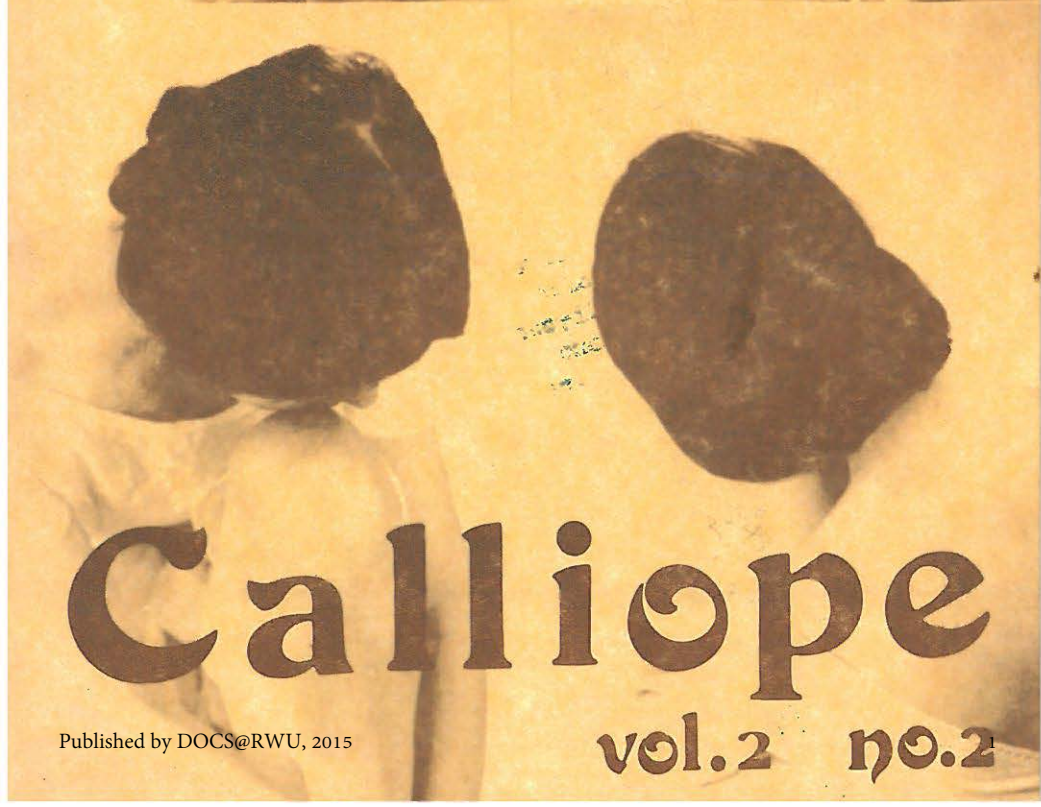


et al.: Calliope 2.2



# Calliope

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# Calliope

Volume 2, Number 2

*EDITORS*

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BILL PEPIN  
RICK SPENCER

*ADVISORY EDITOR* Martha Christina

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CALLIOPE is the continuing project of the Literary Magazine class at Roger Williams College. Students function as staff, not contributors, and are responsible for all stages of preparation and publication except the printing, which is done by photo offset.

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Address all correspondence to Martha Christina, CALLIOPE, Creative Writing Program, Roger Williams College, Bristol, R.I. 02809

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CONTENTS

Naomi Rachel	
<i>taking dictation</i>	4
<i>believing blake</i>	5
David Steinberg	
<i>When the Day Deepens</i>	6
<i>Lunchbreak in October</i>	7
<i>Mason Jar</i>	8
Peggy Heinrich	
<i>Collage</i>	9
George E. Murphy Jr.	
<i>Mother</i>	10
<i>C.O. Camp, 1944</i>	11
David Hopes	
<i>The Grandmother Letters</i>	12
 <i>SPECIAL FEATURE: LUCIEN STRYK</i>	
<i>Martha Christina, An Interview...</i>	19
<i>Lucien Stryk, Six Poems</i>	25
Gregoire Turgeon	
<i>Second Shift</i>	32
<i>Rowing</i>	33
Ronald J. Goba	
<i>recollection 8</i>	34
Robert Allen Papinchak	
<i>Frostbite in May</i>	35
Peter A. Bouffidis	
<i>The Question</i>	36
Ruth Moose	
<i>Mid-July</i>	37
<i>Drought</i>	38
<i>Late Summer</i>	39
<i>Zucchini</i>	40
Richard Grayson fiction	
<i>Fourteen Ways of Looking at My Brother</i>	41
Reviews	48
Contributors' Notes	50

*Naomi Rachel*

taking dictation

i was told  
when i moved here

i would write rain poems

"they all do  
it's as inevitable as getting wet"

four months i resisted  
white sky grey sheets

wetness becoming as natural as fur to a beast

all images bleared

i felt impervious  
smug

through the sound of drizzle  
a knock on the door

& outside on my welcome mat  
stood the poem

dressed in blue raingear  
rain beading from his sou'wester

blurring the smirk on his face  
he begins to recite

Naomi Rachel

believing blake

alone on this cliff

above the sea  
the day itself

is clear to me

all natural things  
reveal themselves as images

like a japanese poem  
three birds are chased

by sea spray  
in the sky

the shadow of their wings

*David Steinberg*

WHEN THE DAY DEEPENS

Look, Child!  
In my brown, salty hands,  
I have an eye,  
The eye of the light  
In September.

