



# Calliope

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# Calliope

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CONTENTS

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Melissa Cannon                                     |    |
| <i>Witches' Rondelet</i>                           | 5  |
| Joan Colby   |    |
| <i>Morning</i>                                     | 6  |
| <i>The Body as Metaphor--Poetry in the Schools</i> | 7  |
| Laurie Taylor                                      |    |
| <i>Lake Harriet: Wind</i>                          | 8  |
| <i>Gluing Chairs</i>                               | 9  |
| J. Kates   |    |
| <i>Moving Together</i>                             | 10 |
| Peggy Heinrich                                     |    |
| <i>every night i see the dead in dreams</i>        | 11 |
| <i>grief</i>                                       | 12 |
| Heather Tosteson Reich                             |    |
| <i>Lapsed Sonnet</i>                               | 13 |
| Sheila E. Murphy                                   |    |
| <i>Active Contemplative Reading Merton</i>         |    |
| <i>in the Leaves</i>                               | 14 |
| <i>Job Interview</i>                               | 15 |
| Craig Weeden                                       |    |
| <i>Pug Dog Goes Deaf</i>                           | 16 |
| William Ferguson                                   |    |
| <i>The Waters of Titicaca (fiction)</i>            | 17 |
| Philip B. Crosby                                   |    |
| <i>My Aunt from Norway</i>                         | 20 |
| Gudrun Mouw  |    |
| <i>Dreaming of a Caravan</i>                       | 21 |
| Ellen Levine                                       |    |
| <i>Migraine</i>                                    | 22 |
| Jon Hansen   |    |
| <i>Spontaneous Generation</i>                      | 23 |
| A.J. Wright  |    |
| <i>night and fog (december 7, 1941)</i>            | 24 |
| <i>prime time</i>                                  | 25 |
| Mike Finley  |    |
| <i>Salesmen</i>                                    | 26 |
| Marilyn Basel                                      |    |
| <i>Snowshoeing</i>                                 | 27 |
| <i>To a Marooned Friend</i>                        | 28 |

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Janet Krauss                                 |    |
| <i>My mother is</i>                          | 29 |
| <i>As evening falls. . .</i>                 | 30 |
| M.R. Doty                                    |    |
| <i>A Letter/Song from an Unborn Daughter</i> |    |
| <i>to her Father</i>                         | 31 |
| <i>It Isn't Good</i>                         | 39 |
| Reviews                                      | 40 |
| Contributors' Notes                          | 43 |

MELISSA CANNON

WITCHES' RONDELET

all full of moon  
we swell our flesh is a cradle  
all full of moon  
and fire and pool and breathy song  
we rock glowing until we spill  
our lips still bright from the ladle  
all full of moon

JOAN COLBY

MORNING

Mist unswaddles the sea.  
I am looking out  
into a widening view,  
sun slicing  
itself like an orange,  
one segment  
rays out to me  
I drink that good juice.

Now debris  
from the night's tide  
is visible.  
Pale stones, empty shells  
and a stranded ray fluting  
its dressing gown  
on the damp sand  
helplessly, helplessly.

The pilings stride out  
on giant legs  
to the breaker's touch.

I hold my right hand  
in my left hand.  
There is this much.  
The sun mints its new coin  
in a blue vat.



JOAN COLBY

THE BODY AS METAPHOR--POETRY IN THE SCHOOLS

David says the heart is in a jail.  
Melody says eyes  
are mirrors in which a person sees  
the colors of the self.  
Emilee says hair  
is a mutiny. Paul tells how bones  
keep us from falling apart.  
Robert wants to know  
if the spleen is a blood factory.  
Jodie raises her hand which is a claw.  
Philip says knees allow  
a man to bend. Jennifer  
says veins are tracks on which  
the blue trains race crammed with  
bloodshot eyes. Susan remembers tears  
are rain that salts the earth  
until nothing more can thrive.  
Derrick says his fist  
is the animal on the cave wall  
bristling with spears.  
Cara says her skin  
keeps everything, everything  
within. Linda thinks her lungs  
are giant ears of eavesdroppers.  
Brian who is blind  
says the tongue is a prisoner. Teach it  
to be kind.



*LAURIE TAYLOR*

LAKE HARRIET: WIND

The coots are awash,  
heads to the wind  
like the tarp-covered boats  
at their moorings.  
Water sucks at the beach,  
dead leaves scuttle  
over the footpath.

