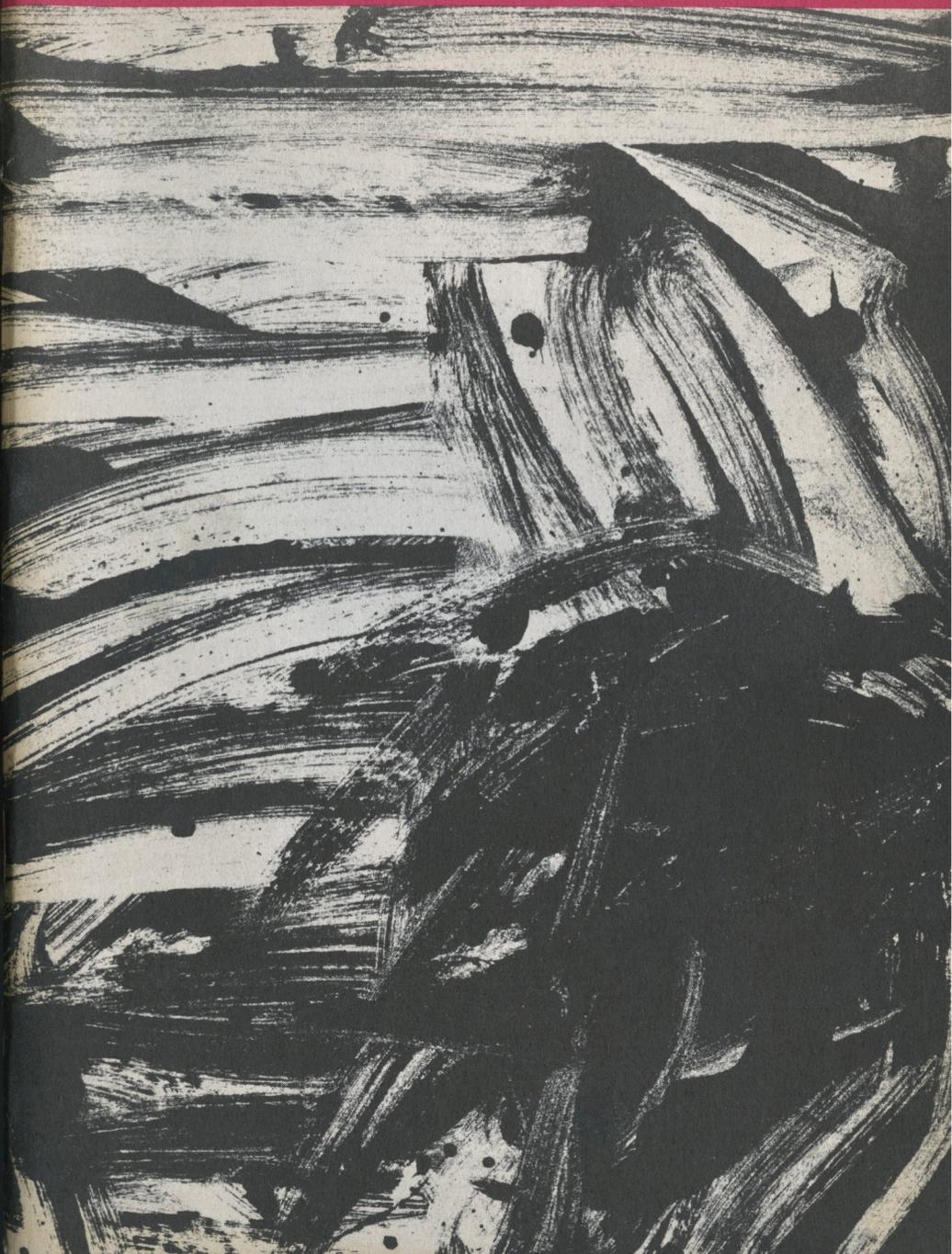


POETRY NORTHWEST

WINTER 1961-1962

VOLUME II, NUMBER 4

90 CENTS



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POETRY NORTHWEST

WINTER 1961-1962

Jean Garrigue

Three Poems

OF A DAY AND HARES

Durer's brown hares were in a cage
With their long soft ears laid flat,
Their oblong eyes closed, in some feigned sleep,
Only their whiskers alive
In the perpetual tremor of very fine things.
A guinea pig to each hare slept on each hare's back.
It was, for September, a hot day
And there was that fur close to fur and warming it.

We have lost much time by love affairs.
By a pedantic madness we have lost the rest.
Animals have time. We lose it.
When we lose we are lost. We are marking time with the days.
We are letting them die away.
In retrospect we see the dwindling host.
We are fierce judges of what costs us tears most.
To judge ourselves is as to see ourselves
Grandiose in plight. We see ourselves and think that we may laugh.
Salubrious is laughter. Or a short barking unhappy and ugly.
If we would not lose time, what would we be?
That which no doubt we are.
But does it alter? Perhaps.
If between being and doing there were not a gulf.

The animals for which we have too much respect of a sentimental
Variety
Supposedly dwell in the mindless flow. Is being mindless purity?
Does it partake of an indefinable grace?
We lie down in the grass and hear time moving over us.
Its bells that flay the air flay us.
Or in the light rumble of its wheels the weight is going over us.

Or then to stroll
Alone before God or nothingness.
For the guinea pigs and the hares will be sold
Or caged. Only the air we cannot use
Or hurt is free. Only the air and light we cannot cage
That play upon this day so soundlessly

SLEEP WAS ALL THAT SPEECH

Sleep was all that speech my heart choked up.
I lingered there in cobbled squares of dew
Until the bird before the window woke and sipped.
A bell sent others clambering and I shook.

