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**TWO POEMS****SR Personal**

BRYN MAWR GRADUATE, quiet, cultured,  
(BA, English, thesis on Keats)  
would like to rent small apartment  
NYC, for year beginning  
September. You'll hardly notice

her at all. Ravel, not Bach,  
Schubert, not Beethoven.  
(The heart in separate notes  
of sweet emotion, take care  
not to sound the fragile heart.)

BOX F-601. She'll have such  
a tidy life. The sound  
of living makes a crystal  
fall, a cascade of jewels  
exploding the level of whispers.

A rainbow fall of intimacy,  
color, so much color tints  
the ivory players, cocktails,  
glasses like thin bubbles,  
talk, quiet; Oh, the deaf heart!

Blue cheese on yellow Ritz,  
yellow drinks in blue glasses,  
a liqueur subtle as fire's edge;  
light the cool palate, burn,  
burn the Arctic throat.

A ruby bird's humming would  
shatter the poised breast.  
Yet here's a bird, too—

but, oh, the wings are clipped,  
the cut wings have blown away—

how many years does it take  
to blow away a bird's wings?  
And why won't the bird sing?  
Quiet, the music is to start.  
The bird sleeps. The ivory

figures freeze in place.  
God! They've put on  
the wrong record! Eroica?  
The heart - the heart's swelling—  
the heart (BOX F-601) the heart's burst!

Walter Albert

### The Jewel Thief

1. Let's say a spider took them.  
See him at the light  
Sketching a skein - pearl;  
Fetching a fly - opal.

2. self-conscious, pearls  
spread out, milk veins  
make a bleary eye  
to see morning by

honey, honey, honey  
drones a dull bee;  
what's a dry powder  
pressed from an eye  
weigh to a flower?

3. Titan's lost her way  
in the heart of a pearl.

Let her cry; she'll find the pupil.  
It was Puck shut the pink lid.  
He's still chuckling under the lash.  
Call Oberon. Blow, blow the snail's horn:  
It's a slow crawl to midnight and elves  
but a horn travels fast if the sound's sweet.

4. Spider's had breakfast now.  
His furry legs slipped  
on the wet pearl -  
it takes a jewel's tear  
to trap a wily thief.

The web's all a-tremble.  
A shower of pearls, opals, tears -  
how they tumble  
into the hungry cup  
of a bee's lunch.

5. Who's the thief? Tongue.  
What's the prize? Salt.  
How's the queen? Dead.  
Lay it to Puck.  
He fell asleep on the eye.  
That's one way to close it.

Walter Albert

**TWO POEMS****Non-Definition No. 7**

Go silence all the dogmatists, you sage  
 reluctance of MacLeish and Marianne  
 to specify the 'what' of (rather than  
 the 'shoulds' of) poetry. They did not cage  
 the thing in iron terms or try to gauge  
 it by a genius; no true poem can  
 be more defined than: 'happens when'—when man  
 goes walking, for example, to assuage  
 his grief; and, at a certain point along  
 the road, perceives that poem (or a part  
 of it) outhung before him in the sky:  
 "one quarter moon sunk like a haggard song  
 in someone's chimney"—this, like all his art,  
 transcends the categories we apply.

E. R. Cole

**Hierarchy**

Sidewalk:

fussy squares  
 of cement  
 leading  
 to

Grass:

full of  
 the lack of  
 daisies -  
 where

Ants:  
 erect  
 cities  
 of unconsciousness  
 under

Dogs:  
 slow-marching  
 auto-  
 mata  
 toward

Men:  
 who  
 go  
 fathering  
 poems.

E. R. Cole

### THREE POEMS

#### Question

“. . . or what man is there of you, whom if  
 his son ask bread will he give him a stone?"

*Matthew 7:9*

But this man starved before he died  
 (For all Your word assures).  
 Could You not hear him when he cried?  
 Was he no child of Yours?

Where were You yesterday,  
 Among Your cherubim,  
 Turning Your cloudy face away,  
 Stretching no hand to him!

Sara Henderson Hay

**The Inquisitor**

How well God knows me, that He could  
With so exact an art  
Measure the weight of agony  
To lay upon my heart.

How patient He withheld, until  
It grew a muscle more,  
Then added the precise degree  
The heart could next endure.

Enough, no more; so kind was He,  
So scrupulous with pain  
That though I buckled at the knee  
I hauled erect again.

Sara Henderson Hay

**Souvenir**

This heart-shaped bauble that I wear  
May, in a certain light, appear  
Pure gold, with honest gems inlaid.  
Not so; the pretty trinket's made  
Of gilt and colored glass and paste,  
A careful copy, nothing more,  
A skilful replica, a token  
Of something that I had, and lost,  
Or rather, something that was broken  
Long, long ago, beyond repairing.  
But, since I was so used to bearing  
Its little weight upon my breast  
I find this likeness comforting—  
Though not, of course, a genuine heart,  
A creditable counterpart,  
A not entirely worthless thing.

