

73 Ohio Poets

Cornfield Review Special Issue

\$3.95

73 Ohio Poets

Cornfield Review Special Issue

73 Ohio Poets
Cornfield Review Special Issue
1978-1979

Editorial Board: David Citino, Editor
Paul Bennett
Alberta T. Turner

Editorial Address: The Ohio State University
Marion Campus
1465 Mt. Vernon Avenue
Marion, Ohio 43302

This special issue of the *Cornfield Review: An Annual of the Creative Arts*, published by The Ohio State University Marion Campus, is supported by a grant from the Ohio Arts Council.

Cornfield Review seeks quality writing, photography and art work and will consider submissions for its regular issue each year between October 1 and February 1. All submissions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Copyright 1978 by *Cornfield Review*
Rights revert to contributor upon written request.

73 Ohio Poets
Cornfield Review Special Issue

Contents

INTRODUCTION

The Editors	46
-------------------	----

POETRY

Barbara Angell	7	Toyo S. Kawakami	57
Russell Atkins	8	James C. Kilgore	58
Franchot Ballinger	9	Edward Lense	59
John M. Bennett	10	Joel Lipman	60
Phil Boiarski	11	Sue Martin	61-62
Imogene L. Bolls	12	Joseph McLaughlin	63
William K. Bottorff	13	Susan Mernit	64
Deborah Burnham	14	Martha Mihalyi	65
Grace Butcher	15-16	John N. Miller	66
Zachary Cade	17	Jan C. Minich	67
Robert Canzoneri	18-19	Nick Muska	68
Carol Cavallaro	20	Stephen Nagy	69
Hale Chatfield	21-22	Jane Navarre	70
Mimi Brodsky Chenfeld	23	Gary Pacernick	71
Michael Cole	24	D. Pope	72
Robert Collins	25	Rose Mary Prosen	73
d steven conkle	26-27	Laurel Richardson	74
Bobbie S. Corley	28	Margaret Ricks	75
M. J. DeLaet	29	Lynne Carol Rose	76
Lawrence Jay Dessner	30-31	Michael Joel Rosen	77
Buz Ecker	32	Joel Rudinger	78
John D. Engle, Jr.	33	is said	79
Barbara Fialkowski	34	William S. Saunders	80
Robert Flanagan	35-37	David Shevin	81
Robert R. Fox	37	Elizabeth Ann Shiblaq	82
Christopher Franke	38	Patricia Sierra	83
Stuart Friebergt	39-40	Larry Smith	84
Gordon Grigsby	41-42	Dalene Workman Stull	85
Theodore Hall	43	Nancy Takacs	86
Peter Hargitai	44	Eva Sparks Taylor	87
Donald Hassler	45	Leonard Trawick	88
Terry Hermesen	46	Michael Waters	89-90
Margaret Honton	47		
Jacqueline Lucas Hoover	48		
David Hopes	49-50		
Eric Horsting	51		
Margaret E. Hoskins	52		
Ron Houchin	53		
Robert Hudzik	54		
Marcia Hurlow	55		
Rocky Karlage	56		

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	91-96
-----------------------------	-------

Introduction

I

This collection contains eighty-two poems by seventy-three poets who are now living in Ohio or have spent most of their years in the state. The poems were selected from the more than fifteen hundred submitted by nearly three hundred writers.

Poems were solicited through newspaper and radio announcements and information sheets mailed to writers and writers' groups, literary magazines, schools and colleges, local arts councils and other persons and groups. All Ohio residents were eligible to submit previously unpublished poems for consideration by the Editorial Board, comprised of Paul Bennett of Denison University, Alberta T. Turner of Cleveland State University, and myself. We attempted to choose the best of the poems submitted.

From the beginning, we intended that this anthology present to the reader a sampling of voices, styles and sensibilities. We wished to achieve a "mix" of poets: those whose work had already established them as writers of "national reputation"; those who were well known within Ohio's borders or within a region or metropolitan area in the state; and those who were not yet afforded a wide audience for their work. I think we have achieved just such a "mix" in 73 *Ohio Poets*.

Of course, there are names missing from each category mentioned above. We would need a collection much larger than this one is able to be to publish all the Ohio poets whose work deserves to be here. But we are proud — extremely proud — to be able to gather in one volume the poems of a large, active and articulate segment of Ohio's literary community.

I would like to thank Paul Bennett and Alberta T. Turner, who readily agreed to serve on the Editorial Board and who donated many hours of their time to help judge what seemed at times an avalanche of submissions. Both are discerning critics; and both outstanding poets, as they say, *in their own right*; I learned much from them and relied heavily on their judgment. My thanks go too to C. Eugene Maynard, Dean and Director of the Marion Campus, and Harry K. McLaughlin, Administrative Assistant at O.S.U. Marion, who have from the beginning supported *Cornfield Review* (with words *and* dollars). And I extend my gratitude to the Ohio Arts Council, whose generous grant made possible this special issue. If Ohio is blessed with a wealth of literary activity, one of the reasons is surely the state's dynamic and progressive arts council.

It is our hope that what you find in this collection will prompt you to seek out more poetry by the poets represented here and by others who live and work in the state of Ohio. As you turn the pages which follow, stop reading; listen to the vibrant chorus of seventy-three fine voices: listen.

David Citino
The Ohio State University Marion Campus

II

Having shared — with two poets whose taste and writing I admire — in the selection of these poems by seventy-three Ohio poets, I should perhaps state briefly the basis for my judgments. Such a statement may be one person's definition of a poem; or — as is more likely — it may be merely the confession of limitations and deficiencies I have generated in a lifetime devoted to the study of the elusive art called poetry.

In a poem I look for a distinctive experience, an experience that is self-certifyingly fresh and memorable and complex, hence an experience that adds to what I already know about life. Yet even as I undergo, by empathetic reading, my version of the experience the poet has created, I am hopeful to discover — perhaps at an instinctual or intuitional level — what I sense to be true about life. In short, in a good poem I look for the wonder of a vital experience rendered in an organic melding of idea, language, and form. And to say one word further on language and form: I hope they will be the simplest possible that honor the complexity of the idea of which they are a part.

