

CONTENTS

1	RICHARD CURRY ESLER	<i>Fishermen's Wharf</i>
2	STANLEY COOPERMAN	<i>Two Poems</i>
4	JOCELYN SLOAN	<i>Two Poems</i>
6	WARREN SLESINGER	<i>Stone Winter</i>
7	JOAN SALTZBERG	<i>Socials</i>
8	NORMAN TALBOT	<i>Sligo</i>
9	IRENE EBERLING	<i>Violence</i>
10	FRED J. ESCHER	<i>Love</i>
11	HENRY S. TAYLOR	<i>Three Poems</i>
16	MELVIN LA FOLLETTE	<i>New Day</i>
16	CARTER ENGLAND	<i>The Composer</i>
17	DAVID GALLER	<i>The Chalice</i>
22	PATRICIA GOEDICKE	<i>The Hedgehog</i>
23	J. EDGAR SIMMONS	<i>Talking Through Chaucer's Hat</i>
24	JONATHAN MORSE	<i>Poem in August</i>
25	WILLIAM J. WALSH	<i>Findings of Jules Laforgue</i>
26	ROBERT SIEGEL	<i>To Amenhotep</i>
27	CAROLINE HOFFBERG	<i>Lake Arrowhead</i>
28	PETER RUSSELL	<i>Reflection</i>
29	ALBERT HOWARD CARTER	<i>Water Color</i>
30	ROBERT JOE STOUT	<i>Love . . . After Our First Child's Death</i>
31	SIDNEY BRENNER	<i>Two Poems</i>
33	ANNETTE BASALYGA	<i>Beast Remarks the Passing of His Beauty</i>
34	ROBERT BLOOM	<i>Windlee Jackson</i>
35	DAVID STANDISH	<i>Poet on Troubled Soil</i>
36	LARRY RUBIN	<i>The Law</i>
37	LOUIS GINSBERG	<i>Senate Rackets Investigation Televised</i>
38		<i>Books in Brief</i>

# THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL

Volume 14 - Number 3

Spring 1964

---

## FISHERMEN'S WHARF

Slicing into the Gate,  
with the gut blowing up rough in a solid wind,  
we butted across the swells,  
and the heavy spray slapped our red faces,  
slammed at the rigging,  
Anselmo goosed the throttle,  
and the *Lovely Anna* lifted a bit at the bow  
running hard for the fish dock.  
We hove to behind the *San Guiseppe*,  
weighed in our salmon at Alioto's,  
sluiced down the fish boxes,  
and then bundled stiffly up the scaly ladder,  
headed for the cook shack behind the fish shanties.  
A kettle of cioppino simmered on the galley stove,  
and there was sour French bread and a bottle of green  
wine  
styptic enough to cut the slimy taste of seawater.  
The heat got to us gradually, and the food,  
and we slackened joint by joint.  
The numbness burned out of our faces  
as we sat there loosening in the steamy warmth  
shut away from the smash of the sea  
and the bite of the bitter wind.

Richard Curry Esler

**TWO POEMS****Jenifer's Song**

*(Oregon to New York, 1963)*

Moon and all I string for you,  
And I would promise all, the golden feather  
Of a most delicately drawn aesthetic truth  
Delighting in beards and banged weather  
And Japanese simplicity of love.  
By this apple, fruit of a ripe reason  
I make my pledge, and will not move  
Though poets moult their verses out of season  
And every tree grow heavy with the weight  
Of white syllabic goats, hairy nightingales  
Who scratch themselves and struggle to create  
Witherhood and early winter in their tales:

Moon and all, and nothing less  
To celebrate our coast-to-coast caress.

**Stanley Cooperman**

**Dialectic**

NO is nothingness,  
and your reasons  
violate the plumlight  
I see behind your eyes;  
the Spirit  
is a small insect  
scorched by time,  
and who would be so much  
a fool

to despise the fire  
and worship the moth?  
All the moon that ever was  
lies between your lips,  
and every leaf in the green world  
whispers forever;  
your flesh is charged  
with atoms of the sun,  
and my hands  
twining yours  
are stuff that stars are made of:  
our kisses may reach out  
to planets not yet born.

Those holy men,  
spirit-skeletons  
corrupted by dust,  
swans of thin eternity  
who feed on thorns—  
where are they now?  
vanished into broken glass,  
rusted into metal  
and eaten by the wind:  
their halos have grown rotten  
with their bones.

Stanley Cooperman

**TWO POEMS****New Day**

A new day—  
everything beautiful,  
everything significant.  
Pink anemones in their milk glass bowl  
bloom, although they fade,  
stretching, shedding  
tissue petals.