Sara Henderson Hay



## THE POETRY WORKSHOP

Seated, against the room, against the walls  
 Legs extended, or under chairs  
 Iambs, trochees & knees . . .  
 We surrender, each of us, to the sheets  
 At hand. The author swallows his voice. Still.

*Page two*—page one is saved (and for the last).  
*The poet has here been impressed*  
*By the relationship*  
*Between blue birds and black. In the octet*  
*We note the crow. And its iambic death.*

*On page three, "The Poet Upon His Wife,"*  
*(By his wife) we note the symbols*  
*For the poet—the bird*  
*In flight, the collapsing crow, the blue bird . . .*  
*(Note too the resemblance between sonnets.)*

We vote and stare at one another's crow.  
 Ours is an age of light. Our crows  
 Reflect the age—Ike-Dick-  
 Colored stripes, rainbow-solids, blacks & whites.  
 (Ruffling their wings, the crows refuse to vote.)

*Page four, "Apologies To William S."*  
 Apologies—the third sonnet.  
 (And those who teach, who write—  
 And teach—the man at hand, apologize  
 For themselves, and themselves at hand; themselves.)

The 'love' is *his*. The form, the words, the love.  
 Epigraphs—footnotes—transitions.  
 It is all a matter  
 Of course, of one's course: "The Collapsing Crow."  
 Chaucer—Shakespeare—Donne, Self . . . *Apologies*.

*Poets buy their socks at 'Brooks & Warren'  
Like Du Pont—like Edsel—like Ike.*

—Anecdotes, whispers, cliques

Whispering—then aloud into prominence.

*Brooks & Warren—Du Pont—Edsel & Ike.*

Order is resumed. *We have been here, now  
Forever. From the beginning*

*Of verse* (one has written

Nothing—and it is inconceivable

That one would, or will ever write again).

A class has ended: —they pass by, gazing

In. The poets gaze out, and grin.

They gaze out, and through the

Electric voice, the ruffled sonnet-sheets

That stare against the faces staring in.

*Page one.* Walled-in glances at the author;

And then the author disappears

(The poem anonymous).

Voice. Voices—there are voices about it:

Anonymous. The self. A sonnet's self. . .

The room is filled with it. It is a bird.

It sits beside us and extends

Its wings. Someone squirts it

With a fountain-pen. Blinded, it shrieks, dies

And sprawls upon the floor. We surrender

*We surrender to its death*—the poem breathes,

Becomes its author and departs.

We all depart. And watch

The green walls take our seats—apologies.

*Brooks & Warren—Du Pont—Edsel & Ford.*

**Robert S. Sward**

### A SMALL BOY FISHING

A small boy packs his hook with ragged bacon  
And sucks his finger for the grease. He's small,  
But grown enough to know the biggest fish  
Bite bacon. He wades in after fish  
And cold explodes around his ankles like fire.  
He knows the feel of little stones that stir  
The inlets of the stream, but stalks his sulking fish,  
Speckled in the rocks, and dark mosquitoes  
Dance around his neck. His fingers clamp  
The bend of sudden rod; he leans against  
His silver enemy until he aches,  
And now his dance is slow to tame his wildest  
Dragon, speared to blood, until the scales  
Lie luminous, like oil spots in the rain.  
He slits his fish and spreads the silken belly  
Like a purse laid open on gold entrails, and throws  
The gut far in the stream.

His mother's fire  
Has smoked away mosquitoes; his dragon steams  
In state, its eyes still gloomy from the pond,  
And blood rinsed from its slack gills. The flesh  
Is soft as bread, and the spine lifts out,  
A fern in brown fingers. The boy is eating  
His whole day and drinking milk like wine.

**Liane Ellison**

**TWO POEMS****Emily Dickinson Speaks to the Reverend Charles  
Wadsworth over the Wireless**

They thought that mileage drove a wedge  
Through muted lanes of space,  
Certain that departure's void  
Would curve us into loss.

But they forgot the vibrant bridge—  
A property of air—  
The nervous waves that streak and bounce—  
Our vaulting messenger.

**Larry Rubin**

**The Hitchhiker**

He stood, organic warmth beside the road,  
A human fragment under asphalt skies,  
Sculptured in levis, staking smile and thumb,  
Invoking the oldest law among the Greeks  
Before Thermopylae.

We sat, weighing possibilities,  
Coolly placing prudence in the scale.  
Riding that metallic virtue, lost  
In vacillating memory of law,  
We shot past smile and thumb.

We could not stop. Newton's First Law  
Held us inert. Besides, our wisdom knew  
What cold, post-Grecian metal is wont to lie  
Beneath organic warmth.