Because I believe a poem grows from private vision rendered memorable at a personal level I am delighted when I find the energy of the poem moving from the inside out rather than from the outside in. Robert Frost phrased that notion better when he said: a poem is like a cake of ice on a hot stove; it moves in its own melting.

How many of the poems by these seventy-three Ohio poets move in their own melting and meet my or — more importantly — *your* definition of good poetry is for you to decide, but I think we all can take pride in the existence of such a large number of Ohio poets working at or near a professional level of competence. And if you are thumbing this collection, trying to decide whether it can offer you a good poem, let me refer you to these: Butcher's "Responsibilities," Flanagan's "Once You Learn You Never Forget," Friebert's "Growing Together," Grigsby's "First To Be Human," Kawakami's "Sequence of Haiku," Martin's "Arrivals," and Pope's "Winter Bed." But these are merely a generous half dozen appetizers; you'll find the main course delicious.

Paul Bennett
Denison University

III

73 Ohio Poets is an accurate but also a misleading title. These seventy-three do, for the most part, live in Ohio, but some have come from elsewhere, and some of the poems in this collection have been written elsewhere and about other places and cultures. The list contains many of the Ohio names familiar throughout the state and outside it, but several equally familiar names are absent. Many of the poems deal with Ohio landscapes (rural, suburban, and urban), but most of these landscapes could be duplicated in other parts of the United States. They deal with the problems of identity, personal relationships, and survival common to Ohioans but equally common to all Americans. By no stretch could *73 Ohio Poets* be called a regional collection, in the sense that the gold-rush poems of Alaska or the ballads of the North West logging camps could be called regional.

Rather, the book's unity and interest lie in its coring more deeply into the layers of a rich national loam than could a collection sponsored by a commercial press or gathered by an editor who must use published reputation, technical sophistication, and the anticipation of national reviews as his guides. Though several of the Ohio poets best known nationally are not here, the poets who have written poetry all their lives as a hobby and published locally are well represented, and the poets who teach in the Ohio Poets-in-the-Schools program and in Ohio college and university creative-writing programs, the editors of Ohio poetry magazines, the regulars at Ohio community workshops, the publishers of Ohio small press series, and the receivers of Ohio Arts Council grants. Not all of these; but enough to demonstrate that the poet's craft in Ohio today is conceived of as seriously and practiced as carefully and as copiously as it is anywhere in the nation.

Of course, because it can't be as selective as a national commercial venture, the quality is bound to be uneven. But also because it can't be as selective, it furnishes some good surprises. Who could have foreseen the startlingly effective structure of Mimi Chenfeld's "In the Playground" or the simultaneously bleak and tender tone of Leonard Trawick's "Foundations" or the creeping irony of Margaret Honton's "Abortion Poem" or the final transformation into metaphor of Edward Lense's "Going Home" or the fresh imagery of Nick Muska's "Fork-Lift Poem/Winter"? And though the seventy-three poets write mostly in the near-prose rhythms of contemporary American free verse, the reader will be surprised by the occasional sonnet, rhymed stanzas, prose poem, song. Only visual (concrete) poetry and musical settings are absent.

On the whole this collection shows that Ohio poets are writing independently of each other and independently of state lines. Theirs is private poetry, often low-keyed, but with great energy, and it is carefully constructed. These poems indicate the value of writing poetry to the American individual. They take themselves seriously, and they richly deserve that we take them seriously too.

Alberta T. Turner
Cleveland State University

BARBARA ANGELL

A Photograph

A picture of my mother, my father
adjusting our faces for a photograph.
Her eyebrows are plucked, her dark hair
pulled back, a black dress, pearls.
My father is curly-haired, rumpled.
He looks like a little boy.

We are wearing blue dresses.
Our eyes shine out at the life ahead.

The picture says my home is still there.
See, it says, the weedy garden, the iron gate,
the dining table piled with papers,
sunlight along the stairs,
the portraits of the ancestors
with their patient folded faces.

I hear my father singing
a little tune, cheerful, out of key.
He is busy turning our faces to the light.

RUSSELL ATKINS

Dead End

(Saturday Night Special)

dog-nosed cold
it sends you
from one place
too quickly —
there's no travel
amtrak'd with slow
— no Hopkins
with its aloft

nothing to recognize
as from Greyhound
(cow out to pasture,
a hog pen,
small white colt)

 too easy:
no packing
of bags, change
of garb
 you go
as you are

FRANCHOT BALLINGER

After Reading Mao's Poem "The Snow"
Only today are there men of feeling.

This is the coldest year of confusion.
The Yellow River is frozen.

Red-faced girls of the earth wander its banks;
the faces of the old are like snow.

Heroes clatter in the villages,
an ice storm among the lotus and plum.

They do not believe in spring as they ride and die,
these men of feeling.

Chu Yuan knew how to die
in the red flow of the Milo River, believing

"To yield with a pure heart and die righteously
is what the men of old always commended."

By the time night marches from my courtyard
the red body of my neighbor's wife is frozen.

JOHN M. BENNETT

Wads Fork

They were sitting down to dinner
Giant News was on the tube, lumps of
fries were stiffening on the platter, a face of
ears and teeth above the bowling trophies on the chinacase,
he starts to cut the ham he
stabs the tines in his whiteskin watchspot
MISSED THE MEAT he shrieked clutching his arm and
jerking his head to his lap

He ran upstairs and squeezed some blood he
glanced the mirror the
skin was gray the teeth were dry a spiral of snot
was on his glasses he chokes a sob he
thrusts up his arm and stands, cold and sweating,
as he tries to slow and order up his breathing,
remember where she keeps the family box of masking tape

PHIL BOIARSKI

Mirror Chips

Saw the young man who looks
like me again and ever since,
I can't get him out
of my mind.
Afraid of my shadow.

A woman on the bus
has my bones in her cheeks.
My complexion improves
under pancake and rouge.
My eyes are stark
with the lids painted green.
The hair is different, the mouth.

Mirrors fog over
when I get closer.

My son looks very much like me
today. I am old for hours on end.
Bald and smiling, concerned for my dentures,
I whistle out the same wordy memories.
I spend more of the mornings
in somnolent rocking,
evenings in senile tranquility.