Along that path I come  
in my hooded sweatshirt.  
North and South desert the sky.  
East and West lie numb.  
The wind usurps all direction;  
my lungs must wrestle  
for each bit of air  
torn from my mouth  
in a long grey plume.

The lake flexes on its thick root.  
Birds and boats ride anchor.  
Bushes, trees, weeds,  
bend and bend in the same places still.  
This wind scorns my bones  
running like leaves before it,  
cares nothing  
for the flicker of my warmth.

Laurie Taylor

GLUING CHAIRS

With one joint clamped the next  
won't fit. Gluey tears  
drip down the legs.  
The rungs go skewed.

A feast is spread.  
No one can sit down.

I've done jigsaws, I should know  
there shouldn't be one bit  
left over. But here's  
a piece of chair I can't place.

It's a face out of the past  
jarring the day awry. A face  
from the future: everything stops.

And who invited it?  
Pound it in somewhere,  
trap it with string.  
Dinner's getting cold.

J. KATES

MOVING TOGETHER

Under the old linoleum we find old  
linoleum: we let the bottom layer lie.  
The living room is littered like a tinker's  
until the painting dries. You take a minute  
to add my name to your name on the doorplate,  
gingerly careful not to smear the woodwork.  
You and I agree, the kitchen comes first  
though plaster-flakes are falling in the bathroom  
like the heavy snow that locks us in,  
though old letters have drifted in the bedroom  
and every step we take that way  
is tripped up by the weight of letting lie.

PEGGY HEINRICH

every night i see the dead in dreams

\*

in Altman's shoe department  
i see her sitting  
my mother waiting  
for me she smiles & waves  
we have lunch in Charleston Gardens

\*

in the park  
my mother in law  
walks by mouth drawn  
lips sealed  
ignoring me everyone  
ignoring me

\*

in my apartment  
i visit with my brother's  
wife who died last year  
the apartment has more rooms  
than i remember

\*

along a New York street  
striped with shadow  
my father ushers me  
men slump in doorways  
elbow us  
the glint of bottles  
narrowed eyes

\*

in an open coffin  
the man who was  
my husband stirs moans  
stares at me  
from heavy lids  
asks why i managed  
his death so poorly

\*

some days i wake with screams chalk grey  
some days i wake with summer in my veins  
every night i see the dead in dreams



PEGGY HEINRICH

grief

snails corkscrew the spine  
snails skewer the tongue  
the eyes of the owl are trapdoors for snails  
dog mouth wide as an owl  
banshee wails like a hound  
volcano the face of a banshee  
deep in the earth the fiery coals

## LAPSED SONNET

After the first frost, the air is burdened  
with light. The wings of gnats and bees thicken.  
They hover, now, in the spaces between green  
blades of grass, between the brown ribs of dead  
Queen Anne's lace, in small red caves in the clover.  
Listen: if we could stay the moment when the bent  
maple and its reflection meet, when water is leaf  
and both. . . As it is we can't breathe  
or touch. In the hand the plucked dandelion  
is luminous-- then, with one lilt of wind,  
the bright galaxy collapses, and we, I confess, breathe  
more freely watching the last dull gray filament  
drift across the surface of our palm.

Listen--

if we could admit last night we both drew equal  
sustenance from the cold night air, the distance  
between us, between us and the stars--  
if we could admit we choose to chart  
our way by fixed constellations, who  
would blame us? Orion? The Bear?  
Light, your hand on your collar, turning into light, turning  
away. A moment, I confess, I thought of those tremulous

*SHEILA E. MURPHY*

ACTIVE CONTEMPLATIVE READING MERTON  
IN THE LEAVES

We invent our own  
Cloisters, often  
Identifying someone's breaking  
From loose chains  
With twinge of agoraphobia:  
Nettles, convincing enough  
To leave hurtful  
And invisible traces  
In the skin,  
Of lives that were  
Or might have been  
Lived outside

Whenever the rough  
Edge of martyrdom  
Rises from the page  
I'm willing to smooth it,  
Sacrifice still bleating  
Somewhere in the distance

And it is autumn  
Again and again.

*SHEILA E. MURPHY*

JOB INTERVIEW

My horoscope says don't try  
To second guess them. Answer  
Honestly. Be yourself.

