

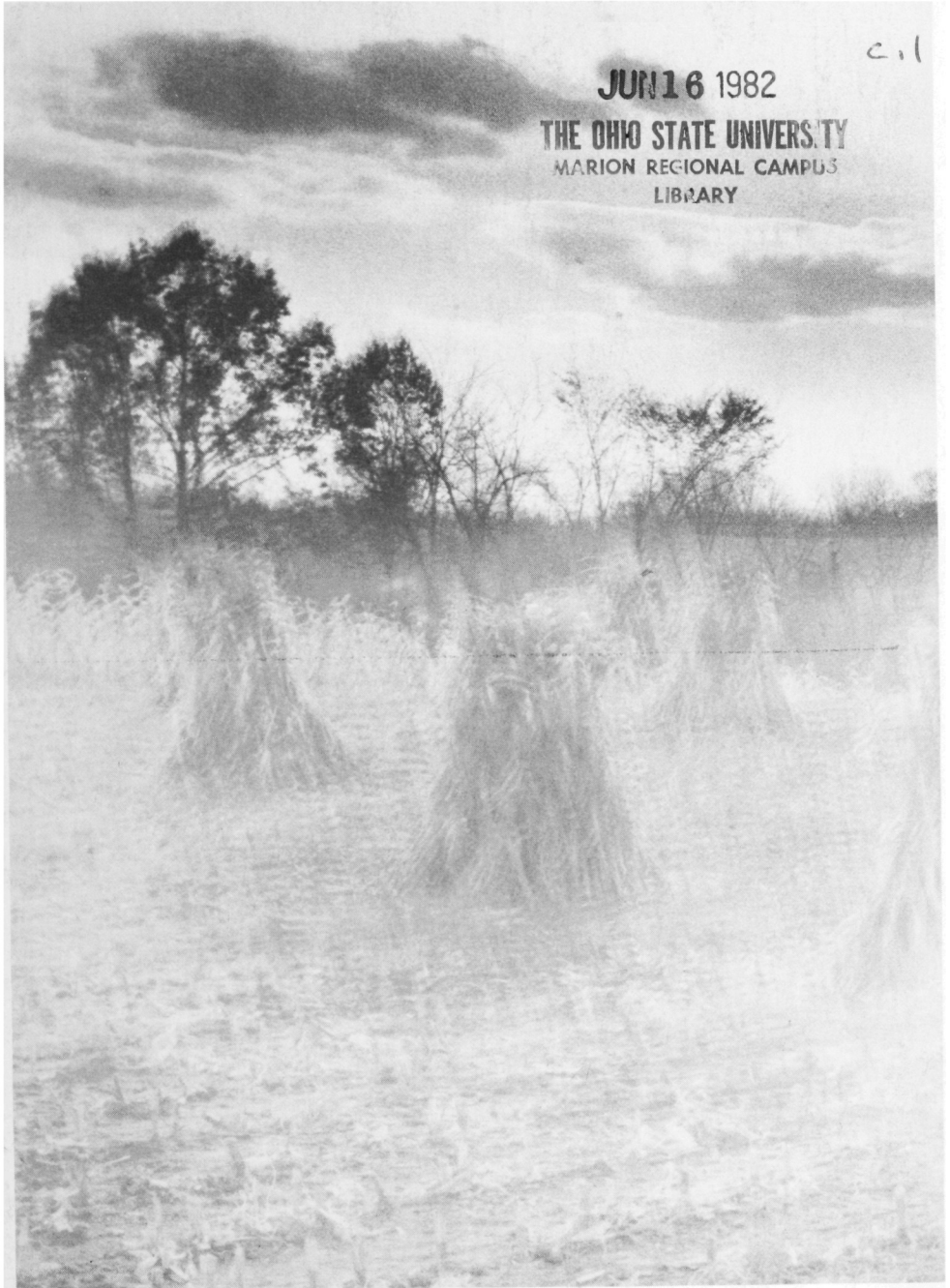
# CORNFIELD REVIEW 7

## 1982

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# CORNFIELD REVIEW

An Annual of the Creative Arts

1982 Vol. 7



Editor: David Citino

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Editorial Board: Wanda Baldwin, Lisa Boblenz, Cindy Holbrook, Cathy Schalk,  
Juli Swartz, Elizabeth Stealey, Kevin Welch

*Cornfield Review* is supported by a grant from the Ohio Arts Council. Back issues are available for \$1 each.

Address all correspondence to: *Cornfield Review*  
The Ohio State University at Marion  
1465 Mt. Vernon Avenue  
Marion, Ohio 43302

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# CORNFIELD REVIEW

*An Annual of the Creative Arts*

1982

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# DAVID WAGONER

*In the Plaza de Toros  
Madrid, September 1956*

Six bulls. And three young men,  
Three *novilleros*, had come  
To kill them, to earn  
At their first *corrida* (and mine)  
The name of *matador*.

The parade of the bright *cuadrillas*,  
*Picadores* on old geldings,  
The brandishing of cornets,  
And a bull came rushing through  
Death's Door, looking like death,  
Enormously black, outraged  
By what this scene might be,  
Quivering, quick, horns high.

While *pics* with their Don Quixote  
Lances lowered those horns  
By piercing, muscle-wrenching,  
Fat-and-lean punishment  
In spite of the bone-breaking  
Lunges against live horsehide,  
The first novice stared  
Hard from the barrier  
In his unscarred suit of lights  
Like an aristocrat  
Insulted by a peasant.  
He entered, flourished his cape,  
And was hooked, tossed twice, and killed.