IMOGENE L. BOLLS

Subterfuge

Hugging the highway, the death house
moves as a beetle.
It is sleek; it shines,
bouncing summer sun off its long black back.
In procession it eases along
its self-proclaimed path
giving pause even to those
who pretend not to see.
Its eyes half-drawn with curtained lids
seduce the rest of us to peep
unguarded as estranged Toms
at what is never there,
but crawls instead unheeded
into a living lair.

WILLIAM K. BOTTORFF

A Faded Time

(Toledo, Palmwood Avenue near Lawrence, 1941)

Blue and shaded hazy nights—we
Used to play the childish game of Hide and
Seek. A turn at It—a hundred all alone when
Sounds and scents would hover
(Never sights at any length — I couldn't
See the others in the mint bush, by the roses,
Near the fence that pinched us in the play yard).
I heard the sparrows, sounds of sparrows,
Seep-seeping tiny echoes, rarely
Seeing feathered real birds patting,
Washing on the dusty bricks as
Street birds always do in dryness.
I sensed a gliding smoke, a
City wood-fire kept by neighbors
Down the block (for they burned branches
Nights in stoves while we had
Coal I'd hate to carry up from the
Alley shed to trip on stairs forever
Unredressed in darkness).
I felt the dampness darkly
On my skin the way it was alone in Fall,
Heard the city willow as it whispered my name,
Smelled late roses, mint, smoke, heard laughter —
Those faded sounds and faded scents that
Make my faded feelings make me want to
Cry and cry the all-all-in-free.

DEBORAH BURNHAM

Potting Shed

How could she dig all day? Bent like a twig, her hair
Wisping to her black shoes, she was old and layered like an onion
In prickling serge. I bent with her, saw her shoebuttons gleam
Like licorice, tried to lick them, then leaned my cheek
On her soft hip, watched birds skim the pond
That I could not touch or drink. I hid under her black straw hat;
The world split into hot chunks of sun, dark bars across my eyes.
The noon sun made her shadow short and black. I dug it up,
Filled my shoes with mud, swayed in her footprints
While she trained rough vines to pierce the air,
Shaped round patches with her stern hoe.
Her husband was a great white bear. His muddy thumbs
Punched his tobacco down and I smelled earth and cherries
In the smoke when he bent to tug my braids. I sifted peat,
Loam and sand; he taught roots their rough separations,
Loved them more than the wide blooms.
In the shed's moist dark, they stopped, touched clean rotting,
All thin greens. Warm in love's rooting place,
They kissed each other's hair while, crouched with the bags of peat,
I held my breath, smelled the wet clay,
And we heard a bird splash in the pond.

GRACE BUTCHER

Karate

I hone the edges
of my hands and feet,
shape the bludgeons
of my elbows and knees.

These are the weapons I will use
to move the darkness
out of obscure corners,
to place the sun in the sky
whenever I need it there.

The quickness will come.
"This way," I tell it,
and "this way,"
showing it all the roads
into my body, and out.

The blur of my own motion
begins to surprise me.
"When a fly lights
on the end of your nose,"
the Master says,
"you do not have to think
how to remove it."

My strength rises
like a thousand stars
there suddenly after
some kind of twilight.

The night is brighter
than it ever was.
The light is my own.

GRACE BUTCHER

Responsibilities

Across the melting ice and snow
great gray dogs run at me
because I also run. They think
this is their wilderness. I must
prove them wrong. I am ready,
warm and happy, to kill them
as they leap at me.

Also the earth for some reason
pounds at my feet. Yes, I suppose
to have a love like this, I must be
punished somehow, or made to
appreciate the earth more by its
hurting me this way. Whose logic is this?
What is all this pain about?

All this sacrifice of animals and all
this pain I offer up each year to make
the summer come and oil my skin with sweat —
maybe it would come without all this.
But I am afraid to think what would happen
to this earth without me. My running is necessary.
It keeps things the way they are.

ZACHARY CADE

Balance in Glass

He had aged. Removed, I too had
lost the edge of subtle change.
One catchlight-less eye, lack of hair,
now near bald, highlighted his
wintered frame iced in a split-hair

concentration. Near-high with confidence,
he drove the bar cuestick curtly
through Old Gold-yellowed fingers.
Searching long green, the back-spun white
railed right, hit solid the eight

sure into the corner pocket;
ending thus another game between us.
"Good stroke Mosconi, one beer up.
Can you handle another?"
"Chump, can you?" he teased. "Rack again."

On that homecoming night we
never talked Robert Young to Bud.
No point juking quarters into glass heads.
Coined-lead were words not said and we
locked in fragile glass knew each

too well to break out for fear of
not being able to rack
one more balance each could live with.
So it is: On Friday nights, we talk, touch,
bang pock-worn balls into worn out

pockets; drink headless draft beer,
careful to drink no more than we
can handle for fragile fear
of shattering a life-long and
nurtured balance, to only rack again.

ROBERT CANZONERI

The Will

"I keep clean garments in the bottom drawer." She showed her niece, pleased

That loose flesh hung
From bony arms, satisfied

That she'd endured so long
Her nether parts would never hold
Embalmers' eyes, assured

Even in dreams no
Other woman's man in
Her tight circle, easing
Unsteady legs past where
She lay stiff as
Life, would falter, imagining
The underlings of
Undertakers fingering
Her underthings.

ROBERT CANZONERI

Mount Desert Island, Noon

Face to rock with the coast of Maine
He lay still as the rock, its surface
Worn as for comfort, his own
Worn body taking from the ancient
Rock heat fresh from the sun, giving
The rock heat from his own deep fire
First captured when the rock was whole,
And cradled, held, seeded in heat
Father to son to him.

The tide
Was neither out nor in. Below
The waves rocked steadily ashore.
Still as the rock he lay,
Stilling his pulse, his surfacing
Breath, the massive fluid ocean
Of the self. It was not water
That he rode with all its beat,
Its intricate contrary motion toward
Some shore, but this extremity
Of rock set in rock upon rock
To the deep rock on which all turned.

CAROL CAVALLARO

The White-Armed Daughter

I bring the sun, and my hands drip
white.

