

US ISSN 0018-2036

# THE HIRAM POETRY REVIEW



#55/56

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**Hiram Poetry Review is indexed in the Index of American Periodical Verse and the American Humanities Index. Microfilm versions are available from University Microfilms.**

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The **HIRAM POETRY REVIEW** is published semi-annually by the English Department, Hiram College. Prices are \$4.00 per issue or \$8.00 per year. Reviews and special features by invitation only. Unsolicited poetry manuscripts are welcome but must bear sufficient postage and must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Editorial response time is three to six months. Simultaneous submissions are discouraged. Address all correspondence to HPR, P.O. Box 162, Hiram, OH 44234.

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# THE HIRAM POETRY REVIEW

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Issue No. 55/56

Fall, 1993 - Summer, 1994

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## Editorial

### A LOT OF GOOD POEMS

At HPR it has always been our practice to determine the size of each issue by the number of excellent poems we have had the good fortune to receive—and not by the budget or other external constraints. During the months covered by this double issue we were particularly fortunate in being sent an unusually large number of superior poems. To make use of them all, we decided temporarily to do without reviews or lengthy editorial matter. This does not represent a change in policy, and our readers can expect to continue to find reviews and commentary in future issues.

What *does* represent a new direction is our plan to include with our mailings to subscribers a free supplementary annual computer disk exploring in fact as well as in theory the possibilities for the area “poetry and computers.” The first such disk (for IBM-compatible computers) will be included as a subscriber supplement to HPR 57, which we’ll be mailing by the middle of this year. (Non-subscribers will be able to obtain such disks at a nominal price by special order.)

Meanwhile, please do enjoy this present wealth of fine poetry!

H.C.



## **FEAR AS A RIVER, MY BODY THE CHOSEN LANDSCAPE**

Lucid river, my lover  
Travel this channel, my body.  
Carve with your mouth your mistletoe path  
Your hunger like prayer, slow, everywhere  
Ascending—this corner's blood eddies,  
That narrow's bone rocks; points of entry,  
Ways inside—and once inside there is no path.  
You must carve your course with the flood  
Of your waters. As birth is the body  
Empty of itself, empty at last of itself,  
This birth, this bath will be the body  
Filled with another—the sacrifice of knowing  
The body's capture by water, the spiral ride  
Dance within bodies and the bodies' savage fight.  
Carve it out of me, you must carve it out.  
You are your own curious surgeon.  
I am all rock and sand. I will hold you  
Beautifully, will sink beautifully  
Into your spaces. Gladly I will die  
By your medicine...please.

### **Coda**

The way things begin in a tailspin.  
The way beginning is really a winding  
Down. Fight drained by conquest  
They rest there, lovely particles  
Of mist, soporific, among boulders  
Or the body, whatever it is; dust.

**Jefferson Adams**

## GOING BACK

I walk down Washington Street  
19 years ago, see my neighbors  
wave from underneath the weeping  
willow that no longer exists.  
This is the place: I stop,  
measure the small house  
with my eyes, white  
sided with black shutters.  
The front door opens.  
Out comes the girl and my mother,  
our dead collie following them  
into the yard. Crunching across leaves  
to the curb, the girl poses  
for the picture in my photo album.  
She leans against the fire hydrant,  
her navy parka unzipped, her long hair  
falling past her shoulders.

I reach out to touch her hair,  
feel the smooth shiny-ness  
against the overcast sky. I want to  
let my hand rest there, but I do not.  
Instead I pick up a rock from  
the street, hand it over into  
her smaller hand. *Hold this,*  
I say to myself.

**Laura Augustine**



## **Evidence of Habit**

### **I. In the Park, Ice Storm**

Even the fountain would be frozen  
but for the sprinkler  
no one's thought to turn off.  
The ducks have gathered, chase  
rotating water around  
like summer children on the lawn.  
Watching, the couple hold hands, pretend  
the ducks are laughing  
though it's only wind.

### **II. Talking in Bed**

He listens with eyes closed,  
not sleeping, leaning into her words  
in a kind of easy dance, swaying,  
not hearing them exactly,  
not needing to, moving  
in the cadence, the rise and fall.  
When he speaks, not often, his open eyes  
roll back as if looking  
for the lines, forgotten  
in stage fright. They put out  
cigarettes, tips glowing a bit  
then winking out, roll over.

### **III. Melting**

She thinks of how they spent  
hours like pocket change  
pitching tent: examining

the rocky patch of lot the way  
children study grass on knees and hands  
for secret signs of life, another,  
yet somehow more real, world.  
Each redid stakes, an inch  
here or there, a little deeper or not so,  
sighing patience and impatience both  
at the familiar other.

That night  
a thunderstorm flooded the valley.  
No one hearing  
could separate them from the rain.

Rain sheeting down a window,  
and the world looks as if it  
is what's melting.

#### **IV. After Midnight**

The child wakes, screaming bad dream, bad dream,  
and it's his turn, so he goes.  
Holding the child, rocking back and forth,  
whispering words, anything he can think of  
in quiet, tender monotones  
till the body untenses, curls against him.  
And then he leaves the light on.

#### **V. Even So**

Sleeping evenly, her body beside  
him. There is nothing  
there but a body,  
the mind where he can't follow.

Birds hop from foot to foot  
trying, in a bird way, not to freeze  
to hard ground.

## VI. Primary Colors

Fighting comes like that too, hopping  
from subject to subject,  
all tangents, all inexplicably connected,  
stitched together in too much cloth.  
It's overwhelming as drought  
after too much rain, framed prints crashing  
from walls, fingerprints purpling  
her upper arm, downstairs neighbors  
listening in the hall,  
a free show. Their cadences are always  
intense, primary colors, blue, yellow, red.

Snow piles on the windowsill,  
slowly blotting out  
what's beyond. Breathing  
one breath, without exhaling.

## VII. Newspaper

Over coffee, they don't speak.  
Sharing the sections, they are civilized.  
She reads the front page first  
this time, Clinton, last night's fire,  
and Bosnia, where they've built a new cemetery  
from the town park. Swingsets and junglegyms  
are still there, the deserted playground,  
as if it, too, has died  
and is simply waiting. The park  
centuries ago was also a cemetery  
so that every new site dug  
uncovers another, bones mingling with bones  
like old lovers: ribs and thighbones,

craniums and fingernails, the ultimate embrace  
with a stranger three hundred years  
your senior. No one dead is alone.

### **VIII. Blood**

Neither knew what to say  
in the hospital besides the obvious.  
So he told her about the man  
who chopped off his own hand  
and left it on the courthouse steps.  
No one knew why.  
But they thought they did.  
It was like the mass of blood  
she'd lost that afternoon in  
of all places  
the aisle of the RTA at the stop  
on Ninth Street. Private misery,  
public domain. What he said was  
Are you okay. Yes, I'm okay. I'm fine.

### **IX. Anniversary**

The rose sits in the wine bottle  
they emptied after dinner,  
head bent like a shamed child.

## **X. And Then**

Near time for the crocuses  
to come up, earth revolving  
under their feet, they take the child  
on a walk in the park's winter woods,  
point out oddities, beauties.  
The child gets away, runs ahead  
until they can no longer see.  
Snow crunches heavy below rubber boots.  
Their voices, soon, cease calling.

**Helene Barker**

## Twice in October

My father walks behind.

In the field grains of wheat  
fall to seed October dust.  
The Gundlach drill I ride on  
segues to the pull of his way,  
then mine. But on this afternoon  
we both feel the sentence  
of the sky.

Everything seems agreed.

He will vanish with the furrow  
prints one night in October  
a quarter of his life later,  
the earth familiar as dust.  
And the field will turn  
invisible with space.

In it his absence grows.

The drill-furrowed field  
stretches for three-quarters  
of my life. At the far end,  
each October since  
grafts onto trackless sky  
the pull of his way and mine,  
then vanishes at the merest whisk  
of mare's tail clouds.

**Robert Bense**

## The Bear

A room in the house  
of the primal scene.  
A man without eyes  
walks from the window  
across the floor  
and opens the door.

I am standing at the door.

I say to him  
a bear black as crow  
wanders out of the forest  
and moves up the street.

I plead with him to take me in  
and lock the door.

I tell him  
a bear with amber eyes  
is coming up the path  
toward the house.

The man's ears  
fill with my cries.

He wrings his hands.  
He asks  
what can I do?  
Where shall I go?

S. Boehm

## Rope

You stand in the kitchen, leaning  
over the sink, suds dripping  
between your fingers,  
and say to me in the other room,  
*Imagine if we had children,  
having to come home to play with them,  
cook, deal with their homework,  
no time to relax, no time to...*

And I say, *You know, we don't have to.*

I picture your head tilting to the side,  
your eyes focusing hard on the bubbles  
floating in water, as you say,  
*Maybe next year  
after I've settled into my career.*

Then silence as we both drift for a moment,  
thinking about our lives and old age.  
And you blurt out,  
*But if we don't  
I'll have felt as though I missed something,  
wouldn't you?*

Suddenly I'm back ten years,  
sitting on a couch with another woman,  
trying to comfort her while fighting off the guilt.  
We knew it was best: she was too old,  
already had her own kids; I was too young,  
and we weren't sure if it was love.

She had taken a long lunch,  
drove to the clinic and checked in.  
Later, she walked out into a light  
that skimmed the trees.



And though I had paid for half,  
it kept gnawing at me. It meant loss  
was a thing we could bring on ourselves.

Now I hear your hands moving  
through water, feel a weight tug at me,  
like rope around my ankle that drags out  
beyond the walls of the room.  
*Yes, I say, something might always be missing.*

**Richard Callin**

## Woman on a Train

She sits by herself, half way back in the car,  
light reflecting off her glasses. The train  
hugs the Straits. Her head twists to see  
a pier's burnt pilings break the water line.

She has left home, having paid a few bills,  
watered the fuchsia, packed a suitcase  
her first husband left behind the night  
he went for a walk and never returned.  
It was days before he called, saying  
the marriage was over, his life had become  
unbearable. She remembers how he stood  
at the mirror shaving, the blade gliding  
across his jaw. Still young, she never believed  
other men would follow, that each one  
would find a new reason to leave.

Waves break  
against the headland. The train rocks her  
to the seat. She cannot recall ever watching  
a heron's wings spread, shadows stretched  
along its underside. The train curves  
around the shore, past a boat propped up  
on the bank. Suddenly, she sees her name  
sprayed on its side in red paint, the letters  
releasing memory:

A voice calls her from the stairwell. Drawn in,  
she whispers to the dark, *This is my body.*  
*Who among us will teach me to love?*  
Her mother has left for work, her father  
disappears with his sister into the bedroom,  
their affair a secret no one will betray.

She now feels that same strange release  
the day her aunt moved out, when her father  
wandered the house, silent with brandy,  
her mother's hands pressing the piano keys.

The train heads inland beyond oil refineries  
where cattle graze at the edge of farms,  
where the landscape opens into valleys,  
where images, once smoldering, mist  
above the fields.

The train slows for a stop.  
Passengers stand in the aisle, collect their bags.  
She sees it will rain as clouds mass over the hills.  
She cannot recall a place this green  
or grey twisting at the center of each cloud  
or ever knowing a difference between the two.

**Richard Callin**

## A New Life

A blinding Turkish sun  
as you enter the garden  
and cross the high grass  
to the cliffs  
where light spins like cut glass  
off the Bosphorus,  
luring you to land's end  
above the sea,  
where you stand  
with your legs rooting  
into the cliff side,  
your salt for the sea's salt,  
as you hang like vapor  
to the rocks,  
your body shuddering  
flow upon flow,  
as it releases an excess  
you call your life  
you can no longer endure  
as waves break into rock,  
the sun singeing the landscape  
into a paled brown,  
as you linger for hours  
drawing energy back up  
from the sea as it bursts  
from the fissures in your feet,  
flooding the clockwork  
inside, every spring  
gear and pin polished,  
and your skin flushes  
and the horizon sparks  
as ships pass, which

you release light towards,  
light you now possess,  
that will lead you back  
through the blazing fields  
to the walls, voices, and faces  
of your new life.

**Richard Callin**

## GOLDEN MAN

Everyone stares, even the old nurses  
who have worked the Emergency Room forever;  
it is rare to see a man entirely gold,  
some El Dorado sought by Conquistadores.

This man, gliding in his wheelchair,  
doesn't seem heroic, though. He's gaunt,  
bent over, cheeks sunken. But that gold,  
worthy of Easter eggs or illuminated parchments!

Somewhere in his liver, something has broken:  
his blood's iron careens through his vessels  
as bilirubins, dyeing his flesh, his skin.  
Even the whites of his eyes are jaundiced.