It happened just like that.  
And after the stunned *chulos*  
Had carried his body off  
At a run, the next in order  
Came out, out of tradition,  
To fight before his turn,  
To finish that incompleteness.

He was as tall and handsome  
As the Dawn of a New Regime,  
And he smiled grimly, gamely  
Above backsliding feet  
Till, trembling, sword in hand,  
He was gored high in the groin,  
Spun up and around and down.  
It took him days to die.

The third, a slim dark frowning  
Round-shouldered hollow-eyed  
Hesitant solemn gypsy,

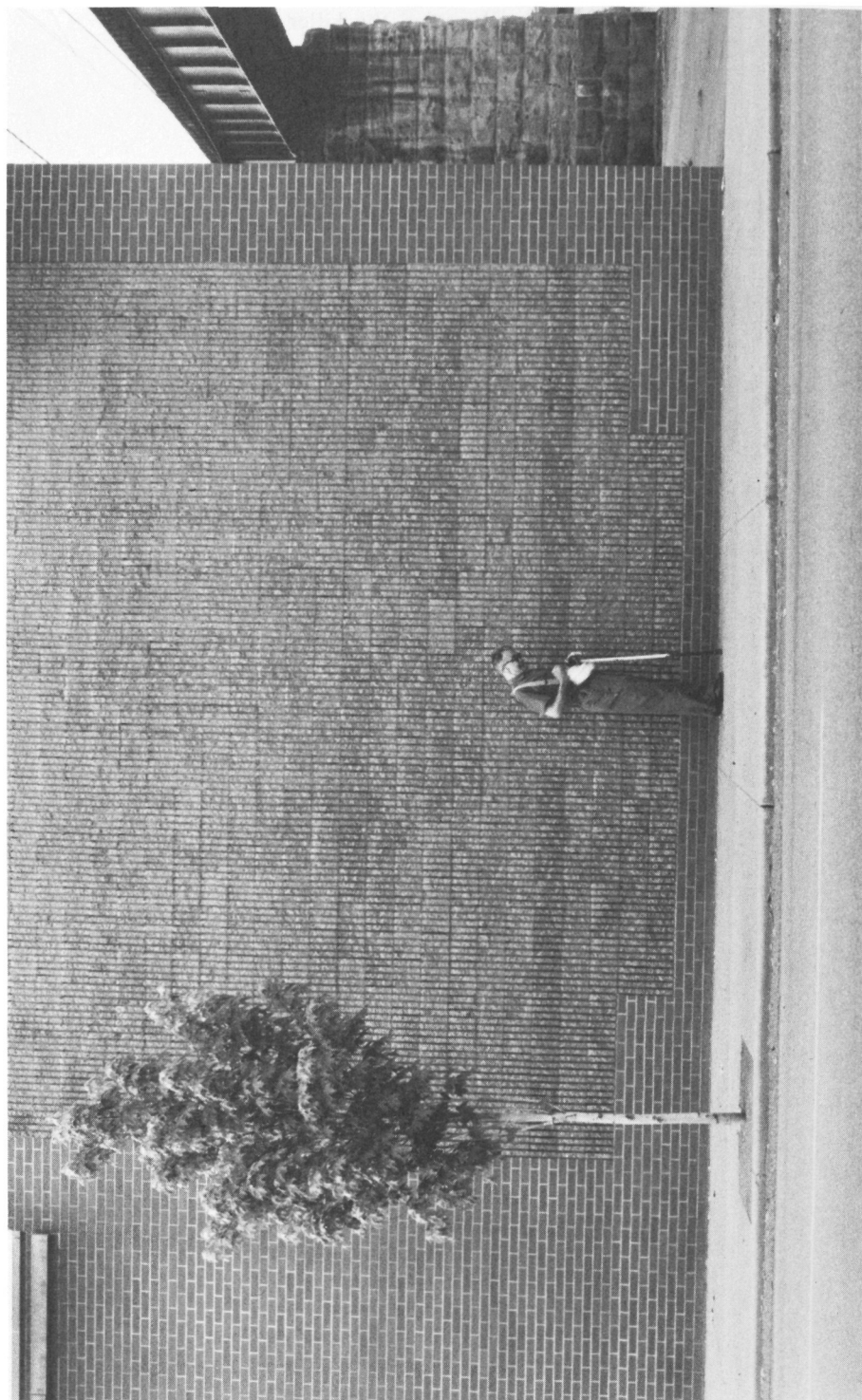
Faced all six bulls alone.  
He finally killed the killer  
But clumsily and "badly,"  
And the Plaza whistled him  
To scorn and cheered the bull.  
But more and more skillfully,  
"Bravely" and bravely,  
He dealt with those five others.