And what if the all-but-human is just this
Power at the mighty peephole of the sun?
Or those convivial horns that chime and split?
Fabulous eyes. How you'll be buried there.

Or then—the rose awning over the day—
To be strung by every bone and pinioned there—
What if the motor broke, the purpose run,
Twist, torment, dance and hang be done?

The truth connects us but the more is love—
Without that top to wind, no way to go
Celebrants all, of the ladder up the mow
And children calling—smoke forms of the snow!

POEM

Have driven in carriages, by violets traveled,
In a field stolen over. In this clear land, what mist!
Of so many field blues flung in a heap.
Or the blur is of jewels or blush of cheeks, lips,
Seen from a distance where the air presses round,
Coloring the long-bodied heads in a group.
Nearby a seawall. Clear panes of sea lifted,
Till the flash of the soft foam smokes.
Vinous roofs of the berry. A gardener strolling
High up in a heaven of straw for the oranges.
What presence contains us! You bearded!
Like that statue we saw embraced
By the briar grown over its brow.
Love in the smile. Like azures to drink,
The plane trees deep!
As, vagrant of pebbles, a pauper of leaves,
The snail delicately pulls in its horns
Stopped by our carriage, our riding on fields,
Gone in to all that he is

Kenneth O. Hanson

Four Poems

GOODBYE FOR BEING RIGHT

Having read once in
The National Geographic
"Who for the Soochow Ho"
(*ho* being river)
and having admired
that resonance

—having observed
during World War II
spun flat across Texas
a country hit tune
called “Iwo Jima’s Isle”
(*jima* being isle)

—and having further
heard the Fox (being old Ez)
in a remarkable cadence
tell us who “with
herds and with cohorts
looked on Mt. Taishan”
(*shan* being mountain)

I bring these instances
together, more to instruct
than to delight, more
to delight than in despair
knowing that everywhere

war or no war
the geographers are always
right, and the poets
when they try to put space
around words are brought
to a blankness

—the floating island
holds in the distance as
the imperial mountain holds
and the wide world opens
arid and bright and clear
edged with a silence.

HOLDING ACTION

My landlord’s sons
called Marky and Bobby
built a snowman once
when the dead winter sky
dropped a glittering white
all over the city
and nobody had chains
and school stopped cold.

Four days it stood
controlling the landscape
till Monday the sun
came out and Marky
in red boots—a south-
western cowboy whose
perilous nature marched
with a draggle of flag

round the melting bird-
bath and up to the pear tree
and back—bright scenery
shifting everywhere—
and drawing a bead
on the difficult season
he moved to a springtime
likelier than most

his turning world four
square in my window, borne
on the back of a turtle
as the Buddhists say.

NOOTKA

In the old days
Mrs. Annie or Doctor
Long Tom rich
with fish could
sing to the beat
of a rattling drum
"I am trying to look
as pretty as I can
because my lover
is in the crowd."

Or changing the beat
"I'd have cut off
his head and carried
it through town,
except it would
have had such a
crying expression."

Now in a duplex
across the street
Tom Brandon, nine
is practicing scales
an opening wedge
into the morning.
Doctor Long Tom
is dead. The Nootka
singing has ended.
And they say a woman
in New Mexico has
been elected chief
of the Mescalero.

SHORT STORY

When he first
met her he stood
stockstill—the cars
backed up for blocks
all honking
to beat the band.
That was Tuesday.
Already he wonders
how much longer
he can bear that
regular traffic
her eyes her lips
her tongue her hair.

~

Harold Witt

Four Poems

POETS I KNOW

suffer as much as Shelley—
handsome as a villain, one jumped from a bridge.
Most like liquor, women, walks in woods.
No one loves them enough except themselves.
If they are women, they aren't exactly wives—
traumatic Emilys married to the sun
they're partly flesh and mostly butterflies.
They cry, like rain, to glisten everyone
and burst perfumes along the freshened branch.
Experience is where they went for stanzas.

They don't live here but in a town of time.
Reims will bong a singsong for their rhyme

or not-rhyme; some would rather die
than starve the hungry ear with June and moon.
Often they're learned, doctors of the odd;
can tell you what it is, but can't tell why.

Dantes, they will Virgil you through hell
and then contrast a too-bright paradise.
Shakespeares, bees, they break with able eyes
every landscape to the shapes that thrill.

Visit at risk their green, deceiving gardens,
handle with care the image that they show—
both fly of truth that's destined to be dinner
and cocked and hazardous lizard might be you.



COMPOSERS IN MOVIES

Composers in movies usually suffer long,
sighing and crying, the music they make is women,
and out of their whole life work, a single song
sounds from invisible strings whenever Chopin
kisses George Sand (ignoring her reeking cigars)
or, pressing the princess like keys, Liszt's sinewy hands
play Liebestraum, or Brahms eyes Clara Schumann.
In such a fake décor, even Wagner looks handsome.

Discreetly offscreen, Europe bleeds, as their études
flutter and boom from the wings of polite pianos.
Death's red trickle decorates their moods.
They have nothing to do but ogle the dubbed sopranos.

They never stay weeks and months alone in their rooms
unless to writhe, while easy themes recur
and smiling wives bring tea in, over some tune
they didn't think much of, and probably wrote in an hour.
Eyes must be soulful, of course, hair curled, beards absent
—crow's feet and crooked noses would never do—
Schumann hears the A, but as someone hearing
a slightly raucous cockatoo on a bright May day.
There isn't time to play their masses and requiems,
offensive diseases would interfere with the way
gilt cupids please, flying rococo prosceniums—
discordant truth would clang the melodic lie.