Unglazed by cataracts  
Of humidity  
Or smog-stained haze,  
I throw September's eye  
Into the clear, blue skull  
Of day -

And sea-birds,  
Crying, catch hold of this,  
Carry it high into  
The infinite skull,  
And fasten it, at a certain  
Mobile height with minnows  
And old feathers -

And when the day deepens  
Like late-summer's honey,  
The eye, unblinking,  
Paints brown the backs  
Of all children on the beach -

And the sails of the boats  
Tacking down the Sound,  
Those blanched, canvas sails  
Fill with a silent, but musical  
Gold, as they blend like butter  
Into the glistening, sun-struck, horizon.

David Steinberg

LUNCH BREAK IN OCTOBER

The sun only warm, the breeze cool -  
The park at noon contains no child,  
Only the pond of white and wild ducks,  
And chickadees singing in the rusty trees.



*David Steinberg*

MASON JAR

For lunch this noon, a mason jar full  
Of yellow peaches, resting in the glass  
Like lovers asleep in the autumn sun.

I nap for just ten minutes, and dream  
Of lying in the field at home,  
Under the tall oak that stands bronzed  
This month like a sweating smithy, dream  
Of lying with you, your hand stroking  
Only the inside of my thigh, over and over...

Waking, I amble outdoors, full of peaches,  
To afternoon light like applesauce spiced  
With cinnamon, to rake the gold leaves  
The maple tree wept down.

Peggy Heinrich

COLLAGE

circle of yellow sun  
stuck on a pale blue sky  
another yellow circle  
seamed by ying & yang  
let them stick O please let them stick

inches below  
fingers stretch upward  
like the Sistine Adam  
waiting for God's touch  
the other hand coils a racket  
poised to strike O please don't strike

the sun rolls  
the ball drops  
struck  
the man falls  
the picture comes undone undone undone

*George E. Murphy Jr.*

MOTHER

As children, we ran toward the boiling  
pot in the kitchen, fists full of corn,

husking as we sprinted for the door  
in stern awareness of the flavor

escaping like vapor from our grasp.  
Your hair would shine in the window

ablaze like the early going leaves.  
You would praise our speed with laughter

and swing us once above the steam. You were  
the constant explosion in the kitchen, freckles

that we wear like emblems in the sun  
still shining our way through these kernels of light,

still racing toward our homes, our sweaty hands  
frantic with emptiness, gasping for you.

George E. Murphy Jr.

C.O. CAMP, 1944

(for William Stafford)

Years later a poet will cry out:  
"You condoned those deaths!"  
His heart will have been breaking continuously  
for the star that burned.  
You will jog in the dark, feeling your legs heat,  
cause, effect, cause, effect,  
through the red and naked madrones,  
by the cliffs, scuffling over  
themselves into the waters of the Sound.

Tonight, on your cot, in the cool of your sweat,  
you pray for the ibis, tangled  
in the thicket of some father's nightmare.  
You've learned to stretch and click your spine  
loose like knuckles, to play guitar,  
and to sleep, humming with words.

These barracks smell of resin, not gun oil.  
Here you dream of snowdrifts embracing a silo,  
of bright animals walking the forest's edge.  
The sounds of a man's voice taking its shape  
well in your chest.

Tomorrow, in the rain, you will plant trees  
for the government, each with that prayer you know:  
maybe. Deer will watch from the wood.  
The roads you've been clearing will burst  
with innumerable sprouts.



*David Hopes*

THE GRANDMOTHER LETTERS

1

You never saw your father as I did,  
four years old in the polio ward in Pittsburgh,  
him waving from the little window.  
I lost two children. I would not lose him.  
I wouldn't. I braved God as I never would  
a man, and He gave in.  
You did not see him walking over the ridge  
by moonlight with his game leg,  
could only be him, come from courting  
the Izetts girl or what's-her-name who was Catholic.

Close with his talk, his thoughts.  
He came by that honest.  
You with your easy words, you're  
your mother's child. I know that.  
It's OK, because your father was mine.

2

Cahun Carmack,  
he was my grandfather,  
drove the hack to Collensburg.  
Cahun Carmack  
played a black wood harp in the tongue  
of Ireland. They were songs,  
he said, of men who died or  
crossed the sea or fought  
with swords in their hands for love.  
Sometimes a lady-love,  
sometimes for the land they lived on  
and loved like a lady.  
I understood that.  
I went to the hills for arbutus  
and to see the light come to Siloam Creek  
slant from the cliffs like a great veil.

*David Hopes*

Cahun Carmack  
said it was the English that took the land.  
He perched in the hack and wept  
when word came from his people.  
Then I met Oliver. He was an Englishman,  
and I wed him.  
Cahun Carmack turned his head from me.

All my people are buried there,  
Mercersburg, by the Collensburg road.  
Cahun Carmack died the year I bore Ellen,  
and we could not go back.

3

Your dad could have married the Izetts  
girl, pretty, and red hair to her shoulders.  
We all knew her. We were neighbors in Maple Glen,  
where your dad was happiest as a boy.  
But with the mines striking and  
everything bad, he went where the jobs were,  
and met your mother.  
She didn't like me at first.  
She was sickly and I knew it.  
She had fine city things.  
My plates were cracked and nicked, so heavy  
you could only carry one in each hand.  
But she bore him children,  
and it was right between us.

She called me "Mrs" until I cried in front of her.  
I cried again looking at her in the casket,  
all the satin and flowers.  
She had called me "mother" for twenty years.