That's it: he's yellow, not gold—though  
only lab work can show what stopped for what reason.  
(One possibility is oceanic alcohol consumption,  
as if his veins now flow with sweet, golden rum.)

His wheelchair hurtles toward forking paths,  
much like his multi-branching arteries:  
by one turn, he's healed to a lovely pink-tan;  
by another, he's dead metal, dross from his disease.

Touch me, oh golden one, you who dwell  
on the edge, like Terminus or Janus.  
If you have knowledge of life and death, can  
you give it to me, like a cold, milled coin?

**Albert Howard Carter, III**

**reflex**

*The greatest poverty is not to live  
In a physical world.*

—Wallace Stevens

one man  
studying  
two pears

is two pears  
studying one man

each

**Stephen W. Carter**

## **What I Remembered When I saw My Friend's Granddaughter's Picture**

lavender shadows  
the moon's cool voice  
heat from my baby's cheek  
rose colored lips  
the tug at my nipple  
then milk living tissue  
as much a part of me  
as bones and blood  
my life bluewhite turned sweet  
liquid membrane  
poured as sacrament  
my bread my wine  
as close to incarnation  
as I may ever feel  
as fully human

**Jenny Clark**



## **Tearing the Veil**

The woman's hair conceals her face  
as she leans to look into the open grave.  
All her life she has hidden from horror.

Twenty men are dead, their guts spilled  
onto each other, their blood blackening  
each other's clothes. Those things  
were men, she thinks. Priests.  
Those fingers held the body of Christ  
and placed it into hungry mouths.

*Take. Eat. Drink this in remembrance.*  
She is full of corpses she can never digest.

**Jenny Clark**

## Beginning Russian

Mastering the Cyrillic  
alphabet exhausts me, its  
wrought-iron letters unbending,  
but I'm enthralled by the hard  
look of street-signs and headlines,

the crisp angles case-hardened  
against the clumsy non-Slavic  
reader, like the frozen earth  
in which Zhivago's mother lies  
with her ghostly veil sprawling

over her closed and made-up face.  
It's late in life to learn a language,  
but the wind across the steppes  
and over the pine-shrouded Urals  
bears my name, so unpronounceable

it's no wonder fame can't follow  
that curvature of the earth.  
Later I'll work on phonetics,  
the snow drifting against the house,  
the birds weeping like machines.

The alphabet's so bright and fresh  
on my tongue it reminds me  
how as a child I worried books  
and shook loose every word. But  
in public I preferred baseball

over the silence that followed  
the correct pronunciation  
of a word no first-grader  
was expected or admitted to know.  
The Russian language opens

like an old trauma, but I delve  
headlong, no longer Freudian  
or Marxist enough to care which  
childhood embarrassments clumsily  
learning something beautiful bares.

**William Doreski**

## TRAVELER

I have traveled the distance of my left arm, exploring all its territory. From soft marrow through rigid bone to the muscle and fat.

My journey led me through the hand into my fine-boned fingers. Together they were—at first—wonderful to work with. They had the facility to reach and to hold those adoring and adored.

Gradually, almost without notice, the work evaporated. Those who were close drifted out of reach. Even my only child became untouchable.

When I finally departed through my shoulder, I left behind an empty sleeve, its cuff tucked neatly under my belt.

**Mike J. Edwards**

## **In the Canyon de Chelly**

### **Eastern Arizona**

Louis Yellowskin of the Navajo Slow Talker clan guided me down a draw from an overhanging cornice of red sandstone eight hundred feet to the white sand wash of the canyon floor. The bases of the sheerest canyon walls rose abruptly from the sand—no slope at all, or talus, to begin their thrust upward. As for their smoothness, it was as though some great magic slicer or saw had been taken to them. Some of the cliff faces, of light sandstone, lacking red oxide, were like pale, white clouds that had drifted down to the ground and remained frozen there, upended. Lemanuel, Louis' ten-year old, stooped to pick up a pot shard—white with black, wavy lines—it was Anasazi; after a few minutes, he spotted another, nearly hidden in the sand—Anasazi also; this time, terra-cotta with wide, winding, scalloped grooves cut into it, each blow of the chipping stone, precisely spaced. A thousand years ago? Twelve hundred? More? He showed them to me, cradling them in his palms, and like a ritual, raised them close to my face. In the tiny, cramped room he shared with his brother, Listeen, at the government-erected project—row after dusty row of identical square, adobe-colored boxes of cheap stucco, at least they would have these to keep; to hold them, rub them again and again between their long, skinny fingers.

**Myron Ernst**

## **St. Johns**

### **Northeastern Arizona**

I first saw them from three miles away, from St. Johns—the three of them, three ancient volcanic remains (ten million years or so since their final eruptions). One was much higher, more massive than the other two, beside and below it. Despite erosion, it still partly held to its volcanic form—coneslope, rim, craterbowl—a red cauldron once, while the other two were worn down to nothing but low rounded swells, barely distinguishable from the scrubby desert floor and the few low buttes nearby, not worth the effort of a climb. I meant to climb the highest one, its slope of fifteen hundred feet covered by its own erosional dust—from the color of wheat, to browns and sienna, to red oxide. The slope was steeper than it appeared from a distance; I needed to crouch nearly all the way up to the rimrock and finally clamber on all fours over the bunchgrass, around the stunted junipers and mesquite; over the biting, splintery, dry sage, the sharp cleavings of sandstone and shale and black, basaltic shards, larger chunks of which, from the last cataclysms, still lay scattered over the cone's slope—my knees, shins and palms were covered with scrapes and thin lacerations. At the top, I followed the rim's eroded semi-circle and looked into the craterbowl; on the far side there was nothing at all, only a wide opening to the horizon. I climbed this remnant of what was because of how it rose, spectre-like in the early evening; because of the irresistibly soft shadows in the bowl when I first saw it from St. Johns. I needed to climb it because of how, by small degrees, slope blended into slope and rounded rim into bowl. Before coming down, I snapped off a piece of sandstone from the rimrock and pressed it as firmly as I could against the center of my forehead, and then, like a lozenge, I moistened it between my lips and gripped it in my teeth, gnawing on it until some of the grains covered my tongue. I wanted that mark of it on my forehead and the grains of sand swallowed before I could turn my back and lose it from view.

**Myron Ernst**

## The Sing

In the afternoon, Louis Yellowskin said that that evening just off the road at the bottom of the shallow canyon, outside of Chinle, there'd be a Sing by a group of old women; something done for this time of year. He told me he'd be there, and said that if I like, I'd be welcome to attend. "Look for me there," he said. Many vehicles, most of them old, beatup pickups were parked in a semi-circle—the adults, in the cab, the children, in the flat bed, waiting patiently. The row of old Navajo women, the Singers, in ceremonial dresses, their hair put up in tight buns, were sitting silently, huddled together on a bench against the hogan, waiting for the moment to stand and begin the Sing. I arrived just as a woman was done slitting the throat of a full-grown sheep, hung by its legs from a rope between the hogan and a pole; its lips just low enough to be kissing the ground. She let the blood flow into the sand until there was no blood left. Then she easily sliced off its head and carried it off somewhere in a bucket. The foodpipe and the windpipe dangled so simply from its severed neck. I wandered around, looking in the windows of the trucks, asking if anyone who knew Louis Yellowskin might have seen him. It seemed that I was the only Anglo present; I felt uneasy—though there was no reason to—no one looked at me as though I hadn't any business being there. Someone said to go around and ask at the other hogan. I poked my white face in the open door—small groups of men and women were gambling, seated on the earthen floor, with bills and change scattered on a rug in the center of each group. I asked if anyone had seen Louis Yellowskin, but I didn't wait for an answer, or pause to study their faces. It was nearly dark, the Sing would begin soon, but I thought it would be difficult finding the public campsite, and I had forgotten my flashlight. Besides, it wouldn't be easy now, following the narrow dirt and gravel trail out of the canyon up to the road. I should have stayed only a little while longer, with or without Louis there, flashlight or not, darkness or not, to listen to the old women sing.

**Myron Ernst**

## **To Construct A Maze**

Begin with the way out  
Find the final pattern  
That leads to brightness

But craft it with many curves  
Whorls and infoldings mirror  
The pearly shell of the brain

Now fashion side-alleys  
Branchings that beget choices  
Never answering the question

Imagine rows of closed rooms  
Where the traveler can spin  
Groping in a frozen sweat

A certain smell of stale time  
Should linger risen from panic  
Seeing again the same wall

Let even the cunning mind  
Trapped in false turnings forget  
It began with the way out

**D. A. Feinfeld**



## DREAM OF A PIG

In my tent of blankets,  
flashlight on the page,  
I was reading about E. B. White,  
how his love of the world  
was his one holy utterance,  
and how his farm and the care of his pigs  
rooted out his nervous strain and malaise.  
When I fell to sleep,  
the gate of my dreams opened on a sty  
wherein a crescent row of little pigs  
glittered in the dark.  
The biggest one was of a sudden in my arms,  
like Wilbur, not like Alice's peppered pig,  
but more like a sturdy child  
with heart ca-thunking under bristly fur.  
His nose, an aqueous disk,  
snuffled over my scalp and tickled me.  
He had the gift of speech and noted,  
oddly formal, what he found:  
"Ah, cinnamon," "yes, cream,"  
"wild mint," "a fusty wooden ladder,"  
"feathers," "ink," "the crumbs of lemon cookies,"  
"tea."

**Charlene Fix**

## THE WISE GIRLS WALK

All three sisters walked the same—  
legs wide apart, hips thrust forward  
like hood ornaments break the highway air;  
hips before the chest and its bone cage  
that surrounds its bird heart;  
hips before the face,  
its finite assortment of features;  
hips before the mind in its bunker skull;  
the hollow between hips forcing the feet  
to splay away from the body  
like dancers' feet, Janus feet  
cleaving the soul, dark from light,  
working the legs, working those avant-garde hips  
with which the wise girls walked,  
a globe resting between their thighs  
and held aloft the knees;  
walked, had to walk,  
and had to carry the world there  
and not let it fall.

**Charlene Fix**

## **ISADORA DUNCAN'S CHILDREN**

### **A Paper Collage**

I choose a snapshot  
of a niece and nephew  
from a cancelled marriage.  
The remoteness in their faces  
makes them easy quarry

for misadventure. I place them,  
arms around each other,  
at midline on the matboard.  
The sunken hull of a caravel  
lies near them.

I paste torn strips of seagreen,  
cobalt, indigo around them  
and one boneblack stamp.  
The sky above the sea is bright,  
the children drift.

**Shirley Foster**

## Afterlife

Blood everywhere,  
in red Rorschach patterns  
that last time. I washed it  
away. Out the window—a moth,  
fanning the heavy air, the wet grasses.  
And rinsing, rubbing the white cotton,  
I remembered

how my husband and I drove  
into the fields below the barn.  
One wet summer, there was always rainwater  
in the ruts. That is where simple  
yellow moths cooled themselves.  
As the tires splashed through,  
a hundred, at least a hundred moths  
would light over the hood of the car and windshield.  
We couldn't see for a moment, only  
the eccentric ruffle of yellow  
moths escaping our tires.

I continued rinsing, washing away  
all possibility that I had ever been there.  
Then I left. For some reason,  
I don't know why,  
I killed hundreds before I realized  
it was that time of year, and  
I could hear wings beating,  
beating the windshield, wings rushing my ear  
for a life after this, beating the air.

Carol Frome

## Snow Angels

Winter swarmed into town, unwelcome  
and too early that year.  
Everywhere we looked,  
we saw trees losing their leaves,  
their branches shaking  
like fingers in the face  
of our small town's windows,  
some still opened  
stupidly as mouths.  
I was young then,  
a girl hauling a sled  
with her boy children  
unfurled from my egg—  
or perhaps from my dancer's leg,  
the thwarted toe and white stocking,  
the slipper pointing at heaven.  
Trudging along, we listened  
to sparrows hold their long whistles  
and to their wings,  
beaten, held close to their hearts.  
Until we arrived  
at the end of the road  
where we cast ourselves  
into the clean field of snow,  
our arms taking wing, our legs  
laboring. In every yard  
up the road and through that long season,  
we worked the world into angels  
until our winged bodies, dancing  
everywhere, crowded out winter.

Carol Frome

## **STORM**

Entering the storm of the I, we observe  
a sudden stillness. We brace  
for the shock. The storm  
will take us or be taken.

Battered about, we fall  
to our knees, having nowhere  
else to go, search for a raft  
of words, something to tie down to.

When it is over we are laid bare  
among the ruins, laughing and singing,  
shouting, the storm within us  
without.