The Madonna of the ikon,  
wearing a turban,  
clutching beneath one elongated arm  
a bundle, which is the child  
also in a turban,  
stares down her Modigliani nose  
with tenderness including  
even me.

I jump from bed,  
stub my toe against the heater,  
and hobbling to a window  
look upon the garden  
shielded by boughs  
of last year's Christmas tree,  
enclosed by a hedge  
sprouting mobile fruit.  
How those sparrows rejoice  
even while they quarrel!

**Jocelyn Sloan**

**Meditation**

The skull  
wrapped in newspaper  
rides between us  
coming from Ward's Museum  
to town.

Julian's purchase  
will help Brother John  
to explore a forest  
of meditation.

Adorned by Julian  
for the cocktail hour,  
in ivy chaplet,  
rose between teeth,  
our guest upon  
the coffee table  
looks at us  
from mauve larkspur eyes,  
steals the show,  
stills all conversation.

Julian will make  
a lovely skull  
with those tall cheek bones  
and impressive brow,  
I think, and catch him  
studying me . . .

**Jocelyn Sloan**

**STONE WINTER****for Eleanor and John Terfloth**

The church spire points  
a wooden finger at the sky.  
The bells clench below  
and toll the language of the Lord  
on tongues that toil in metal mouths.

The stone huts sit  
frost-level on the ground.  
Wisps of woodsmoke slip  
through the thin blue shimmering.

The boy trudges  
over the hillside  
in boots which blister  
through his socks.

The girl sweeps  
the cobblestoned street  
with a bundle of branches  
bound by vines to a stick.

I watch the men  
scrape the mud from their shoes  
on the church steps,  
I watch the women  
poke their red hands  
under aprons which never wash white,  
and I see no sorrow  
sagging in the mouth  
or boredom  
bagged below the eyes.

I find foreheads  
seeded with sleet,  
vein-broken cheeks  
ploughed into the mouth  
and split lips which laugh.

They carry these faces  
like shields.

Warren Slesinger

## SOCIALS

When party-guests fill living-rooms  
Always the sexes dissipate;  
The men dispute taxation booms,  
The wives lament their over-weight.

Each huddle in two alien hives;  
The volume of debate grows higher.  
To the kitchen disperse the wives,  
The men draw closer to their ire.

To think they swore eternal vow!  
The Law of Nature runs arrears  
At socials where the sexes now  
Like planets move in separate spheres.

Joan Saltzberg



**SLIGO**

Dark chews the green diamonds  
of valley, the stone fields.  
The windy sunset is still  
getting heavier. Rain begins,  
lifts clouds in the vague sky—  
its floods are deep green, filling  
the darkness under the trees;  
stone darkens.

A thin man wants to buy us guiness  
and batters on the doors for his lonely gift,  
the interpreter  
of the country and its rain.  
He has tears and his triumph is easy—  
he is proud from the sky's broken line  
to the darkness between the stones  
and the rain growing and lifting  
the unshaken trees.

The bitter unvarying of stout  
dulls the clear rain—  
in the swaying dark  
like a man's bones the mere smell lies  
where the rain tide is pushing off the stones.  
He is wandering on the dark miles out  
into darkness and the full Sligo sky  
dreaming he touched us—  
divided his heart for us.

He will remember for us—  
no one who was sober would try  
to outface darkness.  
We remember the silver heave of sky  
that clouded into rain.

Rain opens and closes all the graves.

Norman Talbot

## VIOLENCE

*Midway the journey of this life  
I was aware that I had strayed  
into a dark forest . . .*

Inferno I:11-12

Dante's lion, with parted teeth,  
and fur flung across his head  
like ragged moss, glides from red  
and amber caves, gloats above  
his valley, explores the night  
on angry, tingling paws. Bright  
river, black glass, streaks in long,  
cool lines; he dabbles with tail  
and nose, waiting for brown quail,  
deer, and frightened, quiet men.

Irene Eberling

**LOVE**

Jealous men,  
I never ever dreamed  
a big long-nosed wiseguy like me  
could sweep

                  ratata-tat-tat-tat  
down and splash  
intoxicating silver dream potion  
in her springboard  
                  singsong eyes.

laughing,  
at a pimple-picking taxidermist like me  
hold the hand of a  
double-shape  
                  snake-like nympho  
from virgin county.

Sorry,  
million eyed double-clutching  
mad lovers  
She thinks I'm the fairest  
superlover of them all.

**Fred J. Escher**

**THREE POEMS****Over the River and Through the Woods**

High in a house above a city  
My grandmother has waited  
For the last thirty years  
With the sight going out of her eyes.

At last, it is whispered  
By sisters and aunts  
In tones of relieved condescension  
That my mother's mother is dying  
Because of a cancer in her blood.