**Larry Rubin**

## TWO POEMS

### A Place Beyond

Spelled by that dull maternal Nay  
which said we couldn't and don't ask again,  
we ran all gravel-footed round the day  
from golden rising through the high green grain  
down arch-grown labyrinths of humid lane  
and crossed the bridge at Allen's; dropped like rocks  
from its far end, and found the place like rain:  
cool and blue beyond both sun and clocks.  
Nor did we listen to that nether world  
of nay and now, but went down brown as thrush,  
berryballed and bare as frogs famished and swirled  
in the nourishing pool; and when the widening hush  
of evening pulled us out, we smiled to climb  
the long green hill back into place and time.

Edsel Ford

### A Various Harvest

They said my father could never farm this land.  
They said no man before had had the touch  
to turn those rocks and roots to profit.  
My father smiled and didn't say too much,  
admitting to himself a steady hand  
and patience aplenty would be required  
to do much with it. But he said nothing.  
He set to grubbing sassafrass  
and hauling rocks so he could keep a plow  
in the ground. It was a challenge which inspired  
him through the long days when orchard grass  
fared better than corn. But somehow

he stuck to it, even when the neighbors came and told him all over that it couldn't be done. That inspired him, too. When he sold the first green wonderful beans, they shrugged and said,  
"That land's laid fallow under snow and sun so long you *had* to make." My father rolled with laughter, and I can't say I blame him for it, but instead I blame the neighbors more and more for getting sore.

Edsel Ford

## TWO POEMS

### Neighbors

In Arlington neighbors know everything. Not a sign goes unnoticed: no gin bottles stand in the garbage nor socks for the wrong feet may hang on the line, for they will protect you. They see that no lights are turned on when you are away, that windows get closed when it storms and that late guests get explained the next day, and begin all remarks with, "We usually . . .," because there are no first times in Arlington. Every child by the time he is twelve memorizes the myths that his family has done, which agree with impeccable certainty with the things that his family does. They say that the sea and the Irish have bred

all Bostonian weather and woes;  
 they see that all life is embalmed with a plaque:  
 that April nineteenth to the last  
 rabble route is reduced to a fact. Oh, they keep  
 signs of liberty polished in brass  
 and the landscape correct as a frame to set history in  
 and the past safely past. It is here  
 one finds the pot full and time barely simmering  
 on a scarcely perceptible fire,  
 and all things are known. Revolutions are known  
 as predictable, safe in a wheel,  
 and familiar details of a neighbor's home  
 are one's stone in a pocket to feel.

**Judson Jerome**

### **Up from the Apes**

The critic never blinks his eyes  
 but indifferent as a lizard lies  
 in granite places, catching flies.

The poet has a slothy sway  
 from jungle limbs where light of day  
 would be no help: he feels his way.

The rodent novelist collects  
 whatever others drop, infects  
 it, chews it, spews it, then erects.

And lion ladies live on meat,  
 wear fur and tread on soundless feet  
 and purr and keep the landscape neat.

Oh let some civil slaver carry  
 me off to cities cold and airy.  
 Free me from the literary!

**Judson Jerome**

## CLARA d'ELLEBEUSE

After Francis Jammes

I love from old times Clara d' Ellebeuse  
the scholar of a bygone convent-school;  
she'd stroll, mild twilights, under linden-trees,  
reading old novelettes in the fresh cool.

I love her only; on my soul there falls  
the blue blue shadow of her snowy throat.  
Where is she? And that joy the heart recalls?  
Into her bright small room green branches float.

Perhaps she actually has not yet died?  
or maybe it was *then* we both were dead?  
through the great court there swirled crisped leaves  
in the chill ends of summers long since fled.

Do you remember those tall peacock feathers  
near rose sea-shells, grouped in a heavy vase;  
—*on dit*, someone had sailed through maddened  
weathers;  
Newfoundland meant "the Banks"' great wave.

Come, come, oh darling Clara d' Ellebeuse,  
come if you still exist, come let us love—  
the ancient garden holds old tulips still—  
come naked, Clara d' Ellebeuse.

Katharine Day Little



**TWO POEMS****Lyric**

I am after the gray wooden pegs of the sea;  
 after the plumb pre-roar  
 from the loose tongue of the waters;  
 I am after light vanity.

I am after the one-legged lizards of the sea;  
 after the crossbowed spider of the dusk  
 outmoded by lingers;  
 I am after light vanity.

I am after the heavy brogans of the sea;  
 after the gritty chills of the sand  
 trembling from shellshocked fumlbers;  
 I am after light vanity.

**Gil Orlovitz**

**The Impeccable Barbed Wire**

The impeccable barbed wire blasting birds;  
 snarled, then, with bellowed warble,  
 the huddle of wings hogtied. But, trussed  
 to the terminals, how gorge these bleating  
 toggles to its own taut? Nicked to  
 the narrows, waspwrung, the wire wails  
 to rust, its own spare bloodpoisoning,  
 that across the arbitrary it be not charged  
 with next-of-kill, but the knack  
 of felling niche some sapped rots  
 away. We are clean out of powdered  
 red flakes, and cannot, for  
 the impersonal life of us, snap into song.