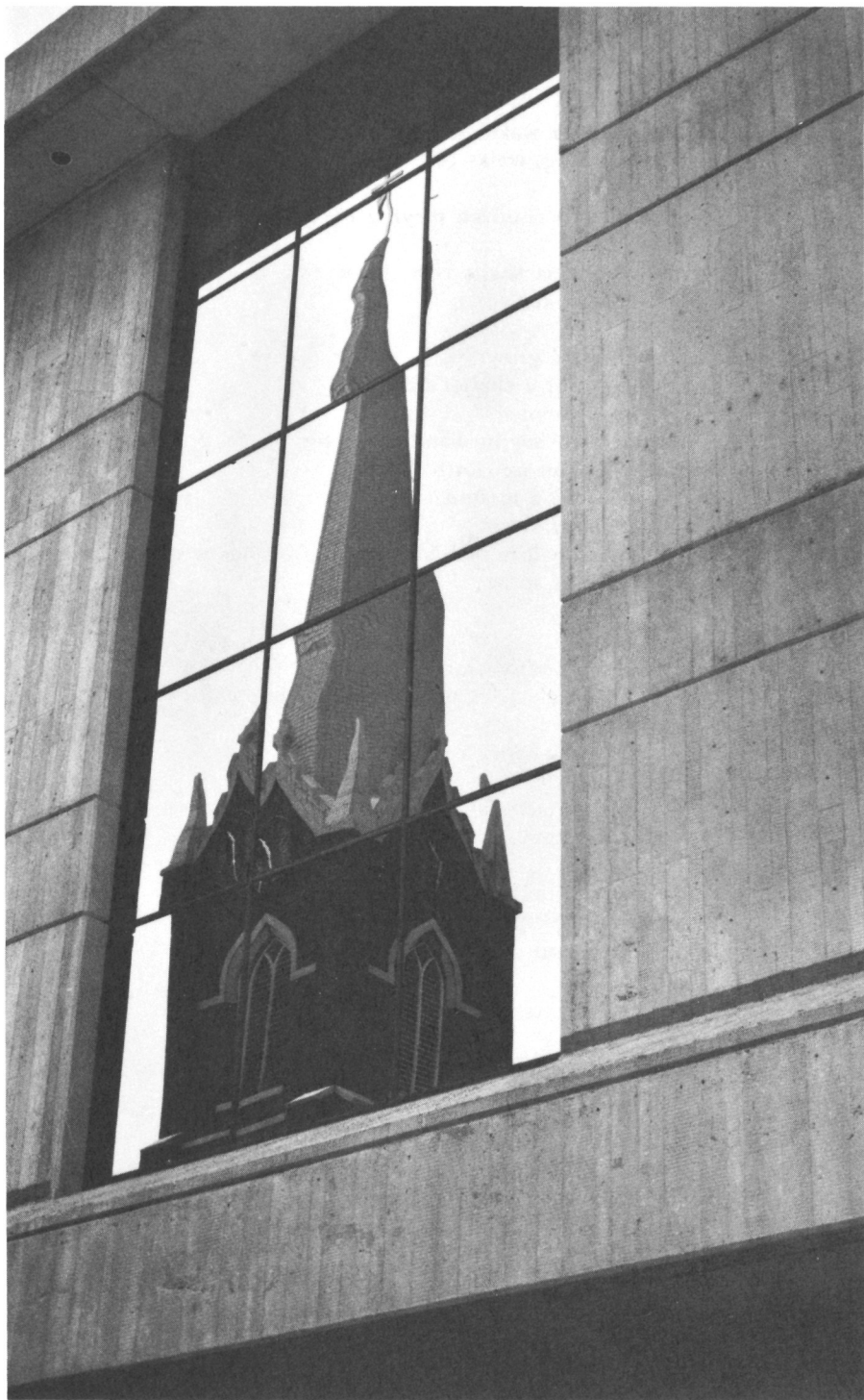
Four more times his sword  
Between huge shoulderbones  
Plunged deep into a lung,  
And the mule-team trotted on  
To drag black shapes away  
To the place where the meat goes.  
After five, his face went gray  
Under the falling flowers,  
And the sixth was nearly the dance  
Aficionados pray for  
In honor of darkness.

The President gave him an ear  
(For a novice, almost Glory),  
And while the band thrust home  
Ear-piercing *paso dobles*,  
He toured the bloody sand  
High on his world's shoulders.

Had any other tourist  
Out in the sunswept bleachers  
Or the nearer, more costly shadows  
Been as full of Dominguín  
And Hemingway as *I'd* been?  
Did anyone leave as empty?  
I could hardly tell the gardens  
Of Spain from the Guardia Civil  
Or death in the afternoon.

If the gypsy isn't dead  
By now, does he feel, as I do,  
That something of his died  
Back then (whatever he did  
In the long meanwhile  
Or earned or learned to want)  
And was hauled away in chains  
By mules or by strange hands  
To be honored under the knives  
Of doctors or pious butchers  
For the gaping mouths of the poor?—  
That he lost that day, forever,  
Some unforgiveable hunger?





## ELIZABETH STEALEY

### *Shells*

Grandmother wakes with the sun  
each morning, walks one mile,  
returns.  
She tells the children playing on the beach  
it's harder  
to find perfect shells now. Most  
wash up broken.

"The island's grown so,  
it's no longer a sheller's delight.  
Do you remember?"  
She turns to her husband, forgetting  
she'd left him up north,  
covered with a mound  
of scentless flowers.  
Last night, before bed, she saw the Naples weatherman smile,  
"Two feet of snow  
in Indiana!"

She thinks of flowers in winter,  
wind rustling icicles on blue spruce branches,  
making music  
like the star shells  
they'd collected together.  
In Indiana, icicles shatter,  
pierce the snow. And

she shivers, pulls the sweater  
across her chest, turns  
to face the sun.