HAND ON THE GUN

Hand on the gun the day the cat died—
my father's manly one,
veined and sinewed, touched the trigger,
eternity between

then and the first shot, the first sick kitten
blasted beyond.
Truth in the orchard, death by the mustard
yellow with bees and sun,
virile the jaw at every cocking;
straight from the eye that sighted
bullets tore five furs of pathos—
life could never be righted.

Meowing at last, the pink-tongued mother
whose comfort I had known
twitched to a stillness tears and shaking
wouldn't wake her from.

"The cats were sick. We couldn't keep them,"
he said. "It had to be done."
And I fell down forever, cold in that clover,
but took his assassin's hand.

GENTIAN

In a Yellowstone spell, I looked for the purple gentian—
a lyrical folder assured me the flower was plentiful,
but praising perfection, that pamphlet neglected to mention
the exact direction to take to which right meadow.

Somewhere accurate bees buzzed the correct corolla,
petals unclosed to disclose the shape of a bell—
though none by the paths I chose; not one corona
shone, in my Galahad eyes, botanical grail.

Lupine and paintbrush lavished their brilliant millions,
Queen's Lace daintily stitched, enriching my sight,
grass after grass between the arching mullions
of slender aspens glowed with a stained glass light.

The bears were there; a moose's handshaped antlers
battered through gold as he grazed and angled the rays,
myriad deer came near with their graceful answers,
eagles would frequently glide in sizable skies.

All mudpots bubbled, no waterfall failed to rainbow,
Old Faithful faithfully shot its hot water veil—
but I found among thundering splendor, marvel and miracle
no simple sample of purple on any trail.

Arnold Stein

Three Poems

CAVE PAINTING

What is he doing in the cave?—
That half-lit island in the main of night,
Crouching in prayer or work above
The wad of burning moss floating on fat
In a hollow cup of rock. The light
Throws back the walls in a broken wave.

Into the earth, into the crack,
Far in, where no day or season comes, and time's
Measure moves vast, in flowering rock,
Gardens that everbloom—he quickly comes
Bearing his horns of colored slimes,
Listening beyond his feet, which break

Across the drip of water, across
The roaring of the unseen high cascade;
Listens for the cave-bear sharpening claws,
Or the heavy shuffle; at narrow turns, afraid,
Stiffens for the shock of smell the untried
Next step may smother in an embrace.

Or hears the rolling cough come up
Of the possible lion substantial in his lurk;
Watches the darker darkness tip
The giant stalactites, and threads their park
Of spears; shrinks from the lighter dark
On the ledge, along the breathless drop.

And reaches the place where earth will sprout
Her colors. Why? (And still *why?*) Is it love, or fear,
Or appetite for use? The brute
Gut-growl of the body beast obeys a power

Not only of self ; and the lines are pure,
Concrete, and nameless but not mute.

The paused hand moves, removes, purses,
Fingering the necessary dark in vision,
Feeling the crude communion's forces
As shapes becoming themselves for love's occasion,
Discovering as rich invention,
Divining what is from common sources.



THE PERFECT CRIME

The crime was aimless, he could not hate himself,
The insight brief but perfect.

Unprepared

He blundered on a famous clarity wise men
Have wisdom to invent, with terms, conditions,
Prepared by complex surgery on shadows ;
A sacred station hoped for by strict rules,
Gained by slow thought, ascending prayer, quick gift,
A clarity of needing nothing, selfless.
The way back less arranged—a conscious drop
To the reluctant painful truce with time.

He did not have that luck, but stumbled there
Without rules, agreements, hopes, not even looking
For the place when there he was and felt the light
Go through him. His past rose like the grain in wood,
As it was, and a perjured memory withered at once,
While the future moved in him, a wave of nausea
Stopped by the exploded light which encompassed all,
Was all, then faded.

He shrank back in time
Disabled. He could not hate or love himself
Again, or want to try—the perfect crime.

A PUBLIC DEATH : FOR GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL

Powerless, old, removed,
He begins to die, who was
Obeyed, sought, perhaps loved :
Stern father once in the cause.
Death will advance again his name among
The living, those many, to touch the old, the busy, the young.

In formal telegrams
To the world, expense not spared,
But brief as epigrams,
The facts of death will be shared—
The distribution made in measured print
And voice more scrupulous than figures from the mint.

As time from distant space
By privilege of night
Visits our turning face
Of earth and appears through light :
So times mingle ; we darken the room to see
That impulse of past returning, as death come to light, now faintly.

Mid-day, in the screaming light,
Islands of shade collect
Themselves and search for sight.
His death cannot affect
Our noon in full career. Yet what do we see—
Aliens in time and citizens of destiny ?

It is always noon, the glare
Asserts the immediate,
Envelops, blinds, is where
We are—a towering idiot

Created every moment, the unity
Man worships or withers before, compelled, and dares not deny.

Yet does deny: inhabits
More worlds than one, postpones
Accounts, lives by his wits,
Cheats nobly, success disowns,
Admiring significant failure, tries it out
In the mind's eye, freely, and lives through real doubt.

The bulletins are steady,
And personal anecdotes
In reserve, and experts ready,
And the official quotes.
But nothing hangs upon the hero's breath,
Not even the anxious past, which died before his death.



Joanne de Longchamps

Two Poems

THE ROAR

No day is down without that roar
rising, subterranean,
from lair or lion-pit of earth—
What lives there or has fallen
through grieving greediness?
The howl is hunger.

Such noise describes a beast—
its appetite is human
and I have fed from every feast
of circumstance, its famine,
out of my fear and rage.
The roar is unassuaged.