**Gil Orlovitz**

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE

**The Newlywed's Cuisine**

by Wang Chien

The third night after wedding  
I get near the stove.

Rolling up my sleeves  
I make a fancy broth.

Not knowing the taste  
of my mother-in-law,

I try it first upon her  
youngest girl.

**Spring Song**

by Li Po

A young lass  
Plucks mulberry leaves by the river.

Her white hand  
Reaches among the green.

Her flushed cheeks  
Shine under the sun.

The hungry silkworms  
Are waiting.

Oh, young horseman  
Why do you tarry. Get going.

Translated by David Rafael Wang  
in collaboration with William Carlos Williams

**TWO POEMS****Getting Old**

These are the things that really make  
me ache, make me get up as now  
at the core of night, nervous lest  
I do not find a pencil quick enough:  
this memory: the incredible joy  
at age eleven watching my jackknifing  
shadow plummeting in a sunny lake:  
my brother and all the older boys  
watching from the lower diving boards:  
a bursting heart, an infinitely pleasurable  
grin, uncontrolled joy in midair:  
then that water-rushing-up look-down,  
joy of going so deep from so high.

**R. Mayes****Old Adolescent**

I'm smarter than that fool,  
stronger than he is,  
could whirl words about that girl,  
and charm her to a touch and kiss—  
and sit here quietly still.

She is sweet, distant, made,  
given my state, of candy and cake,  
full of elsewhere babble I could  
center in a nice love affair—  
I sit here quietly still.

My father is also strong and a  
money-maker, loves me I suppose,  
could meet these challenges,

according to his stories, with such ease!  
I sit here quietly still.

Those two boobs boasting to her  
are such boobs! Look at her  
look sweet, look at them gesture,  
their conversation is so inane!  
I sit here quietly still.

She's older than me, though,  
and speaks sophisticatedly,  
it's time for me to go home,  
finish this last beer,  
I sit here quietly still.

R. Mayes

## THE PORCH OF MY GRANDPARENTS

They built destruction in disguise: bleached gray,  
Long-splintered, marked with ragged rain-drop  
stains,

This porch that sags, and dips us when we walk,  
Towards all the underneath grotesqueries:

Sick powder earth long years untouched by sun,  
Black beetles, fortresses of spider webs.

And what we could not sweep away,  
That slipped unnoticed underneath the broom,  
Between the cracks: the dirty string, dead flies,

The vulgar yellowed paper. Cheap magazines  
are here beneath this honest porch. Pathos

And obscenity remain of what we thought  
Was truly tragic, truly Grecian.

But now the sloping boards recall for us  
What really was and what remains, what is,  
We cannot rip away with axe and hammer  
But wait for cigarette or wind or rain.

Tom McAfee

### CONVERSATION WITH ROBERT GRAVES, IN PASSING

Past the Ford plant, where cornstalks were,  
Past a white lake and frozen swamp,  
My Ford's distinguished passenger  
Noticed the Ypsilanti dump—

"Where the fires always burn," he said,  
"Jerusalem's Gehenna"—tires  
And shoes and forms the living shed,  
The long home of eternal fires.

The snow smoked on the dull cement,  
The tires hissed like cremated dead,  
Graves' eyes burned blue with merriment,  
The white hair smoked on the stone head.

I told him Ypsilanti's name  
Came from a Greek killed in the war  
When Byron, in that uniform  
He ordered made, settled his score

And went home in a keg of spirits,  
Leaving his crippled heart inurned  
At swampy Missolonghi, where its  
Inexpedient fevers burned.

A mental wind had fired Graves' head,  
The graven face crackled alive.  
"How fast is this?" "Sixty," I said.  
He grinned. "It feels like thirty-five."

Sheridan Baker

**THE EMPIRE BUILDER - WEST**

## 1. Slow

the solid polished sound of its wheels  
on the rail joints,  
the Empire Builder slides succinctly  
out of Union Station,  
diesel exhaust twisting the pale early air,  
scrubbed steel cars  
undulating among the switches,  
arched glass of the great domes  
glistening green  
in the haze-smearred sun.  
Through the ranch-brick suburbs  
block signals move green to red  
like fingers snapping.  
A morning pattern of newspapered commuters  
turns one head as the Builder  
flashes through Western Springs.

Illinois is a spring burning  
over the husks of last year's corn,  
lime dust from a spreader  
leveling like windless smoke  
above the black soil.

Illinois is a reverent row  
 of steepled pig-pens  
 in the pock-marked muck of the hog-run.  
 Illinois is a march of trees,  
 wide willows over  
 the slow silted streams,  
 a stand of beech  
 with branches like gray arms pointing,  
 neat oak groves  
 and a squirrel's nest rattling  
 among the new soft leaves,  
 four cedars in a pasture  
 with their bark rubbed off,  
 elms,  
 and a red-tailed hawk  
 fixed atop a sycamore snag.  
 Illinois is the round eyes of siloes  
 over the red barns,  
 over the thick strong fields.