*David Hopes*

4

As I did when Oliver was alive,  
I take my hair down to sleep:  
all the bright pins, one of them silver,  
the lacquer ones veiny and crumbly,  
put them in a blue cup without a handle  
to hold them until morning.  
Lie down in our bed, my braids  
spreading out gray in the starlight.  
I must think to latch the cellar window  
in the morning...cats down there,  
howling, pushing among the layed-up  
peaches and not breaking one.

The owl is outside my window sometimes,  
that old owl. Can't be the same one all these years.  
I cannot seem to stop dreaming.  
The owl first, then Oliver  
with his face black from the tunnel  
at Vesta Six. Coal. It was pretty in his hand  
when he brought some home to show:  
small, bright pieces, like something to eat.  
In the dream he is telling me what we owe,  
eight children with biscuits in their hands,  
looking at the black rings of his eyes.  
Then he goes away, and my children.

Then it is Dad and my sisters and I  
out in the woods along Siloam Creek  
where it was cool always, and the birds swam  
with their eyes showing, the long-legged birds.  
We lived in a log house by the mountain.  
We made rooms out of stones and moss for carpet,  
gathered arbutus into bundles, sold them  
to young men at the college for their girls.



*David Hopes*

The good times we had,  
my two sisters and a little dog.  
Arbutus smells beautiful. It winds around  
and around under the leaves.

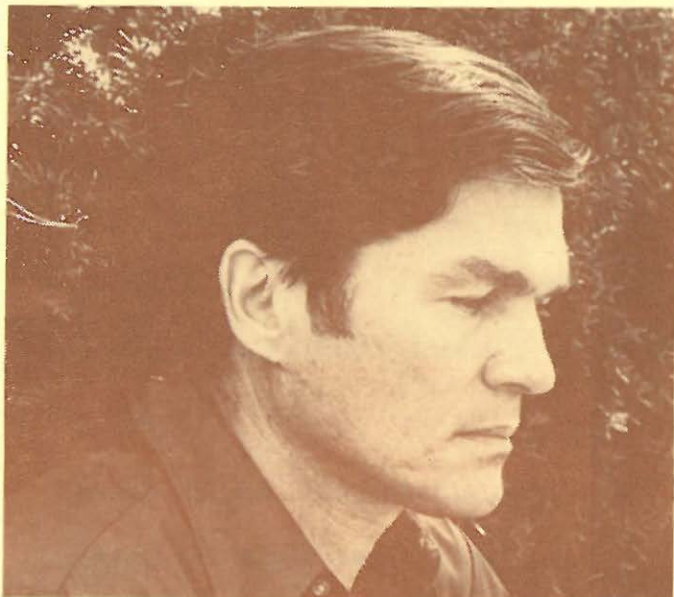
It runs backwards. Dad turns  
around into the trees and sees  
Oliver coming with a bunch of daisies in his hand.  
We are in this bed,  
then Oliver alone, with the black lung,  
calling my name as loud as he can  
and I can't hear him.  
Owl's hooting in the peachtree,  
the real owl, just before morning.  
...Dad and the girls and my little dog...  
They say arbutus is scarce on the mountain.  
I bet I could find some even now.





*SPECIAL FEATURE: LUCIEN STRYK*

*An Interview and Six Poems*



Lucien Stryk teaches creative writing and Oriental literature at Northern Illinois University in DeKalb. His poems, essays and translations appear in a wide variety of magazines and in chapbooks, texts and anthologies. He is an acknowledged authority on Zen poetry and thought, and has co-edited, with Takashi Ikemoto, several collections including *Zen* (Doubleday Anchor), *Afterimages: Zen Poems of Shinkichi Takahashi* (Swallow) and most recently *The Penguin Book of Zen Poetry* (Swallow) which received the Islands and Continents Translation Award. He has published five volumes of poetry and his *Selected Poems* (Swallow) was re-issued in England last year as *The Duckpond* (Oaphalos). In the following interview Stryk demonstrates the grace, dignity and humility which also characterize his work.

Martha Christina

AN INTERVIEW WITH LUCIEN STRYK

C. Reviewers of your work seem inevitably to comment on its Zen influence or its Zen qualities applied to Western objects and situations. For readers with little or no knowledge of Zen could you explain briefly how your own work is influenced by your profound interest in and/or practice of Zen tenets?

S. I have tried from time to time to explain the manner in which I imagine my work to have been affected by my interest in Zen, most fully I suppose in my essay in William Heyen's collection *American Poets in 1976*, but I'm never satisfied that I've said enough and that the little I've said was said well enough. The best way I can put it, I've decided, is to acknowledge the very great debt to Zen my "life" owes. The poetry is simply an expression of that. As to such aesthetic qualities which are always associated with Zen art--terseness, directness, a certain gravity mixed, paradoxically, with non-chalance--they are found, I suppose, in the work of all involved in Zen, whatever the medium.

C. Do you feel the inner peace achieved through meditation is in any way incompatible with the creative impulse? I'm thinking here of the Western view that frustration yields creation (artists and poets whose lives were/are generally turbulent and unhappy).

S. A very good question! Yes, I do feel the inner peace which is the goal of meditation and all aspects of Zen involvement is indeed incompatible with the creative impulse--for the unenlightened like myself, at least. I am not a man of *satori*, awakened, so feel the "incompatibility" you ask about quite strongly. Even if one's life is free of turbulence, even if one is comparatively "happy," as an artist, whatever the way chosen, one is bound



*Christina/STRYK*

to feel restless most of the time. One's work, afterall, is never good enough, one must worry about how to make it better. There's always the quest for the masterwork. Yet, speaking for myself, I can imagine quite easily a much more turbulent, unhappy life without Zen, and certainly lesser art.