**Robert Funge**

## APPLES

My granddaughter crunches  
into the phone *guess*  
*what I'm eating grampa* I say  
*candy* she says *no*  
I say *a cookie* she says  
*no* I say *an apple* and  
she says *you got it*  
*on the fourth*  
*guess* I tell her  
it was the third and she  
says *you guessed candy*  
*then a cookie then*  
*a snake and—wait*  
*a minute* I say *why*  
*would I guess you were*  
*eating a snake*  
and she says *so I won't*  
*dream them anymore*  
and I say *apples*  
*are better for you than*  
*snakes* and *I love you*  
*Jennifer*

**Robert Funge**

## **YOU CANNOT ESCAPE A LARGE DISTANCE FROM A BLACK HOLE**

**for Grace Butcher**

The woman runs from the bad news, but can never get far enough away.  
It yearns for her. She runs even though she sees the news is all around.  
I think it is good that she runs. The rain comes down, a dirty rain.

The weather turns anemic. Eventually her body changes and gets slow  
and old and angry. The woman tries not to notice, keeps on running,  
body gaining passable shape even though she never stops to feel it.

Friends watch. TV sends reporters and the woman runs. Cameras flash  
the picture. Sound is bad as the reporter asks where the woman is bound  
and from where she has come and what are the reasons for the journey.

To literally escape is real to the woman and she tries, tries and that is what  
the woman is all about. The reporter never asks her what she has found,  
what it looks like. She might say she feels like she is on standby; like

She is expending energy and waiting for good luck, maybe a second wind,  
the will to beat the odds. She will not let herself fall through the cosmos  
into a black boundary of neutral, into a beyond that is yanking at time.

**Daniel Gallik**



## TWENTY-FOUR LINES

Won't you hold still in my head  
so I can see who you are, so we  
can meet right now and start

our bodies moving together  
in ways that make people stare?  
Just let me know you have ears

so I can tell you how long I've  
waited to share one of those apples,  
to pluck something turgid and ripe,

to have a reason for the talk I  
know you love—drum skin, palm thud,  
bare hand slapping—this is something

primal, I might say, the kind of thing  
we fear we've lost. When I'm in your  
arms, I might go on to say, I

don't know where my skin begins or  
ends, but I feel the slow evaporation  
of our sweat from every tingling

pore. Let me see you and pretend we've  
met so you can call me, so we can  
have lunch in a dim place, so

I can write to you, and both of us  
then will have a reason to speak  
these breathless and primitive lies.

**Michael J. Gill**

## **I Remember Jack**

once the body was  
taken away  
they chalked a rough outline  
of the corpse  
in the same position  
on the floor  
as where he was found  
the one and only time  
in his hectic life  
the guys with the chalk  
were able to  
catch up with him

**John Grey**

## **The Way Dust Makes Light Visible**

The sun lowers itself in clay buckets  
and rises again, the wood smoke hangs  
in the unregenerate leaves—who knows

which logs fill the eyes of seraphim  
or which motes empty Jacob's sluice,  
too many sinews wrestle the head of a pin:

I have seen smudge turn trembling thigh,  
dust a burnished shin, limbs twisted  
from the heartwood, wings forced back

with ribbons, angels on ebony knees,  
ashen, their elbows lashed to their sides,  
their garments floating off like skin.

**Lois Marie Harrod**

## My Father at the Piano

Though he pretends to sight read, his fingers  
Know their way across the keys  
By heart—at least as well as his legs know  
Their way from bed to bathroom, or the short path  
Down the back steps into the garage.  
Still, he insists his stumbling is rustiness,  
That he never dedicated himself  
After those early years, so he pretends  
To hunker down after a lost art  
Still latent in the blunted ends of fingers,  
Touching the keys as an old man touches  
The ghost of his first love.

But “O Jerusalem,”

The only song he plays every two years  
When the piano opens, has always sounded like this,  
The stumblings and hesitations that come  
In the same places, the strange dragging  
Into harmony, that once or twice bursts  
Its shaft of sunlight over flooded fields—  
“Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England’s green and pleasant land”—  
Then is all scrape and drag and mud-choked wheel again.

The bow of burning gold, the arrows of desire  
Are stored in the garage, where they have changed  
Into shovel handles and the curved blade  
Of a saw. The dark Satanic mills  
Have settled with Jerusalem out of court,  
And for thirty years my father has been  
Clearing up the details.

No, the truth is

He learned the song by heart and has been playing  
It by heart these thirty years,

And if the song changes, matures,  
Turns grey and drinks manhattans,  
Quarrels a little with itself  
And with the world, still it straightens up,  
Keeps on dragging into harmony—  
The chariot of fire stopped at stop signs  
But roaring off again—so if you listen  
You can recognize the tune.

**Scott Hess**

## **Important Things**

### **for my mother**

While we watched TV, you would bring  
Your ironing board into the living room  
And stand behind us, the steam hissing  
Out of your iron as the clothes went flat,  
Smoothing the same surfaces over and over  
As you complained about my father's mother,  
How she spoiled him, ironed even his underpants,  
The long draughts of your steam fading to air.

No, I have not forgotten you—how all those years  
As I gathered into what I am, your hands  
Were the tablecloth spread for my meals;  
How they swept my crumbs, accumulated  
In the folds of clothes; how I wore you  
On my body as I went about, your hands  
That cooked and spread and folded and provided  
As I learned to move among important things.

No, it is no wonder that now, camped  
Among my important things, in exile from myself,  
I look back and realize you were in the middle  
Of every sentence, like the wicker chair  
Straining to hold my weight up on the porch  
Those nights my pupils dilated towards sunset,  
Like the verb "to be," that was always there  
Holding subject and predicate together.

**Scott Hess**

## QUAINT SONGS

No stars visible above city apartments  
in the smudged brown night, only yellow windows  
or from the kitchens flickery fluorescents  
the color of knives. By midnight the day shifts  
have gone dark. A few lobsters watch old movies.

The blind man on the eleventh floor leans  
on his sill, gripping the cane, good dog that  
will not die on him. At his level the building angles,  
he knows a window in daylight stares back at his.  
Sometimes a woman sings quaint songs from there:  
code between stars, swifter than radio, more musical.

It's lonesome out there among the jammed together.  
With his cane he reaches through sultry night  
tapping the air for messages. Her voice springs  
from her window graceful as ivy looping the walls.  
Birds could nest hidden from bad rains. To know  
the distance! How far to her soft palate? Then he  
feels against his wooden antenna her own tap tap.

**Sonya Hess**

## PRAYER

My wife lies there in that casket,  
floating on prayer. She wants  
to rise,  
step out, embrace  
us all,  
and return home  
to her ways,  
to go about her daily  
day without fanfare, doing  
and feeling quietly  
what she has done and felt  
for many years. She wants  
to see the children  
and take them out  
to play,  
to sleep in her bed  
to eat at her table  
and put on her own shoes and hat.

When we pass in the street, we hardly  
greet. My children love  
to hold and kiss me  
and have no fear.  
My grandchildren want  
the tales I bring. But when we pass  
in the street, my wife and I say nothing.



That casket has grown so big  
it can no longer float.  
It holds me, too.  
Each night I pray to rise  
and step out and return home  
and go about my daily day  
and sleep in my bed  
and put on my own shoes  
and hat, and grieve.

**Gene Hirsch**

## **In the Park**

A woman is sitting alone under the apple trees.  
An hour ago I saw her walking with a man  
along Maple, looking in shop windows.  
But they weren't looking in windows, they were  
trying to speak. You could tell it by the way he  
started to touch her arm, then moved off  
down the street, looking for more windows to look  
into. She was trying to tell him something. You could  
see it by the way she looked after him when he looked  
away. By the way she seemed to be looking at their  
reflections in the shop windows instead of at things.  
When I came out of the drugstore I saw them facing  
each other, speaking, gripping each other's arms.  
I saw him turn quickly, fumble with his keys, and unlock  
the car. Now she is sitting on a bench watching  
the apple blossoms as they fall into her lap.  
Only a moment ago they were still attached to the thin  
branches. None of them had fallen either to her  
blue skirt or her dark hair or the grass.

**Patricia Hooper**

## Afterward

On the way home you said nothing  
and then hurried upstairs.  
Now I see you in the front yard, raking  
in the mild October light.

I keep thinking about the funeral,  
how you helped carry a friend's casket  
down the long aisle of the church—  
a dog barked in the sunny street outside.

Now you rake for the first time  
in years, your radio  
blaring from the porch.

You keep at it all afternoon  
as if you wanted something light  
and useful in your hand  
which gripped the polished brass  
handle, taking up  
the body's final weight.

**Patricia Hooper**

## **Dimensional Images**

### **I Bird song, moon song**

Her long hair has fallen forward; her eyes  
are closed as she bends toward the dove,  
the white dove, which sits on her forearm.  
Through the window the full moon lies heavy,  
low and large, above treeless hills.  
Between the hills the road without travelers  
curves upward, moonlight-whitened.  
The bird reaches its beak toward the woman,  
as if to ask her a question.

### **II Her wings curve toward him**

Against the cold, he wears a quilted jacket;  
an empty game bag hangs at his right side.  
The falconer stretches his left hand upward;  
the falcon is about to alight on his gloved hand,  
her tail and wing feathers spread wide. If  
the falconer were asked, he would smile;  
he knows she will bend her head  
to take the plumed hood.  
She will wear his jess if he so desires.  
His eyes hold the falcon before her talons  
grip the heavy leather of his glove.  
The intent of his whole face and body  
is that she will come to him.  
To slow her descent, her wings curve  
toward him; she embraces the air.  
The picture is torn along the left edge.

### **III Isn't that by Gluck?**

Somewhere, not far away, my image of you is sleeping,  
I will call you Eurydice.  
Tonight there is no moon.  
I have no lyre, do not know where  
to meet the ruler of the underworld.  
Awakening, you say, "Orpheus? Isn't that by Gluck?"  
And you smile.  
There are no pictures of you:  
they remind you of your dead brother.  
You permit no one to take them,  
nor to record your voice.

### **IV Trident and spangles**

On the night of the party, Paul dresses as Satan,  
in red tights with his upper body painted  
gleaming red. Costumed as a bird, with  
the hem of my long skirt tied to my wrists,  
with feathers in my hair, I go to his room  
to fetch him. I watch him mark arched brows  
upon the fierce redness of his face  
until he looks both handsome and guilty.  
He puts on his horned headdress and tosses on  
a red cape edged with spangles.  
He does not speak to me at the party, I do not  
see him speak to anyone. Late in the evening,  
I glimpse his trident,  
see that he watches me dance alone.  
I dance for him then, spinning  
and whirling in a strange bird-dance.

## **V Of the Middle Ages, or the Renaissance**

We all sit in a circle. The Belgian girl  
wears a smock of brown fabric,  
loosely woven. Her plump, ruddy cheeks  
are full of youth and health and blood.  
Her shining brown hair is cut straight,  
in bangs and blunt below the ears.  
Others talk; as I watch her all morning,  
she becomes a huntsman, a dairymaid,  
a pageboy, a cherub of indeterminate sex.  
She is of the Middle Ages, or the Renaissance,  
before she becomes once again a Belgian girl  
who likes American ice cream.

## **VI His fingers, become bones**

Wearing a tuxedo, a young man is playing Scriabin.  
Behind the piano on a dais, facing our congregation,  
stand seven throne-like chairs with red velvet cushions.  
The spotlight makes the man's curling hair seem even  
a brighter red-gold; he begins to play a Chopin Ballade,  
the last one, the Fourth, in the key of F.  
Cold moves across the back of my neck and down my spine.  
The words, "Death is in this room," echo in my mind.  
The skin over the musician's face tightens,  
draws back until the skull is clearly visible  
beneath it; his eye sockets deepen and hollow.  
He sways above the keyboard and his fingers,  
become bones, send anguish through the piano,  
that pain he only speaks of when he is drunk.  
I cannot protect him. Nothing  
in my love can protect us from this death.

**June Hopper Hymas**

## AS CRANES PICK CORN FROM SNOW

Only my friend knew how to fold the paper crane so it could  
fly. At third grade recess she would demonstrate  
the deft sequence of each crease, each backward folding.

Now, Japanese children string paper cranes together,  
orange, red, blue: prayer-offerings for peace.  
On the wintering grounds, red-crowned cranes leap, wings

scooping air, thin legs adangle from white-feathered  
crescent-shaped bodies. Snow-dancing, they leap, they shout!  
Her head, her body, wrapped in white and indigo cotton,

a farmer's wife scatters government grain from a basket.  
She sows corn in even arcs, as if care will make it sprout  
cranes. As if the marshes where they breed

were not daily being drained. Red crests  
on dark blue heads bow, and rise  
as cranes pick corn from snow.