### *Prelude*

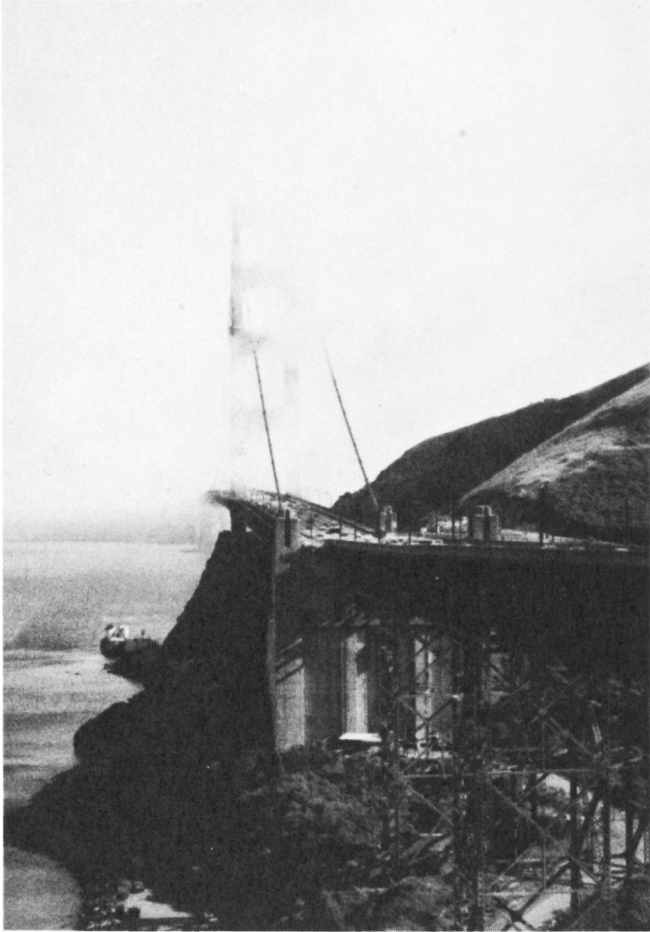
Crisp slivers of leaves catch  
between my toes, twigs and stones  
cut—pleasant pains—remind me I'm real  
as scents, heavy rotting plants, creatures  
returning home, that surround,  
drown me. I lay on a mound  
I made, leaves crumpling like day-old  
newspaper under my legs, breasts, face.  
My grave.











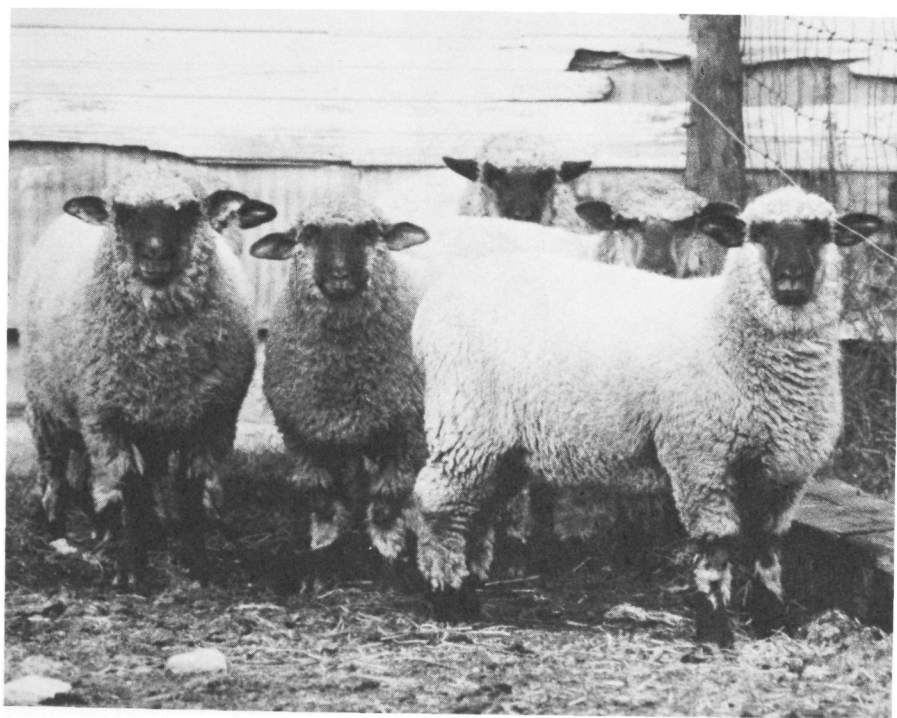


**PETER WILD**

### *Pillow Fungus*

In my fringed mouton shirt  
dyed to resemble beaver skin  
I go out with a geologist's hammer behind the shed  
where the pillow fungus grows even in droughts  
to consider the shattered flagstone left over  
from building the front sidewalk years ago.  
It's lightning the ancients believed grew out of the earth  
whenever they turned their backs, what Moses threw down  
in disgust with himself and thereafter refused  
to bed his wife, became a stutterer,  
a man who could talk only to himself. But I  
have a purpose for this chaos, to build a rock mound  
around my prize cactus the dog is digging out.  
As I work she dashes back and forth  
behind lips that sparkle,  
eyes strawberry wine, looking out from the bamboo grove,  
stealing my tools. Hours later it's done,  
something violent held in stasis, a puzzle  
fit together, with one great green vegetable  
growing out of the middle, much as one can see  
all around here, acre after acre,  
left over from pre-Columbian times that the explorers  
first encountered and unable to figure them out  
nearly gave up their faith, their love  
for their families back home, but saved  
by the knowledge of the clouds,  
gathering mountains of vapor now and then  
cracking open to reveal their silver veins within  
where they pointed with their swords,  
dumbfounded instructors of themselves.







## DEBORAH BURNHAM

### *Light That Behaves Like Water*

We stood in the pouring moon, dressed in that light  
So thick nothing could break it. It fell in curves  
As whitewater throws its strong arcs over stones;  
Its single stream drenched pine, oak,  
And our quiet skins, refused to split.

Each night I turn into my sleep and find you  
Floating in light, saying "Breathe with me."  
My breasts wait for your hands  
That move to me, full of light  
Like cups of water swelling above the rims.

Now the oak labors under snow,  
Pines bend to stones;  
Light hangs on branches like the moon's blossoms  
While I wait to run like water under your hands.