North  
 swings the Builder at Savanna,  
 footing the river bluffs,  
 thrumming  
 past the duck-littered sloughs  
 and the muskrat lodges of the back eddies  
 and the red-winged blackbirds  
 riding the swinging reeds  
 in the trackside swamps.

2. Wisconsin is a march of rivers,  
 the Bad Axe,  
 the Trempeleau,  
 the Chippewa,  
 the Saint Croix,  
 green veins draining a greening land  
 into the immense-hearted Mississippi.

Wisconsin is the white-scarred loom  
of the great bluffs  
chalked with canoe birch  
and stained with spruce  
among the windy rocks.  
Wisconsin is a sandy cove  
near a bed of river lotus  
with the tracks of a dog fox  
printing the clean sand,  
and the wavering wake of a muskrat  
among the drowned alder  
of a low green  
island.

Wisconsin is fish nets drying  
on the beach at Genoa  
and a boatload of river mussels  
with pearls and pink flesh  
and static sunsets  
within the muck-black shells.

The Builder runs whooping  
through the Winnesheik bottoms,  
splitting rafts of water-fowl  
that rise in waves from its prow,  
pounding past  
the miracle of the lotus  
and a thousand turtles  
shell-shining in the westering sun.

3. Minnesota is a monument to grain futures,  
fat-barrelled elevators bulging  
by the Falls of Saint Anthony,  
concrete cenotaphs,  
their seamed faces scabbed with tar  
against the fingering frost.  
Minnesota is a march of lakes,  
blue ponds



blooded now by the congealing sun.

The sky fades  
like forged iron cooling,  
and the low tree-furred hills  
are slowly moving animals  
in the elapsing light.  
The Builder twists among them,  
hooting the blind curves,  
its swinging headlamp  
flicking at the darkened trees.  
Lights are off in the great dome,  
but outside, arching over the curved glass,  
the sharp green constellations  
pulse  
with quiet light.

4. North Dakota is the long night.  
The Builder drifts  
past the rooted potato sheds  
in the Red River valley,  
across the north-running water at Fargo,  
and picks up  
a steady heartbeat pace  
crossing the interminable plains.  
North Dakota is the somnambulant sway  
and the little endless noises  
through the rocketing night.  
North Dakota is a march of stations,  
paint-peeled sheds  
with single light bulbs hanging harsh  
in the wide treeless dark.

The Builder brakes  
into Minot  
with an odd cessation of running noise  
and the new alert sound

of mail sacks slapping the creaking carts.  
Then the diesels  
thunder suddenly  
and build again the sounds and sway  
of the long dream-drowned night.

5. Montana is a march of hills,  
the undulant prairie  
humped  
against the white and windy weight of seasons,  
telegraph poles the only trees,  
their cross-arms awkward branches  
with sparse glass leaves.  
Montana is a sod hut  
blurring slowly back to the plain,  
gray and dry as the cattle chips around it.  
Montana is a distant herd of antelope  
like crooked chalk-marks on the prairie,  
and three horses  
grazing the sun-small morning,  
noses in the bitter grass,  
mouthing the thin invading green.

Now the Builder  
climbs  
to the sudden spruces  
frugally streaking the higher hills  
up from the gray-green average of the land,  
up to the drifts of dirty snow  
rotting under the cut-banks  
along the lower saddles.  
The Builder shoulders the talus slopes  
of the granulating mountains  
and loops over the pass  
below the lift  
of the brittle blue-white peaks,  
crooks through tunnels and wooden snow sheds,

and hisses into the idling  
descent  
from the height of land.

6. Idaho is an interval of evening,  
a march of subsiding hills,  
a gathering of rivers,  
a look of clear green  
in the low-angled light.  
Idaho is a sudden crossing  
into the brief and dreamless night.
7. Washington is a low gray morning,  
mist pinching off  
the tops of the heavy firs,  
fields spongy and succulent and dark wet green.  
Foetal leaves uncurl  
on the grape vines,  
cherry and pear blossoms  
shake white  
as the Builder whips  
through the thickening air of the seaward slopes,  
past the holly farms  
and the flowered hills  
to the gull-white air of the harbor  
and the final sea.
- On the concrete apron of the train shed  
the Empire Builder is  
a singing silence,  
and the smell of hot oiled metal cooling  
slowly subsides,  
and passengers scatter like spilled shot  
over the salty morning  
here at land's end  
west.

Richard Curry Esler

## GOD IS NOT AN ANALYST

“. . . defend us in the same with  
thy mighty Power. . .”

Dissonances grow by the hour  
and what began (by man) as a morning feast,  
clashes the wet Northwest with the warm Southeast.

Do we make our humble confession to Him, devoutly  
kneeling—

(for this the soul must answer, the conscience  
vouch)—

or to him, as we lie ill at ease on the office couch,  
projecting the past against the unfeeling ceiling?