Preparing to go outside, my father pulls on  
his orange sweatshirt and blue knitted cap.  
He takes small careful steps. Yesterday

I asked him why he was standing  
in the hall. I'm trying to remember  
how I move my legs, he told me.

Down to zero, my father says, this powdery snow  
is good snow, wet snow is heavy, sticks to the blade.  
He gives the best shovel to me. We clear

the slope uphill from the garage. He crosses and  
recrosses, clearing a foot at a time—neatly,  
the way he would eat a double row of corn kernels

all down the length of the cob—  
the way he ate an apple, held onto the stem  
and sucked the translucent seed-capsule free.

I scoop out a big triangle of snow, then  
make it a square. He tidies my work. Snow flies  
like feathers from our shovel-blades; icicles

ring in the clean air. I dump snow  
into the bare-sticked thornbush; remember  
its shiny, hard leaves, oval orange-red summer berries.

Would I like to see the wintering Canada geese?  
We drive the few blocks in the dusk. From three directions  
people come, carrying plastic sacks full of cheap bread.

Later, sitting alone, I question my father:  
*what will you leave behind? Was it enough?*  
*Give me, your oldest child, your thoughts before you go.*

Lucid, cool, well-organized engineer's thoughts  
channeled like irrigation water from Stevenson's tank.  
Where you watched a much older boy panic and drown,

ran for your father on short eight-year-old legs, saw him  
dive for the body, and never told me about it until last night.  
Nor about the toddlers, uncle and nephew, who burned

Stevenson's barn around themselves; waiting  
for the barn to cool, you stood in a line of children.  
Their hands were burnt off, you said, their feet, burnt off.

That same year you sat eating lunch in a Yuma schoolyard  
watching a naval aviator from San Diego  
fly under the bridge, pull up, and too suddenly lose altitude

preparing to land. His gasoline went up in a fireball  
as every child in the schoolyard began to run.  
It took you about twenty minutes to get to the field.



Now it takes you an hour to dress, to fasten your sneakers,  
put on the baseball cap. *His body was blackened completely.*  
All the boys wanted to fly for the Navy, but never again you.

Most nights you sit in a slat-backed chair, watching  
night television. You and my mother  
have stopped pretending

to speak to each other. In the morning, after you eat  
Grape-Nuts Flakes with a sliced banana, you take off  
your sneakers and cap, go to bed and sleep til afternoon.

You would build us immense snowmen, piling on snow  
with a shovel. Huge, unwaisted, they were larger than  
any others. Lifted up, we could twine a scarf

around a snowman's neck, stick twigs into his head for hair.  
Finally, we would pose in front of them,  
snowman and tall father not quite as tall.

Our mother would come out with the Brownie Reflex, to snap us  
in the late gray indistinct light; the snowman's expression  
ambiguous. Does he frown? Does he smile?

**June Hopper Hymas**

## REVISIONS: THE ALPHABET PICTURE WITH A RED M AT THE CORE

### 1.

[In the Studio— Surfside]

Unfinished and unframed, this eased exercise  
retains its code, its silent discretion—  
under the letters, a name scrambled  
begs to be spoken and identified— which was not  
my Love, a part of the assignment.

This is a simple illustration  
of texture. One E's assembled of fishnet  
and the giant A is corrugated. Seashells struck  
into the laid-down Q were an effort to include  
sea mist and a scent of rain. I lie:  
"It's non-specific. The Dutch lady's face  
in the windowed Y is nobody." She's  
holding the secret.

### 2.

There was scotch to pour  
and no clean glasses, paintbrushes in the sink.  
I told you "It can't help itself, it's growing  
like a celebration, an anniversary. As if  
one of the textures was called 'life.'

If I could  
I'd make a century plant explode  
out of that toppled black acrylic R.—  
That's my reminder. Or would be."

"R is for you," you said, critic.  
"Why is there no M, for Me?" ignoring, or

not seeing the red, no, scarlet letter  
out which all the others come streaming—  
It's central, hardly hidden  
but incomplete.

3.

[On the Green Wall—Up in Georgia]

How I lie, still, to cover the botched attempt  
still unfinished. “The blobs were to give  
new meaning. I wanted to add  
    (do you remember why?) strips  
of spare tire rubber, for the scents, that time  
seaside, and rain. . .” And, later “Yes,  
I know the yellow C's lopsided.  
    That's where I tried  
to tuck the love in.” I insist, but mildly  
there is an M. “Find a brown D. It's behind.”

4.

[Wooden Wall—Old House, Florida]

Critic, still, you question the picture, why  
I hang the damned thing, or keep it close  
as a reminder. “Some day I may yet  
(the constant lie) decide to revise it.  
    If, for instance  
I could discover a way to add music  
as texture, impossibly sad, country music  
I'd try—like the whiskey scratches  
in old Johnny Cash's voice—I'd  
settle for calling it finished”  
    noticing how, unswept  
a spider's added new textures  
webbing. . . “That's not an M,” you said.

“That red thing’s not an M unless  
you’re standing on your head. Besides  
you know I don’t remember anything.”

One lie deserves another: this is  
unfinished.  
And what’s there, what crawls behind  
those letters I have identified  
as Time.

**Ruth Moon Kempfer**

## MY SON SLEEPING

I ease beneath the covers  
to share his silent sleeping.

Perhaps I dream my son sleeping,  
glowing like an ember  
or an infant star,

breathing warmth into the night.  
The audacity of our hearts beating  
in this cold space!

Reaching out in his dreaming,  
my son slides his small hand  
along the cotton sheet,

confirms the constellation  
of my breathing as gently  
as his mother's touch.

There is no lonely cold  
within the orbit of his breathing.  
The least touch suffices,

lights his sleeping half-smile.  
That I am not alone and dreaming  
darkness from the void—

that I am with my son sleeping  
is sufficient light for me.

**Tom Kepler**

## WINTER SOLSTICE

Clouds like branches heavy with fruit  
sag in the sky above the orchard,  
raindrops leaning toward their long fall.  
Day greys, moss blurs the being of stones,  
horizons erode, ravines ruin the sky.

If I could gather enough silence,  
I would root myself to this moment,  
turn the inedible rind of the seasons  
to rhymes ringed in the flesh,  
to plum leaves drifting from the branch.

The worm breaches the red flesh of the plum;  
leaves burst green from our scars.  
The storm works in wet rhythms above me,  
air fringed with beads, dark with cloud.  
Rain drops from eaves, craters the stillness.

Beyond branches, tendrils of cloud  
twine to seams of trellised sunlight,  
break through this least of days.  
Cloud, rain, this thicket of the sky.  
Leaves burst green from my scars.

**Tom Kepler**

## **The Butcher's Work**

In her business  
blood is a commodity.  
Beef sides dangle in the cooler;  
knives and cleavers gleam.  
Chuck. Rump. Sirloin.  
When customers come in, the bell  
tinkles over the door.

The smell of blood is neighborly:  
two chops, a pound of ground round.  
Her hands caress a shoulder of lamb,  
sweetbreads, the clean strings of sausages.  
She wraps filets in crisp brown paper.  
A yellow cat wolfs his liver scraps  
and sits down to wash in a sunny window.

It's cold work;  
sometimes her hands ache.  
At night she dreams  
she is walking down a sidewalk  
with the black-grey sheen of steel.  
Dried hands dangle in shopwindows.  
She's hungry.

**Judith Kerman**

## Leaving

When the moon is full, the quick black furrows  
turned through silver thrust, coalshine like diamond,  
in darkness know  
what white root seeks.

Reaching deeply into,  
planting firmly downward, grasping  
with all my strong and lonely fingers,  
I should have sipped the clear black waters  
where no sun shines,  
and many-leafed, swollen with green,  
burst cloudward;  
I should have shouldered skies  
and seen the white wisprift on air,  
my many greenly leafing tongues  
whispering deep below-the-rock-in-darkness  
sounds of waters; I should have grown  
past rock in downward reaching thrust  
of fragile tendril,  
and sung my many leaves.

Rough bark above green  
should have been desire enough  
and voice for skyward song sufficient  
for the round flat silence  
of sunlight on the surface of the moon.

**Sharon Kourous**



**Songs for The Unmapped Highways:  
Junk Girl Sleeps In The Rapid Tunnels of The  
New York Subway System**

I travel on the unmapped highways where The Books of The Prophets are stored.

Junk Girl sleeps on morphine in the passengers seat.

Junk Girl carries the promises of The Prophet in her breast.

And in her dreams are the prophecies of a doomed civilization.

The highways are along the California coast and through the California mountains.

Junk Girl took her cough medicine thick syrup and is now blind to the morning Sun.

The planet dancer and the medicines all please our Junk Girl on the burial grounds of the Grandfathers.

Coming home in her small size astral body suit she leaves her journal of time and dance for the California swamps where the Volkswagen sits apparently abandoned.

The foot prints of The Prophet indicate a new Saviour is in town possibly at the movies.

I sit in The Paradise Ridge Cafe and order The Last Supper for me and a dozen disciples.

I get a fat California belly.

I am The Prophet of California mountains and the old milkman with a truck full of ice blocks driving up through the mountain highway.

My book of poetry is stained with the writings of my father's old black liquid fountain pen.

The ballad of The Wandering Prophet began on the coast and carried its tune through the highway.

My mother hangs up the laundry.

She lies in a final sleep in her cancer coated linens.

I am a Prophet with a first aid kit of white gauze bandages twenty

yards from beginning to end and a bottle of disinfectant.  
I carry a picture of The Christ in my heart and an album of the  
disciples.  
And when I am on the coastal beach I strip naked and fall into the  
waves awash thick with minerals and saturated with salt that comes  
all the way from Asia.  
I am a child in soft overalls.  
I am a newspaper boy creating deliverance for urban  
contemplators of the universal need for money.

Mother will never cook another dinner again and she is through with  
packing sandwiches and hard boiled egg lunches.  
Her Poet child picks flowers to plant a concluding garden by the  
inquisition of her bedside.  
The soils are thick dark loam and the sunlight flows like dark  
molasses through the window opaque.  
The messages from The Prophets are transcribed as terminal wishes.  
I am a Prophet of the ocean water.  
A sleeping sailor of the seas.  
I ride my motorcycle though the California fog.  
I am the bandaged of the cotton gauze wrappings.  
I return to mystic Junk Girl poet with a planetary verse.

I'm a surfer of the Pacific.  
An auto wrecker in Junk Girl time.  
I walk alone the edge of the California highway.  
My backpack is filled with a heavy typewriter.  
My friend Junk Girl stands silent in the state of Ohio.  
The rabbi of the old Temple slaughters the lamb.  
Mother rises to the sunlit clouds.  
I am a Prophet of the California roadway.  
A mystic at the drugstore soda fountain counter sitting on the  
slowly turning chrome stool.  
I am the tearer of my old diaries.  
I sleep forever beneath the California orange tree.

**Peter Leon**

## WHERE IT HAPPENS

There, around the corner, where  
prisms bend the blind intentions  
of beams of light.  
Or inside tiny bubbles rising  
through a glass of tea.  
There in the cruelty of the chair  
beside the telephone,  
where the clock of the body  
breaks into a heap of cogs,  
you dream you see you are not  
where you are  
but in some burnished capsule  
where voices come from far away as summer,  
where loved ones drone like motors  
and your "real life" yaps  
from the end of a rope  
across a brown yard.

You are like some odd finned species  
in a tank on public view,  
visible but infinitely distant,  
seeing, tasting a keening sea  
that uncontained  
would surely drown the world.

An hour passes or a year or ten,  
but for you it is just a moment.  
You will always be young  
or whatever you were  
when you entered this cocoon.  
Inside, time has stopped and what  
you most desire suffuses you  
like some sweet ether  
or paralyzing gas approved for use  
in a war between old friends.

**Toni Mergentime Levi**

# LOVESONG

*for Paul*

## I

On Island A,  
scientists taught monkeys  
how to peel the fruit  
of the Babalaba tree,  
a feat the monkeys  
had not previously  
figured out.

On Island B,  
three hundred miles away,  
other monkeys,  
who were not taught anything,  
and had never known  
what to do with Babalaba fruit,  
began to peel it obsessively.

## II

Christiaan Huygens  
hung upon the wall  
clocks with pendulums,  
all swinging casually  
like monkeys in the trees.

After awhile,  
on their own,  
the pendulums  
joined together in

one single rhythmic beat.

### III

Once, while you lay in bed,  
I sent you from another room  
the image of an eggplant,  
but nothing ballooned  
within your mind.

### IV

We have less rapport  
with one another,  
I concluded,  
than isolated monkeys  
or mechanical clocks.