C. You began writing seriously at?

S. 17, though only I thought what I was writing poetry!

C. Have your poetic interests (subjects, themes, forms) remained fairly constant?

S. Yes, I think so. At my best I have always been able to move outside myself into the lives of others, individually, collectively. Which is why a number of my poems deal with "down and outers." I hope many of my poems express the compassion I most strongly feel--if they don't, I've failed as a poet.

C. Your poems show a good measure of emotional control. How important is that?

S. Emotional control is important to all poetry whatever the subject. Bad poetry is usually so because the emotion is uncontrolled. The greater the control, the greater the power, something fine poets, including Eliot, have always known.

C. Your language is also very refined. Did you at some point make a conscious decision to avoid expressions commonly labeled obscene or profane?

S. No decision of that kind was ever made. I have nothing against abscene language if the words seem natural in the mouths of the poets using them. I'm not sure why, but they might not seem natural in my own. Anyhow, I tend to be a poet of understatement, as some critics have pointed out.

C. The poems that deal with your immediate family express affection and genuiness; that is, I don't

Christina/STRYK

feel that the subjects have been manipulated for effect. Yet these poems are a very small part, quantitatively, of *Selected Poems*.

S. The poems I've written about family have been perhaps the most difficult to do, because it is at such moments that it is most difficult to control the emotions. I have not written many such poems because the risks are very great, and perhaps because those I have written have seemed to be deeply symbolic of very large areas of my life as husband and father.

C. You speak of yourself as a formalist structurally, but you no longer work with fixed forms.

S. Many of my generation began as formalists, using fixed forms in our first books. I no longer use such forms, but my work does have, I think, clear structure. I suspect that all such decisions are unconscious, i.e., those who feel most turbulence within employ tight forms so as to control material, for the same reason, perhaps, that they seek meaning in disciplines like Zen.

C. "Why I Write" is your only prose poem?

S. Yes, my only prose poem. Obviously I've not felt certain that I could work well in prose poetry. That may change an hour from now.

C. Do you consider yourself a regional poet, like those you anthologized in the *Heartland* series? How important to you is "place"?

S. It is both profoundly important and profoundly unimportant: I do not believe in "superior" or "inferior" places. I do believe that each place contains everything, and must be valued for the richness it is. Especially by poets. In that sense, yes, I consider myself to be a regional poet. But with the qualification, when I'm living in London, say, I'm regionally a London poet. Wherever I am, I find it possible to fit in as poet, and do feel I've written fairly convincingly about very dif-



Christina/STRYK

ferent worlds.

C. In addition to the anthologies and your own fine work, you are widely known for your translations of oriental literature, particularly the poetry of Shinkichi Takahashi. How did your interest in translating come about?

S. First, I wanted to make translations of great Zen poetry for myself--I wanted to know what the Zennists had written, because I found myself grown more deeply interested in all aspects of their lives. For that work I had the help of my friend Takashi Ikemoto. When I discovered that their work, in our translation, had appeal to English-speaking readers, I thought it might be possible to make books of such translations. The rest followed of itself.

C. What responsibilities does the translator have to the original work?

S. The greatest possible. As Pound claimed, he must recreate the spirit of the original.

C. What process do your translations follow?

S. Ikemoto and I work together very closely. We structure a literal translation, using a number of methods. Then it is my responsibility to come up with an English version which will satisfy his very exacting linguistic and philosophical standards. It is in every sense a collaboration, and my chief qualification apart from whatever poetic skill I may possess is my philosophical involvement in Zen, long standing and deeper with every year.

C. There are those who contend that literature must be read in its original language to be fully understood and appreciated. How do you respond to that view?

S. A most idealistic view: I would know nothing of Tolstoy or Chekhov if it were not for translators. How many know Japanese, let alone for the most part ancient Japanese of the early Zen texts?

Christina/STRYK

C. Takahashi's "Words" has attracted a good deal of attention.

S. I can only say I think it a wonderful little poem and am happy to find that it worked out well in a translation. It is profoundly Zen in its thoughts.

C. You have said it gives a sense of an important aspect of Zen thought: we are generally unaware of the importance of our words and should try to be more aware. The words of your own poetry seem very carefully chosen. Is this attention to the nuances of language one of the reasons you generally spend a long time on each new poem?

S. Yes, I spend a very long time on finishing poems; am always surprised to find others surprised at that! I have no theories regarding such matters. I only know that the best of my fairly complex poems, particularly sequences like "Zen: the Rocks of Sesshu" and "The Duckpond," have taken very long periods to get done. I do not doubt the possibility of fast/good work, I just don't do it myself.

C. You have contributed a great deal to literature as a poet, translator and anthologist, and are considered an "established" writer. Beginning writers sometimes interpret that as meaning you've mastered language and line so that writing is easy (and publishing easier still).

S. Writing has never been more difficult for me, and I foresee no time when it will be easier. Which has nothing to do with being "established" or widely published. The mastery of line and language you speak of means nothing to the serious poet, besides they must in a sense be taken for granted. The important thing is to keep developing humanely. Only then will one's work show the kind of advance which will make people want to keep reading it.