Emerging from the darkness of the lake unformed, barely
warmed by the morning trees behind me, darker
than lit wood upon the marriage ship,
I come.

The Cornish men don't know they've brought away
a green girl, joined to shadow yet. Cold powers
from the Island of the dead-returning
strain against the land to rise again and possess
me. The holy king himself
has died before us. This love, filling

every net in air, will be as mortal
as our lives.

I can nearly feel my body and the white centers
that will draw you,
love, to the murder in the cup.

Our gods care nothing for virtues, men,
the roots of grass, or the blood-
relationships of kings.
You are nephew to many men. Enchantment simple
as mother's milk
spawned you in your mother, fatherless,
blue bones forming in your chest.

My face is cleansed by wind, my hair drawn coldly
back.

Soon again we are one flesh.

The shadow between my thighs begins to part for you,
as this ocean spreads my dark bones, back
to the bones. For all our lives
the cup will be
the centered sun.

HALE CHATFIELD

I Got Back Exhausted

*A poem to be read twice
in succession*

I got back exhausted
and sat down and poured myself some wine.
I thought, Maybe I ought to write her a letter
saying "I did that for you; I even
did *that* for you." And then I thought,
What's the use? She knows. She was nailing
us up with kisses in the kitchen, and all
the time that kid was out there,
and it was getting harder and harder to breathe.

I poured some more wine
and decided that in fact
I *would* write you something.
Even now you are reading it.
You read: the cross was an instrument
in wide use for the purpose of executing
criminals found guilty of a variety of
crimes ranging from theft to treason.
You read: it killed by suffocation,
as the weakening victim drowned
in his own weight, and you are finding it
harder and harder to breathe.

The boy knew, you said.
He didn't look like he knew much,
but I took him out and shot him anyway.
For you. He didn't look like he knew much
when I buried him, either. But he knew enough
by then I guess. I thought maybe I'd write
asking, "Are you *sure*?" — but I should
have asked that a long time ago,
before there was anything to know:
before you took me in your arms
and kissed me as I reached for a piece of paper
to write all of this, and began it:
I got back exhausted

HALE CHATFIELD

Another Love Poem

The cells of skin are perhaps
not perfectly inarticulate,
yet I am sure none tells
any of the others, "We are examples
of one thing, we are harmonious
instances, we are inevitably in love."

Sometimes, possibly always, you and I
are performing our lives at considerable
distances. I will admit that very often
I find myself yearning toward my typewriter
or my telephone. Instead I let the hurt
or tender places soothe themselves
in their own specifics, balms of the body
that bears and will bury them.

There are things we do not need
to tell each other. But our names:
we have told each other our names,
and that wound will not quite heal.

MIMI BRODSKY CHENFELD

In the Playground

The child swings;
the mother sits.
Across the green
a wild boy climbs
red bars and blue bars.

The child swings,
stares beyond trees,
flat, brick buildings
into foaming clouds.

The mother sits,
hands on lap,
on a no-back bench
pocked with pierced hearts,
old dates.

The boy's entangled
in red and blue bars.
He slips,
clutches a pole.

On the swing,
the child pumps.
Legs stretched.
Head back.

On the hard bench,
the mother shifts.
Her eyes stay
on her swinging child.

Across the green,
the boy climbs.
His feet hold firm.
His hands are sure.

The child swings.
The mother sits.
The wild boy's a windy flag
spread against the sky
from the last blue bar.

MICHAEL COLE

Death and After

Not a small, partial death
(grief or loneliness)
but a complete death —
the one thing that has been yours
from the beginning.

At land's end
you drop down with the sun in your arms;
warm euphoria of release.
Bloodrush is then boiled to nothing.

I am the anesthetic silence
of bone ash, snow, or clouds.
I am a lacuna the color of this page.
I am a dead man's words
levitating in your skull,

and I will never leave you.

ROBERT COLLINS

Dusk in Woodsfield, Ohio

Around me on the porch
the woods close in,
the asphalt road down front
veers through tunnels of darkness,
and one weak, lonely light
erected by the county miles off
stutters up through trees.
A dog I only hear
throws its voice, a raucous snare,
at prey I cannot see.
Alone and numb with cold
I'm using my last wish.
Then somewhere in the woods below
in hollows where the mind
retreats for cover, a whippoorwill begins;
the stars go on all over.

d steven conkle

*along Ohio Rt. 4
for Keith Orts*

behind me in colerain
rises "quaker acres"
the mansion of the man
who built the constitution
and got thrown out
by his friends

over the ridgetop
the played out strip mines
brood in these hills
like chickless hens
clucking for the pick
and thirsty for the salt
of sweat and blood

across the valley
"two chimneys"
the palace of the prosperous
publisher of
the times-leader
stretches its lazy
manicured lawns
and yawns
a peaceful yellow indolence
into the air

while in the cemetery
over the hill
Richard Nixon's
great grandfather
lies in the earth
like a promise

but since all of this
is known and will be known
i'll leave this note
for some future man
who
sifting through the ruins
may know
that on down
this road
is florence
where the red river
of glen's run
runs hissing into the ohio
and where there
is nothing
among the clapboard shacks
and broken lives
that speaks of flowers

except

a tiny black boy
#12
dressed in a miniature football uniform
who hurtles across his dirt
front lawn
tackling
in terror
his scottish
terrier

BOBBIE S. CORLEY

Ice Skating

The river has frozen
at least a foot deep
and the young boys
skate to the middle,
falling with each sway
to greet their shadows.
Mauve laughter comes
from their mouths
as the shavings
from the blades under their feet
leave trails like dripping wax
from candles.
I want to be their mother
rubbing their bare feet
between my palms.

M. J. DELAET

Old Skins

I flop my clothes
over a chair, old
skins, loose thoughts,
old men,
wrinkled, impotent,
limp over a ladder back.

Everything I need
can be packed
in any conch.
Inside mine,
a smaller shell
rattles,
but there is still
plenty of room if
I keep to essentials.

Do mermaids need
two handkerchiefs
or old men more
than the coins
of their faces?

LAWRENCE JAY DESSNER

Working Late

He stepped through shuddering doors
Onto the empty platform,
Turned smartly and strode through
A gauntlet of tiled columns
From which mirrored gum machines
Flashed bits of his image to each other.