I'm wearing a wetsuit to the interview.  
I don't want to be out  
Of my element, or lose my own  
Warmth. Just in case  
One of them is deaf, I'm learning  
Sign language.

I've rehearsed all the answers  
To all the questions I know.  
In the middle of the dress rehearsal  
I needed a new oxygen tank.  
And for a whole week  
I've had the hiccups.



CRAIG WEEDEN

PUG DOG GOES DEAF

Mr. Brooks is baffled  
by Oscar's plight.  
Self-abuse?  
Moon rocks?  
Tight collar?  
Mr. Brooks buys  
hearing aids,  
but the plugs drop  
from his pug's  
flopped ears.  
One of God's secrets,  
Mr. Brooks  
says to the room  
grown huge  
as the space  
of unanswered calls.

WILLIAM FERGUSON

THE WATERS OF TITICACA

You seem to be complaining a lot about this falling sensation, not to say it isn't serious--on the contrary!--but you seem to have lost contact with *things*, the feeling for real things, bridges, artichokes, the sex act, you know what I mean. You should really try to establish a base. You might try to imagine some absolutely flat surface, like the waters of Titicaca in December; those utterly flat waters in the December heat, imagine, that great depth contained at that great height, and all you feel is the smooth gong of the water, resounding softly, never hotter, never colder, all year long; imagine that and the falling will surely end. Never imagine what has no counterpart in things; don't imagine, say, a tidal swamp of magnesium sheeting, or the idea of Kansas in the mind of Homer, or Yggdrasil reduced to a xylophone--on which you, untrained as you are, could in any case never hope to play. You need some utterly real flat surface, not necessarily Titicaca, which doesn't seem to be working; try a landscape instead, not around here, something in Iowa. Make it all rich black earth and a dark horizon. Keep it dark; don't let the sun slash through it now, almost before it exists. But now I see it doesn't exist, you aren't imagining at all, are you. Or rather you're doing something completely different: you're imagining someone imagining. Well, I suppose it will have to do. It's not as good; but I think it may be inevitable in cases like yours. The problem is that in an imagining of the second degree, as this phenomenon is called, it's so easy to project the unreal (I mean the unthinglike); it's impossible for us to conceive of an eagle of infinite wingspread, but there's nothing easier, or more facile, than to imagine a man imagining such a bird.

But let's get back to the problem at hand. You were asked for an image of something flat; instead

## WILLIAM FERGUSON

you've imagined the face of a man imagining the sea. We'll make do. It's a good face, full of pleasure in the horizontal; the eyebrows are thin-haired and bushy all at once, the mouth is as if pursed against fraud, the eyes have something touching in them, as if they had felt pain a long time ago but ever since had thought: it doesn't matter, my supposed sufferings are no greater than the troubles of those poor bastards working out there on the...that's no sea, it's a field full of machines (what can you possibly be thinking of?), machines growing horribly like vegetables, long flat belts, gears rotating slowly on their sides, little versions of large harvesters lying next to the grown ones, as if suckling... this image is unacceptable; you have to redo the face. Make it a woman's. That's better. Now the field is a field of force, a great flat magnet, and we are at the positive pole. Everything, from these eyes, will be swept forth and stunned by the horizontal positive, meaning life, if my theory is correct--and I have reason to believe that it is.

But in the midst of all this the clouds are undeniably high over your head, this storm about to break (are you imagining this too?), this storm is no horizontal counterpoint but a flash from the family of harmonies, the vertical, the dead; no wonder it seems to be made of metal, like the future! When the lightning strikes it will be unavoidable, you know that; but you must imagine a man imagining his own death, or I suppose you'll wander the earth forever. And now it really does strike you, but it isn't lightning, it's a waterfall of faces; they keep plunging down over the cloudfront and soaking through you like rain through an old stone tower. You are surrounded by a flowing, expanding surface, like a field of butterflies resounding in your astonished eye; you seem to be imagining your children, that's all; don't be afraid, son, and don't stop because of me. You aren't falling any



**WILLIAM FERGUSON**

more; they are. They flow from the sky like Ganges; they drift away from your body like new snow. I was wrong; everything you have ever thought about them is true; everything I thought they could not be, they are. They fill the world, land and sea alike, with their tiny cries.