Whole landscapes have not stilled
that torment of huge sound;
not acres, orchards in their seasons,
treasuries of tree and ground, the vine
and wine's benediction—

not fruits of air, snowfall, flocking birds
in odysseys of flight,
all things that flow and are reflected;
rivers with stars in them,
light and the rain's prism.

Love is given to stop that mouth;
touch, the heat of hands
and rougher acrobats of pleasure—
Still the thunderous
caterwaul of not-enough.

What will then be left
for ultimate surrender
but a breathless end to giving
when the gift becomes the giver . . .
—What hungering is fed with death?



FALLING TO SLEEP

Well our well-used speech describes
that well of dark descending;
nightly we must fall to sleep,
a drop so steep the human heart
can jolt itself awake, be shaken
sleepless for a sorrow's sake
and fear to find in deeper dream
foregone gifts the cold has taken.

Hayden Carruth

Eight Poems

TRINIDAD

"Things are hopeless here, you know. But outside of that, man, life isn't bad at all." —The remark of a native, reported in a travel essay.

Yes, dear myselfing isle,
It's winter here and now I age and ail;
On one creased haunch
The old bull bleakly leans in trampled corn
While snowstorm's ash
Fills up dark North America like an urn.
And your rumcolored eye
Amidst disheveling seas keeps frost at bay
With moony winks,
Although perhaps you need me, island mite,
Since your green kings
Are tempted elsewhere by the superstate.
A hopeless match, I know,
Yet once I longed in secret and afar.
The drumbeat cold
Bruises a mind born puny, drubs my words;
Someone more wild
With genius for your warmth is what you want.
Think now. Is not need cheap?
Is cheapness not most dear to want of hope?
If youngsters tend
The drooping systems let an old man praise
With eyes unblind
Your froned locks and wide blonde beachen thighs.

Thus we may make account
Of our unfitness. You shall win a note
Of fame perhaps,
And I—ah, when the systems lose me here
I'll look you up
In my green atlas. You at least are there.

I'll slink dreamfashion past
The slapping seas that cobalt round your coast,
And our long loss,
So much, so many schemes, so many lives,
Shall make us wise
To one another's guilt. And so to love.

Oh, it is cold, dead cold.
The staked out cub creeps whimpering round the pole.
Upon my ribs
Crawls that same mantling freeze that dumb and blue
Winds down the globe.
Stiff skin like sod locks in the graves below.

Will it not reach you? No,
You still outlast me, yet at last you die.
The munching surf
Someday, someday shall crop your utmost blade
And all that brave
And particolor joy cry to the void.

It is this hopelessness
Behind the others. Old men plant their kiss,
A yes upon
This book, a bronze or stone, the simple ground,
The molten sun;
The stupid universe says no, says no.

Grandeurs to come and past
Do misconstrue me in their terrible waste;
Shun that mistake,
For I shall husband you like my good fire
Of salvaged sticks
The while my lungs sip this bone-picking air.

We work, we must, apart.
It can be done, your life against my art.
Call it caprice,
But at the last I'd have my deep blood spurt,
My bone sink piece by piece,
My precious purses spill into your heart.

EPISODE OF THE ASYLUM

The booby-hatch's bars, the guards, the nurses,
The illimitable locks and keys, arranged
To thwart the hand that continually rehearses
Its ending stroke, all place a barricade
Against destruction-loving resolution.
Many of us within would have given all
(But we had nothing) for one razor blade
Or seventy grains of the comforting amytal.

So I went down in the attitude of prayer;
Yea, to my knees on the cold floor of my cell,
Humped with a broken wing on the fast shut stone,
To ask and ask as fervently and well
As I could guess to do, for light in the mists
Of death; until I learned God doesn't care.
Not only that, he doesn't care at all
One way or the other. That is why he exists.

TO A REVIEWER WHO ACCUSES ME OF FORMALISM

You praise, if faintly, my "elaborate" verse
Whose "stateliness" and "elegance" rehearse
A "fine" emotion. Shall I take it ill
That I read substance where you read my skill?
Remember, sir, a madman's practiced art
Is cobwebs binding fury in his heart.

WORDS FOR A THIN VOICE AND GENTLY TWANGING MANDOLIN

You almost got me, baby doll,
Yes, you almost got me,
When you took my gun, my little pretty gun,
And aimed it and shot me.

That silvery bullet, baby doll,
Yes, that silvery bullet,
It hung me limp in the sobbing air
Like some plucked pullet.

Who said don't worry, baby doll,
Yes, who said don't worry?
Was it you in the keen, so sterile room,
Weeping and sorry?

Maybe you came there, baby doll,
Yes, maybe you came there,
And maybe you brought me a drooping rose
For my wound's shame there.

When I recover, baby doll,
Yes, when I recover,
I'll kiss your hair and touch your eyes,
And you will do it all over.