A row of red-lacquered chairs
Burned before him
In the merciless fluorescence
which leached the day's stale sweetness
Into the echoing air.

On one, a dollop of tweed
Grew into an old coat and a stubbled face;
An arm beckoned —
No! — raised a paper bag
(Its mouth worked into a fringed O)
Toward puckering lips.

He *knew* what was in it
But slowed to hear behind him
A great breath drawn and released,
The bag filling, creases giving up their set.
He waited for the palm's swing,
The bursting, startling, deafening, POP,
That did not come.

LAWRENCE JAY DESSNER

Collecting

In my town
Children come collecting;
The St. Pius marching band needs plumage,
Abandoned infants need my old telephone books,
The United Methodists, affluent with Bingo,
Want to give my old clothing to the poor.

The downcast eye and shuffled foot
Of primordial and vestigial shame
May do for the simpler causes of nine or ten;
Soon it will be the popped and glossy eye,
The heartless learned-by-heart spiel.

The children will graduate to magazine subscriptions,
To proud boast, begging for Junior Achievement.
They will grow to nestled cookware and hopechests,
To encyclopedias, expensive light bulbs.
They will bloom, at last, to cemetery lots,
Insurance, OK Used Cars, trailers, Hoovers,
Aluminum siding, foamed insulation, baby pictures,
Diapers. They will come with cosmetics,
Tubs of detergents, carpet swatches.
They will call, long distance, from retirement villages,
Vacation estates, sanctified retreats
Where our next Saint stands ready to pray for me.

Cerebral palsy,
Sending the soccer team to Albuquerque,
And Jerry Lewis' disease,
Will be their recreation. In due time,
They will take their last leave of my stoop.
Friends will come collecting for their gold watches.

BUZ ECKER

Moosejaw

A rusted-out Chevy Malibu
makes loud droning noise at seventy.

Three screaming and the Malibu.

"I'm gettin' it tonight baby!"

"Shit."

Smalltown park still swelters at dusk.

"Damn it smells bad."

Smalltown girl gets in.

"Drive away man — just drive."

One does, then another,

then the last.

"Bye bitch, seeyalater bye."

Moosejaw.

"Damn it smells bad."

Race away from Smalltown.

JOHN D. ENGLE, JR.

Early Winter

Time told me that I should expect the frost,
but I did not expect it quite so soon!
(Too many infant flowers have been lost.)
This year has been a day that closed at noon.
The leaves were born for nothing but to fall.
The young streams were anesthetized by ice
before their music reached my ears at all.
The sun now lies, a bleeding sacrifice
on the altar of earth's winter-frosted rim.
The sky is black with disappointed birds
that fly to lands less frigid, suns less dim,
like cold thoughts seeking southland worlds of words.
My chilled heart reaches back toward its brief spring
and finds white frost has blackened everything.

BARBARA FIALKOWSKI

Basketball

for Bill

Home from the courts,
you fall into the chair
and say nothing. Your hand
grasps at that new arena
of your forehead; sweatband
perimeters the basket,
eyes bounding and re-
bounding . . .

As you lean forward,
your lips move, mime a call,
hands twitch, grasp at something,
some circle, some ball
of air.

Your hands fill the spaces
with arches like the spine itself,
that back sails godlike
to a moonless ring.

You have alligned
the universe with one shot.
Constellations renew themselves.
Here, at least, replay
tells all: you bow,
taking your place among stars.

ROBERT FLANAGAN

Once You Learn You Never Forget

Fated by a birthday, my daughter
straddles her present down the drive,
small arms fret tight enough
to break a father's silence:
"Will you listen? Relax!"

With tangled, prickly bushes
one side, hard dirt
the other? Fall after fall
peels knees and elbows to reveal
blood as her body's secret.

I tell her it's the only way
she'll learn, and find myself
the ogre in a dream
I escaped. We should escape
pain, the child's heart tells us

—yet I expect her to believe
pain is growth? I learned it
a hard, backhanded way:
*You'll thank me later, boy,
when you're a man . . .*

What should I enforce? Why?
I want to spare her
the traitorously narrow
wheels that will keep angling
to home in on hurt:

I want to carry her inside,
it's all right, all right,
keep her the princess no one
frees to a world of cinders,
and roads with no white lines.

Pain learns my nerve ends
all over again with her.
I remember . . . I never forgot.
Yet my feet refuse
to give up their place.

She crashes. "Better," I say,
"Try again. Okay?", and witness
fear winging her shoulders
as she wobbles away from me,
as we balance the best we can.

ROBERT FLANAGAN

Power

Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, 1870

Two men are here: a Welsh
nightwatchman assigned to patrol tool sheds;
a fired pitman, Irish.

This is their connection:
both are immigrants with families,
one bears a badge and truncheon,

the other, soot-black, stands stock-
still, his back pressed flat to a wall.
His hands sweat; heart knots.

These pits send heat and light
into crystaled homes
distanced by the bright

ambience of more than enough.
(From Mr. Gowan's Mt. Airy word goes to Coal
and Iron Police, "Get tough!",

and strikers' skulls are duly cracked,
men let go, and the Molly Maguires
organize to get theirs back.)

The watchman holds to check the time
beneath a gaslamp, pride
in punctuality his crime,

while queasy as a doubtful suitor
someone steps behind him
and offers the blue revolver.

The bent head flares —
blood a beacon lighting
workers to battle for a rightful share.

What remains?
A pool spreading the owners' assertion,
"The Irish are savages and must be tamed!",

one body in full extension,
the other, a runner
sensing muzzles turning on him

yet still willing himself convinced
by Black Jack Kehoe and that shanty world
he has performed an act of political significance.

The widow is given whiskey
as witnesses vie for attention.
Neighbors shout up a party,

hound to earth
the winded assassin, and contrive
his roped, kicking death.

Their part
completed, they turn home to bed, to sleep.
Their women lie unscreaming in the dark.