We sit to learn, we kneel to pray, we stand to praise.  
We only lie to sleep (perchance to dream)  
or learn things dreamt are rarely what they seem. . .  
Who brought us to the beginning of our days?

What first division marked our earliest ways?  
Oh not till heat draw heat and so collide—  
only from union can we then divide:

From Brother North and yielding Sister South  
pressed knee on knee and open mouth on mouth.  
So kneeling both to pray and to confess  
succeeds the mighty sin and synthesis.

Herman Salinger

## CONSTANT G FOR GALILEO

At first he thought it was the bells, two mooning bells marked alpha and omega but counterpointless swung like either/or, in a puzzle of odd and endless sound, like ultimatums. It was his pronounced opinion that the bells annoyed him; and it warmed his heart, Galileo Galilei, to watch the patient drizzle of nits unmoved between the bells, their feet asleep.

At first he thought it was the bells and made a face: "The nits no longer budge; should I?" Besides it seemed, dependent on each upturned iron grail, there hung a claue, monotonous succession of the same disciple, clapping with its tongue the stoic bell-mouth, speaking in parabolas. Still he wished he were the cocksure sun, crowing on arcades.

Today he would explain within the palace yards yesterday's experiment at this (selfsame?) tower (leaning in an unseen breeze) adjacent to the campanile

(one rang dawn, dim dawn; the other kingdom come, come kingdom, come: reminders; why bells across from how tower; sounding timeless as far as sound went, as far as any sound.)

There had gathered galleries of townsmen for a funeral procession; many even rubbed their shoulders off on him, the while he thought of church and what the clappers called

eternity. At first he thought it was the bells that made him shake, but then the tower leaned and he remembered why he'd come, remembered corpses

he had carved at school: the minute we relax—the  
maggots!

Leaving G sub-one below with ready hourglass  
(for who else could be trusted? even he. . .),  
G sub-two ascended with his missiles to the tower.  
(Bells of impending scorn, thongs of high time.)  
“Have I exhausted possibility? Can it be  
that what for yesterday was true, is not today?  
Things probable as I predict them must be proved—  
this once.”

He stopped to rest, beneath the blazing chandeliers  
of mortal glass that tried at length to fingerpoint  
the center of the earth. The motion made him wonder,  
“What’s momentum but a longing wish to fall to  
earth,  
to fly to center? Even our brief pendulum will stop at  
still point;  
open, hourglass: I fall! my banner is a flagstone.”

He struggled out upon the parapet. “Perhaps,”  
he muttered, putting forth a sunswept hand. Slowly,  
slow  
his long foreshadow ruled, eclipsed the bells, and he  
renewed.

“Claptrap bells of always, thinking they can stop  
process!

Arrest change? As easily stop the downward plummet  
of these balls when once they drop. Let there be  
change:

I only ask to make a better yardstick.

—Then let it stop,” a bell within him added, crabbing,  
when the cramping of his own resounding claque  
came through. He heard himself ring now/then with  
them,  
with them now/then, double-tongued babel bells,

worrying each other. "Then let changing stop,  
 so I may be an idol in the marketplace.  
 By any means, let me be me tomorrow: constant  
 Galileo.

"Corollary: things contingent and unforeseen,  
 protect our facts from being as precarious as Pisa.  
 If only *g* is constant; oh, be constant, *g*."  
 ("Some questions," father said, "we do not ask  
 but just assume we know, assuming our assumption  
 true  
 without a q.e.d. Keep your head at home, my son.")  
 "Justify my faith in reason; oh, be constant, *g*."

Galileo's long view looked out, from so high  
 he could see, as through a private scope,  
 gondoliers and night, coppersmiths with daggers,  
 stone jugs of liaison, a dusk of pedestals  
 and grottoes, tonsured pikemen and the *sburri*.  
 "*Testes vos estis . . .*" Feeling by that very feeling  
 lifted suddenly, ecstatic with acceleration though  
 ungravitated:

facsimile of the Galilean out of the whirlwind  
 who walked like bread on water, consecrated,  
 walked on the sea of himself: highly levitated,  
 clearly an untenable position—Galileo prostrated  
 himself,  
 approximately, blinked fast as if sunblind.  
 (Clack clack like clatter of swordflats: bells  
 incentric: not eternity but tomorrow to be baffled.)

Sub-one looked up and waved a friendly, urgent hand;  
 sub-two ("Be constant, *g*") released the heavy balls,  
 knowing at once it would be necessary now  
 to do this everyday, while identity persisted,  
 to be sure, to be sure; and not surprised  
 when one ball crushed the hourglass so sand ran out,

and one ball crushed sub-one, assurance and all.

There came a raffle of voices from the street:  
a corpse had been mislaid; the funeral paused  
while people scratched at one another's heads.  
Then gratefully they took sub-one and walked away,  
as rearranged sub-two tried not to see;  
walked far; far; until he couldn't have found himself,  
dared he venture through his longest telescope.