PHILIP B. CROSBY

MY AUNT FROM NORWAY

Born of Olivia  
of Alesund  
she sits ancient,  
a hammered silver pendant  
nearly a breastplate;  
wrists sliding in bracelets  
heavy as oarlocks.  
She uses old words  
like "enemy"  
and laughing  
our fingers have grown  
into one fist  
exposed like the roots  
of a fallen tree.

GUDRUN MOUW

DREAMING OF A CARAVAN  
for my stepson

I wanted to ride the elephant  
but got the camel instead

In this journey even the camel is thirsty  
walking through the streets of the city  
alongside a body of water

The camel lurches and grins  
a cigarette hanging from his lips  
sniffing out a drink  
humping towards the steep bank

I pull in the reigns and yell  
we can't leave the caravan wait

The camel turns his head and spits  
drinks from a puddle on the pavement  
and lunges through the crowd  
after the elephant's tail

I'm the only one upset  
about the way this dream is going  
no one even stops to stare  
at the strange beast in their midst

He knows I'm mad  
and vows to pay me back  
hunching his hump  
to throw me out of step

I know all about spiteful children  
at the far edge of the platform  
he carries I hold him back  
locked in a foul temper

Everywhere people go about their business  
as if nothing is wrong

MIGRAINE

The head has a pulse of its own.  
A dazzling flare ignites the brain  
and light locates its core  
where the nerves converge.

Silvers and blues scintillate ruthlessly.  
Certain mystics have mistaken  
these colors for God.

There is a purity in this fault,  
a single crack in the mirror.  
Veins swell, contract;  
a black bird beats  
its wings into flame.

## SPONTANEOUS GENERATION

Between the faucet's drippings  
a reed voice creaks, hesitant to sing.  
It's the same voice I once searched for  
among cattails as a black bird landed  
and folded blood-red patches into body.

More days than I can remember  
the garbage disposal has grated chicken skin,  
orange peels and bread crust.  
Something more than mold  
has germinated in this trapped pond.

That evening the mat of broken reeds  
floating along shore sang  
to the rusty moon lighting the pond's green  
skin. Listening until I knew where,  
I grabbed for the creature of uneven song  
and found only water and silence.

Listening for the voice of chicken  
skin, orange peel and bread crust,  
I crouch over the sink with my flashlight--  
its beam shines like a stainless steel moon  
any frog would sing for.



A.J. WRIGHT

night and fog  
(december 7, 1941)

all day i lifted stones and cut the wood  
and saw no one:  
the cold air fit me  
like another skin;  
the sky remained a dull silver,  
the color of razor blades.  
a leaf may have fallen,  
but i didn't notice it.

i cut and lifted  
until the absolute darkness of caves  
clustered in the heart.  
returning home  
i must have died along the way;  
in the kitchen i felt  
as if i had merely walked  
across a room and back  
and found my starting place the same  
but a different person in it.

later  
(the cat a puddle of fur and bones  
in my lap)  
the wood stretches and yawns  
floating in the fire.  
shadows whisper at the walls,  
but now i see no need  
for any conversation.

A.J. WRIGHT

prime time

in another age giotto might have used her face  
as the model of angel's---a liquid halo  
of blonde hair surrounding the pale eyes,  
the full lips pouting for the glory of god.

in these days of modern times her face  
is used by other men whose point of view  
alters like a finger in water. instead  
of the angels dancing in a human head,

her eyes reflect a hangnail moon  
that precedes the night rain---the storm of words  
dividing a man from his own darkness.  
tonight her face is talking from a fresco

damp with electric dots. her smile's beatitude  
could sell me anything, even myself.

MIKE FINLEY

SALESMEN

have surrounded your home.  
They sleep in shifts,  
handcuffed to black satchels.  
They demand one of your party hostage,  
but you are alone,  
you send them a message:  
No Deals.

Tonight your attempted escape  
was anticipated.  
As they gather around the car,  
you turn up the volume,  
wheels spinning  
tirelessly.

MARILYN BASEL

SNOWSHOEING

Your water-blue eyes are suddenly hard.  
On ice like this I expect to fall. My feet  
turn inward and I fall toward myself.  
You are better at this. I can't catch up.

Once you told me how to backpack on snowshoes.  
Your eyes widened, reliving the risk,  
daring me, daring the snow underfoot  
not to give way.