ROBERT R. FOX

Today

you do not know who you are
this is strange it has not happened
to you in 10 years
you knew who you were at breakfast
on your way to work
when your car skidded
again & again across the bridge
you arrived at work
safely though late
you did not realize it
until one & then another
asked after your wife
calling her by name
& then after your newborn son
whom they heard had not been well
you told them he was fully recovered
had gained 3 pounds
then you realized you had no son
you are a bachelor
many years
before the last time it happened
but you aren't a bachelor anymore
they asked after your wife
by another name
your car skidded again
& again across the bridge
you arrived at work
safely though late

CHRISTOPHER FRANKE

Complaint

Pet Shop

-thin fellow with mustache

Cust. came in to inquire
about something to keep a dog
from jumping from back of car
to front seat
constantly
Clerk told her to spend 15¢
for a newspaper
and roll it up
and shake it in front of dog
and say listen here
you son-of-bitch
Stay in that Back seat
or God Damn it
I will kill you
Cust. was looking for something
For her friend
who has a dog like this
Cust. never had anyone
talk to her like this
and never thought
she would hear it
from a Higbee
Employee.

STUART FRIEBERT

Growing Together

Having a baby is of course not an illness.
It falls to the street during an earthquake.

The vane in the shape of a man holding his thumb
to his nose is suited to the snows of the north.

The way birds suddenly stop feeding and sit
in nearby shrubs, preening. The way thorns don't

keep rabbits from eating the bark. Snow can break
limbs of trees, form huge drifts and so on and on.

By checking the snowflakes in the storm more than
once, you might say life is breathing. Circulating

blood, eating food, and making haste. That's true enough.
If the horse had given birth to the calf, the rose produced

lilies: we must be in liquid to live. But the wind keeps
blowing and insects still drink honey. If every egg a cod

fish laid became a baby fish the ocean would soon pack solid.
Maybe you've heard that people are mammals, have backbones,

nurse young. Pollen grains and plant eggs meeting by chance.
When you're older, there'll be enough room to hold a baby

on your lap, space enough to pass it out when it's ready.
Once the egg's inside, fine waving hairs push it along.

Soon all the bones grow together, the skull feels as solid
as yours.

STUART FRIEBERT

What's The Point?

He's way down the hall talking
to your mother who's trying to
dress. If I remember right, you
wind up before you throw, pop.
But it's nothing you can put
your hands on. After you wash
your face you run for your life.

The men are dragging the deer by
its hind legs. It plows up the ground.
All we've seen, come & go!

The boy catches his knee on the wire,
how soon before he can move?

His father said in a high voice,
What's the point in going to heaven
if you don't like the people?

Like hunting something you ain't gonna eat.

GORDON GRIGSBY

First To Be Human
the Woman of Willendorf

Faceless, eyeless,
An empty sky,
The head, in careful
Rings of hair,
Is bent, listening
To understand
Everything outside
Is dream within.

There are no others here—
All is one—
Moon, sun, earth, stars,
Everything is hers.
She is daylight,
She the night,
Rain, air, stone, fire,
And has no name
And doesn't know herself.

Staked in the hearth
At the mouth of the cave,
She is the cave,
The labyrinth, the polished ground,
Painted animals big with young.
But deep as her thighs,
The great hips, the cleft
Of the groin barely grown free,
She emerges from earth undisguised
And looks down at herself
For ten thousand years in surprise,
Thinking, *Something is happening to me.*

Through the dark
Of gravid flesh,
She feels, lifting her pain,
The slow deliverance
Of animal life,
The slow filling in
Of something beyond every name.
They chant around her.
Their feet beat the ground.
The one clothed in stag
Antlers and pelt
Kneels to her power.
They ask for what they don't understand—
"Give us your birth."

She gives, and grows beyond them.

GORDON GRIGSBY

Dead Man's Float

October 17, 1977

It's *now* the tension in your head
Always points its slight pain toward—
You want the wooded hills
To hold at least a few more weeks
The way they are, the fallow fields
Of dark sea-purple ironweed
And scattered foaming milkweed pods
To stay. O what would it be like
To at last give up this grasping?
What ease might touch
The muscles of the heart?
For a moment only, you think you feel it
As, driving past,
You suddenly relinquish a perfect field—
The fading light at a certain angle, one
Smooth hill, a single gathering of trees, the level
Meadow laced with gold as when the dawn
Lays sun across the ocean—some swift grace
Like the glide you felt
The first time you learned as a scared kid
The water would hold you.

THEODORE HALL

Fear of Flying

I've never liked flying—
for good metaphysical reasons . . .
I turn into one white knuckle.
No, really, it's that flying
is too much like life.
You're in this highly artificial environment
pretending to read, smoking furiously, alert
to any sign of hope . . .
a baby . . . or better yet, a nun.
Wow, a nun! But
what if she doesn't truly, truly believe?
What if she's not on the list?
Keep calm. Remember—
you can depend on good American know-how.
How old?
And upon corporate executives dedicated
to your safety. And to profit.
The friendly wings of profit!

Flying is too much like life.
A limited supply of fuel,
a destination you only half believe in.
Oh, sure, you can be "better off,"
go first class. You get the best
and get it first — the food, the liquor,
the crash.
Safer to ride in the tail, but there
it's bumps all the way.
Every American, they say, can grow up
to be a Pilot!
So what?

PETER HARGITAI

Love Poem

I must be in love with the soft kiss of goodbyes,
the violet of longing.

Watching your glamorous stride, the slim gloves and chiffon,
I muse at my own mismatching gauntlets.
It occurs to me that you have wasted
fine hands on these. There is something
peculiar, almost sexual, about your beauty and the beast,
lips coursing warty skin for secret love.

How you yielded
like Isadora to her toad pianist, her smooth ivory
to his bur. You
are a lover of night crocuses,
the crayfish that scuttle over sea-flowers.

I will never
catch you like this, but should you
need me I can spew forth the limbs
of many poems to wrap your silversides in nets of gossamer, etc.

But that too is awkward. I follow you and wait for magic
knowing that I will never turn into a prince.
I am in love with the inevitable,
the terrible oxygen,
the swift, flaming leap of your scarf,
scented and elusive
like smooth fins.

DONALD HASSLER

Coming Home from San Francisco

The journey east at night seems long.
Our bodies stiffen in their sleep.
Morning breaks sooner than we thought,
And we come down renewed to work.