I will have to peel your heart  
to understand the workings  
of the tiny golden wheels  
that play, incessantly,  
our tinny tune of love.

**Toni Mergentime Levi**

## THAT JANUARY WE PRETENDED THINGS WERE NORMAL

Tho my mother was  
bleeding in Post  
Offices and down  
stairs, a scary  
omen that in the  
end had nothing  
to do with what  
was wrong. Still  
her shoulder  
blades after her  
38D body, sticking  
out, jabbing  
anything too near  
shocked me when  
I saw her undressing  
and I gave her the  
vcr crying, sure  
she wouldn't be  
there long to use  
it tho when Murray  
came after my mother  
and I had gone to  
the surgical supply  
store to find  
panties of rubber  
in case what  
happened happened  
again then waited  
and waited in a  
deli they both  
had gone to  
30 years —“a  
little lox,” he'd  
order, “but not

on any bread  
with seeds and  
tongue, but not  
too tough, not  
too fatty and is  
the chicken soup salty  
today," —it was as  
if nothing wasn't  
ok, ordinary. After  
my mother was sure  
he wouldn't come  
or thought he was  
killed trying, we  
went for the pickles,  
egg salad, the tongue  
the lox, the cream  
soda with a straw  
and then stopped  
at the Post Office,  
me in the back seat  
of the Cady, dreaming  
while Murray mailed  
the mail and on  
to the new mall,  
with cinnamon buns  
still dripping.  
If I'd have looked,  
neither my mother  
nor Murray walked as  
fast as a year before  
but it felt like  
always, dinner at  
some spot where  
they'd argue over  
cigars and tomatoes,  
and my mother would  
remind Murray of  
the 50 dollars he'd  
offered her hours  
before. The lights

from Christmas  
still up, I wanted  
to drift thru mists  
of green and red  
and blue sparkles  
in the back seat,  
not have to look  
where we were going

**Lyn Lifshin**



## FIRST THANKSGIVING

A decade of death  
I said in fire cracker  
and blue fog light  
in warm January  
drizzle as the  
eighties dissolved,  
never thinking  
what would come  
so fast. I couldn't  
have seen it a  
year ago, planning  
to go to my mother's  
until a tooth cracked  
and splintered and  
couldn't, like an  
omen, be fixed, be  
still held by what  
it had. This November  
is snowless so  
outlines of where  
grass was torn up  
jar. Air's a thick  
grey. Thanksgiving  
in the middle of  
divorce, when I was  
feeling the darkness  
of a glove no fingers  
were moving into,  
wanted to just  
sleep in the back  
seat of Murray's  
car as it slid  
through hills, cafes and  
Silver Dollar Diners,  
through leafless

trees, I couldn't  
have known how I  
had so much more  
to lose. This year,  
no phones stab  
afternoon, check  
if we got a late  
start coming or  
ask how I am doing  
with yams, how the  
cat is, if I've  
remembered, called,  
bought, saved, stored,  
returned, read, used,  
forgotten, checked what  
only my mother would  
have because in some  
remote way they  
were connected  
to me, kept tabs,  
a leash, a life  
line on, as if  
they *were* me

**Lyn Lifshin**

## THE PEARLS

An engagement present, from my husband's parents.  
Shoved in a drawer like small eggs waiting to hatch,  
forgotten. They seemed like something in a high school  
photograph. I'd have preferred a large wrought iron pendant,  
beads that caught the sun. Pearls were for them

and I was always only a visitor, tho he said he wished  
I'd call him Dad. Sam was all I could get out,  
it was hard to throw my arms around him, to bubble  
and kiss. And not just because they thought  
me a hippie, a witch, thought I took

their son's car and stamps and coin collection.  
Pearls wouldn't go with my corduroy smocks, long black  
ironed hair. They didn't blend with my hoops of onyx  
and abalone that made holes in my ears but caught the light.  
Pearls might have gone with the suits I threw away,

no longer a graduate student trying to please.  
They weren't suitable for days with a poet hidden in trees  
or for throwing up wine in toilet bowls after poetry readings  
where I shook and swore not to let anyone see. My spider medallion  
is in at least eight poems. Pearls remind me of the way I thought

I was: studious but not wild, not interesting. But I put those pearls  
on last night tho I hadn't planned to wear them. They didn't seem ugly  
or apt to choke, seemed gentle and mild as so little is in my life  
these days. I slept in nothing but those pearls, they seemed  
part of me

Lyn Lifshin

## A CRUMB DANCE

Children jump time  
on sidewalks. North of here  
young highrises soar  
toward cluttered skies.  
The Ukrainian neighborhood  
is a woman holding

her breath, exhaling  
the past, inhaling  
the present, her throat  
tensing as the borders  
of a mock home village,  
like shores,

like all things, erode.  
Down the block newspapers  
lift and soar, slowly  
crash as pigeons nick crumbs  
with their feet: a crumb dance  
as someone blue-suited,

weighted by imported  
food, a briefcase,  
slips a key in the door  
of someone's grave: an antiquated building  
where angels live, dozens of once-were  
children and mother tongue's

clatter in past and present  
tenses. To the west is Poland;  
eastward, small fires burn  
in the third world. And  
on Seventh Street  
loaves of bread

press their noses  
against the bakery window  
for a front row view  
as creamy yellow street light  
begins the night shift.  
Adopt the few,

the sacred, the last  
loaves of bread,  
already hardening  
from lack of touch.

**Rachel Mayer**

## WAITING

At the Abbey of Batalha  
in the Founder's Chapel  
you will find the tomb of Dom Joao  
and his English bride, Philippa;  
their creamy marble likenesses lie atop  
their heavy tomb, holding hands.

If you squint just so  
they are almost smiling.  
Along the south wall  
you will see the later additions  
of their once infant sons.  
In the dome above the chapel

bats circle impressively.  
Today is a Wednesday in Portugal.  
A light rain is falling.  
It's the day of the class trip.  
You can hear the timbre  
of the childrens' immutable voices

and then someone hushing them  
and then their voices again, expanding.  
Soon they rush the cobbled courtyard  
all at once  
and then settle in a half-moon  
around their teacher

who is four foot eleven  
but nonetheless formidable, unsmiling  
poised for annoyances.  
Still, the line that forms this day  
has an ungrivous, balanced quality,  
it doesn't bow

like a violin string  
or snap like a rubber band  
or erupt at all  
because the wait is for ice cream.  
Three places from the end of the line  
is a girl

who cannot bear this,  
any of it,  
not the king and queen,  
the echoing din,  
the bats, not even the cloister  
with its blue sky and orange grove,

or her teacher's slow composure.  
She does not believe that her quiet  
unassuming behavior in line  
will amount to much,  
and the flavor she wants  
is sure to run out before

her turn. Nevertheless,  
she scans the line  
trying to glimpse the ice cream  
as it is doled out and uncovered.  
The look on her face is wholly desolate  
and the bangs that hang above her perfectly

vaulted eyebrows  
seem to accept defeat.  
She has never known such longing.  
She knows that only a few  
will rest for eternity  
in a place as august as this.

**Rachel Mayer**

## **BARBED WIRE**

Had a neighbor who liked his  
tight. When most just levered  
theirs taut with a hammer,  
Lunsford used his tractor  
and kept me clear for a second  
in case the strand broke—  
would cut my throat or rip  
my hand off he explained. And  
that winter as if to prove his point,  
he tore a finger off at the middle  
joint. Took it in got it sewed back  
on, but the darn thing never  
worked and was just in the way,  
so he had it cut off and stubbed.  
Sometimes he'd point with  
the absence of finger to get  
his words across: A man's wire,  
he'd say, pretty much tells  
the story of his life.

**Partrick B. Mikulec**



## Digging a Hole in the Earth

On the first day of another year  
I poke around the basement  
among forgotten things—  
grandmother's floral china,  
dirt crusty flower pots,  
a beached washing machine—  
until I come to the rust-grown shovel  
and lift it from the stand  
of leafless lumber.

Perhaps unfrozen ground  
is a sign from God knows whom  
there is never too cold, or too late.

Forgiven, at least, by the weather,  
I take the shovel and begin to dig  
downward through limp grasses  
and the last of leaves,  
carefully place the point of the blade,  
the thrust of the leg,  
the lift and shouldering aside—  
I build a mound of soil and stone  
the depth of any hole I dig.

But I measure only the shovelful.  
Nor do I answer those who ask  
what hole I dig,

what mound I build.  
Flower garden  
or grave,  
who am I to say  
the difference there is between them?

A hole through January  
I tell them,  
a mound for Orion to rise and fall from.

**James Morgan**

## Crossings

Sometimes we forget—

we who've already arrived,  
who have our jobs, our families,  
our recliners where we sit, satisfied,  
and settle into senseless sleep.  
We who have made our choices  
about what to drop and what to keep,  
what we will and will not suffer—

sometimes we forget

how it is at the wall of fire—  
all those fiery tongues whispering to us,  
the fever of desire wringing sweat from us,  
the chill of fear shaking our bones.  
Those dancing flames can refine  
or scar, and choosing—for those  
who must—is always life or death.

Because we can forget, do forget,  
we must watch the others at their crossings,  
shout encouragement and blessing,  
show them that we have our scars too.  
We must keep rolls of clean white gauze  
and tubes of soothing translucent ointment  
always ready for after they dare the fire.

Or better even against forgetting,  
we should move again ourselves,  
rising from our easy chairs  
and marching through darkness  
toward the glowing lines that trace our horizons.  
We should show the way we face  
the holocaust of change.

Cecil Morris

## At School

When I walk around my school, I see  
the orderliness of bricks and mortar,  
rising row on row  
    in layers of red and white,  
    as regular and straight  
    as rules on binder paper;  
the tension of chain link fencing  
stretched tight  
    from galvanized pole  
    to galvanized pole,  
    imperious and humming  
    before the wind;  
the trueness of concrete walkways  
that run from class to class,  
    hugging edges of buildings,  
    framing out the quad,  
    as straight and hard  
    as graduation requirements  
    and differential equations;  
the rectitude of rectangular walls,  
infinite planes truncated  
    into something practical,  
    dividing and subdividing space  
    and ordering it to rooms,  
    walls meeting or crossing  
    at so many right angles  
    like geometry in action;  
a flood of adolescents  
coursing through the narrow halls,  
their eager bodies charged and  
surging between the rows of bricks,  
their careless mocking laughter  
splashing within the humming fence,  
their dreams of dates and cars  
and glories as yet unknown

cresting over the many walls and  
sluicing along the concrete walkways  
like torrential run-off  
in a granite canyon;  
and I think of water's power to erode  
and wonder how long the sediment will take to settle.

**Cecil Morris**

## **The Importance of Names**

The 100 children braves who died at Ganondagan,  
I do not know their names, so they did not live  
The dozen or 14 or 16 suns they inhabited the Turtle;

If I knew their names I could not pronounce them with ease,  
These Seneca boys, so I would avoid speaking their names  
For fear of embarrassing my tongue:  
My tongue's shame lessens their brief lives;

If I knew the names the French gave them, or the Mohawks,  
Or anyone other than the English, I could not speak them;

If I knew the English names—  
Running Deer, maybe, or Walks-Like-Dog, or Not-Yet-Man—  
I would not speak them for they sound like movie names,  
And I do not trust movies;

These children braves have no names I can speak,  
And what I can not speak I can not test to my ear,  
And their lives can not be heard,  
These children braves the French killed at Ganondagan.

**Martin Naparsteck**

We had lunch in a Utrillo  
painting, the trees in the square  
frozen in shades of yellow  
and rust, the leaves covering

the ground around us.  
It was our first meal  
together in Paris  
and the shimmering day

was delivering its ovation  
when the waitress  
seated a lonely  
Hungarian at our table,

someone who had just  
said goodbye  
to his wife  
and teenage daughter.

**Jennifer Nostrand**

Children run through pools of color  
thrown from the stained-glass  
windows of Sainte Chapelle.

Jeweled capes fall on their  
shoulders as they move  
from one translucence to another.

They stamp their feet  
to dissipate the richness  
but the thirteenth century

shines lightly over them  
like an iridescent frame  
they're playing in.

**Jennifer Nostrand**



Behind the statues  
and the broken urns  
beyond the gardens

are the unmowed fields.  
Under the tall bending trees  
on a wide deserted avenue

once brushed by silk skirts  
and rapid footsteps fleeing  
little mice scurry

side to side  
their active lives  
important in the dusk.

**Jennifer Nostrand**

## Purge

She does not know you.  
Her hands pass through  
your shape  
and you are not touched.  
Sorrow in the soul  
is a footprint on water.  
And this walking  
is sadness that will not stop.