My parents, who have never been  
Her eyes, transpose to me the guilt  
Of their neglect, and force me  
To feel compelled to visit her.

Reluctantly, experimentally,  
I walk into the room  
Which she has darkly decorated  
For the likes of me.

Fearful of bacteria, she  
Will not let me shake her hand,  
But clasps her own two hands  
In a gesture of greeting  
And shakes them in the air.

For a little more than an hour  
She tells me all the important things.  
Daily, in front of a window,  
She marches in place for exercise.

She has an ingrown toenail  
Which her doctor forbids her to cut.  
My sisters keep secrets from her,  
She says, and the walls eavesdrop  
On our conversation.

Gratefully, patiently she sits  
As I take my leave,  
Clasping her shaking hands,  
Saying goodbye to the chair  
I have been sitting in.

I am lowered down through the house  
And I walk through the door  
Out on to the street,  
Back to my own more familiar  
Decaying verisimilitude.

**Henry S. Taylor**

### **One Summer Night**

I lie and listen to thunder and rain  
And gaze at lightning reflected  
On the wet leaves of trees outside.  
Then through the darkness I hear  
The voice of my son, and I rise  
And go down the hall to his room.

The storm shines in through the window  
And I see that his bed is empty.  
I run down to the lawn and call  
To my slender, pale-haired son,  
And his voice comes down from above me.  
He is standing on top of the house,

His arms held away from his sides,  
Looking down at me and smiling.  
I ask him to come down.  
On the peak of the roof he turns  
And raises his eyes to the sky.  
Rain falls from his hair to his back.

Once more lightning flashes  
As he flexes his knees and leaps  
Upward, his arms close at his sides.  
He tilts his head and raises his arms  
And begins his back-dive to earth,  
Eyes closed and hair windblown.

He slows down in front of my face,  
Upside down before my eyes,  
His arms overhead toward earth.  
I ask him again to come down.  
We are caught there together, immobile  
In a flash of lightning which lasts forever

And I call to him time after time  
But he is unable to answer.  
Smiling, his blue eyes closed,  
His arms overhead toward earth,  
His blond hair waving like seaweed,  
He hangs helpless and silent before me.

**Henry S. Taylor**

### **The Woman at Fireman's Field**

A city swimming pool on a summer afternoon:  
Hard sunlight, hot concrete, brown  
Grass, and a high steel fence.

Green park benches without trees,  
White steel tables with green umbrellas.  
The clear air quivers in the heat;  
The water, wrinkled by wind,  
Shines sharp and jagged in the sun,  
But the people, dauntless, dive.  
They are all here:  
In the water or on the edge,  
Diving, splashing, lovers kissing  
Under the water;  
Mothers with their round blond babies;  
Old men and women, with  
Bald and blueveined legs;  
Brown little boys in skin-tight trunks.  
The lifeguard's whistle  
Quiets them all.  
Two swallows wet their wings in the pool  
And rise to the top of the fence.

A fat woman sleeps  
At the side of the pool  
Alone on a green park bench.  
Her cheeks, hippopotamic, sag  
And part her heavy lips.  
(Brown teeth with caps of gold)  
Her neck, at the base,  
And her cumbrous bosom  
Rise and fall  
As she softly breathes.  
The thin dress strains  
To bare her legs  
Revealing stockings  
Rolled down to her knees.  
Her short gray hair hangs down

In limp damp strands  
On either side of her head.  
A fly, circling slowly, wings  
Gleaming in the sun, settling  
On a shoulder, cautiously  
Climbs up to the neckline.

Oh  
Woman,  
I wish you would once be light  
So you could rise  
And walk  
To the edge of this pool and dive up,  
High up above these wires,  
Above the leaves of trees,  
And sway, soundlessly singing  
On the sighing breeze.

Yes  
My love,  
You are rising now,  
The dress and the stockings gone,  
Clothed in white silk,  
Blown with long hair  
On the summer wind.

Beautiful, now, she turns,  
Smiles her goodbye and is gone.

Henry S. Taylor



**NEW DAY**

I hear the horses, neighing down the canyon,  
Woken long before, who arch their hooves  
As scrupulous as unicorns—one swerves  
To miss a boulder, spills into the sun.  
The red day burns upon the blueing dawn,  
Hedges of silver poppies, birds in droves  
Garble our senses, now in the meadow moves  
Fleet as if hooved . . . I whistle, and you come.

There is only one day, one unicorn,  
One word you will not say, I have not spoken;  
Let us pretend our minds are on the horses,  
Your knuckles, white, clenching the saddle-horn  
Do not exist—and while the pack-train passes—  
I am not here; your foot was never cloven.