Our youngest son has missed his mom
And cries to be hugged. Our daughter's dad
Is absent and requires a surrogate.
The whole house must be put in shape.

We find it's fun to fly towards morning,
And the spinning earth renews our love.
We've come again to places we have been,
In fact, and found them best upon return.

TERRY HERMSEN

Carrying Water to the Trees

for C.J.W.

Carrying water all the dry evening
to the trees
you planted from seedling packets
this month of no rain. Across the field:

a red sun, a highway—
the burning cars in their long
motion, monotonously straight
lines. Spigot

rises three feet from its ground
like a wavering
cobra; 50 yards off, we pour the water
back. We are silent beside each other,

checking only "did you get this one,"
"here's one torn out," but belief
is forming on our tongues
like taste—of shadow,

of the well beneath us. And as we listen
for the water cracking
the dried roots, we speak the right word,
love, at this sudden moment.

MARGARET HONTON

Abortion Poem

"Now I'll read my abortion poem," she said
in the Browsing Room—petite, with auburn hair;
at Hillel—tall and thin, with bony wrists;
on the Terrace—wholeheartedly Black, radiant;
in the Little Theater—self portrayed as "fair with freckles,"
young, sexually active, in her "golden seedtime."

"Now I'll read my abortion poem," she said
riffing through pages that chronicle her life and vision,
"every woman has one . . ." paging, finding hers.
"Any woman who calls herself a feminist
and has not had an abortion is a fake."
High frequency reception. Immediate audience response
to freely versed might-have-beens,
to odes and menses and the tides,
to lyrics on the gathering-in and the letting-go:
words flowing red, unstaunched.

* * *

Now I'll read my abortion poem: three strophes.
Staging of the first is vacation time, Upper Michigan,
the friendly Rexall Drugstore where I stand
at a very public telephone in a corner,
youngsters ogling girlie magazines, and select
from yellow pages an obstetrician and a priest
while friend husband hesitates . . .
chocolate? or strawberry? milkshakes to go.
(Neither of us knows the hazard to a D & C.)
I'm wearing a sundress in harlequin red/orange/green.
I kid myself the spots of blood hardly show,
but can't deny the white sandals have been ruined.

"Spontaneous abortion" is the term — my second, in Indiana
where I had sat on the front stoop of a rundown duplex
protesting to the night in an agony without a garden,
Not me. Not again. Not so soon.
Salty tears, a bitter cup; I swallowed them both.
But the humanly imperfect fetus rejected them both,
presenting me in breech: hard labor, sweat,
and blood the shape and texture of beef liver slices.

My abortion poem doesn't read well.
The audience is fidgeting, so I'll skip the part
about the Families Weekend at a church retreat in Ohio,
about the footbridge, the swimming pool, my crying jag,
the mess on the mattress of the cabin bunk—
unladylike, unfeminine, appallingly female.

JACQUELINE LUCAS HOOVER

Perspective

I am farther out
than in a while:
faltering;
sidestepping real things;
gray hazes.
It isn't only morning:
night is as predictable;
and sighing;
and wondering why I'm cold.
Maybe it is
because I know
how hairy the sand is
when I put my cheek
into a curve
left by a clam.

DAVID HOPES

The Nest of Starlings

I wanted to see what
bubbled in the bird box
like bacon in a black iron skillet.
He made as to come. He shut
his book and took a stick he used for walks.
He doesn't know sage from millet,
robin-plantain from the front yard phlox,
and I went out alone.
He stood at the window, looking.
I knew without looking back.
Outside him where the sun shone,
she-starling startled from her home
knocked me flat upon my back.
I was stunned. I had to crawl
a pace before I could get up,
and he saw me.
He saw it all
behind the black back sill
where he pretended not to be.

I struck the box and the chicks were still.

DAVID HOPES

A Legend

Near Canterbury, bombs hurled up seeds
sifted under twenty reigns ago.
That spring the townsmen
saw them, white, purple,
a small thing delicately found
when the losses stopped.

Two saints in glass weathered
that night too, as they had others,
stormed and starry. They seemed themselves
some glazier's fancy
until that April crept down
craters, touching, giving all

what Anselm, what lady Julian grew
in deeps of springs
behind their eyes always.
Their people saw by light of fires
in those vivid hands,
this flower.

A soldier sent the news home.
Whether she who received it knew
too much by the years, or nothing,
she knew what came up
from the white blast snow white,
blood purple at the heart.

ERIC HORSTING

Surprises

No one will love you
as much as your lovers.
Outside your window, the cardinal
will color your ear
because it is late spring.
The Rose-of-Sharon tree
will blossom and stain
the walk with lavender petals.
The zinnias will grow
four feet high because
this is Ohio; and they
will wither quickly
for the same reason.
And your lovers, because
they love you, will
notice these things.

MARGARET E. HOSKINS

Scent of Spring Death

This spring's come stillborn
a rock lying heavy on her stomach,
pinning her to this time and place

stealing her appetite, leaving her wide eyed
to follow the moon well past midnight
no respite within dreaming

buried deep was the memory of other springs
when creeks ran free by blades of grass
new and pungent

pleasing as cow dung carried steaming
from winter barns to rise fragrant
on fresh turned furrows.

Lambs, fewer in number now, still frolic
in the sun streaked played out orchard
and for one long last spring

she can watch them from the century old
pantry window, feel again the jump of life
inside her own belly.

Then, she drew strength from her strong
quick witted mate. Now he draws hers
to help him see, be his ears

until her bones are numb, weariness striking
deep into marrow . . . She keeps hope spurting,
trying to renew, watching the spring lambs.

RON HOUCHIN

Landscape

You sneak out of bed after midnight
To drink your cup of black coffee.
I hear the steel wool you scrape on the residue.
You never did know how to brew a good cup.
I moved the sugar bowl so I could listen
To you hunt for it in the cupboard. In five minutes
You'll scuff to the couch and sit squinting
Over the cup like it was a hot tub.
In another few minutes I'll hear a match
Cough fire into your pipe. You'll pad out on
The terrace. We're four floors up in Manhattan,
But you'll look out over it like wheat.
I'll doze off; some time will pass; and you'll
Come back to bed smelling of rain and chaff.
I'll pretend to be asleep. I know this is land
You've been secretly clearing.