HOW TO WRITE A POEM

The man he was made sullen and skinned prey
To sorrow's vulture stooping on his crown
In cassock wings, and forty years drew near,
Four flesh-fed decades over and no way
For love's poor fool, locked up, to have a son,
And loss and loss rang bell-like in his ear;
Loss, loss like a senior and baleful gong
Throbbing the expectations cruelly stopped,
Lunacy's spongy, adventitious blow,
The eight-year solitude, an alum tongue
Wrying a hoped-for name of a boy still trapped
And running in his loins forever now:
The artist, prudent, thinking how to warm
Some rhymes on his emotion, tried to speak
Contritely to the fathers, after Yeats,
Tried to apologize, in nice alarm,
Telling the sires how Yeatsian was the ache
He bore because he'd bring his line to quits;
Tried, if the truth were known, two times and then,
Seeing the poems like chicken bones on the page,
Rose up in loathing and destroyed them both,
Because the scheme could not keep feeling in,
That splendid scheme made in another age,
In another land, and God knows in another faith.
The United States—a somewhat astringent name
For astringent virtues. Well, the sires were lost,
Dispersed from "Narragansett No. 6"
Into that West they thought they overcame,
Leaving him, born urbanely in the East,
Not even legends, nothing but his sex.
So much then. Now, in a ruined year, he saw
Exactly what sex was. His broken love
Might make a wholeness still if it could force

The mind to image-seeking. Could he know
Eternity in the poem, be conscious of
A sexed mind plying some impersonal course
On seas of love? Uncharted ancestral reefs
Sank the poem, its single sail, the self,
Writhed on the green, quick-scattering foam.
At this he too could cry for old beliefs,
A once-told tale of the inconceivable oaf
Who'll steal away with being and take it home.
Cowards make fools. Sick men know this. He knew
The good self as corrosive lineament,
A symbol's lovely content scattering, wrecked
In the symbol's dissolution. The personal view
Is all, a rent man patched till the final rent
And comic end: hope is the thief of fact.
The family was a dream, the boy a myth
Imagined as his living shape of pride
In being—sense and will, yes, even name;
Desire to be as a substitute for faith.
He, the American, knowing he could not hide
The ugly or the difficult in his time,
Made of the boy a thought to put away
Like other vanities of brains or looks.
In bravery or in wisdom—who can say?—
He nursed his broken love and wrote his books.

PARABLE OF THE SUBURBAN POET

Snow falls; I furnish seed for winter birds;
A squirrel eats it, deaf to my hard words.

In barren pine flit junco and blue jay;
The squirrel occupies the feeding tray.

Eating, he takes an attitude of prayer.
Does he appease *his* god then with *my* fare?

And feasts he for his soul? Oh, wicked food
That fills his stomach in ingratitude!

For he grows fat and jays grow lean, and dusk
Leaves me for my content a tray of husk.



FINGER-PAINTING ON AN IBM

Into the curiously celestial harmonies
Of your eyes, as a feather falls from nowhere,
Trailing nowhere-ness like a veil of waltzes,
Into the zinnia-garden, I fall, my love.

Among the flowering constellations there
I weep and sigh, and then I laugh and sigh,
Already forgetting to remember my vacant home,
The purged weathers of philosophical despair.

Forgetting, too, my errand. What was it?
Did I bring you love? How could I bring
What I did not possess? How could I give
Something stolen away from me so long ago?

It is possible to speak of feathers falling;
It is possible to be Shelley on an August day.
So much is possible that is not profitable.
The feather floats down to entice the child's

Tousle-fingered admiration. One thinks instead
Of ashes collapsing in an ash-tray, burnt out;
So many fragments of what once was, so many.
They drift in your eyes, my dust blinding you.



Carlier

Not a pretty figure, of course. It makes my eyes
Smart terribly just to write it down. Yet see,
Settling and diffusing, they run away,
Like lightfooted ripples running across a pool,

And the constellations clear, the zinnia petals
Burn distinctly again; for the faller vanishes.
I am conscious of moving far underneath, a note
Winding from the hunter's horn through your blood.

Dark, dark—I did not know I could see in the dark.
And I have only to realize myself as strange desire
To have you sway and whirl in your dark spontaneity
Of dancing that you do not and cannot invent.

What power! I throb in satisfaction. Something
From nowhere has turned into nothing somewhere,
Here in the fluvia of love, beneath the petals,
Beneath the stars, primum mobile, the cause of you.

HOROLOGIKOS

Could we like youth consume the stolen night?
You told me, fiercely, "Put away your watch,"
But said that I might keep our candlelight
Whose intimations lapped at throat and crotch.

And years did us this favor, that our crime
At last was none, only the precious powers
Still fit for this good work, suspending time
To breed us wisdom where had been but hours.

The dawnlights blanch our candle that was warm,
And yet we lie so well beloved and kissed
That mankind's sole sane head rests on your arm.
Tell me, what is it ticking in your wrist?

John M. Ridland

WHIRLYBIRD:
ROETHKE READING

All your blades going,
somehow you kept aloft
that time I heard you,
whirlybird of the word!

You kept off the ground
not by will-power
but by that rotor
through the top of your head.

As dragonflies dart flame
and hover,
you struck sparks from the air
between pauses.

Between flights, you warmed up,
flapping your choppers.
And wheeling, coming about,
ready for take-off,

you lifted all 54
tons of us and the hangar too,
Dragonfly, Hummingbird,
Whirlybird of the singing word!

John Tagliabue

Seventeen Poems

A very very tall thin Bodhisattva like the single flame

Still
as
a
syllable
not
yet
moved
tall
as
a
word
not
yet
told
old
as
the
young
not
yet
born
high
as
a
song
beginning.

Buddha
makes two moving unknown foreign visitors become amorous seers

The two of us
after
staring
at
a
standing
small
golden
image
of
a
generous
Buddha
when
we
turned
and
met
each
other's
eyes
could
hardly
stand
it
we
were
so
illuminated.

RECOLLECTIONS

*(Painting by Josetsu) that bring a fish and a
tipsy priest close*

A
ragged
old
monk
hardly
distinguished
from
the
weeds
near
him
and
the
way
ward
stream
which
has
a
lively
cat
fish
in
it
is
now
casually

with
a
gourd
he
loves
last
night
filled
with
sake
and
the
conversation
with
the
moon
casually
wandering

toward
the
flighty
fish
also
wandering
toward
the
conversation
with
last
night's
moon.