**Melvin Walker La Follette**

**THE COMPOSER**

Would you care to hear  
some music that I  
haven't written?

Listen!

You look as though it  
is an easy thing to  
not write music.

**Carter England**

**THE CHALICE***The object is alien and intolerable to me.*

—Nicolas Berdyaev

**1. Portrait of a Tourist**

Maze, glare, and the sharp curve,  
 Precipitate stairway, serve,  
 By riddling my stereotypes with light and shadow,  
 To effect a precise play of conspiring nerves,  
 As if one thief another follow,  
 And lead past clapboard entrance,  
 Classical gate, till I chance  
 In a quiet square to try such salt for savor,  
 And glimpse the cloud-road that reflects my dance  
 Aimless, circuitous.

I won't waver

Yet; I will impound  
 A fear of alien ground  
 By force of will, by trespass. And I will rest,  
 As in an expanding maze, each step bound  
 To tire for having been struck in test  
 Of some escape: cur-  
 iosity, fetish-hunting, or  
 Unbridled lust for the mythic native, unseen  
 And still less expected. The mid-day lore  
 Of silence and the strange lean  
 Oracles of light  
 That hint there is some site  
 From which I have travelled, but now forgotten,  
 And some scene toward which I will strive, indict  
 Me for flights of off-guard abstraction,

Whereby this ancient terrace  
 Becomes as all places  
 I have ever wandered.

Beyond the white patio,  
 In the shade of columns, each slab and crevice  
 Proclaim their formal virtue. A curio  
 Shop rises through dust  
 Like a witch's hovel. Thrust  
 Outward, like blooms in a magic wood, are brass  
 Goblets, pikes, and muskets, once raised in trust  
 Or condemnation. Venus, cuirass,  
 Cleave together like twin  
 Drinkers; a Mandarin's  
 Ivory junk points its prow through the broken  
 Neck of some cryptically-graven vase; and Sin  
 Discovers its feckless comic token  
 In the way a serpent's hide  
 Coils between lovers, who bide  
 In porcelain for the perfect moment to kiss.  
 Confused in this ancient city, I abide  
 Losses, not least of which is purpose.

## 2. In the Curio Shop

Seen from inside, the store  
 Is not unusual, nor  
 Do its objects vary greatly from those found  
 In my own country; the old proprietor  
 Nods, then goes with a shuffling sound  
 That in no way can be  
 Termed mysterious. The

Empty shop invites me to learn the evasive  
Statement of all useless things.

I move slowly,  
As if having deduced a motive  
For each step precisely  
In my lack of velleity;  
I'm half-joyful in the realization that  
Antiques, thus assembled, have an incongruity  
Which is not wholly unpleasant.

A flat

Glow overlies everything,  
And suddenly may bring  
Itself to bear upon first one figure and then  
Another, so that each form from marble king  
To crossbow glares with fire, but then  
Bides drab as ever. Grave  
Far chimes toll a naive  
Illusion of choice, temptation to gamble;  
Back and forth I pace through junk to perceive  
Some object I may make a symbol . . .  
Symbol of what?

My dance

Through streets, which neither chance  
Nor will wholly had sanctioned, insofar  
As neither flight nor search described my circum-  
stance,  
Is clearly evasion, debar-  
ring the inclusive symbol.  
A chalice hurls its full  
Red at the eye. Is paid for. And is taken.  
Now, look how the confluent streets turn credible,  
Declaring their limits, to me who waken

As from a foul debate.  
Now, the inveterate  
Low white houses stand solid as they  
Have always stood. Dogs, urchins, loiter. Great-  
breasted women hang wash, display  
Palpably their existence.  
Now, in the emphatic presence  
Of my shadow (as though I were not here) and that  
Of the chalice, backed by a row of tenements,  
I, gambler, wager where I am at.

### 3. The Possession

Although I now possess  
A gold-leaf, blood-red chalice,  
Which, after long wandering in the sun,  
I've placed on a stained cloth to round solace  
Granted by still-untasted bourbon,  
And which, though clearly art  
Having some counterpart  
In almost every well-stocked cupboard, still  
Hurls in the ciphered light its red, to impart  
An image in ragged gold that will,  
Despite mockery's power,  
Evoke some sunset tower  
Cragged in Provence, still I debar that image  
Or that suddenly, say, of our Lord's Supper,  
Protesting that this glass is garbage.  
Now, as I paw the chalice,  
I think of Ahasuerus,  
Of the black meaning Jesus gave his life  
By simple passage.

Although it be not conscious,  
 A blind man, brushed by the vaguest knife,  
 Impervious place and time,  
 May choose to commit a crime,  
 And gain, thereby, a rock in the fierce flood  
 On which to blazon penance, and grow sublime.  
 Hate, which by one stroke becomes love,  
 Is the one condition  
 That, in my contemplation  
 Of the red chalice, I am unfortunate  
 In not knowing directly.