## VICKI SCHWARTZ

### *U.S. 23*

Dark green cows  
clumped in the cemetery  
ruminant  
near leaning graystone heads.  
A looselimb stream  
splays  
by swayhipped shrubs.

## LEONARD TRAWICK

### *Waking*

It's waking up one remembers—  
The middle of the night in a foreign town,  
Brass bed, coarse sheets, trolley car  
Grinding and flashing in the next street;

Or the nurse suddenly there, the tubes, the bright steel;  
Or, naked on a stale mattress, watching  
Streaked panes glorify with sun, while a touch away  
Quiet shoulders stir with slow breathing.

Once I woke, head on my knapsack,  
Cold, stiff from the rocks I was lying on,  
Roused by the glare of a three-quarters moon  
That moved all night across the sky

And still was there when daylight showed again  
The miles of bush and grass and the side of the road  
Where two drunks dumped me as the sun went down.  
No matter, no one was waiting for me;

I lay down on a level spot  
And watched the stars come out  
And became part of the dark.  
Sometimes one remembers the moment of sleep.





## LEONARD TRAWICK

### *Dear Mother and Father*

Your grandson made his Christmas list today,  
Which I wrote down and solemnly  
Sent flaming up the chimney.  
"How does it get to the North Pole?  
How can they read the ashes?"  
"Don't worry, they know what you say."

K.'s at the piano now, flirting  
With that two-hundred-year-old pedagogue  
Czerny, whom she works to please like no one else:  
In the middle of a devilish scale  
He'll trip her with a sudden twist—  
Both burst out laughing at the joke.  
What can it have meant to him, scratching  
Down all that discipline and dance,  
That he'd make such delight  
So many lifetimes hence?

This news, this question, I send you in smoke.



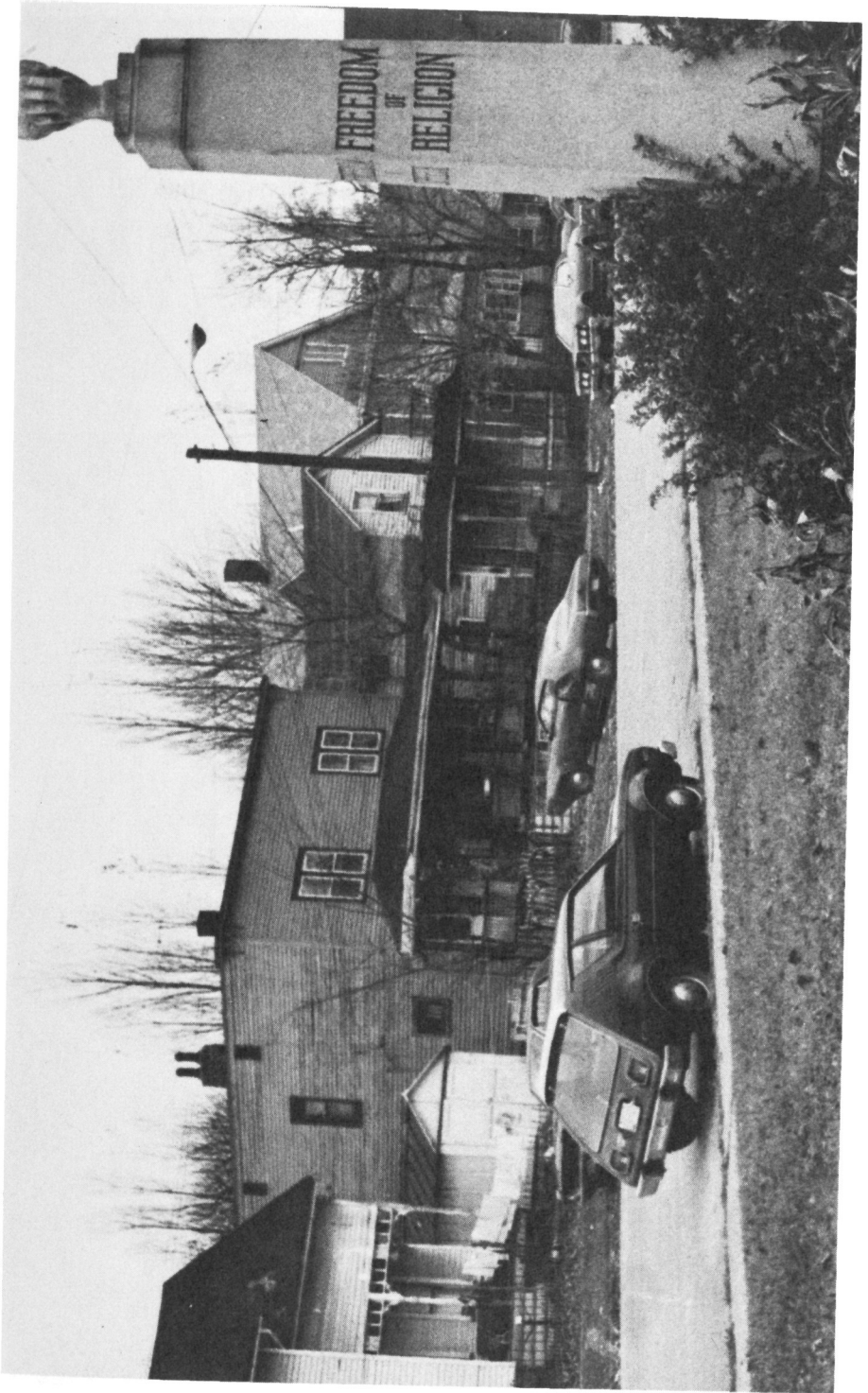












## MILLER WILLIAMS

*Running into Things*  
*for twelve in their pickup trucks*

As lemmings run into the sea, old priests appear  
at the house of Thomas Aquinas and Thomas More  
to fix their faith and Hume opens the door.  
They ran that way before the sea was there.