I wish I could join you there, accept  
the surface pleasure, learn to carry  
my body now heavy with interests  
over crests and deep drifts  
without falling in.



MARILYN BASEL

TO A MAROONED FRIEND

Imagine you are happy  
with the lover who calls you  
Silly, Baby, Houseboy  
in front of everyone.  
She shows us a glyph  
that pictures your union:  
she is a rose, you a salmon  
nosing toward her dark center.

It is a trick.  
A rose has no throat,  
but she wants the part of you  
she can swallow, the blunt part  
that lunges and whips like a fish.  
Even if her corolla were large as a room,  
walls athrob with hypnotic perfume,  
do not think any fish could survive  
in the powdery lap of the rose.

JANET KRAUSS

My mother is

the child in half-light at the piano,  
the young woman who married the soldier  
for the morning light in his hair.

My mother is Lena  
who left the whisper of Leah  
by some stream in Minsk.  
Her shadow guided her steps  
and kept her dreams waving  
high among the new leaves in America

until she was bare  
as a winter tree rocking  
her name in the wind.  
Her dream fell brittle as a leaf.

My mother is drifting  
back to gently lead me  
into winds murmuring,  
"The wrong way, the wrong way,"  
as she used to go  
dazed by the blunt end of the wand  
to walk right instead of left  
left instead of right.

She drifts back  
but I push her  
into the fields  
where tall grasses carried  
her name near the stream  
in the first spill of morning light.

*JANET KRAUSS*

As evening falls...

a boy waits  
long after his cat  
drops away  
in search of worn  
and warmer places.

He waits to see the stars  
so he can murmur wishes.

He watches shadows  
wing his house  
and windows blow  
like candles before  
a ceremony. He watches

until a door opens  
where legs scissor  
a wedge of light.

He cannot see the dark  
for the glare.

M.R. DOTY

A LETTER/SONG FROM AN UNBORN DAUGHTER  
TO HER FATHER

1  
Even though I have not yet  
been born I feel my six brothers  
move about the rooms  
my mother some desert falcon hung in her eyes  
winters in the gatehouse  
overgrown with gooseberry grass  
strung with white bats in camphor vines

Her hands hard  
abrasive as peasant's window paper  
take down the croaking words  
of Galway as he rides through the islands  
on his fine red mare

She wants us home to the bright horn  
where she can put asterlilies  
on our cribs cover our beds  
with green shirts

Nightmares come to her  
of a girl dancing with yellow combs  
under her hat I feel her upon  
the leaky floorboards at night walking  
a blind primadonna from an old opera  
that never opened  
her stage had no rehearsals  
she let the pepper trees of the Sonora  
seduce her into believing  
fish built fires in canyon streams

When I am born I want to see that desert  
now as I swim unformed in Nara  
kneel on tiny spines of cactus  
they uncoil in my long watery bones  
the wind hauls me out  
in its headress of acid and cold mornings



*M.R. DOTY*

wants me to move  
through seven angels of crucifixion  
wearing its slippery place  
I will watch the seasons' breaststrokes  
as I go up down  
suck on hanging roads  
to your bed half pierced only to  
tell eclipses can fill a house  
on Palm Sunday

I find a nation in my father  
a country of hoarfrost old scaffoldings  
radiant footprints alabaster notaries  
coastliners a cathedral of small roosters  
gospels for a pale body seven scriptures  
for seven children a Damascus  
an acolyte stands in  
he pulls the needle and thread  
through me until I am the wafer unrooted  
springs me anticoronal into his guardian seed

I am him though I am  
unconceived voiceless sightless  
he pulls this land through my skin  
and I am alone in a sea of veins  
with no hair no fists to push  
against his heart where nails rattle

2

It is like this I take you  
for a walk under my mother's dress  
without a cup at my lips  
but skyhooked burned over  
with your face my father

Like your eyes I climb  
in my brother's clothes  
mummied in my own jail  
knucklebone and nameless  
having only one syllable  
from the spoon's mouth

M.R. DOTY

The roar of my six brothers  
come first but name me  
bring my body out into the trees  
for I come of bark chalk and asphodel  
leaking in tunnels of she-wodwo spells  
but altered then by the pull of your  
throbbing for I am not a gypsy's brush  
thick with whitewash  
but a snap a drift  
your sigh out of the deathsheet  
your reedflow  
your tongue that strips everything  
to brilliance brilliance