C. One of your recent poems was chosen to appear on the buses and trains in Chicago. How do you feel about the concept of poetry in public places?



*Christina/STRYK*

S. I'm very pleased when a poem of mine is made "public" in such a way, while at the same time being convinced that one's finest work may not be received in so public a way. I think any attempt to "bring art to the people" should be cheered, but we have to keep all such things in perspective. I doubt that Yeats's "Second Coming" would have delighted most of those who ride buses.

C. As a teacher and poet are you at all concerned over the direction of contemporary poetry?

S. As all who write poetry I have concerns about the direction of contemporary poetry, but that doesn't mean I worry about it. I don't think of poetry in terms of schools and tendencies, believe that men can bring their art to perfection in many different ways. It's that we look for, after all. We hunger for the individual voice speaking its own honesty. Nothing else can do, nothing else has ever done.

\*\*\*\*

## WHY I WRITE

Someone years ago forced me to learn the alphabet, to spell, finally form sentences of mouth, of hand. Sentences like long streets which, on occasion, led to resonant spots: at one I surprised a bluejay bickering in a pinetree. That blue/green flash carried me along to the next sentence, at the end of which I found two lovers come to a full stop. Thus grew my habit, sentences full of things: wheezy cats, windbagging crickets, whispering old timers, children whooping under bell-clear skies.

These days I just stroll along, casually turning corners where someone in black collects my sentences in a deep white box. I have no idea what he does with them. The other day in a small town, on an odd shelf, I glimpsed a book bearing my name. Tempted to look inside, I hurried on. I'm really far too busy.

*Lucien Stryk*

SOUTH

Walking at night, I always return to  
the spot beyond  
the cannery and cornfields where  
  
a farmhouse faces south among tall trees.  
I dream a life  
there for myself, everything happening  
  
in an upper room: reading in sunlight,  
talk, over wine,  
with a friend, long midnight poems swept  
  
with stars and a moon. And nothing  
being savaged,  
anywhere. Having my fill of that life,  
  
I imagine a path leading south  
through corn and wheat,  
to the Gulf of Mexico! I walk  
  
each night in practice for that walk.

from *Selected Poems* (Swallow Press)

Lucien Stryk

THE EXCHANGE

As I turned from the bar,  
my back to him,  
he beat it through the door  
with every cent I had.

"Happens everyday," the barkeep  
said. I burned for weeks,  
imagined trapping him  
in alleyways, fists ready.

Then his face lost focus,  
I found myself remembering  
the tip he gave me  
on a horse, his winning manner

and his guts. I'd learned  
at some expense  
a truth about myself,  
and was twice robbed.

from *Selected Poems* (Swallow Press)



Lucien Stryk

MAP

I unfold it on the desk  
to trace you once again.  
Though cut off by a smudge

of mountains, ropes  
of water stretched between,  
how easily I spread a hand

across the space that separates.

But this  
cramped sheet, while true,

does not tell all. What of  
that span no map will ever  
show, sharper for being unseen?

from *Selected Poems* (Swallow Press)

Lucien Stryk

BURNING ONESELF TO DEATH  
(after Shinkichi Takahashi)

That was the best moment of the monk's life  
Firm on a pile of firewood  
With nothing more to say, hear, see,  
Smoke wrapped him, his folded hands blazed.

There was nothing more to do, the end  
Of everything. He remembered, as a cool breeze  
Streamed through him, that one is always  
In the same place, and that there is no time.

Suddenly a whirling mushroom cloud rose  
Before his singed eyes, and he was a mass  
Of flame. Globes, one after another, rolled out,  
The delighted sparrows flew round like fire balls.

from *Afterimages: Zen Poems of Shinkichi Takahashi*  
(Swallow Press)

*Lucien Stryk*

WORDS

(after *Shinkichi Takahashi*)

I don't take your words  
Merely as words.  
Far from it.

I listen  
To what makes you talk -  
Whatever that is -  
And me listen.

from *Afterimages: Zen Poems of Shinkichi  
Takahashi* (Swallow Press)





*Gregoire Turgeon*

SECOND SHIFT

A thousand nights run  
down to habit: a dog  
barks at the end

of a nervous rope  
the length of his life,  
wind spills like water

out of the trees, shadows  
burn into walls that  
once again need paint.

A car grinds  
finally up the hill  
to the house. A woman,

one hand on the lock,  
pulls the curtain  
and looks.

Gregoire Turgeon

ROWING

A matter of small sounds:  
oar slipping in the lock's elbow,  
wood and worn metal, wood into water.

The sun sets.  
You draw your coat close.  
I hear it, sleeve on sleeve.

Ronald J. Goba

recollection 8

my father died  
before he hit the ground,  
the red crack in his forehead,  
irrelevant,  
before it dried.

in the emergency  
room, a doctor said  
"a weak heart"  
as the cause of

death  
in her ear.  
my mother, with a tongue white  
from pills,

sits, drilling  
her hard eyes  
through the wall,  
cursing an ice strip

in the way of  
nothing  
that needed to be chopped.  
voices

she hears  
without hearing,  
as  
she reaches

for his face  
beneath the sheet  
in the room,  
in this stuffed air.

Robert Allen Papinchak

FROSTBITE IN MAY

Today would have been a day for a fire.  
Mid-May and still no warm sun.

Spring has not yet come to the city  
though only twenty miles away trees bud  
and blossom in the night.

Charles snores beside me, rustles in his sleep and ignores the cold.  
Cold which comes through the walls and stretches into the center of the room,  
meeting middle-of-winter bodies  
stuffed under thermostated blankets.