**Leonard Casper**

### PETITE CHANSON

Laughtered in burning the bugled negation  
swelling to thunder the spavined alarm  
swept to disaster in the hypnotic cataclysm

The heroes seek the silver of birth  
singing the little, the little lifted upward  
catching the singular rays of rebellion

The stallion yet standing ribboned and royal  
casting betrayal to the stars dim as mercy  
the passionate caution is burned to bitter fear

Sandwiched as healing between gallantry and gain  
the grain of doubting is a bountiful harvest  
shocked in windrows mighty as winding

Curtained to secret the faultless are white  
the blame riding rough through limitless stars  
the tongues of the killers are blind as their stares

**Judson Crews**



## RESURRECTION

Doctor? Well, yes: you must have heard that from my nephew.

It's true. It was at least. It wasn't medicine.

Why don't we have a little drink after the conference if you have time? Back here, beside the elevator.

You're like my nephew. Both of you escaped the war, you both rushed into business straight from school, and now

you're quick to be impressed by me, a scientist.

To you, who run to life, there's glory there, and there is glory there that I can't tell. You've never heard of Grubler. You were born when he left Germany at just my age: "The old life had been buried," he said,

"by upstart men. I came where that life had never been."

Well he's an oldster now, perhaps retired by now, a great zoologist. I followed him out West, as an associate, in summer '41.

That expedition yielded me my doctorate.

I might as well recount that summer. There were two female assistants and another candidate, a friend of mine who fell in Germany: so while the women read we worked. The first week we set up the women's hut and our shack and the laboratory where Grubler lived. The second week we did exploring:

mud flat, lower ridge, high ridge, hard rock outcropping, crumbly rock, mud flat. Grubler hammered flags around.

For a week we dug and sifted by S. O. P.,

preserving fossil specimens and labelling them.  
Then Grubler split a rock, and a pearly toad limped  
out,  
alive, and cringed against the light (as we soon all  
did.)

“We’ll call him Anastasios,” said Grubler. I saw  
him change: his beard untrimmed, the crew-cut  
overgrown.

He crawls from site to site for days. With stethoscope  
and a rubber mallet he auscultates the stone.

His labors paid: he soon uncovered Anastasia.  
He kept the toads in one terrarium, forcep-fed  
them agar-fattened grubs, increased the temperature  
at intervals, and watched and cooed. When, in his  
walks,

he’d find a couple of the staff in one or other  
of four combinations, he watched and cooed the same  
“Be happy, children.” Strangely, nothing germinal  
survived our idle weeks, from field or laboratory.

No: who could expect it from that laboratory?  
After a hundred-odd thousand quiet winters?  
There was no negligence. “Let us collate our data,”  
Grubler said. He laid the two toads in alcohol.

He spoke in the lazy tone he used when, next year,  
we came in uniforms and doctoral robes to say  
goodbye: “This was a false arising of my land.  
It should be hidden, children, kill them.” On the day  
we left our camp, a real prospector appeared,  
like Grubler’s twin in checkered shirt and frayed  
Levi’s.

*You strike?* “I hunted animals in barren country.”  
*Gold grows where nothing else grows.* “Then the  
camp is yours.”

After the war I went into investments. Thank you:

I never married. Labor, failure, pleasure, danger  
even, turn curious or charming in memory,  
and only love is bleak. Thank you: business is lively.

**Richard Emil Braun**

## TWO POEMS

### Light and Dark

As though I were a little swallowing  
Of Scotch conniving inward to myself,  
I go to sleep and feel the liquor sting  
The turning center of my compassed self.  
I am quiet, there, as a genie in a bottle.

In my selfskin bottle I conjure the sort  
Of world a kite discovers when the string  
Is broken: a bit of terror and of sport:  
And I conjure the sort of world a string  
Discovers when the kite is liberated.

My senses unite in my brain and fuse  
An imitation world about the size  
Of a thrush; to cover him up I use  
A hat or else he'd openly surprise  
Sun's citizens. At night I never wear a hat.

The day and I slowly focus upon  
The bed until I am distinctly there,  
Though my eyelids blink. Blinking, I look in  
And out to see what dark and light may share:  
The dial's shadow is dreaming in the sun.

**Andrew Oerke**

**Little Elegy**

The crowd is busy with its bundles and its shoes.  
The sun parades the street, whose speckled stars  
Of mica twinkle in the frozen, baked cement.  
In the minor wind a few loose papers scutter by  
And lodge against the curb where now my eyes are  
bent.

A bit of fuzz, or rag, bedraggled, nestles there;  
A wad of crumpled feathers with a sparrow's face.  
I look up at the sky: there are no birds in sight.  
Could he have tumbled from the eaves of this high  
roof,  
Or did he suddenly fall dizzy out of flight?