She will never know you:  
your fist on the sheet curled in sleep,  
the wind that raises the hairs on your skin,  
the rain that strikes you again and again,  
the clutch of your muscles in a shudder of love.  
These she could never know.  
Sorrow in the soul moves  
like dark water,  
eddying and slow.

She does not know you.  
You are a song on the radio  
when the road curls into blackness  
that in the morning she forgets.  
Maybe she dreams she sees you  
in the one place  
she remembers you in  
but your face, your hands have faded  
as if whole, you were a weight  
on her mind, but now you are gone  
with the dregs of sleep, still  
and forever.  
Sorrow in the soul  
moves like dark water  
that flows and flows  
and cannot stop.

**Lesley E. Palmer**

## Morning Becomes Perseids

*(August 11, 1993: falling stars from the constellation Perseus)*

The children of Perseus remember their father  
for great things:  
for being the son of Danae and Zeus;  
for dallying with and then cutting loose  
Andromeda from the sea beast's deadly  
clutch; for bringing home Medusa's head. He  
had wings  
that carried him to the edge of forever.

In his high house Perseus hangs: enthroned,  
pinned against the night sky,  
eternal metaphor for the greatness of heroes and fatherhood—  
a distant, erratic parent to his brood  
of wandering children, the pinpoints, the shower  
of ice and dust, the falling fragments of his power.  
You'd think he'd mourn their loss; but why  
should he, since he's turned to stone?

Was it Medusa, or being made  
a hero?  
You'd think that someone with wings and the favor  
of the gods would be more kind, would savor  
immensity as a vehicle of grace,  
not scrawl with profligate hand upon space  
a giant zero  
that in the morning light begins to fade.

I lie here with your starpoints in my eye,  
I seek your grace.  
You send me Morse Code messages of love  
that stutter, flash and fade; above  
your silence hangs a finitude of tears—  
I finally let them go (they are the music of the spheres),  
and in the face  
of morning read your death upon the sky.

**Sue Parman**

## Noel

I arrange the flowers, design the art  
on office doors. The cuisinart  
works overtime on holidays  
to churn a salad, whip the glaze.

But silence is my inner bell:  
a lot of things I don't do well.

You look at me with admiration,  
give me gifts and sing my praise.  
You'll greet my death with lamentation  
but on my tomb you'll find a phrase:  
don't listen to the worship spell:  
a lot of things I don't do well.

The recipes for self-esteem  
go great with wine. The golden mean  
of moderation makes me hesitate:  
you give too much and much too late.  
I see myself, and see too well:  
a lot of things I don't do well.

Don't give me lies. I want the bare  
boned honesty of criticism—  
the sunlight and the dark, the fair  
and ugly in the mirror's prism:  
love me simply, love me fell,  
and see that I don't do things well.

The gift of love is hard and gentle,  
replacing joy with clarity.  
I do not want delight but simple  
contact: knowledge, unity.  
A lot of love is gauze and spell.  
A lot of things I don't do well.

I don't do roses, diamonds; smiles  
are tremulous. I long for miles  
between us, then I miss you most.  
I don't do windows either. Toast  
my absence. Love my liberty and tell  
me gratingly: you don't do well

at all, my love, but since you're here,  
I'll take you as you are. I fear  
I love you also—for your zigguratic stone,  
romanticism hispid to the bone.  
My darling, I've been sent from hell  
to tell you no one does things well.

**Sue Parman**

## Learning To Drink

He was experienced  
in the precise art of drinking  
without getting sick.  
Like a master craftsman,  
he guided me into the world  
of booze, a world my father  
had known for many years.

In Thai bars, he watched  
my eyes, my slowing movements,  
the way I turned my head to speak;  
and at the precise time,  
he slapped his hand to the table,  
“That’s it. No more for you.”

I was to remember each turn  
in sensation, like a familiar road.  
It got so my skin would crawl  
if I had the slightest sip  
more than necessary for me to be high.  
I moved from a boy who had drunk  
twice in his lifetime, both times getting sick,  
to an experienced drinker who knew his limit.

In ten months, I stood  
on the high dive of drunkenness.  
When I returned home and saw how Dad  
had managed the same trick  
for twenty or more years, I jumped.

**Terry L. Persun**

## SLEEPING ON MY SIDE

I lie still listening to my wife  
snore, the soft crescendos building  
then ebbing away. I smile because  
she hasn't slept well lately,  
hasn't slept much at all because she  
doesn't when I'm out, and I've been  
out a lot, too much.  
At least I'm not my father, I say,  
at least I don't just disappear.

I hear myself snore sometimes and wonder  
at it, my dreams dancing.  
Other times, I wake myself up  
with a sudden ripping snort. What was that,  
I ask, because it always wakes her too.  
Sometimes she's already awake.  
You weren't breathing, She says,  
Sometimes I feel better when you snore.

If I drink a lot, I snore a lot  
and sometimes I drive her from the room  
with noise. Lately, she's kept  
a sleeping bag rolled out in the study,  
always ready. So lately, I've taken  
to not coming to bed at all,  
hoping she can get some rest.  
I can't sleep when you do that either,  
she says, and besides I hear you  
watching T.V. I hear you laughing to yourself.

Richard, the shy stutterer who worked for my dad,  
sat with me at the table, after the funeral,  
picking at a ham, and explained to me how it happened.  
He d-didn't feel w-well,



he said, so he t-took an alka-s-seltzer  
and he lay d-down. He was s-snoring l-loud  
and w-we l-let him sleep. An hour later, o-only  
an hour, he was d-dead,  
and there was n-nothing, n-nothing I could d-do.  
I know, I said, and wept with him,  
watching his lips and throat.

When it's late, and I'm watching T.V.,  
the dog forgets the rules,  
climbs up on the couch,  
fifteen, and weak.  
Once there, though, he snores  
dog snores, as loud as a human,  
as loud as my wife at least,  
and I'm happy I can hear him.  
At least I know he's still alive, I say  
to myself, and this is the perfect way to tell.  
In the dark like this, it's hard for me  
to see if he's still breathing,  
a habit I've gotten into lately,  
checking him always,  
a habit that scares and disgusts me.

Deb is sleeping well, I think,  
and I'm still smiling after all this.  
I have to get up now, though. I'm awake,  
and I want coffee. If I stay here longer,  
I'll bother her.  
As I slip out of bed as easily as I can,  
she shifts just a bit, and the snoring stops.  
I wait for a second at the door,  
looking back through the early light  
to check on I don't know what.  
It looks to me, from where I'm standing  
and in this light, that she's smiling too.

**Randy Phillis**

## Ode to a Balding Medieval Saint

You look nothing like we do,  
therefore your claim to holiness  
seems entirely credible.  
Of course, you were actually a model,  
some elderly gentleman, dead these centuries,  
selected by your portraitist  
for his prodigious head, a white-skinned potato,  
bulgy in the forehead,  
its small incision of mouth  
ascetic with toothlessness.

But no matter,  
you are a saint.  
Hence the wheel of gold spokes  
adorning your cranium,  
and the feeling we get, gazing at you,  
that if our heads are meager in size  
or unimpressive in shape,  
it is because, in our advancing worldliness,  
we no longer swell them to bursting  
with thoughts of the Divine.

You, in contrast, appear steadily absorbed  
in beatific concerns,  
a dialogue with Omniscience  
we'll never overhear,  
despite the Latin subtitle unfurling above you.  
And how enviable such faith!  
(Despite your discreet illiteracy —  
the way you tuck that codex  
beneath the wing of a forearm,  
as if to hatch the Holy Ghost,  
release its flight from your bosom).

It is worth noting, finally,

your poor habits of nutrition,  
a crumb or two  
from the lusty village banquet,  
as evidenced by  
your el Grecosque proportions, slack tumor of a belly,  
and unearthly silver eyes,  
at once prominent and sunken.  
Though whether you starved as saint or sinner  
is no longer possible to tell.

**Carrie Pollack**

## A Taste of Country

The O'Donnells had come to stay;  
They patched the barn, fended the field,  
Bought a cow, a sow, two sheep, three geese, and a cat,  
And built a pool for the kids.  
Then he got an offer from out of state,  
So they sold the house, the cow, the sow, and the sheep,  
Left the geese and the cat with the new owners,  
And subdivided the field into two house lots.  
They made a killing.

The builder who bought the lots put a contemporary  
Colonial on one, and on the other  
A country cottage with a big Palladian window  
Looking out to the gully behind.  
The market was still good, so he had no trouble selling  
To people looking for a taste of country.  
He made a killing too.

The roofs leaked. Sheetrock cracked. The outdoor lights kept shorting.  
Not even wildflower mix would grow on the hardpan lawns.  
One family got divorced and moved away.  
The other owned a Subaru dealership that went bankrupt;  
They had to sell quick at a loss  
Meanwhile the builder bought a new sailboat with his profits,  
Took her down to Florida for the winter, got caught in a storm off New  
Jersey,  
Fell overboard and drowned.

The cat ran away. A fox got the geese.  
The O'Donnells haven't been heard from.

**Charles W. Pratt**

# POEMS BY AUREL RĂU

## THE GIFT

I won't bring you gifts tomorrow.  
It's far too late for that.  
The winter night advances towards the first hint of dawn,  
the shops are shut tight.  
Nonetheless, I decipher a group of blue stars for you  
in the vastness of the heavens. Rarefied  
and taking shape in the very same design,  
they arrive at last before your window.  
A tiny hand mirror..  
And I discover, consulting a book,  
that they come only in winter and, in relation to the other stars,  
they are among the very farthest.

**translated by  
Adam J. Sorkin and Liviu Bleoca**

## **AROUND THE FIRE**

A word detaches itself from the other words  
and points a finger at me.  
“He’s forgotten its name,” the words jeer.  
It had been like a like a support to me.  
“I’ll find out,” and the parrot hops  
from one small corner to another.  
“Not at all!” they shout all together:  
they count me down, they count me out,  
and all around the fire they clap their hands.

**translated by  
Adam J. Sorkin and Liviu Bleoca**

## WRITING WITH A BALLPOINT

with the last millimeter of ink  
this sign gets inscribed

so  
that

no window should be extinguished  
among all those burning through the night

so  
that

some proof should remain that  
the hydrocarbon age is gone

that  
as

long as it continued with us  
we didn't give in

**translated by**  
**Adam J. Sorkin and Liviu Bleoca**

## A Point In Time

I enter the place where moving water murmurs,  
where at a certain time in history  
even rocks might speak to men,  
mind tuned to the snaps of twigs  
and the cries of animals and birds.  
Moccasined, clockless, from rock to rock  
along the river bank I crawl,  
Indian Of The Year 1990,  
late twentieth century schizoid man,  
returning.

The brown clouded water is cold,  
waist deep in the middle,  
the swift current tugs at willow branches  
and undermines the soft shore. I belly out,  
heavy in my clumsy clothes  
and stumble on the smooth round rocks.  
On the far bank a white goose shakes its feathers  
and I sit down in water up to my neck.

Floating is easy, spinning out into current,  
a white sun through treetops  
throws speckled light on moving water.  
I drift downstream, spin in eddies—  
above, the pale blue everchanging sky  
flies away beyond the undersides of leaves;  
below, entombed trilobites  
slowly rise out of cold mud  
as I drift  
beyond the minute hands of watches.

Sun turns brown mud into gold motes  
which deepen into amber  
as I sink through time,  
down through silt and silky mud to river bottom.



I listen to the ever older voices speak,  
the eelgrass sway, a crawdad  
click his claw across a mussel's back.  
Anchored in the cold mud,  
I turn my long-jawed head into current  
and breathe through gills.

Above, sun stabs fingers of warmth  
down through time and river,  
adds dark green edges  
to the light green undersides of lily pads;  
sends its cruel white gift of living in the present  
down to me,  
late twentieth century schizoid man,  
returning.  
I rise toward light  
as if from sleep  
or only a clockless moment.

**Andy Roberts**

## **POET**

Scratchy-voiced, monotone drone  
her eyes study the floor  
only the slightest lift  
to her voice at the end of a line  
only the smallest life.

As she breathes the chest rises  
but the breasts don't move.  
A small awkward smile leaks  
from a corner of her mouth  
when she hears the applause.

**Linda Goodman Robiner**

## KATIE

An unkind smile,  
her father's fingers  
wound around the buckle end  
of the belt.

She was to remove her shirt  
and her training bra  
and bend over,  
clutching her knees.

He would bring the belt down  
twice across her white skin,  
always twice as if to signify some bond  
between father and daughter  
through pain,  
once for the daughter's sin  
and once  
for the father's own mistakes.