My situation

Is roiled Jacob's in the desert,  
 Faced now with a dead blessing,  
 Not of his own desiring,  
 And of no use in routing the starved jackal.  
 Though despots may finger globes before conquering,  
 My efforts but hold forth as fickle  
 To see myself the owner  
 Of some prize. Job's pleasure  
 In smearing his face with ash was not more  
 Complete than mine who bring the glass to shatter.  
 The gain thereby? On a blind floor  
 My goliath of cold  
 History lies dead.

But mold—  
 encrusted walls cry for some act of the will,  
 And I am helpless. I kneel and rake the gold  
 Bits now for light of Heaven or Hell.

David Galler

**THE HEDGEHOG**

Whatever he said or did you had to respect him  
As you respect an animal, simply  
For the fact of him, handmade,  
Granite, bristling with sly tricks:  
Behind the hedge of his wit the schoolboy  
Lobbing spitballs at the enemy,  
Grandfather scolding the country  
In all directions at once.  
After the public engagements the tactical retreats  
To the road nobody else would take

But back home in his burrow he did not sleep;  
All night long he counted the contents of his pockets,  
He puttered around polishing them until they shone,  
He dusted off our simplicities.  
When morning came he stepped out into the open,  
Hair streaming like a flag in the wind,  
A switchblade in one hand, in the other  
Something to say for himself, for his country  
Shining upon all of us, in all directions  
Querulous, triumphant, something like a star.

Patricia Goedicke

**TALKING THROUGH CHAUCER'S HAT**

Dear John Crowe Ransom:

I have posted a package to you.

If I were to tell you—as I do—  
This was Chaucer's hat  
You would believe me out of love.

How can this hat mean  
But to me alone  
Unless I declare it Chaucer's  
And not my father's at all.  
I do not have that problem—  
I have sent the hat.

Make what you will of the hat:  
Headgear for your scarecrows;  
But mainly you must send, of yours,  
Some sweet toy in the blood  
That declares man's head to the skies.  
That announces with eccentric myrrh  
Our divining brotherhood.

As for the hat  
Throw cards in it during rains  
Let your grandsons play robbers.

The important thing for me is not the poem  
But that I sent the hat.  
It is special part of me seeking survival.

**J. Edgar Simmons**



## POEM IN AUGUST

## Homage to Vincent Price

A guy wire buckles the tree  
to the earth, and from the fire escape  
a gray squirrel watches three  
or four sparrows chuck, dip and scrape  
in the gutter. But glittering in his caul  
of black and white, Count Dracula, swinging his cape,  
strolls gently down the sun-drowned street and all  
the women in the windows whisper O!  
and watch his shadow glide along a wall.

And then he is gone, rarer than snow  
on corn-tassels, wiser than God,  
I guess, at any rate far more slow  
to anger, and with the catalpa pod  
he holds in his fingers brushing his shirt's lace cuff.  
Think of Dracula walking in goldenrod,  
the field hot and quiet, not a puff  
of wind: the breath of his passing there  
presses the stalks downward, but not enough  
to mark his subtle trace in the bright air.

Jonathan Morse

**FINDINGS OF JULES LAFORGUE**  
(a free adaptation)

Bee-like I traced female nectar;  
By main strength pried into each sort,  
The early blooming and the late,  
And submit the following report:

A flora protean of race and face  
In bed never known to be taskable,  
Through all She remains, a Dark Lady  
Immersed in personae, impassible.

The tedious dovecote of her mind  
Deduces nubility the only need,  
Dreams of Adam and Eve on an isle  
And rapid paradisement indeed.

And she, amid the lovelorn's cry  
Of traffic tie-ups at the thigh,  
From her calm and ulterior tower  
Lays taxation on each passerby.

Accept then this tribute, madam, to the mere  
Massive serendipity of our conjunction.  
I may swear that it alone is past compare  
For the meantime at least without conpunction.

**William J. Walsh**

**TO AMENHOTEP, OVERSEER OF  
PHARAOH'S WHEAT**

*(Now in the Chicago Natural History Museum)*

A pickled monkey or a wizened god,  
you couched your leather head,  
a dry seed in a stone fruit,  
with the sceptical look of the sometime dead,  
not believing that the fickle golden beak  
of day would ever force your final stone,  
stab the black shadow that ate your flesh  
and read the bleak hieroglyph of your bone.

