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Cover: From an engraving by
Jacques Callot

ACCORDING TO LUKE

"We are the pigs that have taken the devils from Jesus.
We shall never be bacon to lay beside an egg."
Oh, you devils: look how the pigs are changed!
Cabboli dances, turning on his pink point.
Gabboli brings a napkin to the trough.
Brum-brum orates in periodic pig.
Cosh does leaps and somersaults pigs can't do.
At the back of the crowd they can see the butcher
 cower.
"I shall never be baked with an apple in my mouth,"
laughs Rego. Somber Flaggett has the idea
to run through the brook and up the goat path to the
 high place
and cast himself down. And Cabboli, Gabboli,
 Brum-brum,
Cosh and Rego follow. Grand and strange,
the pigs come through the air like punctuation,
like heavy balloons, waving their little legs,
absurd mistakes. The devils go home angry;
the Gadarene crowd, frightened. The pigs remain.

Frank Dwyer

TWO POEMS

Unsolicited manuscripts

Traffic toward collection centers and return to their source in seasonal rhythms. They make patterns like snowflake crystals, the envelopes travelling back and forth along the radial arms.

In the post office they are judged by the ounce. So long as postage is paid, they share the bag with anything that weighs: obscene pictures, letter bombs, bills and the Sears Roebuck catalog.

Unsolicited manuscripts converge on editorial offices like application letters pouring into English Departments, like the jobless lining up outside the Division of Employment Security hoping for a want-ad or a check.

Nobody asked for them. Like beggars, they elicit pity, embarrassment and arrogance. They suggest a sea of frustration in the millions of houses where people dream. The typewriter noise of their dreaming arrives quietly on a reader's desk, silent, insistent, waiting for something useful to become, such as printed; waiting for someone to spend money on them, to multiply their waves.

Like the poor, unsolicited manuscripts produce no income for themselves. They do, however, produce income for others, whose wheels are turned by their flow. The poor support social workers, therapists, welfare agencies, charities, policemen, judges, and prison employees. Unsolicited manuscripts support office supply stores, paper factories, publishers, creative writing professors and literary agents.

A publisher can bring out an anthology of five thousand unsolicited manuscripts and sell it back to the authors, who will pay up to \$20 for a book containing words they have combined. The publisher will say he has selected each work from tens of thousands of rejects, and he might be telling the truth.

A literary agent will charge \$50 per story to tell authors why their unsolicited manuscripts don't sprout. A creative writing professor will collect tuition for the service of reading and damning unsolicited manuscripts. They are a great market for "how-to-write" books.

An editor, just by stealing paperclips from all the unsolicited manuscripts that pass through his hands, may stock his magazine, his office, himself and his friends with paperclips for the entire year.

Like the poor, unsolicited manuscripts are used and used; like the poor, they are eager to use each other and use buyers in the same way. Like the poor, they grow dogeared and bent with frequent handling, while their substance, if they have any, dies of neglect. Usually they fall and die in a desk drawer. You look at them with romantic indignation and learn, disappointed, that, like incontinent drunks asleep on dog-shit-spattered sidewalks, they are probably not worth saving.

Once in a while you hear about the success story, the Jackie Robinson of the unsolicited manuscript world, bought by the editor of *Playboy* from a totally unknown writer, who is thereby launched into fame and fortune within two years. Stories like this inspire the others to keep pecking. They hope it will happen to them: like the poor, hoping they will win the sweepstakes. It gives them a hobby less dangerous than making bombs. Their hope is a source of energy which can be converted to cash and used to build automated bathrooms.

Unsolicited manuscripts float over numbered highways like sperm cells. Except for birth-control companies, very few people want sperm cells either. Most of them will run down a thigh and smear on a blanket; they will be wiped off on a towel, dropped in a toilet bowl, killed by douches and creams. The ones that make it upstairs find nobody home. Or else they find a grim-faced IUD with arms folded, and a sign saying "We are overstocked." But, like sperm cells, no matter how many fail, the flow is not in the least deterred.

Unsolicited manuscripts and signals directed at the stars cannot logically expect to arrive anywhere. There is a slim probability at both ends, but the faces are not likely to be mutually revealed. The waves beep the fact of their being to an ear of the imagination. Should the ear also become a fact, the sender by that time would have been swept on to other dreams.

Unsolicited manuscripts amplify the rhythms of the brain. They spill into the mails like radio noise leaking into space: there is always the vision of a vast mind, conceived out of connected worlds.

Subway Driver

From islands that strum the tropical surf
poverty drove him north
with a head full of stars.

After twenty years
no turf but a project slum:
garbage tumbling down the back stairs
the stores all closed or caged
stripped hulks of cars abandoned on the street.

The language of conquistadores
still echoes in his mouth:
"It's the politicians, they strip the city bare."