Then he would quietly leave the room  
as she slipped her shirt  
back over her head  
and carefully over the pinked  
and swollen lines  
across her back.

Sometimes her fingers  
would bruise her knees  
from squeezing too hard.

**C. C. Russell**

## **ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS**

The rock breaks the scissors  
gently cutting patterns in a paper-  
doll world of easy possibilities.  
We are forced to plan our amenities,  
tear the outlines with wisdom  
and need and brutal strength  
if we wish to control the fit  
and contour of them.

The paper covers the rock,  
insisting that the emergence  
of civilization is the negation  
of force, the concession  
to seasons, the necessity  
of thinking and speaking before  
any action may be taken.

The scissors cut the paper,  
pulling us back into line  
with generations of generations,  
all of whom bowed to the wishes  
of a wiser providence, all of whom  
learned what love and pain are for.

**Amy Jo Schoonover**

## Pick-Up

Twenty-eight and perpetually  
bruised, I was getting run over.  
They were all at least six-foot,  
a local varsity team  
owning the court. One wore  
his school's shorts half down his ass—  
another pair underneath.  
This was style. But it wasn't until  
the bulkiest one (why was I  
guarding him?) drove the lane  
knocking me backwards, spinning  
me out of bounds, that I saw.  
Straightening up, I glimpsed  
two players waiting for the next game  
seated, staring up at my sweat-glazed,  
panicked face. They looked  
horrified, and I knew it was *me*,  
my desperate desire to win this one game  
against some eighteen-year-olds  
at the Bloomington, Indiana  
Y.M.C.A., three-thirty  
on a summer day that  
should have been spent outside. I  
terrified them, and we all knew then  
that my team would lose,  
and that I thought I was better  
than I truly was, and that they—  
their faces betrayed them—  
would live lives as foolish as mine.

**J. D. Scrimgeour**

## Loss

Half a life ago  
I knew so many, many  
ways to remember.  
No more.  
No longer does a gauze-choked winter sun  
or a round moon balancing on a rooftop  
force me to inhale sharply  
turn my head  
close my eyes and  
Halt—steeped in remembrances.  
Now, perhaps a sigh echoes briefly.  
You, my father, are so very far away.

If you hear me  
do not answer  
I have lost you  
fading shadow.

And now, my husband,  
I live in fear of a shattering  
of a chasm opening and  
our fingers  
grasping  
reaching to hold  
slipping—  
our union no match  
for the swiftness of the parting.  
I feel the tingling  
before numbness  
before paralysis.

I shall call you

call and listen—  
hear the echoes  
dank and mocking.

Sunlight sifts through dappled trees.  
You kiss our clasped hands.  
The day is like any other.

**Audrey Shafer**

## Holocaust Museum, October, 1993

All of a sudden  
a hush  
like the rustling and fluttering  
of a departing flock—  
Then silence.

I feel both expanded and  
concentrated  
like a spiral galaxy  
I spin to feel the fluidity of the air  
rushing by the webs between my fingers  
I stop.

A single red star  
drifts from the lowest bough  
swinging through the remaining eddies  
to rest.

It is a quiet time to reel back memory  
before my memory.

A muffled bloody time  
silent screams and screams  
reverberating in concrete killing halls.

I think at night  
every night now  
The roof bursts off the museum and the  
screams, unpent,  
soar up to the stars  
flying on seared wings—

We will remember!

Then the roof settles back  
quiet walks down the aisles



nestles in a dusty shoe  
waits.

My daughter wants me to give the leaf  
back to the tree.

I smile  
hold her so tight.

**Audrey Shafer**

## Lab Partners

Spring afternoons we met  
after classes with our nets  
and killing jars, escaped  
to the woods, searching for  
what others would avoid, swarms  
of insects hung in humid air  
or buzzing at our ears. We spoke  
of spiracle and pupa; watching  
dragonflies mate in flight,  
I touched your fingers.

Days, finding a red speck moving  
on the page of a musty book,  
we captured him in scotch tape,  
pinned him in a cigar box  
with his fellows, adding  
up the count. Our cockroach  
revived on his pin, antennae  
searching, jointy legs cycling  
in slow motion, segments  
of thorax twisting apart.

Evenings, we raised a window,  
stole into the lab  
to key our finds, searching  
the charts, careful as scribes  
copying the elegant names.  
Those days we planned a life  
as mystic as metamorphosis,  
miraculous as the earwig  
sliding apart the fan  
of its origami wings.

Now as I review our collection  
of neatly labeled years, slides

in a projector clicking past,  
I think first of green woods  
in spring, then of a cigar box  
where Dictyoptera pedaled out  
his hopeless dance, anchored  
by a pearl corsage pin, where  
Coleptera slept in chrysalis,  
never to unwrap herself and fly.

**Lianne Spidel**

## Wind Walker

Ti dico la bonne verita:  
he spoke no English, the other child laughed  
and four sons were holding my hand;  
I dreamed of a waltz in the lost winds of time,  
and the rings of my past loves were missing.  
I woke with a head full of whiskey and dust,  
no one was lying beside me;  
but the moon was right here in a cold cut of glass  
and the man in the mirror beside me.  
He had black hair so long and the smile on his lips  
were quieter than Christian's, they said;  
he lowered me gently while we spoke together  
and another one spoke in his stead.  
The moon was so gentle, it rose and set over me,  
no one wiped the blood from his face,  
and the child who sleeps in us and on us and with us  
is never quite that far from home.

Jane Stuart

## WAR STORY TOLD IN THE BACKYARD ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

We're standing around the patio  
Among the redwood planting boxes  
Of pink petunias and purple daisies,  
Sipping our after dinner coffee  
Chatting about the weather, fishing  
And the roads I took to get us there,  
While I admire quietly as one exiled  
The tall pines and pruned spruces  
Rising from the lawn's sloping velvet—  
Six months ago our baby died,  
And my wife's grandfather wants me to know:  
"It was almost the end of the war,"  
He says in the softened voice of a child,  
"In the Philippines, and Scottie and me,  
Another engineer, were waiting  
At one of those circle interchanges,  
All traffic stopped, when I heard machine gun  
Fire; a bullet zinging through the windshield  
Clipped off Scottie's ear and I  
Could see ahead, they'd killed a truckload  
Of soldiers—no one was alive—three Japs  
Had gotten guns and tried heading  
Back into the jungle . . . I don't know why  
They tried it then, at *that* time . . .  
Scottie was o.k. He told the nurse  
In his thick brogue, 'The little bastards  
Shot off my ear . . .' I remember a post  
Card of him surrounded by naked  
Native girls he'd signed,  
'Don't believe a word of it, Mother.'"  
We laughed some and turned back to the others—  
My wife lost among flowers.

Rawdon Tomlinson

## PHILOSOPHY

“I die a happy man,” said Socrates,  
“greatest of all philosophers  
because I know one thing  
no others can  
but those who come to join me  
—the taste of hemlock,”  
He lifted up the cup  
and drank it down.  
And then, because he was an altruist,  
or because he had nothing left to lose,  
he said,  
“It tastes  
like bitterness  
and mice.”  
Then, more or less, he died  
like the greatest  
and least  
philosophers.  
But cynic that I am  
I always wonder  
if he lied.

**William John Watkins**

## Fire

*A sparkler did it*  
my mother would say,  
telling me again  
as the Fourth loomed  
how, as flames lapped  
the front of her dress,  
men pulled the dress away,  
wrapped her in a blanket  
tight enough to smother  
but couldn't stop  
the burns that scarred  
her arms and chest.  
What I remember most  
is how she said  
*They pulled my dress off—*  
the shame  
(smell of caron oil  
they must have dressed  
the burns with, careful  
placing of gauze and tape,  
men walking off  
with a charred blanket  
and what was left  
of a child's dress).  
And from my husband's story  
of the fire that routed them  
one night in summer  
I remember most  
a part he never leaves out —  
how his father, always

slipped, clothed,  
came breathless  
around a corner of the house  
in only his pajama bottom,  
fly open  
(boy staring at his father,  
mouth open, smoke, flame).

**Irene Willis**



## Mid August

Dog days of summer and all that—

vacation's done,  
the anesthesia of ill-charted interstates forgotten  
for now

While we were away  
the landlord trimmed the ivy  
from our bedroom window  
and I must say I will miss the fox sparrows  
gathering in the leaves each morning

Today my father would have turned 84

I follow a child's voice once more to the window  
watching as he stoops to pry  
a dried worm from the damp sidewalk

His mother  
walking slowly ahead of him  
has yet to turn and notice

She will not be happy

It is only a matter of time

**David Wolf**

## **The Exchange**

Opening the window to test  
the cold with a breath  
I see a small boy across the road  
who sees me and waves

I wave back  
and he waves again  
I wave back  
he waves  
I wave—  
Figuring this could go on forever  
I close the window  
as he continues to wave  
trying to squint past  
the day's reflection  
past the severance that is  
this world

**David Wolf**

## CONTRIBUTORS

Poems from **Jefferson Adams's** full-length manuscript, "Pisces in Flight," have appeared recently in MISSISSIPPI REVIEW, ANTIOCH REVIEW, CALIBAN, and HAYDEN'S FERRY REVIEW. Adams lives in Tempe, Arizona.

**Laura Augustine** completed her M.F.A. at Colorado State University in June. She has appeared previously in HPR and has new work in POETRY EAST.

A native Clevelander living in Indiana, **Helene Barker** teaches English at Purdue University. Recent poems have appeared in INDIANA REVIEW, SYCAMORE REVIEW, POEM, POET LORE, BORDERLANDS, THE CAPE ROCK, SOUNDINGS EAST, YELLOW SILK, and PEGASUS.

Poems by **Robert Bense** have appeared in BIRMINGHAM POETRY REVIEW, POETRY, WEBSTER REVIEW, and elsewhere. He lives in rural Pennsylvania and teaches English at a community college.

**Liviu Bleoca** is a translator, essayist, and journalist who works as a librarian of the Romanian Academy in Cluj. His book of Agatha Christie short stories in Romanian was published in 1993.

**Susan Boehm** lives in Madison, Wisconsin and has published previously in HPR. She has a recent short story in SKINNER'S IRREGULAR HORSE and is working on a novel.

Work by **Richard Callin** has appeared in THE PLUM REVIEW, THE CREAM CITY REVIEW, SPOON RIVER POETRY REVIEW, the JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, MIDWEST QUARTERLY, and BLACK WARRIOR REVIEW. He is a public health nurse in San Francisco.

**Albert Howard Carter, III**, teaches at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, Florida, and serves on the clinical faculty of the College of Medicine,

University of South Florida. His poems have appeared in HUMANE MEDICINE, THE PHAROS, JAMA, and the NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF MEDICINE.

Work by **Stephen W. Carter** has appeared in HANGING LOOSE, DARK HORSE, THE NEW RENAISSANCE, MOONSTONE, NEW MAGAZINE, POETRY SCOPE, ARTZONE, WISCONSIN REVIEW, and THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY. Carter teaches jazz guitar at Berklee College of Music in Boston.

**Jenny Clark** teaches literature, journal writing, and creativity for Case Western Reserve University's Adult Continuing Education and for Lakeland Community College's Senior Adult Education. She and her husband, Perry, have two daughters, eleven and sixteen. In progress is "Recollections of a Burma Childhood," a book of poems about her mother.

Poems by **William Doreski** have recently appeared in CIMARRON REVIEW, AGNI, and NEW YORK QUARTERLY. He has published criticism in ARIZONA QUARTERLY, ARIEL, and THE HARVARD REVIEW, and he teaches creative writing and literature at Keene State College in New Hampshire.

Born in Alexandria, Louisiana (1944) and educated at Arizona State University (Philosophy, 1967), **Mike J. Edwards** has been writing poetry "off and on" since college but has only recently begun submitting for publication. He owns and operates a California financial services business related to banking and the bond markets.

**Myron Ernst** is a regular HPR contributor living in Vestal, New York. He has recent poetry in CHICAGO REVIEW, KANSAS QUARTERLY, and SOUTHERN HUMANITIES REVIEW. He has a poetry book, FLORIDA, forthcoming from the University of Missouri--Kansas City.

A previous HPR contributor, **D. A. Feinfeld** has recently published poetry in THE CAPE ROCK, HAWAII PACIFIC REVIEW, ECHOES, THE MACGUFFIN, ELF, and PITTSBURGH QUARTERLY. He lives in Scarsdale, New York.

**Charlene Fix** teaches English at the Columbus College of Art and Design, is the mother of three, and has published in ANTIOCH REVIEW, PAINTED BRIDE QUARTERLY, NEGATIVE CAPABILITY, and elsewhere. She received an Ohio Arts Council poetry fellowship in 1993.