Dark mornings are still a part of the day.

Six hours ago I read our children from Grimm's.  
Now they lie in their beds in the next rooms  
remembering chocolate eggs from a month ago,  
reaching into tomorrow to choose some gift for my birthday.  
Will they find the robin eggs again in the nest of the oak  
or will it be still another of those painted cards, strings wrestled from  
Christmas packages and saved all year for just this purpose?

I lie awake confusing Rapunzel with Rumpelstiltskin:  
when desire no longer precedes possession  
all stories of gold are compounded into one.



*Peter A. Bouffidis*

THE QUESTION

When I told you  
I was leaving  
you said, "Why Jersey?"

Like the stubble-faced  
fisherman, drowning  
on the bar stool,  
I been here too long.

Not good enough.  
"But why Jersey?"  
you insisted,  
"Why Jersey?"  
and I smiled.

Watching the smoke  
from a cigarette  
do a bellydance  
on its rise  
to the ceiling,

I was looking, perhaps,  
for an answer  
in the curve of its hips.

Ruth Moose

MID-JULY

trees held in a throb  
of frogs  
hot in the throat  
of night.

My sons  
across the hall  
in narrow beds absorb  
the music.  
Their heads crested  
in feathers, their arms out  
like swimmers.  
They stroke the soft god night.

The dog  
outside listens to whatever  
feet walk the forest or barks  
at the owls above.  
The wren  
in the window  
sits safe on three eggs,  
tan speckled and warm.

*Ruth Moose*

DROUGHT

We didn't have far to look;  
cows licking rust  
from parched dry vats,  
fields burnt as rubbish.  
Not even a wind to touch  
the famished silence.  
The stubble face of pastures  
lay haggard, stone tired.  
Even the fences leaned  
hard toward home  
dazed and gaunt.

Ruth Moose

LATE SUMMER

Too hot  
for even the toad to sit  
bumped thighs gray  
in the dog's water dish.

The air  
pulls moisture from the creek,  
leaves a land of animal tracks  
to the deepest part  
small and settled like a ring of oil.

In this valley  
of vanishing wet, trees turn  
their fingers up, feel for rain.  
Empty-handed, they talk  
about the weather  
and wait.



*Ruth Moose*

ZUCCHINI

Like some hooded Cobra  
I believe  
the right music  
would cause this green to rise  
to greatness. Already erect  
and watching, it listens  
as only a plant can,  
curving its head toward  
the pipe of a ready pan.  
What high air has it heard  
sleeping curled  
in the dark lap of a fluted leaf?  
The trumpet blossoms  
of a slow bell,  
or some low note  
as it lay against the earth  
waiting for breath.

Richard Grayson

FOURTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT MY BROTHER

one

My brother's name is Marc. Backwards his name is cram. Marc never crammed for exams when he went to junior college. He only stayed there a year and then dropped out. While he was there he changed his major several times, from Business Administration to Accounting to Hotel Management and back to Business Administration. He left because he didn't like it. My father put him on the books of my father's company so Marc could collect unemployment insurance for a year. This is what he did. Marc also went to Technical Careers Institute, to learn how to be a TV repairman, but he caught mononucleosis and had to drop out. He didn't enjoy repairing TV sets anyway.

Now my brother is twenty-three years old. He has lots and lots of money. He sells marijuana. I don't know where he gets the marijuana. But he sells it to people named Joey and Jimmy and Steven and Craig and Alan and Allen and Dwyer and Anthony and Mark. They call for him all the time. My brother and I share the same telephone though we live in different rooms. His room is right next door to mine but I only go into it occasionally to get a Q-Tip or TV Guide. Sometimes I have to go into it to leave the many phone messages my brother gets.

The ratio of his phone calls to mine is 14:1. I rationalize that this is because he sells marijuana.

two

There is a hole between my brother's room and mine. Years ago he had an air conditioner and I

Richard Grayson

didn't, so our parents put a Nutone fan in between our rooms in the hope that his cool air conditioned air would come into my bedroom. The fan is under my desk. When I take the chair away and sit on the floor I can see into my brother's room. When he wakes up every afternoon at one he does fifteen sit-ups. Sometimes I watch him do them. Then he goes into the bathroom and puts his Bausch and Lomb softlenses into his eyes. He wears them from the moment he gets done with his sit-ups until just before he goes to bed at night. At night he puts them in a sterilizer to boil, but this method of cleaning them is already outdated. Technology is very hard to keep up with, my brother says.

*three*

When the little girl from next door rings the doorbell and tells my brother that a dog has chosen to die right under where he parked his car, a 1974 Pontiac Firebird, my brother says, "Everything happens to me."

This is not true. Everything does not happen to my brother. Everything will not happen to him. Marc will never be director of the Corning Museum of Glass or editor of the *Journal of Glass Studies* or vice president of the Glass Committee of the International Council of Museums. Marc will never be associate professor of parasitology at Duke University or associate counsel to the Major League Baseball Players Association or associate director of the Federal National Mortgage Commission. Marc will never write a pop psychology best-seller called *I Count, You Count*. Nor will anyone ever say of Marc: "He wins the Hans Castorp look-alike contest 'hans' down." And my brother will never get cancer.



Richard Grayson

four

My brother will get a disease called lupus in three years, though. He will not die from this deasease but he will suffer a great deal. This suffering may or may not make him bitter.