Like an old snuffbox your intricate case  
is merely quaint now. Arced by the white  
of a cold lamp you are merely dead,  
defaced, and far too naked than is right

for one whose modesty was deep as stone,  
whose face was swathed in gold. May yet your bones  
wind rich and hollow heavenward  
from their golden bandbox when pompous metro-  
nomes

of pyramids clock no more, are chaff  
flailed away in resurrection's moil  
(while in China femurs crack with fire,  
in Indus fakirs from earthen jars uncoil).

May you yet be airy wheatened wisp,  
grinning hugely careless. No jackal's moonstone  
glower

haunts this bright desert of a tomb  
till Moses roll back the Red Sea in that glorious  
boneclacking hour.

**Robert Siegel**

**LAKE ARROWHEAD**

The giant gold fish  
are sleeping, in green  
reeds in the blue  
lake or, rising hopeful,  
gulp the dainty  
waterbugs trapped  
in the boat dock's shadow.  
So that golden fish a hundred  
years hence may  
sleep among reeds  
green waterflies are delivered  
into the jaws of death.

And a train of hatchling  
ducks are cheeping and bobbing  
in the cross-current,  
who broke from their perfect  
confinement into definitive  
shadow and dazzle of our days—  
to pluck the unlucky  
rosy fish—that mallards  
for all time may  
by this clear lake crack their ovoid certainty  
and pluck the gold and giant fish  
out of the flashing  
water of their breath.

**Caroline Hoffberg**

## REFLECTION

Looking at my body in the bathroom mirror  
 Flabby and white and a little misshapen  
 Like my cripple-mother, I look at its parts:  
 The square head with the short thick furze of grey  
 (Which in three weeks, unchecked, can still grow  
 long  
 And in curls like a woman's—they say I look like a  
 poet);

The barrel-chest with another curly forest,  
 And the bald belly, tumid but not really gross  
 From forty years as an amateur gourmet;  
 Tight purse of the balls (my only true riches)  
 And the hard thighs like a pair of stout garden  
 shears

Shiny from constant use, watched over by  
 Blunt friendly Priapus from his dark copse,  
 My tutelary god. It was only a glance  
 —I think of, rather than see, these bare essentials  
 Of my anatomy, being no Narcissus.

Think rather of the products of this anonymous blob  
 Of mammalian matter: the pared nails,  
 Dead powder of skin-cells peeling away  
 And sheared-off quiffs of hair—all useless,  
 (Excreta the Greeks called them—unholy to Isis);  
 Weak brine of tears secreted for beauty or loss,  
 Or that sinister unexpected sense of power  
 Momentarily felt over others who seemed more  
 strong;

Spittle I long to loose in the face  
 Of Jew-baiters, Fascists, lynchers of Negroes,  
 Stirrers up of strife and perverters of justice,  
 Usurers, profiteers and politicians,  
 Sneak-thieves, hypocrites and ultra-respectable

Bureaucrats; Salt sweat swathing the body  
 At work, or locked in the holds of love;  
 Bright piss of the yellow sun's kidney  
 Giving back nitrogen to the ready earth  
 In a moist cloud of spray; gobbets of sperm,  
 Hot pellets of burning delight for a woman,  
 Each with its haploid code of divine recreation;  
 Lastly among these material emanations, I think  
 Of warm breath of the lips formed into Orphean  
   words  
 From the mist of language and mind  
 Steaming up everywhere the quicksilver surface of  
   Nature . . .

I dry myself, put on my clothes, and prepare  
 To go out . . .

                  for the sun is still shining

**Peter Russell**

### WATER COLOR: WOMAN SEATED

My mother  
 in a cartwheel hat  
 with velvet peony  
 dependent on my father's French  
 was less at home in Paris  
 than in Switzerland's  
 effortless resorts:  
 swans, peaks, and silver platters  
 heated by spirit lamps  
 not to speak of the Reformation  
 and clean rest rooms.

**Albert Howard Carter**

**LOVE . . . AFTER OUR FIRST CHILD'S DEATH**  
**For Lynne**

Lastnight, between my legs, I crushed the moon,  
Splitting its hard white blandness. A raw noon  
Radiance broke through my thighs; across  
My chest the icy suddenness of loss  
Plunged frantic, raking fingers, then, consumed,  
Gave up its painful meaning. The wombed  
Captivity that birth withheld burst higher  
Into joy. "My love! my love!" I heard you cry,  
Then felt the outer half of me—the wire,  
Tensile strength, rodlike and straight—fall dry  
And silent on your flesh. The clean clear fire,  
Spontaneous and quick, complete, that I  
First brought to our love-offering was gone;  
Without our child, we were no longer one.