He rackets thru light-studded caves
twenty years lurching side to side on the same tracks
good at noting danger signs:
 the slow clenched walk up the aisle
 the glance like third-rail sparks.

Women warm and lift his sunflower smile,
the sole adventure left of all his plans.
They call his fat wife and hang up quick.

A portrait of his oldest daughter at nine
admires his best pool shots in the cramped livingroom;
his musician brother painted her.
He died coughing and drooling codeine,
scrawling couples in flames on the closet doors.

Her black hair flows into her hands
the wrack of grown-up secrets
already trapped in her eyes.

She used to squirm in her father's lap
and beg him to give her twist-burns:
"Betcha can't make me cry."
Over and over he splashed her in the waves
until she cried in terror of his love.

The day he beat her for wearing lipstick
she never cried at all.

Inside the crashing ozone tunnels
the chains between cars dangling swinging
stations daily repeating themselves
thru tides of people
wrecked human forms asleep on a bench

The thought of her is a prayer mat of soft moss
ringed by smooth white stones
watered lightly, stalactites dripping dripping

No trains ram this tidewater cave
no clock punches off the days.
The islands chime
like notes on the staff of dawn.

Stephen T. Butterfield

THREE POEMS

After the Death That Couldn't Happen

You dream you're driving the ice road north, your
truck

Half out of control. You come from a warm
Country, here you can hardly see,
And hardly care. Water
Slops on the frozen lake, you think
You've lost your memory. Wheels
Spin in the dark, ice breaks, you jump (or fall)
From the cab.

Did he fall before you, with you?
Was he real at all? You don't know what to say.

Well, blood-kin die, they say, and friends
And lovers. Waters
Wash them out of memory.

Anyway you jump/are jumped.
Nothing to spare you in this frozen clime.
Not even your hands, flabby with loss
Of memory.

The man who built the ice road said,
"The longer you work with ice, the less you know."
Three hundred miles due north, and every year
The lakes thaw out, the portages get lost.
Every year it's all to do again.

The old ones tell you how to stay alive.
You jump/fall from the cab
And find yourself in the arctic night alone,
Only a book of matches in your shirt.
At first you can't care. Never mind.

Get ashore. Roll in the snow to dry
Your clothes. Build a fire. Make
A fishing pole. Wait. Objects
Will float to the top. A barrel of gas. A pack
Of frozen chops. A mackinaw.
You'll be grateful for these.
When you can, you'll trace an SOS on snow.

Huckleberry Mountain

Blue grouse lodged like a lump of bark
Flat against tree, black hickory grain
Going *whomp, whomp*. big pulsing gills,
Beak closed, *whomp*.
A drum in an old dream.

They were stoning the grouse. The leaves
On the trail were bleached
To stone. The grouse
Dropped to a lower branch. Bored, they went on.

Air full of snow
Stuck to the thundery bird. The stream
Through trees was half
In flow, half solid shine. Stones
Flung to silence. Current. Gone.

Above Snowline

It's easy to live here in the high country,
Especially in winter. My skin turns white.
Sometimes I mistake my arm
For a fold of snow, and the more snow I eat
The more outside and in grow one.

Silence excites me.
An avalanche can fall for an hour
Without a sound, straight down the mountain wall.
Animals are white shadows on the sun.

Wind works away. Snow streams
And freezes like old glass on freezing air.
Careful, careful, I break off one brittle sheet
And hold it to my face. It is mirrored swords.

Spring is a brief, hard time. Every year
I forget how hard it will be when people come.
They are so beautiful, these northerners, with their
 high
Cheekbones and burnished skins. I think
This time it will be different. Some one of them
Will know our mountain ways.

Then I hear a man cry out,
My handprint a pale brand over his face.
How stupidly I bleed.

And they're gone.
As always, winterbeaten trees
Collapse like lightning on the lower slopes.
I heal again.
My ears are free of sound.

Joan Webber

A WALK WITH VALLEJO IN PARIS

I am walking down Rue de la Paix on a Wednesday night in late August, a dusty night near the end of the month of Americans, a sad month when all the Parisians have fled south for their holiday, leaving only the tourists, and the shopkeepers, and the Algerians. It is a night when the heat of daylight somehow turns into the heat of midnight without ever passing through the liquids of dusk, a night of anger and nerves, and I am trying to decide where to get something to eat; at the soup kitchen near Place de la Republique where if I'm lucky and the lines aren't too long I can get a bowl of thin broth and a lecture on God in Arabic, le Dieu qui nous aime bien, or at the cafeteria of Cité Universitaire where the American students are generous, but where the guards usually chase me away. "Nous n'avons pas besoin d'un autre Americain sans portefeuille." We don't need another American without a wallet. So I opt for the relative safety of the Algerian soup line, though on the way I stop a man with a family to ask for money. Sometimes a man will feel generous in front of his wife and children, but this time the woman only clasps her pocketbook and he

says, "Je ne parle pas Anglais." I ask him again in French. "Je n'ai pas d'argent moi," he says. "And I don't speak English."