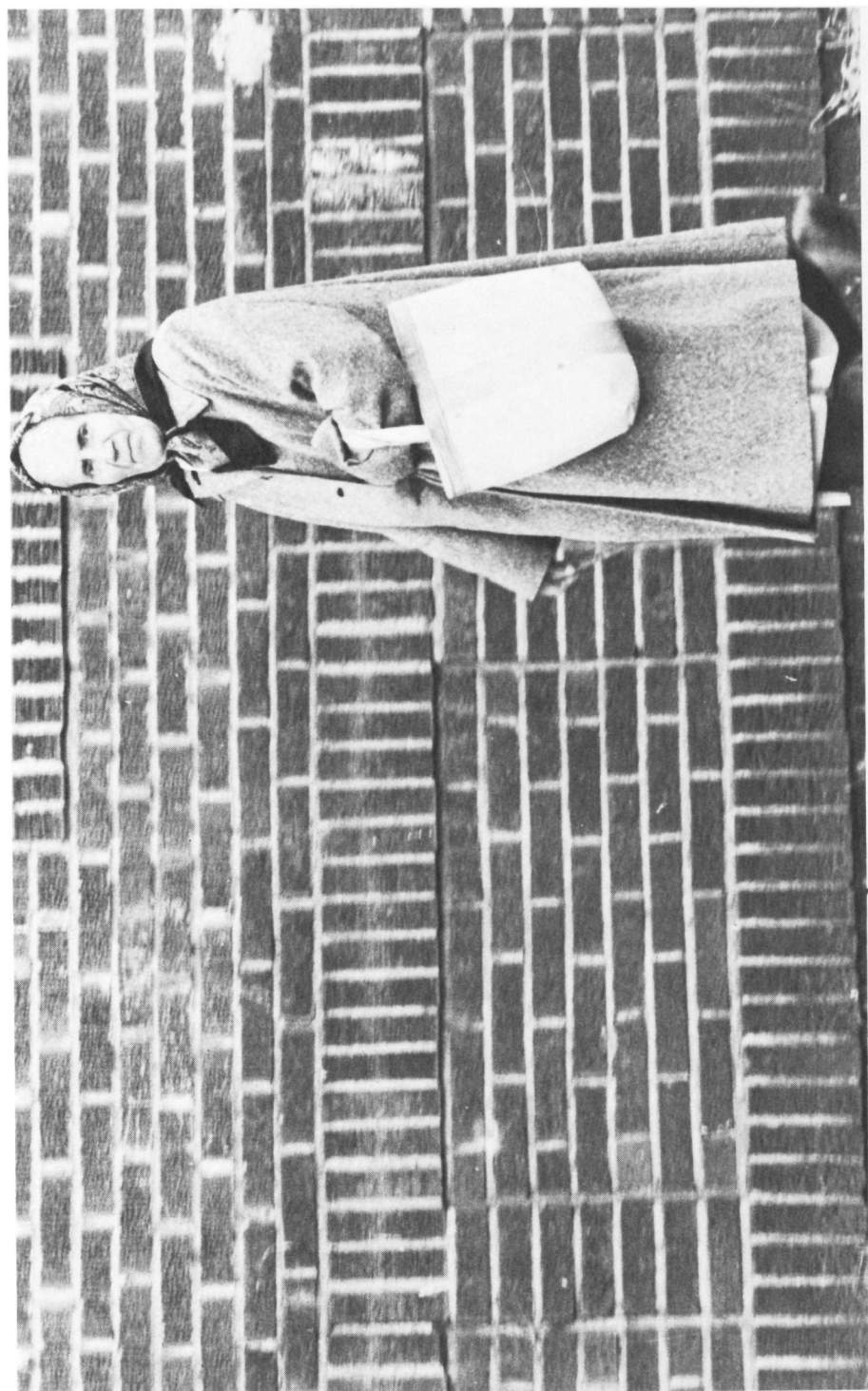
Because they couldn't remember the bypass  
that cut across their roads and cut them down  
a dozen farmers have died coming to town.  
All they remembered was dust, gravel and grass.

*The Sum of its Parts*

The dramatic pause. The bump under the wheel.  
The woman in Greece, how beautiful she was.  
Try to avoid the only subject there is.  
Still there's no point in lying. All of us live here.  
Anyone not afraid of the dark is a fool.  
Jesus why do we keep on doing this?











## NANCY JO RINEHART

### *Apple Time*

The time has come  
For our annual circle:  
Talk leaves our souls  
Transparent as the peelings,  
Words fly sharp  
As the seeds that ring  
Against tin basins.  
Dumping all across the fence,  
We start anew.