Right now if you ask my brother what lupus is, he will say, "Isn't he that actor who played the muscleman on *Mission Impossible*?"

five

I watch my brother when we visit our grandfather in the nursing home. Our grandfather used to manufacture men's pants. Now he is basically what we call a vegetable.

"So how's business?" our grandfather asks my brother. He does not know what he is talking about. Certainly he is not talking about selling marijuana.

"All right," Marc says.

"How did you get here?" our grandfather asks.

"Car," Marc says.

"So how's business?" our grandfather asks again. He does not seem to notice me, although I was his favorite when he was not a vegetable.

"All right," Marc says again.

All the while they are talking, our grandfather is making strange gestures. He keeps wetting his thumb and stamping it down on the table, over and over and over again.

Finally Marc asks, "Grandpa, what are you doing with your thumb?"

"Can't you see?" our grandfather says.

"I'm separating the 31's from the 32's." He is talking about nonexistent pants.

Marc has a sick look on his face when he hears this.



*Richard Grayson*

*six*

Dear Sri, my brother is typing on my typewriter.  
Is he making a mistake?  
No, he is writing a letter to an Indian friend.

*seven*

The hair is thick and brown.  
The lips are full and pink.  
The nose is small and still has indentations on  
either side from when he used to wear glasses.  
The sideburns are long.  
The eyes are blue.  
The body is lazy.  
The mind is numb from marijuana.  
The bed is soft.  
The girlfriend is tiny.  
The air is thick.  
The room is warm.  
The condoms are expensive with lambskin tips.  
The feelings are good.  
The sleep afterwards is short.  
Because there is no lock on his bedroom  
door, a rocking chair is placed against it.  
This will insure complete privacy.

*eight*

Sometimes, when I come home from a hard day's  
work, I get annoyed with my brother for having  
such an easy life.

I tell my father, "Why don't you say something  
to him?"

"He knows, he knows," my father says. "It's  
hard on him not to be productive."

Then I tell my mother, "Why don't you say  
something to him?"

She reminds me of the last time she said some-  
thing to Març. It cost twenty-seven dollars for  
the man to repair the kicked-in jalousie door.

Richard Grayson

Perhaps I am just suffering from jealousy myself.

nine

When Marc was two he almost died of double pneumonia. Ever since then he has been slightly sickly. He looks robust enough to me, though.

He is allergic to dust, roses, plantain, ragweed, strawberries, tomatoes, shavetail grass, elder flowers and Sherwin-Williams paint. Sometimes I joke and say he is allergic to work.

I caught the chicken pox from him when I was a senior in college. I caught the mumps from him when I was a junior in high school. I gave him the measles when he was four years old. He had scarlet fever in first grade but I didn't get it.

When people ask me if my brother and I are close, I usually shrug my shoulders.

ten

My brother loves his car. He washes it often.

My brother loves his girlfriend. He buys her expensive presents and talks to her twice a day.

My brother loves to play tennis. He plays with our father three times a week.

My brother hates politicians. He never votes.

My brother hates rhythm and blues. He never listens to it.

My brother hates Frankie Parris. Frankie Parris used to be his best friend.

There are very few things Marc feels neutral about. He tells me I am one of them.

eleven

When my brother read *The Forsythe Saga* in college, he couldn't understand why it was considered so shocking for Winifred to say to her husband, "Monty, you are *the limit*."

*Richard Grayson*

He came to me and asked me about it. I was pleased that he had come to me.

"It was just like she called him a cock-sucker," I told Marc. "It was sort of the English equivalent in those days."

My brother left my room satisfied.

*twelve*

I can look at my brother through his own contact lenses while he is asleep.

I can look at him in the rear view mirror while he is washing his car and I am sitting in it.

I can look at him watch himself in the bathroom mirror as he blow-dries his hair.

I can look at him through the fan between our rooms.

I can look at him suffering in the hospital or running on the tennis court or through a haze of marijuana smoke.

My brother can sometimes look at me as well.

*thirteen*

Marc tells his girlfriend: "You would crawl to Paris on your knees to see Peter Frampton naked."

Marc tells his clients: "It's really potent stuff this time."

Marc tells our father: "The Yankees should fire Billy Martin once and for all."

Marc tells our mother: "My sinuses are killing me today."

Marc tells his doctor: "Not *another* one?"

Marc tells himself: "One must strive beyond his limits." This is when he is stoned.

And finally Marc tells me: "Stop wasting your time writing about me. Do something useful for a change."

"Like sell marijuana?" is what I answer him.



Richard Grayson

fourteen

Later, in the middle of the night, Marc comes into my bedroom. He shuts off the *Tomorrow* show with Tom Snyder, which has been playing even though I am asleep. Marc doesn't have his contact lenses in, and it is dark, so he trips over my typewriter. That wakes me up.

"Marc," I say, "If you had prostate trouble, you'd be a bladder-day saint."

"Go back to sleep" is what he tells me to do.