At Place de la Republique I discover that the thick double line extends around two solid blocks. There are so many Algerians without work in Paris that I won't be able to get inside the building until dawn. I am trying to decide what to do when suddenly I see Cesar Vallejo with his hands thrust into his pockets standing under a streetlamp. He nods to me. As I walk over to him I notice that his pants are patched with rags, there are deep holes in his shoes, and a single tear runs from his shoulder through the center of his shirt. He is so thin that I can see the post behind him by staring at his chest. "Come with me," he says. "I know a place where we can get some soup." And then: "I always feel sad for Americans when they're hungry. Everyone is desperate when they're poor, but Americans are pathetic."

We begin to walk and from then on Vallejo is always ahead of me. I have to hurry to stay with him like a small child trying to keep up with his father. Sometimes he stops abruptly to peer at something that interests him on the sidewalk. But where I see a weed he sees a muskrat; where I see a muskrat he sees the face of a woman. This doesn't seem to disturb him. "What matters is that we are both looking down," he says. "When you get lonely enough you'll see the face of a woman too."

While we walk his head is always on the ground, his hands are clenching and unclenching in his pockets. Sometimes he is silent for whole blocks, sometimes he talks to me. "There's a war going on," he says, "and I am always hungry. J'ai toujours faim. Siempre tengo hambre. Sometimes I think these are different things

and to tell the truth I am less frightened of hunger than of the Catholics in Spain. They're both murderers, but at least hunger rises out of your own belly to strangle you. It doesn't pretend to come from God. Other times I think they are the same."

Finally Vallejo stops in front of a crowded tenement. "You go in," he says, and disappears into a lamppost. "Vallejo!" But he is gone. So I go inside and knock on the first door I can find in the dark hallway. Soon a woman comes to answer. She is very ugly and thin, even thinner than I am, even thinner than Vallejo, though not so tall, and she is wearing a tattered pink housecoat soaked in sweat. When she sees me she begins to weep. She must think I am someone else because she insists that she's been waiting for me for so long, she didn't think I'd ever come, thank God I'm finally there, the children have been starving, the landlord has been threatening to throw them into the streets, and the children are so hungry, they haven't eaten in three days. And suddenly I see them behind her, a boy and a girl, tiny and naked, wrapped around their mother's legs, very frightened and excited. They are crying. At first I try to resist but the woman is persistent, she is dragging me into her apartment and soon the children have stopped crying, they are jumping on my lap, the woman is putting her arms around my neck, they are so happy I am there. And I am glad to be there. I hardly recognize myself and soon I am promising them everything; to bring food, to buy clothing, to pay the landlord, to find a job. And it is only later, when the children have gone to sleep and the woman takes off her housecoat that I see in her bruised body the eyes of Vallejo, the hungry eyes of Vallejo, and the sad face of the weeds, and the muskrats, and the war.

Edward Hirsch

WHERE ROBERT BLY

I cycled down to the indigenous poet
Who speaks his speak near *Lac Qui Parle*
Near the end, like the rest of us, of the Sioux
Trail, memorializing slaughter.

He is out, like the rest of us, hunting
For what God is said to have abandoned,
No help from Plato, Kant, or conscience;
I wonder if he, too, has the map from *Texaco*?

I sink and rise through black river bottoms
The Sioux abandoned, chilled by slung
Clouds of fine baptismal fallings,
To reach his wooded door of war-paint Red

Behind a yard of White's detritus: present-
Day machines of wheel, metal canoe
Turned fount for fallen wonder,
A ball-peen rusted in the turn-around.

I see a living, safe within the southern glass,
The walls are arranged, the table set;
Past-living I see let loose to acid air.
And I see, like the rest of us, he lives

Two lives. I uncontain myself
On his grounds. The feeling
Is as much of good as I can hope,
Mingling my waters with those Dakota

Braves and this poet, friend, absent.
I will hope that he has come out
On some such day as this of mist,
Made foreign to himself by house,
And straddled history, unloosening, and pissed.

James Hiner

POEM FOR MURAKAMI KIJO, 1865-1938
A POET DEAFENED BY ILLNESS

On shoji panels
shape of a burgeoning moon.
A woman's seed-sown
belly gives up fruit.
A Muse breath-swags his cradle.
Son of heaven, he
hears grasses sigh, sees
the silken shape of wind, feels
the wide pain sparrows
sing in their falling,
sounds that wound the world. The law
he studied needed
coarser hearing. See,
he sits in Takasaki,
a courthouse scribner,
poverty's worms, snails
burrowing down inner ear,
mouths of ten offspring
vast as the spread beaks
of springtime uguisu.
Always another
hill of sorrow for
assaulting. The smoked crackle
of burning paper,