**Shirley Foster** has published in THE RADCLIFFE QUARTERLY, WRITERS' FORUM, the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, the NEW YORK TIMES, SANDSCRIPT, and POETRY EAST. She has sold some children's stories and is completing a book about her late husband's childhood in Newcastle on Tyne, England.

**Carol Frome** lives in the Adirondack region of New York and is a 1992 "Discovery"/THE NATION award winner. She is editor of WHITE PINE REVIEW, a new literary magazine, and has recent work in THE POETRY MISCELLANY, THE NATION, and SOUTHERN POETRY REVIEW.

Recent poems by **Robert Funge** have appeared in THE LITERARY REVIEW, KANSAS QUARTERLY, WISCONSIN REVIEW, and BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL. Funge is a recent recipient of SOUTH DAKOTA REVIEW's Poetry Award and has a book from Spoon River Poetry Press, *The Lie the Lamb Knows*.

A previous HPR contributor, **Daniel Gallik** is author of *A Blue that Speaks of Heaven* (Poetic Page, 1992), and publishes regularly in periodicals. He is recovering from an aneurism located in his brain and writes: "Right now I am getting my right leg back in order. My ability to remember things is improving and my left eyesight is coming around. All of this requires patience which I never possessed . . . ."

**Michael J. Gill** "recently returned from Ecuador where he lost a lot of weight, wrote a bunch of poems, and collected graffiti from the walls of Quito." His book of poems, *The Atheist at Prayer*, was published in 1991 and was reviewed in HPR, to which he is a frequent contributor.

Australian born poet, playwright, and short story writer **John Grey** has recent work in SEQUOIA, PAINTBRUSH, and PENDRAGON. He writes a weekly poetry column and is theatre critic for Providence, Rhode Island's NICE PAPER. His plays *Pot Roast* and *Role Model* were recently produced in Providence.

**Lois Marie Harrod**'s second volume of poetry, *Crazy Alice*, was published in 1991 by Belle Mead Press. Her poems have appeared in many journals, including AMBERGRIS, THE AMERICAN PEN, SHENANDOAH, PRAIRIE SCHOONER, AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW, and SOUTHERN POETRY REVIEW. She received a 1992/93 fellowship from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts.

**Scott Hess** is a graduate student in English and American Literature at Harvard. He graduated from Swarthmore in 1992 and then attended the Bucknell Seminar for Younger Poets. These poems represent his first publication.

**Sonya Hess** has recent poems in KANSAS QUARTERLY, THE SIGNAL, PUCKERBUSH REVIEW, POETRY MOTEL, OLD DOMINION REVIEW, WEST BRANCH, EMBERS, and CALIBAN. Her most recent poetry collection is *Kingdom of Lost Waters* from Ahsahta Press/Boise State University.

A physician for thirty-five years, **Gene Hirsch** is a Clinical Associate Professor of Medicine at the University of Tennessee Graduate Medical School at Knoxville. A previous contributor to HPR, he has recent poetry in PEACE QUEST, THE PHAROS, PERSPECTIVES IN MEDICINE AND BIOLOGY, and the anthology *Tyranny of the Normal*.

**Patricia Hooper**'s *Other Lives* was awarded the Poetry Society of America's Norma Farber First Book Award. Ms. Hooper has recent poetry in POETRY, THE NEW CRITERION, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, and AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW.

**June Hopper Hymas** is widely published in literary journals, including BLUE UNICORN, BOGG, ECHOES, NEGATIVE CAPABILITY, PITTSBURGH QUARTERLY, THE PLOWMAN, SLIPSTREAM, WIND, and LAUREL REVIEW. She has received numerous awards for her poetry from California poetry organizations.

**Ruth Moon Kempfer**'s latest book is *The Prattsburgh Correspondence* from Kings Estate Press. She lives in St. Augustine, Florida, and has published previously in HPR.

With poems published in RIVERRUN, WIND, and FLOWER, **Tom Kepler** teaches junior high English in Keosauqua, Iowa.

**Judith Kerman** has published four books of poetry and founded EARTH'S DAUGHTERS, the oldest U.S. feminist literary magazine still publishing. She has been working in computer-based poetry since the mid-1980's and co-designed COLLOQUY, an interactive poetry authoring system. She is Dean of Arts and Behavioral Sciences at Saginaw Valley State University in Michigan.

A high school English teacher in Toledo, Ohio, **Sharon Kourous** has published her poetry in THE FORMALIST, THE LYRIC, VOICES INTERNATIONAL, GALA, and elsewhere.

Author of several chapbooks, **Peter Leon** of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, includes among his credits THE LITERARY REVIEW, COLORADO NORTH REVIEW, and EIDOS.

**Toni Mergentime Levi** is a poet and librettist who has had poetry in such journals as CROSSCURRENTS, CONFRONTATION, CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY, KANSAS QUARTERLY, and TEXAS REVIEW. *Thanks-giving*, one of several collaborations with her husband, composer Paul Alan Levi, won the 1986 Grand Prize for new opera sponsored by the National Music Theatre Network and Seagram Distillers. Her first collection of poems, *For a Dancing Bear*, was published in 1994.

A resident of Niskayuna, New York, **Lyn Lifshin** has written more than ninety books and chapbooks and has edited four anthologies of women writers, most recently a new enlarged edition of *Tangled Vines* from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Her poems have appeared in most poetry and literary magazines, including HPR. She has won a number of awards, including a New York State grant and the Jack Kerouac Award for her book *Kiss the Skin Off*, and she is the subject of a documentary film, *Not Made of Glass*.

**Rachel Mayer** is a poet and social worker who lives in New York City. Her poems have appeared in KENYON REVIEW, CHATTAHOOCHEE REVIEW, and HUDSON VALLEY ECHOES.

Poetry by **Patrick B. Mikulec** has appeared recently in BERKELEY POETRY REVIEW, NEW MEXICO HUMANITIES REVIEW, AURA, CONCHO RIVER REVIEW, AMERICAN LITERARY REVIEW, CHAMINADE LITERARY REVIEW, PENDRAGON, and INTERIM. He teaches high school English and humanities in Canby, Oregon.

**James Morgan** lives on Cape Cod and teaches composition and literature at the University of Massachusetts Dartmouth and Bridgewater State College. He has had poetry in TUFTS REVIEW, PASSAGES, and TEMPER.

An English teacher at California's Roseville High School for fourteen years, **Cecil Morris** has had poetry accepted by ENGLISH JOURNAL, SEATTLE REVIEW, NEGATIVE CAPABILITY, AMELIA, and BLACK RIVER REVIEW. He says, "I decided that I should try writing some poems because I often asked my students to write them."

**Martin Naparsteck** has published two novels, *War Song* and *A Hero's Welcome*, and more than twenty short stories—in ELLERY QUEEN, BUFFALO SPREE, AETHLON, GOLDEN HILL, LAKE EFFECT, MANUSCRIPT, and elsewhere. He is working on a book of poetry and lives in Rochester, New York.

A widely published poet, **Jennifer Nostrand** lives in New York City. Recent poems have appeared in REFLECTIONS, AMELIA, BLUE UNICORN, THE PAPER BAG, COLOR WHEEL, GALLEY SAIL REVIEW, and PACIFIC COAST JOURNAL.

**Lesley E. Palmer** lives in Stillwater, Oklahoma, and has had poems in AMBERGRIS, THE SMALL POND, FOLIO, GINGER HILL, KARAMU, FENNEL STALK, POETRY MOTEL, LACTUCA, and ECHOES.

**Terry L. Persun's** poems and stories are widely published (WIDENER REVIEW, OWEN WISTER REVIEW, RIVERRUN, KANSAS QUARTERLY, LACTUCA, BLUE UNICORN, THE PAPER BAG, OTHERWHERE, and elsewhere), and he has three chapbooks. He received an M.A. in English (Creative Writing) from SUNY Stony Brook and lives in Twinsburg, Ohio.



**Sue Parman** was born in Connecticut, was raised in the Midwest and New Mexico, went to graduate school in Texas, and is a Professor of Anthropology at California State University, Fullerton. She spends most summers in Scotland, where she does research on Scottish crofters in the Outer Hebrides. Her published work includes two books, *Scottish Crofters* (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1990) and *Dream and Culture* (Praeger, 1991), articles on the history of ideas, the European Community, evolution of the brain, and the 19th-century Scottish anthropologist William Robertson Smith, and of course poems. She has appeared previously in HPR.

Work by **Randy Phillis** has appeared in IOWA REVIEW, DENVER QUARTERLY, FLORIDA REVIEW, and elsewhere. He lives in Grand Junction, Colorado.

**Carrie Pollack** lives in Columbus, Ohio and has published in SOU'WESTER, THE CAPE ROCK, and KANSAS QUARTERLY.

A writer and apple grower in southeastern New Hampshire, **Charles W. Pratt** has published one collection of poems, *In the Orchard* (Tidal Press, 1986), is bringing out a second, *Fables in Two Languages and Similar Diversions*, under his own imprint, and is looking for a publisher for a third, *From the Box Marked "Some Are Missing."*

**Aurel Rau** has been a notable poet in Romania since his first book appeared in 1956. He is author of eleven volumes of poems, six books of translated poetry, four books of essays and journalism, one volume of fiction and three of travel writings. He has served as editor-in-chief of the Romanian literary magazine STEAUA (THE STAR) since 1959 and is now director of the editorial board of ROMANIAN REVIEW.

A wastewater treatment plant operator in Columbus, Ohio, **Andy Roberts** has been published in ROANOKE REVIEW, SAN JOSE STUDIES, and HPR.

Poetry by **Linda Goodman Robiner** has been published by NORTH ATLANTIC REVIEW, IMPETUS, FLIGHTS, WOMEN DANCING FREE, HOME PLANET NEWS, BLACK RIVER REVIEW, and numerous other periodicals. She produces and designs instructional television programs at WVIZ-TV in Cleveland and teaches at Ursuline College.

One of three poetry editors for the University of Wyoming's OWEN WISTER REVIEW, **C. C. Russell** has had poems published in APEX, CURMUDGEON, POETRY MOTEL, PARNASSUS LITERARY JOURNAL, FAT TUESDAY, and elsewhere.

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**J. D. Scrimgeour** writes poems and plays in Bloomington, Indiana.

Assistant Professor of Anesthesiology at Stanford University School of Medicine and the Palo Alto Veterans Administration Medical Center, **Audrey Shafer** is an M.D. and teaches a course on literature and medicine to medical students. She has published poetry in the ANNALS OF INTERNAL MEDICINE and in CRAZY QUILT QUARTERLY.

**Adam J. Sorkin** has published or forthcoming collaborative translations of various Romanian poets in fifty literary and poetry magazines, including POETRY, PRAIRIE SCHOONER, AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW, THE LITERARY REVIEW, NORTHWEST REVIEW, INDIANA REVIEW, and NEW ENGLAND REVIEW. In Fall, 1992 he published two books of Romanian translations.

A high school English teacher in Greenville, Ohio, **Lianne Spidel** has published her poetry in FLIGHTS, PLAINSONGS, BYLINE, THE AMARANTH REVIEW, WESTERN OHIO JOURNAL, and KAL-LIOPE.

**Jane Stuart** is a poet, novelist, and short story writer in Greenup, Kentucky. Her book *The Wren and Other Poems* will soon be published in England.

A previous contributor to HPR, **Rawdon Tomlinson** has a new book of poems (*Deep Red*) forthcoming in Spring, 1995 from the University of Central Florida's Contemporary Poets Series.

**William John Watkins** has published over three hundred poems, more than fifty short stories and articles, and fourteen books. He is a professor of Humanities at Brookdale Community College in Lincroft, New Jersey.

He has won an award for educational software from IBM and the League for Innovation and is in his high school's football hall of fame.

Also living in New Jersey, **Irene Willis** directs a poetry reading series for the Arts Council of Princeton. Her poems have appeared in LAUREL REVIEW, THE LITERARY REVIEW, NEW YORK QUARTERLY, SNAKE NATION REVIEW, CRAZYHORSE, and elsewhere. She was the recipient in 1992 of a distinguished artist fellowship from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts/Department of State.

Currently a visiting Assistant Professor of English at Drake University, **David Wolf** has had work published in several journals, including APHROS, HAMPDEN-SYDNEY POETRY REVIEW, POET AND CRITIC, NEW YORK QUARTERLY, and RIVER STYX MAGAZINE.



**Our Thanks to Arthur Joseph Geigel III for Financial Assistance.**

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**115 PAGES**  
**OF WONDERFUL**  
**NEW POETRY**  
**and**  
**precious little blather**  
**from us!**

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