Heavy, lifeless, like a stone, my mind tipped  
Down into your cleft of flesh, into the ripped  
Soft underparts of love, where life's thin  
Messenger had curled. I felt your warm slack skin  
Search emptily on mine, explore my vain  
Ungiving grief, and then slide back again,  
Remembering the past, the rough delight,  
The love . . . and suddenly my full fierce tears  
Erupted into passion on your breast, a new white  
Coolness surging down, desiring. The rigid fears  
Unfolded into timelessness and night;  
Our bodies' movements overlapped the years.  
The fury gone, a tenderness merged grief  
Into two bodies' single boneless sheaf.

**Robert Joe Stout**

**TWO POEMS****Blake**

His two rooms, wife, and press  
Did not oppress him  
Nor stave the uproarious angel tide  
That pressed him bedward with resistless wing  
Unslaked and jubilant, he  
Rode the feathered virgin with scathing and naked  
vision  
(His wife the while groaning canticles of joy)  
And lashed of her wispy stuff a sinew thing  
Which at once webbed him in lacing thighs and arms  
Flaring the net of his prophecies  
To bag a searing tiger of delight:  
So the breath that dreamed him became flesh  
Spurting its foaming moment, falling back  
To scrape the gravel of mortality . . .  
Blake, by his angel coarsely jettisoned  
Embraced his rueful knees and bled

**Sidney Brenner****Saint Francis**

He was just as you picture him: laced together  
With rain clouds and leather and a straw bindle at  
his back  
Puffed out with books. So laden, he skirmished



Many roads. His stick whacked at cobbles to ring  
them

His sandals scraped them, his eyes struck hedges  
Walls, fences, ivy trellises, setting  
All those fires

And walked on inebriate, pressing the pitcher  
To lustful lips as often as lust stirred him  
Drinking more deeply than he dared, letting  
The wine run in his veins as torches, letting it  
Set cinctures and meltings and pledges and fueling of  
All those fires

Unneeded by his robe and rope, he rang with such  
delight

That the birds belled and crowned him  
With florets of blue air. Upthrusting in this height  
They rushed as fountains to him, splashing and  
wheeling

In every known disgrace. So he beheld them. So the  
sun made prisms

Of their wings, spraying moonstones, garnets, jewel-  
sparks and

All those fires

**Sidney Brenner**

**BEAST REMARKS THE PASSING  
OF HIS BEAUTY**

More than her beauty,  
    It was her courtesy I prized.  
The trailing silks,  
    How they disposed the gardens and the lawns,  
Pleased me no more than her civility.  
    She was a perfect guest.  
When some would have constrained themselves  
To sympathy, and me  
    Into a princely form  
Beneath these mandibles,  
She sat beside me with a reticence  
    I called serenity.

Now overlong she visits  
A country I have never seen,  
A land where youths encouraged  
By their own familiar faces,  
Foreswear the grace of ceremony,  
And like apes or jesters  
Caper as she sits  
Flushed, amazed and beautiful.

Annette Basalyga

## WINDLEE JACKSON

O mr nobody, whoever you are, i would like  
to tell you how i want it (when i am  
going to get it),

and do not give me no rot  
inside, do not give me no rot outside.

O mr big, i mean everybody's mr big, not  
you with the iron on your hip, but you  
with the iron in your heart,

let me go down  
like a ship full of sailors, let me go down  
like a centerfield bleachers.

I do not want no quiet die, mr potatoes,  
i do not want no bed pad under me.  
i do not want no children with dandydoodles,  
not if they have picked them they  
ownelves.

i do not want no bugs, not if  
they is blue flies, buzzin'.

I want it to be like it was when i was stud-  
young, mr god, when i could not say  
your name without swear it.

i was that young  
and i hated you, because you was older.

Now let me go like the hard coal, sliding.  
let me go like the rock in the crusher.

Robert Bloom

**POET ON TROUBLED SOIL**

Gonzales was killed today in a quake in Bogata.  
A concrete cornice creased the flowers behind  
His brow although that morning, as he sat in his  
study,  
The colors of flowers aided his quest for color-words  
To illustrate the secrets of St. John.  
It comes to this: keep away from quake areas, flood  
And famine and gale; march in temperate zones, walk  
down  
Familiar streets where you know the blinkers by rote.  
But Gonzales was accustomed to native guitars  
That had swept up his mind in his teens  
And danced away approaching grief in songs of blue  
and green  
And could not forsake, say, a particular spire  
That cast a shadow on the market where young eyes  
were captured  
Above expressions dying to smile or soften in sudden  
union.  
Walking as an old man through the dust of that  
shadow that meeting  
Reminded Gonzales the flowers were somewhere in  
the air  
As in decrepitude he mused on passion, a cadenza  
In the young mind now the memory of a memory  
gone; he grew  
To look more at the clouds beyond the mountains  
where the sighs of  
Lovers were light against the capped peaks, leaving  
with

The wind. The earth trembled. The earth opened. The  
 shadow of  
 The old church cracked, quaked, and Gonzales in his  
 homeland prayer  
 Was hurled forever beyond those clouds. Air reassembled,  
 And the Indian-Spanish lover of flesh, bone, golden  
 hair,  
 Was spent, the pen that penned love, sadness, beyond  
 care.

