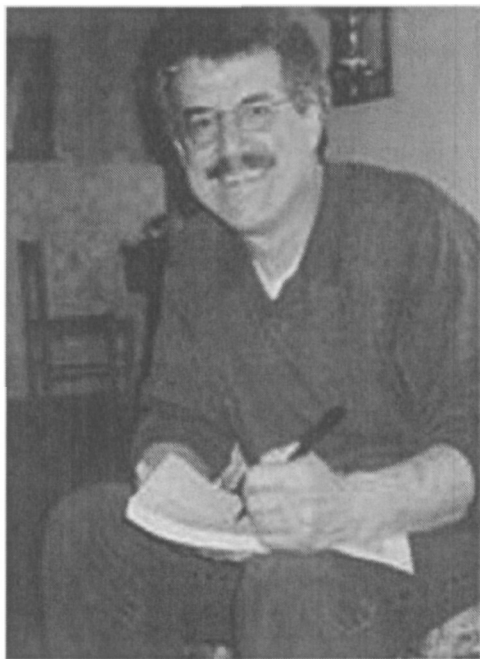


POSTSCRIPT.



David Citino, 1947-2005

It is the custom of most literary magazines to place what are called "Contributors' Notes" at the end of the issue, some bit of expository information about each of the writers and artists whose work makes up the particular issue a reader has just experienced. Normally, we at the *Cornfield Review* would follow that custom, but for this issue, we would like to make an exception. As we were preparing this current issue for press, we received word that David Citino, who founded this magazine and was its editor from 1976 through 1985, and who is one of our great contemporary American poets, passed away due to complications from multiple sclerosis. He was 58.

After all, one can argue that, although it is nice to know more about a particular writer and artist, the work itself on the page should speak for itself, should be, to paraphrase Emily Dickinson, its own introduction. At least for this issue we will let it be so. Instead, we would like to offer this page as a tribute to David, a gracious and generous heart who taught on our campus from 1974 through 1985.

For those who never had the pleasure to know him, let these words of his, taken from the 1984 issue of *Cornfield Review*, stand as his introduction:

Stuart Lishan

Ten years ago, as a student, thanks to the beneficence of good friends, I left this country for the first time and went to Ireland. I walked the Dublin of Bloom and felt closer to my native Cleveland; scaled the heights of Yeats' Knocknerea and Ben Bulbin and understood better the hills around Bellefontaine and Athens; slogged over the peat bogs of Seamus Heaney and thought of flowering beanfields around Marion. I still bear on my tongue the sweetness of the cream, the rank perfume of burning turf and tepid stout. The same words, but changed utterly. If I had three lifetimes to write through I could never get it all down. Such going to other places makes poets of us all. Returning home, like Whitman from New Orleans, we find we have picked up things to say. . . .

Place can be haunting, haunted. Where is the location on this earth where no one was conceived, born, where no one died? Every inch or acre reverberates with the beating of hearts and lungs of the living and once-living. The dead have named every place we can visit or inhabit. What they have left we can sense. Place poems enable us to be in two places at once, to live forever, to leave whenever we wish this confining tent of bone and flesh. . . .

So often the poem that lasts is the poem planted in familiar soil. The compass that points us home. The dowsing rod that, twitching, says *here* there is something good and true. Such poems are maps without which we could not find our way. . . .

Abstractions, so attractive to young poets, are *nowhere*. It is too easy to build without taking care to survey, lay the foundations, dig the well. Without putting down footers, hanging the plumb line in a steady hand. But such poems seldom last. Our senses crave phrases and lines that reconstruct houses in remembered neighborhoods plank by plank, brick by brick, that plot each creek and alleyway, each molehill and mountain, that sound and look like and have the feel of home. I remember reading somewhere that the Druids took the names of trees and stones and made them letters of their alphabet. So should we. . . .

Where? we feel the human need to ask. Nowhere but *here*, poems of place respond. *There*. And therefore, *everywhere*.

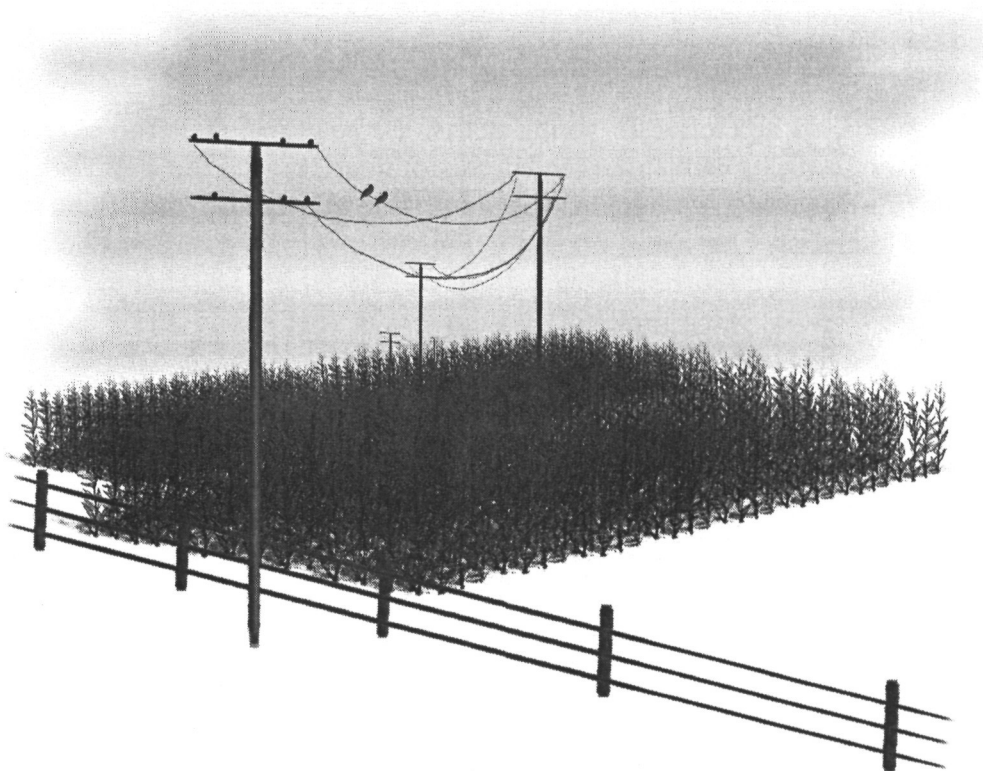
David Citino
1984

The editorial staff of the 2005-2006 *Cornfield Review* was Candace Elliot, Steven Hill, Steph Horner, Karen Kelley, Kelly Krider, Mandy Lewis, Katherine McConnell, Ayers Ratliff, Mandy Schrader, and Megan Simmermon. The layout & design editor was Justin Bell, and Stuart Lishan was the faculty advisor.

Thank you to the faculty and staff of the Department of English at The Ohio State University at Marion: Laura Bartlett, Lynda Behan, Anne Bower, Marcia Dickson, Peter Dully, Stuart Lishan, Mike Lohre, and Juliet Shields.

Thank you to Greg Rose, Dean of The Ohio State University at Marion.

And thank you to David for tilling the fertile earth for the *Cornfield*. . . .





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