IN PRAISE OF POTTERY
AND SO FORTH

1.

Large Rough Earth like Pots of dark and varied earth colors

Old pot

Old Indian woman in the dark

Old any loved woman in the dark

fulfilled, dark, glazed, raised, praised,
amazed.

3.

More Art Appreciation

Having

had

a

few

heavy

and

superb

pots

fall

on

his

head

he

looks

awfully

dumb

and

reverent

before

a

pot.

2.

Imprint

of a fish

on a large old pot,

fossil

on a starry moving world

accompanied by babies and stars,

old professor

in print.

4.

Every

person

has

a

secret

favorite

pot

in

the

dark.

5.

*Still or turning, a dancer, a galaxy,
or pottery or poetry*

Still

the

earth

is

the

best

poem,

the

best

pot,

accompanied

by

stars

as

husbands

to

praise

it.

6.

*Kamo no Chomei: "Only in a hut built for the moment can one
live without fears."*

Hat

Air

me

there

and

not

there

any

where

you

too

you

true

you

nit wit.

10.
When sometimes awkwardness is almost fitting

My
long
woolen
under
wear
follow
me
around
a
little
loosely
like
some
inexact
but
pleasing
thought.

11.
Marco Polo wrote Japan tiles its roof with gold

O
no
it
is
gold
that
tiles
its
roof
with
Japan.

12.
Buddhist Prayer Beads

These
heavy
colored
prayer
beads
like
a
variety
of
chosen
worlds
known
by
the
sutras
in
the
dark.

14
A
Japanese
person
adjusting
himself
to
his
kite
wore
his
kimono
flew
in
the
Day

13.
Ceremonial Tea

The
green
green
tea
taken
ceremonially
casually
took
me
to
the
green
at
the
center
of
sleep
at
the
center
of
waking.

LA CRIADA

Maria, brown as Moctezuma,
Spreads my clothes like picnic cloths to dry
Beneath his perfect, ancient sky.
The ground is good enough for flowers,
She told me once, the parallel so plain
I will not speak of lines again.
My housekeeping, where even cattle dung
Is brought to kitchen as a fuel,
Is anachronistic; somehow, here, a little cruel.

My hands are green from planting succulents
And Jose, roof-ward to the water tower
To fish guava leaves that stain my shower,
Knows his hands more vital than the task
And that the setting for a woman's nails
Are one of life's irrelevant details.
My habits are, where water grudgingly
Comes up in cups and lidios choke the jetty,
Innocent conceits turned, here, unutterably petty.

But can I tell them this? "Your ways are right.
Look! Here I bring my northern pride
To chapel as your pauper's bride."
No. They offer me no groom and never will.
Jose, Maria, take me as I came,
Learn nothing from me and assume I learn the same.
Cortez, it seems, clanks through the jungles still
While we read catechisms for our roles
And lizard-limbed avoid each other's souls.

IN THE BEGINNING WAS
A POEM THAT SAID,
"IN THE BEGINNING WAS..."

The frog in the hollow—croak, croak, croak—
intrudes upon the flickering dignity
of dragonflies: has the good sense to be silent
when hungry and boast only after dark.
It is night. There is no light and no shadow.
And though you all exist around me
on the damp lawn I could unmake your forms to
—what?—were there some getting away from the ice
of your tinkling glasses. This unmakes us all;
yet the chatter—the testament of husbands
is that babies are born only at three a.m.;
the faith of business
that morticians seldom shudder for bad dreams
or other exigencies—chatter may go on for hours
and had, as I can remember, no beginning,
merely transparency, and must have been sometime
contemporaneous with the wings of dragonflies
snapping over the ugly, long
abdomens too quick to cast shadows. That
insect conception is prehistoric,
perhaps coexistent with all. Listen:
the croaking has stopped,
and soon the oil film flutter will be
darting over the green ponds.

Melissa Blake

Five Poems

WALKING ON THE HIGHWAY AT NIGHT

Over huddled shrubs
Our melon moon jerks along
Matching step for step

Once the boulder falls
Its threat is cancelled, yet it
Seems retroactive.

The fenceposts whiten
One by one in the headlights,
Clicking like a fan.



AN HONEST FACE

An honest face is true and tried
And filled with Grace, and it's implied
That though it fails by Beauty's rule
And possibly reveals a fool
One still should wear the thing with pride.

But if it's better to have lied
Than lose the love one cannot hide,
Nothing but tears will ever cool
an honest face!

The blush it wears will not subside
For no remark could more deride
The flaw inherent in this jewel
Than the remark, so true, so cruel,
"Romance has seldom deified
an honest face."

HUMMINGBIRD

What strange songs you sing—
Like a rusty pulley
On an old clothesline.

No bird can sing well
If he can't open his beak
Wider than that!

How do you feed them,
Those hungry children of yours,
Siphon to siphon?



THE PLEASURES OF INTROSPECTION

If my own nature is my comfort, cure,
I am grateful for such tidings.

Speak a little louder, please.

Twenty-eight thousand dragons live here;
They are a scrappy lot, fiery tongues
Bug-eyes and the rest of it . . . the din is awful.

Did you say 'look within?'



LOW TIDE WITH FOG

All sorts of things which should float
Are out of the sea at odd angles
Leaving the water remote
And very pale grey; it reflects
The disc of a sun which is hidden
But dangles its gold in the furrows
Like shattered and misplaced halos.

Butterflies cling to mallows
Which cling to the cliff while yarrows
Lift their flat white pillows.
Fog billows over the shallows.



Charles Gullans

Two Poems

DAIMON I

Shadow of my perfection,
Since, to be more than shade,
You must be less, election
Destroys you as you are made.