David Standish

### THE LAW

The bleakest cloth the sky can weave enfolds  
 The tender crystal of the snow;  
 The vomit of the whale pollutes the sea  
 Before it blends perfume.

Then how

Shall I devour the dark, swim the void  
 Where snow is made, inhale the scent  
 Of ambergris, knowing that poems can melt,  
 Disperse like attar in the wind—

What things shall last in this thin world?

The law of beauty troubles oysters: a flake  
 Of sand infects the cells, to spin the pearl.

Larry Rubin

**SENATE RACKETS INVESTIGATION  
TELEVISED**

From subterranean caverns of our beings,  
From sunken fissures hidden in the heart,  
Swarmed the belligerent and malignant forces  
Of crime to imitate flamboyant shapes  
Of motley gangsters and of racketeers.  
All our suppressed and violent impulses  
Swaggered along, disguised as grotesque hoodlums  
And sullen potentates and tweedy rahjahs.  
Our buried dreams, arrested and dragged out,  
Amid the tumult and the heraldry,  
Were animated comic strips, writ large,  
Before our eyes, by Zola and by Shakespeare.

So, with the hidden depths in us heaved forth  
And strewn amid the courtroom and the crowded,  
We gazed, spell-bound, upon our secret selves,  
Subpoenaed and exposed in blinding glare.

**Louis Ginsberg**

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.** *By A. L. Rowse. Harper and Row. \$7.95.*

There has been a flood of books about Shakespeare to celebrate his 400th birthday. Of the biographies, this one is probably the best. It is complete, well written and provocative. It will enrage some, amuse others. No one will agree with it fully but it is the best all-round single volume likely to come along for quite a while.

**POEMS FROM BLACK AFRICA.** *Ed. by Langston Hughes. Indiana. \$4.95.*

A stimulating and unique collection of poems from countries spread across the face of an immense continent, this important volume presents an exciting variety of voices speaking in many styles and from many points of view. Cultural considerations aside, the anthology will amaze many with the maturity of its poetic utterance. One of the most significant books in a long while.

**JOHN KEATS.** *By Aileen Ward. Viking. \$7.50.*  
**JOHN KEATS.** *By Walter Bate. Harvard. \$10.*

Two excellent biographies, each fine in its own right. Bate's is clearly the more definitive; Ward's deals more fully with the forces that contributed to the making of the poet. Both discuss the poems in detail and reach sometimes similar, sometimes differing conclusions. Ward is easier to read. Bate is particularly successful in presenting the essentials of Keats' poetic personality.

**CAGED IN AN ANIMAL'S MIND.** *By Stanley Burnshaw. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$4.*

This is a stimulating and absorbing collection of translations, original works, derivative pieces and a few that defy analysis. Burnshaw's idiom is his own (perhaps reflecting his interest in translation) and in the best pieces he fuses words and imagination with startling success.

**FLOWER HERDING ON MT. MONADNOCK.**  
*By Galway Kinnell. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.*

In this book Kinnell reaches for larger forms than before. He succeeds nicely in making poems which are far more than lyrics expanded to unnecessary lengths. They are clear and crisp statements about people, places and nature which mark him clearly as one of the important young poets.

**THE MOVING TARGET.** *By W. S. Merwin. Atheneum. \$1.95.*

Another young poet to watch is Merwin. His new book shows him moving into fresh areas of imagery and language. There is a wryness, richness and sense of urgency about it that is wholly unlike his previous work. In some cases there is almost too much concern with mechanics but Merwin will doubtless bring this under control.

**POEMS 2.** *By Alan Dugan. Yale. \$1.45.*

There is a simplicity in this work that lulls one, at first glance, into thinking that there is less here than meets the eye. But when one stays with the poems, they stay with the reader. They swing along in easy cadence and so catch one up that reading becomes almost painful. There are remarkable poems in this brief collection.

**SELECTED POEMS.** *By Chairil Anwar. New Directions. \$1.*

Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam deserve thanks for making work by this important Indonesian available. It is easy to see why this tragic figure has exerted such influence in Asia. He was a poet of monumental power and originality.

**RYOANJI.** *By Tim Reynolds. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$3.95.*

This is a first book of wit, charm, suspense and considerable promise. Not all the poems are fully realized—Reynolds is under 30—but they have about them the unmistakable ring of true poetry.