You and my mother on some bank  
in Nice against gated lenses of 18th century  
lampposts with a dead straw Christ  
on a streetsign you crosshairs scalding  
in a European rain found my face  
on an Austrian napkin opened it  
as you pulled back the head  
trying to interpret me  
a train came blackened us  
and the map you were going to make  
to take me home

You tied my throat in an oily  
dishcloth and bought a mirror  
through your glossy cells  
I saw my hum unroll grace my  
untitled skull  
shoeless I have followed you  
everywhere

3

In my Nara a turtle swims  
an incendiary fused flesh  
we go down through diurnal darkness  
like twice eaten rice in his  
rapids I breathe the blood of

M.R. DOTY

you father whose lungs  
 explode us as a blue sulphur match  
 and we see a ram without bones  
 lighting cold biestlings  
 my first brother who was notched  
 into your wrists who spread his hair  
 like bandages over your arms  
 out of this river whole  
 I will peel the moths  
 from my mother's eyes  
 take the terrible vowels  
 from your forehead  
 and you with my grandmother's tablecloth  
 will wipe away the sealash

My mother at night when owls  
 banter in caves over the hills  
 drops blue flowers like electrodes  
 throughout the rooms  
 inside her belly I hear their stems crack  
 splinters of odd names you will give me  
 I shall come high collared  
 sit in a voile dress  
 in a Hitchcock chair  
 even the mayor will want to show me off  
 Already a widdershin he'll say  
 and two good thumbnails and two teeth  
 let me give her the silver knife  
 she's a catseye cloud a buttonhole  
 a gum tree with armpits of ice

No says my mother she is  
 a cradle of leaflight and tar porcelain  
 and we don't like your paint Mr. Drues  
 we will take our child through the corridors  
 her ears are like nothing I know  
 so you can't have her for your parades  
 she's a pulse a way of remembering  
 you've got your colors and your timing  
 mixed up she's my marchflare our landshed



M.R. DOTY

she's her father's pines so take the margins  
of your white hawthorn dreams and go back  
to your canterbury

4

She dresses us for mass  
father would you have me go  
what songs would I sing  
what would I do with the wax  
the priests poured down me  
your shoes are glaciers  
I slide on now in Nara  
though I roll  
some inarticulate crochet ball  
in my mother  
I know what they're doing  
the landfill man keeps making passes  
at my mother she says he has the white eye  
and so keeps away she wears your clothes  
to church like a bowl of sparks  
the old midwives keep throwing lots  
whispering what child will it be next  
inside you inside her  
how far does a midwife go  
beyond her omens  
the priests bless us reluctantly

Galway's horse canters  
in my blood  
don't make me the serfchild to my brothers  
I will have eyes a voice  
I will hear gatherings  
will be dust in its fiery dry circumference  
become feet and face and lie down  
with you when I am older  
now I'm nondescript but continuing  
contracting scattering  
I have my raft  
my bowl of ash



M.R. DOTY

My mother misses your gravel hair  
 hazy the way the sun does when it  
 cuts us in two  
 instar bankweed and mud  
 she takes wings from you  
 rises each night over steeples to find you  
 the aldermen think her mad  
 she is your image forced between the bells  
 only she doesn't land  
 she goes on  
 through pines of a little country  
 you once knew rising out of herself  
 slant winged and many eyed  
 she reads your letters thinks  
 this flight will bring you home in the village  
 old mace-shelling women tell  
 her to swallow appleblooms green  
 so that she might vomit demons  
 who will save us

My mother has the laugh of a crisp hibiscus  
 only cold will kill it  
 and so she does not listen  
 not to priests the mayor the sisters  
 midwives not even the gypsies  
 she has her earth her bloodlines  
 the father of seven children  
 she has her laundry her fish her bees  
 her glue her sons her daughter

Because like you she loves  
 animals who cannot sleep  
 because they wait for a country  
 will you take them

She sings animal songs long into  
 the night all your sons have gone  
 to sleep with animals' songs  
 from unawaking I have seen her  
 put footprints in limp cheese before dinner

telling my brothers this is the work of the gazelle  
the bear the wolf the marmadot  
the lizard do not kill anything  
we are the meal catching fire