Being realized you lose
All possible perfections,
Gaining, because I choose,
The strength of that rejection.

Shade of what I might be,
Suspended in potential,
Your unreality
The perfectly essential,

I slay your other futures
To be what you become
And take, for many natures,
The density of one.

DAIMON II

And so we come to this:
I cannot quite evade,
Though all be done amiss,
Your kindred, daimonic shade.

Though I would still persist
In courting strange distractions,
Shade, you will still exist,
Though blind, to shape my actions.

However long the race,
You will forever win,
God of the double face!
Merging where I begin.

We move toward our eclipse:
There at the point of death,
My lips become your lips,
And mine is your last breath.

Diminished, you survive,
The virtual in me,
All that I could contrive
From possibility.

Richard F. Hugo

Four Poems

GOOSEPRAIRIE

For Jim, Lib & Franz

Water bumps and bounces white
Above the level of the land to hang
In air in motion here and there
Like unrelated clouds. Fast birds
Get their reputation from the wind.
Flight, a stream, creation need
Both daylight and a lie. See
Before the dawn a flock of aspens
Shake, creating morning and the river chips
A word we cannot say in stone.
Let that log jam break and run
And the latest maps are obsolete.

That girl along the stream, blonde
And sleek with speckles on her back—
Would she sizzle if we threw her
In the pool, or grow a gill
And swim and reappear in fall,
A Dolly Varden at the spawning grounds.

Our cabin comes complete—a man
To hate, the water cold for bourbon
Even in July. Drink all day
And five elk trot too proudly
Into evening's sanctimonious brown.

Mountains are constructed by the moon.
The snow we saw was dirty in the day
Is stark white now. Moonlight. Snow.
All the luxuries of yesterday returned.

Death by poison roses or a broken
Heart. The air was colored
With crayola when we crossed the pass
And now our throats are stinging
From those 90 years of looking for hard lines
And all that time
The secret of the world was slide.

Our midnight laughter alters A
To O and trails off in the gorges.
Time, geography, our incomes say
Forget that drunken meadow
And the man we hate, the girl or trout.
O is seldom glacial. The bellow
Of the elk, a rough O in the mountains
Starts a slide of igneous and snow.



ORCAS IN THE EYES

For James McGarrell

I can't name those birds, black with height.
Let's call them Spaniards and their circles
Typical of hunger. Between the San Juans
Blackfish roll their fins through tourist eyes.
North and south the islands flare with names.
Shafts of mainland try to break for Asia
And in the Strait of Georgia, Birney trailed a seal.

Winter here is not grim city winter.
Summer tugs the water from the air
To cool the meadows where the sheep eat grass
In leisure, and wind travels
Over the grass in urbane waves of light.

If your rage needs targets, here, you die,
Turn mystical or kind, or think the intide
Will deposit women, sleek and friendless on the shore.

Call those high birds Spaniards and the Spain-
Faced girl in the cafe a vicious winter
When she strolls. Certainly, those hills
Hide mariners, and cows are fat with dropsy.
Call those high birds hungry and your vision meat.

NEIGHBOR

The drunk who lives across the street from us
Fell in our garden, on the beet patch
Yesterday. So polite. Pardon me
He said. He had to be helped up and held,
Steered home and put to bed, declaring
We got to have another drink and smile.

I admit my envy. I've found him in salal
And flat on his face in lettuce, and bent
And snoring by that thick stump full of rain
We used to sail destroyers on.
And I've carried him home so often
Stone to the rain and me, and cheerful.

I try to guess what's in that dim warm mind.
Does he think about horizoned firs
Black against the light, thirty years
Ago and the good girl—what's her name—
Believing, or think about the dog
He beat to death that day in Carbonado?

I hear he's dead, and wait now on my porch.
He must be in his shack. The wagon's

Due to come and take him where they take
Late alcoholics, probably called 'farm's end'.
I plan my frown, certain he'll be carried out
Bleeding from the corners of his grin.

NO BELLS TO BELIEVE

When bells ring, wild rain pelts the river.
Who rings bells in the abandoned chapel,
Once a school, once a shed where hide
Was stored? The painter painting reeds
A private color, poppy farmer,
And the seiner folding autumn's nets—
They hear the bells and don't look up.

Mad Sam, the nutty preacher rings the bells.
He remained despite that mess, twelve
Years back—the squaw—the poisoned wine.
Not Sam. He drowned beneath a boom.

No bells. Even when Mad Sam went mad
With God each Sunday and the women wept
To hear their imperfections yelled across
The river while a drum knocked Jesus
Senseless and the tugboats tooted home.
No bells then. None now. What rings here
Is something in the air unnamed.

The wild rain rings. The painter's reeds
Run down the canvas in a colorful
Defeat, the seiner's nets gain weight
And poppies wash away. The women told
Mad Sam before he ran out on the logs
You must accept the ringing like the day.

About the Contributors . . .

JEAN GARRIGUE has had awards and honors heaped upon her; she has been published in nearly every literary magazine worth mentioning; and we are proud to be added to the list.

KENNETH O. HANSON is appearing in this magazine for the third time. He teaches at Reed College and is acquiring an interesting collection of contemporary Northwest painting and sculpture.

HAROLD WITT's new book, *Beasts in Clothes*, has just been published in the Macmillan Poetry Series. It is a splendid book, in all ways, and we congratulate Mr. Witt; Emile Capouya, that prince of editors; and ourselves, for having published Mr. Witt.

ARNOLD STEIN absolutely forbids us to mention the existence of *his* earlier book of poems. So we content ourselves with saying that he is a gentleman and scholar without peer, whose presence in this city is a cause for joy.

