other children streak like meteors
In the forbidden country of the street
On tipsy wheels or skittish, silver feet—
The kicked can tinkles sweetly down the years.

I remember the hoses' steady arc
And women gentle as the names they bore
On porches spiced with rose or lavender,
Hung high like cages on the honeyed dark;
Daisy, Olivia, *good night, good night*—
As clear and changeless as enduring myth,
The water falls through time of its own weight
And sings with the Ohio's risen breath.

~

Robert Hershon

Two Poems

WHAT THE BELLHOP SAW

breakfast in a charlotte
luncheonette
shadows of miami birds
on the clean streets of denver
i ate too much dessert

the bathroom grows bigger
and bigger and bigger
faces and knees fragmented
in a hundred mirrors
a door moves an army marches
i take a step forward
my faces growing bigger
and bigger and bigger

this city is not my city
downtown oakland painted on the windows
cagney movies and too much breakfast
boston stones make my coffee grey

i read the kansas city star in bed
one hand in my pants
the television gets channel 2
on channel 5 and channel 7
on channel 3 it turns itself off
the sore on my nose does not heal

there is a knock on the door
it is yesterday knees together
requesting permission
to leave the room

~

CHOOSING A COSTUME

1.

i could go as you you as me
holding your shorts up with tight hands
to come to our hosts as our hosts
to come as ourselves
our faces carved in our backs
looking out

daniel d. tompkins garret a. hobart
thomas a. hendricks william r. king

min and bill vic and sade
laughing while we dress
the animals always watching

the sneezing elephant the drunken monkey
as miss mousie and the frog
a cat politely rings the bell
theres plenty of time

this delicate wire construction
being an exact replica many times enlarged
of the central nervous system
of a squirrel as the bullet strikes
odds or evens bullet or squirrel

2.

as our blonde mothers holding hands
across blonde nebraska
as the bitter pain of our fathers
wrapped in newspapers

my hard-eyed grandfather
hiding his baldness at 85
watching from the back of the store
as my father sells
a pair of kitchen curtains

your fathers lost plays
my fathers poem
in the journal-american
your fathers remote broadcasts
from the claremont hotel
my fathers cards your fathers wine

your grandfathers the lawyers
the hollywood lawyer eating lima beans
in his empty house and the man
who named his three sons john

my great-grandfather the rabbi
singing at the seders in the bronx
in top hat and cutaway
all his sons were engineers
your great-grandfather the gold miner
who always pissed outside

now our son his barking cough
our nights our terror
waiting for him to strangle

3.

i choose a skeleton costume
one of a thousand from woolworths
we call them all woolworths
no matter what they call themselves
i have learned to be secure
having no names and all names

you are little bo peep
a bonnet hides your eyes and your sheep
are straying one by one
and they will not return
and they will not be missed

take your time dress slowly
draw one costume over the other slowly
the party will not begin until we arrive
if then and when we walk through the door
to greet the frozen rabbits the shaking kings
having remembered what we wanted to be
we will be to the surprise of all
dressed just the same

~

About Our Contributors

EUGENE RUGGLES, a merchant seaman from Bodega Bay, California, last appeared in our Winter 1966-67 issue.

JAMES M. KEEGAN, a Jesuit priest studying in Boston, published his first poems in this magazine.

STUART SILVERMAN lives and teaches in Chicago.

HAROLD WITT is a frequent contributor to this and nearly every other literary magazine in the country.

WILL STUBBS lives in Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

CHARLES BAXTER is a senior at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota. These are his first published poems.

HELEN SORRELLS lives in Pacific Palisades, California.

DANIEL LUSK is a graduate student at the University of Missouri.

ALEXANDER KUO teaches creative writing at Wisconsin State University, Oshkosh.

MICHAEL S. HARPER, from Brooklyn, is teaching English and Negro history and literature at Contra Costa College in San Pablo, California.

JANE HAYMAN teaches grade school in Santa Fe.

SISTER MADELINE DEFREES, better known to our readers as Sister Mary Gilbert, teaches at the University of Montana.

JOHN MOORE is also a professor at the University of Montana.

JOHN CREIGHTON is a cargo inspector and oysterman at Cambridge Port, Maryland.

HALE CHATFIELD edits *Hiram Poetry Review*.

TOM WAYMAN is a graduate student at Irvine.

HAROLD BOND's first book, *Dancing on the Water*, will be published by The Cummington Press in 1969.

BARRY GOLDENSOHN teaches at Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

HENRY CARLILE teaches at Portland State College in Oregon.

ADRIANNE MARCUS lives in San Rafael, California, and has published widely.

HARLEY ELLIOTT works for the Syracuse University Press.

DONNA BROOK attended the University of Michigan. This is her first appearance in any magazine.

PETER WILD's first book, *The Afternoon in Dismay*, was published this year by the Art Association of Cincinnati.

RALPH ROBIN teaches creative writing at The American University in Washington, D.C.

STANLEY RADHUBER teaches at Portland State College.

ROBIN MORGAN, poet and free-lance editor, lives in New York.

PETER COOLEY is a graduate student at the University of Iowa.

JOHN JUDSON teaches at Wisconsin State University, La Crosse.

STEVEN FOSTER now teaches English at San Francisco State College.

JOAN LABOMBARD, whose work has appeared in many magazines, lives in Santa Monica.

ROBERT HERSHON's second book, *Grocery Lists*, was published recently by Beanbag Press.

Poetry Northwest Prize Awards, 1968

HELEN BULLIS PRIZE: \$100

Sandra McPherson, for "Two Poems" (Summer, 1967) and
"Three Poems" (Winter, 1966-67)

Gwen Head, for "Five Poems" (Spring, 1967)

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)

THEODORE ROETHKE PRIZE: \$50

John Woods, for "Six Poems" (Autumn, 1967)

Previous Winners

Carol Hall (1963)

Richard Hugo and Kenneth O. Hanson (1964)

Kenneth O. Hanson (1965)

William Stafford (1966)

Carolyn Stoloff (1967)