5

I am your daughter  
give me a country  
the land of your body  
to hold green plums in  
let me entwine kiles between  
your poems I am not  
a child of misery  
I am a child of gospels  
without clothes wrapped around  
a chimney fresh with new moon  
three steps down from a fullhouse

I missed the black cherry festival  
the milk that comes from a croaker bag  
but I cut well  
must be the anchorite  
coffin of 38 years of clay  
in my grandfather's good eye  
squeeze the stars together  
smell the carbon as they graze  
to repeat their alphabet  
that slow code you promised me  
breathing quick unbroken  
I steal then back off  
with my wire lullabies

Give me a name  
you drank me  
see me first know  
my birth  
I who was made between you  
and my mother in a liquid dambar  
find my coming glorious  
my sounds visions I want

*M.R. DOTY*

my mother to iron my clothes  
my father to read his books to me

Please tell me when you're coming  
write a letter I cannot walk  
but I will come to meet you  
in new dark my hand a window  
that has always seen the wedge  
of light that will shake you home  
exact with boughs clumsy with joy

M.R. DOTY

IT ISN'T GOOD

to mistrust the largesse of angels,  
isn't good to smoke too much  
or wear tight shoes.  
Hats too small for you  
blow off in the street.

Cafes, conversations under awnings, green canals,  
cupolas, the trolleyman who watches crows  
return every night across the river: all forgotten,  
and it isn't good.

It isn't good to be too far  
from a packed suitcase,  
to lie too long in the snow,  
wake up not knowing where you are.

The shadow leans sadly against mailboxes, bored,  
but what will you do, after all,  
send it little presents?

Boulevards and facades,  
the clock on the tower: all forgotten.  
God holds his breath,  
and it isn't good.

Green dresses languish in disreputable hotels,  
rowboats smother face down on water.  
The stars have been expecting us so long;  
it isn't good to keep them waiting.

In a world as small as this  
it isn't good to make broad gestures.  
You have to move carefully,  
as though the air were fragile,  
so as not to break anything.



REVIEWS

(The opinions expressed are those of individual editors. The editor's initials follow review.)

CIRCUS MAXIMUS (P.O. Box 3251, York, PA 17402) March 78. A handsome collection of contemporary poems and graphics. All contributors to this issue show talent in their field and deliver their work well. A collection of poems by featured poet, Scott Johnson, adds to the overall quality of the magazine. EAI

JEOPARDY (Western Washington University, Humanities 350, Bellingham, WA 98225) Spring 79. Address supplied by reviewer; it appears nowhere in the magazine. A good balance of excellent contemporary art and photography. The poetry tends to be down to earth and, while definitely contemporary, is not too far out to be understood by the average reader. The fiction, with the exception of *The Lion and the Dolphin*, a fable, bored this reader. BM