JOANNE DE LONGCHAMPS has a book forthcoming from Indiana University Press called *The Hungry Lions*. Some of its contents have also graced these pages.

HAYDEN CARRUTH, whose poems, like Mr. Stein's, are continued from our last, has just won the Harriet Monroe prize of \$500, has recently married, and has just published a *magnificent* (and costly, but worth every penny of it) long poem called *Journey to a Known Place*. And while we are passing out bouquets to editors and publishers, a large, fragrant one to James Laughlin, New Directions, who produced this book, and who has subscribed to this magazine from the first.

JOHN M. RIDLAND teaches at the University of California at Santa Barbara. His book, *Fires of Home*, is included in the Scribner's Poets of Today series, Number VIII.

JOHN TAGLIABUE (!17 poems 17!) has appeared here before. His *Poems* were published by Harper's a year or two ago. He may have had another book since then; he's so prolific we can't keep up.

RUTH GOOD is new to these pages. She has studied with Stanley Kunitz in New York, is married to a novelist, and has a son.

ALVIN GREENBERG is a teaching fellow at the University of Washington; he has been published in *Poetry Dial*, and elsewhere.

MELISSA BLAKE, of the Big Sur, has been a professional dancer most of her life; Harriet Monroe published a poem of hers when she was 13; she has published in many small magazines here and in Japan.

CHARLES GULLANS, a student of Yvor Winters and a former teacher at the University of Washington, is now teaching at U.C.L.A. He appeared in the Hall-Pack-Simpson anthology, *New Poets of England and America*.

RICHARD F. HUGO is an ex-editor of this magazine, an association which was a source of satisfaction to us all. His brand new book, *A Run of Jacks*, has been published, also with tender loving care, by the University of Minnesota Press, and is dedicated to Kenneth Hanson. We apologize for being so lyrical about poets, publishers, and each other, in these notes, and will try not to let it happen again. It's just that there have been all these *splendid* books.

JEAN CARTIER is a Parisian who became an American citizen after two years in the U.S. Army. He lived in Oxford (England) for three years, where he had a number of one-man shows. He now lives in New York, and visited the Northwest last June. Result: a cover and a drawing for this magazine.

Other Books By Our Contributors:

JOHN WOODS—*On the Morning of Color* (Indiana again. We seem to have a nice, symbiotic relationship with *them*, too.)

FREDERICK BOCK—*The Fountains of Regardlessness* (Macmillan again).

THOM GUNN—*My Sad Captains* (University of Chicago Phoenix Books, who also published *The Looking Glass* by Isabella Gardner, not yet a contributor to this magazine, but a lovely woman and poet).

EDITH SHIFFERT's first book, *In Open Woods*, will be published by Alan Swallow in February.



Department of English, University of Washington

Forthcoming Lecture/Reading Events

February 14, 8:00 p.m., Walker-Ames Room. ROBERT CREELEY, the Black Mountain poet, reading from his verse and short fiction. In 1960, Mr. Creeley was awarded *Poetry Magazine's* Levinson Prize and a D. H. Lawrence Fellowship at the University of New Mexico.

March 1, 8:00 p.m., Walker-Ames Room. M. H. ABRAMS, scholar-critic and Frederick J. Whiton Professor of English at Cornell University, will give a public lecture.

March 28, 8:00 p.m., 120 Smith Hall. PAUL ENGLE, poet and critic and director of the program in creative writing at the University of Iowa, will give a lecture on "Poetry and People" and will read from his own work.

April 9-12. WILLIAM GOLDING, British novelist, will be Visiting Writer. He will give a public lecture, "Fable and Future," in which he will discuss his first novel, *Lord of the Flies*, as well as the British literary scene. He is the author of four novels, a volume of verse, a novella, and a three-act comedy.

LIBRARIES AND BOOK COLLECTORS

Please Note:

Ten poets directly associated with this magazine—as editors, contributors, or patrons—are donating their work for the benefit of the Seattle Peace Information Fund, which will set up a Center during the Century 21 World's Fair to provide reliable and varied literature and information on all questions relating to international peace. Eight of the poets—Beth and Nelson Bentley, Richard F. Hugo, Carolyn Kizer, William H. Matchett, Arnold Stein, Eve Triem, and David Wagoner—are giving a program of readings from their own work on Thursday evening, February 8, at the University Unitarian Church in Seattle. They are joined by two others, Carol Hall and Theodore Roethke, in an anthology of new poems being prepared to be sold at the reading.

Designed and decorated by Diana Bower, with typography by Paul Hayden Duensing, the anthology is being hand-set and hand-printed on fine paper in an individually numbered, limited edition to sell at \$5.00. A few copies in a special binding will be signed by all ten of the poets, the designer, and the typographer, to sell at \$25.00. Mail orders can be honored only if copies remain after the reading. Checks, adding fifty cents for wrapping and postage, may be made out to the Seattle Peace Information Center Fund and mailed to 4728 N.E. 178th, Seattle 55, Wash.; they will be returned if no copies of the book are available.



PACIFIC NORTHWEST POETS AND SEATTLE PUBLIC LIBRARY

1961-62 Poetry Readings

October-January readings were by Eve Triem, Richard F. Hugo, William Stafford, and David Wagoner.

Forthcoming:

Friday, February 16: Carolyn Kizer
Friday, March 16: Nelson Bentley
Friday, April 20: Carol Hall
Friday, May 18: Vi Gale

7:45 p.m., Seattle Public Library Auditorium

DIRECTORS: Beth Bentley, Pacific Northwest Poets
Ellen Walsh, Seattle Public Library