\*\*\*\*



## REVIEWS

(editor's initials follow review)

**OUTERBRIDGE** (English Dept., Staten Island College, Staten Island, NY 10301) Fall 77. Nicely styled, well put together magazine with short fiction and poetry of good quality. AB

**BITS** Dept. of English, Case Western Reserve U., Cleveland, Ohio 44106) Jan. 79. Bits is what it is; short poems, one to a page. Interesting idea, but could be a bit larger. AB

**GREEN RIVER REVIEW** (SUSC Box 56, University Center, MI 48710) Spring 78. Average poems dealing mainly with women's feelings and despair. VJC

**SOURCE** (Queens Council on the Arts, 161-04 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, NY 11432) Spring 76. Above average poems with various topics and themes. Also well-written reviews and fiction. VJC

**NORTHWOODS JOURNAL** (RD 1, Meadows of Dan, VA 24120). The work is good but flawed by organizational problems. An editorial began on p. 36 and ended on p. 33; a short story was to begin on p. 46 according to the table of contents; the magazine ends on p. 36. CNC

**THE LAKE STREET REVIEW** (Box 7188, Powderhorn Station, Minneapolis, Minn. 55407). One of the few magazines I've seen that manages to publish equal amounts of poetry and fiction. It also sponsored an unfinished story contest, "extended indefinitely or until someone writes the All-American conclusion." CNC

**MODUS OPERANDI** (Box 136, Brookville, MD 20729) is more than just a poetry magazine. It has a large editorial section, fiction, a good deal of poetry and a contest for amateur poets. JLG

**FIGMENT** (34 Andrew St., Newton, MA 02101) offered a lot for such a small magazine. I especially liked "Rusty's First Strip" by the editor, Jacob Bloom. Unfortunately, *Figment* stopped publication after its eighth issue. JLG

**MOODY STREET IRREGULARS** (Box 157, Clarence Center, NY 14032) is nothing more than a literary

collage of things Kerouac; possibilities for expansion on this theme are sorely limited. PAG

The fourth issue of "X" *A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS*" (Box 2648, Harrisburg, PA 17105) appears to be work carefully chosen and arranged. However, there is one major type crediting DeWitt Clinton with the work of DeWitt Henry. PTH

*BLUE CLOUD QUARTERLY* (Blue Cloud Abbey, Marvin, SD 57252). Fine writing, much of it didactic, by Native American artists. LJK

*PARNASSUS* (Box 146, Colonial Lodge, Warrenton, NC 27589), uses gimmicks to sell itself, rather than depending on its content. LJK

*DARKHORSE* (102 Beacon St., Somerville, MA 02143). Tabloid format with good integration of thematic poetry and striking visual art. JPM

*THE PIKESTAFF FORUM* (Box 127, Normal, IL 61761). Also tabloid; the only thing that keeps this magazine from being A-1 is the smallness of the typeface. JPM

*SING HEAVENLY MUSE!* (Box 14027, Minneapolis, MN 55414). Subtitled *women's poetry and prose*, has diverse selections of poetry by and for women (and men too). Quality work throughout. BP

*UWHARRIE REVIEW* (Arts Council of Stanly Co., Box 909, Albemarle, NC 28001). Filled with an excellent cross-section of poetry, prose, reviews, and so on. And a special note to James Pratt, author of "Autumn Thing"--good effort. BP

*POETS ON: ENDINGS* (Box 255, Chaplin CT 06235). Warm, quick, lively, smart, strong, sharp, incisive; keen, pungent, racy, poignant, caustic...Mr. Roget and I thoroughly enjoyed this edition. RS

*TENDRIL* (Box 512, Green Harbor, MA 02041). The editors of *Tendrill* have put together a handsome magazine for everyone who reads or writes poetry. Poetry fits its motto of being "concise, imagistic, and evocative." Special attention should be paid their new feature "Writers' Notes;" it's terrific. RS



## CONTRIBUTORS

Peter A. Bouffidis was published in the first issue of *Calliope*. He now lives in New Jersey where he is active in various writing workshops and is studying playwriting at The Herbert Berghoff Studio in New York City.

Martha Christina teaches creative writing at Roger Williams College and is the advisory editor of *Calliope*. Her poems have appeared recently in *Tendrill*, *Vegetable Box*, and *Gravida*.

Ronald J. Goba is Chairman of English Services, K-12, for the public school system in Hingham, Mass., where he resides.

Richard Grayson teaches at Brooklyn College. His stories have appeared in many little magazines and Taplinger will soon publish his first collection, *With Hitler in New York*.

Peggy Heinrich teaches poetry to young people at the Westport, Conn. YMCA. She has previously published in *Calliope*, *Small Pond*, and *Dragonfly*.

David Hopes is a wildlife photographer, long distance runner and liquor store clerk in Syracuse, N.Y.

Ruth Moose edits the *Uhwarrie Review*. Her fiction has appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*; her poetry in *Yankee*, *Prairie Schooner*, and other little magazines. She won the Carl Sandburg Centennial Award in 1978.

George E. Murphy Jr. is co-editor of *Tendrill* and owner of Wampeter Press in Green Harbor, Mass. This is his third appearance in *Calliope*.

Robert Allen Papinchak lives in Pittsburgh with his wife and daughter. He has taught literature, film and creative writing, and has published fiction and poetry in *The Penny Dreadful*, *The Marginal Review* and others.

Naomi Rachel's poems are from a recently completed manuscript titled *Rules One May or May Not Live by in a Cocoon*. Previous work has appeared in *Poetry Now*, *Wisconsin Review*, and *Aphra*.

David Steinberg has had poems published in *The Red Fox Review*, *A Letter among Friends* and many others. He lives in San Francisco.

Lucien Stryk--see page 18.

Gregoire Turgeon's work has appeared in many magazines, including *Poetry*, *Carolina Quarterly*, and *Poetry Northwest*. He teaches at the University of Lowell.





\$1.00

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SPECIAL FEATURE: LUCIEN STRYK

*Gregoire Turgeon*