## TOBIE S. SANDERS

### *He Bends Hard*

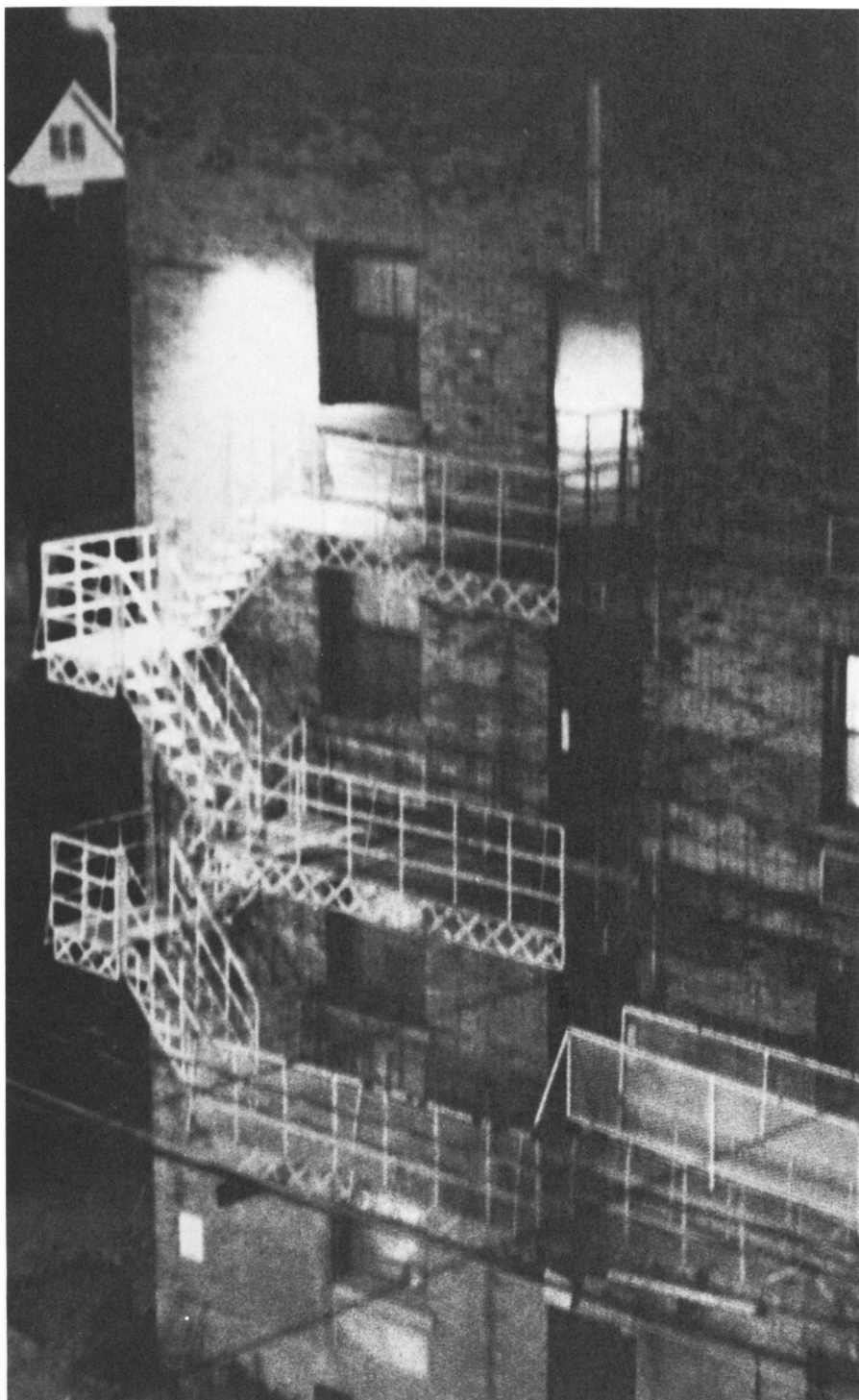
He bends hard over his shovel  
Planting trees to shade them,  
Puts meat in the freezer  
Stacks wood for the stove  
Grows children to want her and need her  
To call her and keep her from leaving  
His home.

Trees shadow her footsteps.  
Fire burns in her.  
The children grow ever further from home.  
For living she chooses to leave him, she must  
Though he bends hard over his shovel  
Planting futures  
Of dust.









# CATHY SCHALK

## *Research Shows*

Research shows that being in a pink-colored room will relax your muscles. Research shows that 1 out of 5 doctors recommends Crest. Research shows that taking vitamins causes you to live longer. Research shows that watching television increases your knowledge. Research shows that boys will do better taking tests with distractions than girls.

Everybody is into research. A lot of the projects people do research on are already quite obvious; people do research on them only to be able to say that research was conducted, and that the results are . . .

Some of the more obvious ones: People take speed. Result: they get high. Some people are young. Result: they tend to live longer. Some people dance all the time. Result: they are tired more often than people who don't.