It must have been today he spiralled out of air  
Onto the hard cement, against the gutter's bank,  
Where he lies queerly sprawled, as though he would  
abash  
His strange surroundings. —Last night the gentle  
cleaners  
Would have swept him into seas of trash.

But he is here, touching the afternoon's repose.  
'Dead as a door nail,' is what the children say of him.  
At least tonight he'll have a makeshift burial;  
And all-day-long, today, he'll stare at passers-by,  
A few of whom may mourn for him, our common  
Ariel.

**Andrew Oerke**

**AUNTIE GLICK**

Auntie Glick crocheted all through the hurricane.  
She sat among the rubber plants, her pomander  
scent warring with their soapy one, and never  
once left off a lacy antimacassar  
until the thread built up a perfect sun.

During the storm that bowled the boardwalk over  
and chewed it down to matchsticks, which had never  
happened before, and the biggest waves at Ventnor  
licked inland up to three blocks, Auntie Glick  
poked under over with her needle hook

until the sea swam back to where the border  
of the shore could take a hold again. Order  
reigned on all the chairs; all arms were prisoners  
of the frothy circlets made by Auntie Glick  
who feared no storm and kissed me on the cheek

more bite than kiss, and spoke wild words I took for  
threats; her love in Polish, I learned after  
I was grown. Under the feather comforter,  
they found the dead hands still held hook and skein.  
Her blind eyes open, each made a perfect sun.

**Maxine W. Kumin**

## TWO POEMS

## On the Anniversary of My Dying—IV

Now I am ready—all the rest is fact  
 And far behind. They say when Thomas died,  
 He called the *Summa* "sawdust": having packed  
 It full of wise and Aristotle, spied  
 That secret holy wonder of the light  
 And knew his wisdom (even his!) became  
 A shadow in the radiance. The sight  
 Of such a glory and compelling flame  
 So moved Pascal to line the coat he wore  
 With that one word which caught the essence of  
 His vision: "fire"—so I will nothing more  
 Within this cave which images such Love:

I want the sun itself. Come Christ, you brave  
 And bawdy lover of my bowels. Come save.

William Packard

## Either Like Abraham

either like abraham we love enough  
 to put a living love beneath the knife;  
 or lost in love of make-believe and bluff  
 we celebrate the littleness of life.  
 secretly samson grows his strength again  
 to pillar down the secret-thieves above:  
 either we live our loves beyond the men  
 that meddle us, or lose our sight of love.  
 either a haircloth in the wilderness  
 of hope, the voice of him that crieth out;  
 or headless prophets of our hopelessness,  
 the voiceless, frightened acolytes of doubt.  
 either the god in us is made to weep,  
 or we console ourselves, and suffer sleep.

William Packard

**TWO POEMS****Fantasia**

My parents went down to the river to drink.

And why go there when they had taps  
Full of great crystal staves to drive in their mouths  
When the river is slow and green and thick as soup  
And motes dance in it that meet and breed?

One might have been a murderer

And the other the natural murder-ee

Persuaded to drink from a cold natural syrup

Was manly and good for the bowels.

Then as her body sank

The other might be persuaded to think

That what he wiped from his brows was blood . . .

no, I cannot say

That two went down and one came back

For I saw them return talking quietly,

(One of a series to lull suspicion?)

And I cannot ask them twelve years ago

If they went down to the river to drink

For hatred of cisterns and constant questioners;

Or apologise for mishearing them speaking so low,

Going down to the river to talk and think,

About me.

**Peter Redgrove**

**Without Eyes**

Today, to begin with, she will do without eyes.

Staring at the speckled ruby eyelids make of the  
sunny window

Now she tries the world with her eyelids closed;

Pulls the length of her body out of the rasp of sheets  
Into her self-made nighttime; delicately shuffles her  
    way along the hairy carpet  
To the cool rim she traces round with a finger.  
Heaves the heavy bulging of the water-jug, tilts  
And lets it grow lighter,  
The tinkling in the bowl wax to a deep water-sound.  
Sluices her bunched face with close hands, finds  
    natural grease,  
With clinking nails scrabbles for the body of the  
    sprawling soap,  
Rubs up the fine jumping lather that grips like a  
    mask, floods it off,  
Solving the dingy tallow.  
Bloods and plumps her cheeks in the springy towel,  
    a rolling variable darkness  
Dimpling the feminine fat-pockets under the deep  
    coombs of bone  
And the firm sheathed jellies above that make silent  
    lightning in their bulbs.

Moves to her clothes—a carpet-edge snatches her toe  
Plucking the tacks sharply like flower-stalks from  
    the boards but  
Leaves her smirking in darkness. Dresses:  
Cupped hands grip. The bridge chafes quickly over  
    the thighs  
And closes on the saddled groin,  
Her silk dress thunders over her head and on to the  
    flounced opening  
Into quiet

And her eyes clip open on the ardent oblivion of her  
    resolution **and**  
The streets and clouds from her high window, swim-  
    ming and dazzled, rush in.