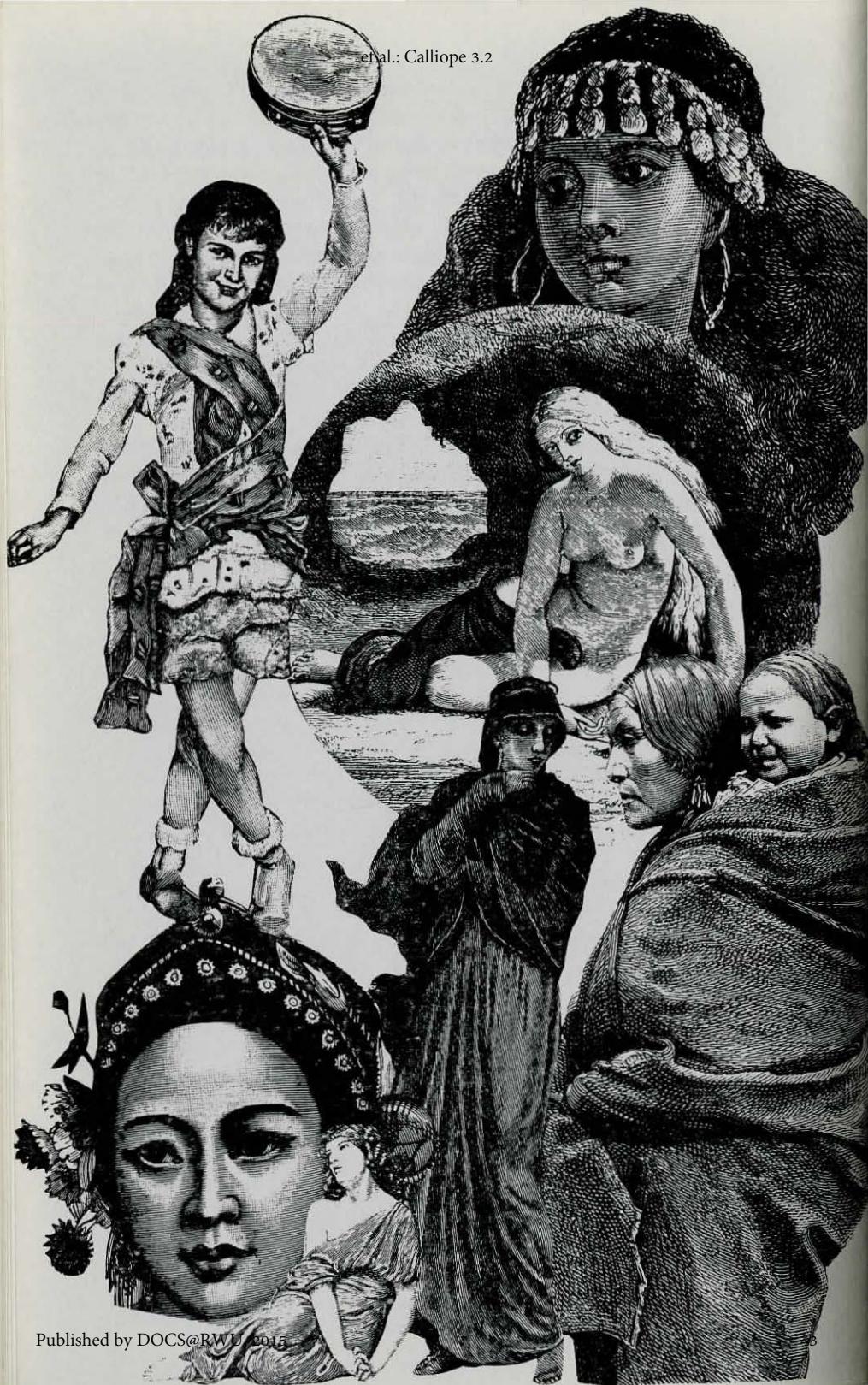
THE LAUREL REVIEW (Dept. of English, West Virginia Wesleyan College, Buckhannon, WVA 26201) Summer 79. A regional magazine by writers living in or writing about Appalachia. This simple yet complex magazine offers a variety of poetry such as *Absence* by A.L. Briggs and *Appalachian Mist* by Lisa Belcher. There is a message in its fiction which leaves a reader begging for more. Strong quality work, simply expressed. RJF

THE PIKESTAFF REVIEW (P.O. Box 127, Normal, IL 61761) Summer 79. Published "whenever there is sufficient quality material to warrant." This first issue substantially devoted to poetry of average quality and pickup from several chapbooks of other presses. One long fiction piece offers slightly better calibre work. Omits contributors' notes. Except for photography and length (70pp) is not arresting. MMJ

*TAR RIVER POETRY* (Dept. of English, East Carolina University, Greenville, NC 27834) Fall 79. Published twice yearly this magazine is a 50 page volume of enjoyable, mostly above average poems. Simple line drawings accompany some poems and the publication itself is finely crafted with an earthy look and feel. Also included are several rather extensive reviews of recently published collections of poetry. *GM*

*SUN DOG* (330 Williams Building, Florida State U., Tallahassee, FL 32306) Spring 79. An imaginative, full-spectrumed issue with thought provoking poetry, strong and satirical prose, and original graphics throughout. *Bringing Back the Ball* by Skip Parvin and Rhonda Pike's *Runner* are two of the pieces which stand out in this issue. Published annually, *Sun Dog* is well worth the wait. *MLF*







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Marilyn Basel is a student at Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio. Her poems have appeared in *Calliope*, *Invitation* and *Seed and Stamen*.

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M.R. Doty's recent work appears in *Kayak*, *Agni Review*, and *Ironwood*. A chapbook, *An Alphabet*, is available from Alembic Press.

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Janet Krauss has had poems in *Red Fox Review*, *Kudzu* and *13th Moon*. In the summer of 1979 she received one of the first prizes in Triton College's All Nations Poetry Contest.

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