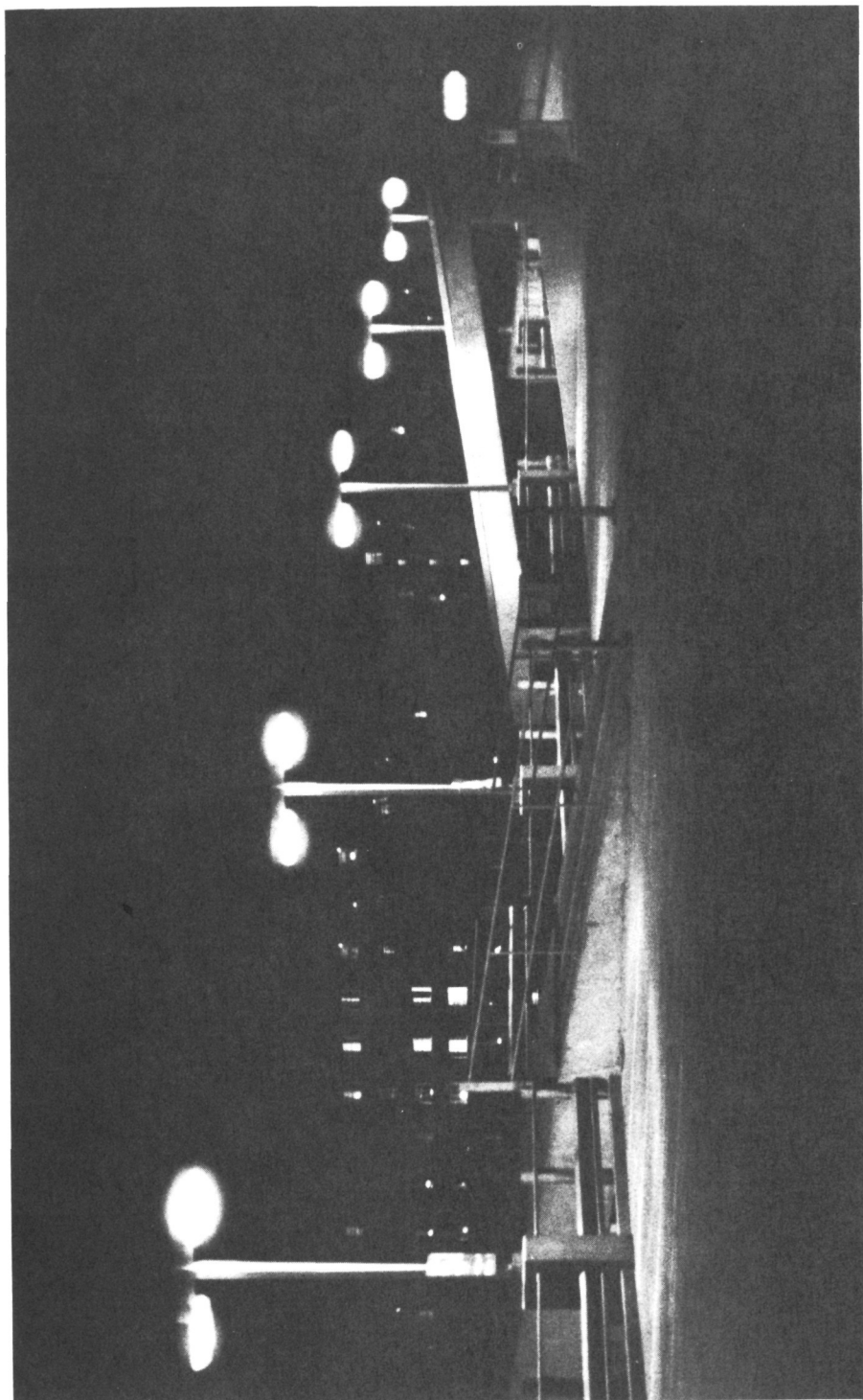
People do research for money and popularity, and to demonstrate their knowledge of the subjects they do research on.

Researchers have one common goal: to be featured in *Who's Who Among Researchers*. If you desire a stable job, remember: there is no end to the number of topics to be researched.

Research, Research, Research, Research, Research, Research, Research, Research. I've just researched and my result is: When you say the word *Research* eight times it will sound like *Re-certs*.







## ROBERT FLANAGAN

*Anna Babb with Crow-Black Hair*

Hot as an oven,  
Cold as a clam.  
You would compass these poles,  
my small man.

Sleet of the heart,  
The fire of milk.  
This tunnel links the poles,  
your worm trick.



# NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

## CR 7

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**GORDON J. AUBRECHT, II** teaches physics at OSU Marion. He recently spent a year in West Germany on a fellowship from the von Humboldt Foundation ... **WANDA BALDWIN**, from Galion, is a student at OSU Marion, majoring in education ... **DEBORAH BURNHAM** lives in Philadelphia ... **LISA BOBLENZ** is an OSU Marion student ... **JOHN BOBLENZ** is the father of Lisa ... **MICHELA CHRISTIE** lives in Delaware, Ohio with her husband and four children ... **LUCIA CONDO** is a student at OSU Marion and a member of the Photography Club ... **BILL ELLIS** will be teaching a course in folklore this summer at Indiana University, in Bloomington ... **ROBERT FLANAGAN** is the author of *Maggot*, a novel, and *The Full Round* and *Once You Learn You Never Forget*, collections of poems. He's currently working on a collection of short fiction. He teaches at Ohio Wesleyan University ... **NANCY RINEHART** teaches in the Marion area, and is the Waldo correspondent for the *Marion Star* ... **TOBIE S. SANDERS** teaches in the Early and Middle Childhood Education program at OSU at Marion. She lives in Reynoldsburg ... **CATHY SCHALK** is a student at OSU at Marion ... **VICKI SCHWARTZ** is from Toledo, Cincinnati, Chicago and Marion ... **PHIL SHIRLEY** is a student on the Columbus campus of OSU ... **ELIZABETH STEALEY** lives in Marion with her husband and two daughters ... **VLADIMIR STEFFEL** is a free-lance photographer living in Delaware, Ohio ... **LEONARD TRAWICK** teaches English at Cleveland State University, where he is an editor of the CSU Poetry Center series of poetry books. He is also editor of *The Gamut*, a multi-disciplinary journal published by CSU ... **DAVID WAGONER** is author of twelve books of poems, most recently *Landfall* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1981), and ten novels, most recently *The Hanging Garden* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1980). He edits *Poetry Northwest* and is one of the twelve chancellors of the Academy of American Poets. Francis Ford Coppola has filmed his novel *The Escape Artist* for release this spring ... **KEVIN WELCH** is an OSU Marion student and a member of the Photography Club ... **PETER WILD** teaches at the University of Arizona. His next book, a prose study, *Pioneer Conservationists of Eastern America*, is due this spring ... **CINDY WILLETT** is a junior majoring in photography at the Columbus campus of OSU ... **MILLER WILLIAMS** works in the writing and translation programs at the University of Arkansas.