ROBERT HUDZIK

Man On Fire

I think of you making light some uncharted
Strip of land, your laughter breaking deep
And inexplicable as pain. Guarded,

Simple gestures go unnoticed: a man keeps
From his wife all his lives, those lies wished for
For so long in his life. You have children,

Though love is no piece of children: furniture
From that period you thought so highly of.
They describe your life together—modern, mild contrast;

As always, they outlast . . .

Fear surrounded you like bark on a tree—
Caught, you learned the importance of stars,
Of laughter, what is lived, what is done,

Reflecting through the night sky like nervous youth,
Accomplished and final, too late for polish.
That is what you wanted,

Broken into pieces . . .
Because the stars are burning in place,
Burning into the heads of children, delirious,

Because you wouldn't allow yourself to burn
In place, you placed yourself on fire—
You were always autumn . . .

MARCIA HURLOW

Mohican River Dance *for Greg Stump*

I heard a deer speak
by the Mohican.
She spoke with the voice
of a small child reciting
from a sheaf of omens.

My husband climbed a tree
by the Mohican.
He saw two deer
dancing backward into the river.
He saw a spirit
flash in a wave
but it did not harm him.

My husband came to me
by the Mohican.
We danced backward
into the river.

ROCKY KARLAGE

Only the Kitchen

The kitchen is smaller for smaller life.
A lemon sliced and sliced
until the emergence of its odor
is relevant to the dreams placed
for growth, just such imagination
to keep dark from growing there. Hopefully,
the rainbow comes from the family
after
the rain. Not a miracle,
but an instance in instances. The young house,
freshly planted and awaiting the tilling
of first fruits. Gold strands we think,
but only a matter of endeavor.

TOYO S. KAWAKAMI

Sequence of Haiku

Watakushi (I)

Ah, so I am now
This self, weathered by each year
To be what I know.

Haru (Spring)

One far misty dawn
I saw a bud challenge air
Unabashed and brave.

Natsu (Summer)

Valley heat oppressed
In shimmering waves, yet roots
Held deep in the earth.

Aki (Autumn)

When the last leaves fell,
The sunlight searched through the grass
To touch each gently.

Fuyu (Winter)

The bare, tall tree stands*—
where snow dazzles in the sun—
Impassive, waiting.

Mochiron (Of Course)

Certainly — mind learned
The four seasons by reaching out
In four directions.

JAMES C. KILGORE

Sometimes

Sometimes
When I'm alone
And the sky boils thunder
And lightning streaks the dark,
I hear the liquid laughter
 that might have filled the years;
I hear the cadence of one black voice
And the urgent cries and whimpers
 echoing from the dark green years.

That summer life is dead now;
Autumn streaks and boils
 in the red evening city sky.

It is harvest time in Louisiana,
And I think of all the cane
I could harvest if I could enter that field again—
I taste that sugarcane time—

EDWARD LENSE

Going Home

With my knees on the seat I could just reach up
and jerk the bellcord with my fingertips
to stop the bus, get down, get off.
When it rang *stop now! stop stop!*
I wanted the driver
to turn around with a little smile
and go on down the darkening streets.
We were always alone in the bus,
at dusk, as the first lights went on;
we followed them between wide lawns
where children whirled with arms out stiff,
buckled at the knees, fell laughing on the grass.
Dogs barked at us, silently,
men watering their lawns
looked up and waved at us.
I wanted to go back,
but we turned down little streets
whose names I never knew.
A dirt road led into the woods
at the edge of town. We went on.
The trees reached around us like welcoming arms.
When they ended we came to a hill, and went on
into the hill.

When we stopped it was dark, but my parents came
and took my hand from the cord to lead me out, saying
"This is the way home."

JOEL LIPMAN

*"What Lies Do We Live Out Year After Year,
Isolating Ourselves"*

(from William Everson)

Bill comes home to a dead cat—the stiff eye
stares from behind the lamp table,
3 heads of cabbage stink under the sink.

There is a soft chair, green, to fall into
and while dancers burn in the jam-packed nitespot with unmarked exits
(70 dead in the last edition of "Nachtsprechen"),
the telephone rings and the radio responds
with commercials, music, news, weather.

Henderson tunes his piano across the hall.
His fingers pluck the harp in the housing
and angelic chords appear in his hands
fed to an expanding hog
that shits on the verandah.

Bill comes home to a flooded bathroom,
water is on, the ceiling gone and
legs hang along with the chandelier.

"It was wrong to jimmy the door
and try to rob you. I had to use the toilet, then
it backed up. I panicked. It wouldn't stop. I got the mop
but water kept running. I didn't mean
to wreck the plumbing, to use blankets to sop it up.
I never wanted to fall into the floor.
I have never been afraid before."

Bill says, "There is some thing you don't know, some
things I don't know, and the poem goes for it
instinctively."

The sacred ground behind the garage
where nonsense gets buried.

SUE MARTIN

Arrivals

The country woman
leans at the gate
every night
after a supper
gotten through;
after a mail
that did not
connect;
after a newspaper
without her name
on it anywhere.

She is waiting
for spring;
to be caught off guard
by the lilacs
that come and go and
come and go;
by the rain
falling and falling;
by trees
visiting the sky.

She is waiting
for summer;
for the sparrows
taught to come
every hungry day.

The country woman
leans at the gate
while the darkness
and the darkening road
slip

Past spring,
past summer;
past arrivals . . .
staying until
the light falls;
until she is sure
of the unalterable road,
Her hand in her pocket
Fingering crumbs.

Now she passes
into her house: its angles,
corners, the press of the past;
the windows, blameless.
The doors, even now, willing.

Furniture rises up
in every room,
as dependent as children,
yet it will not speak,
it will not speak.

Buckled in again, she will not see
her name falling in from somewhere,
 meant for paper,
 meant for stone.

JOSEPH MCLAUGHLIN

Letter to My Wife #50

Once we were peasants of the middle-West,
Sitting at the bar (daring woman), sipping
The sweet syrup of cherry-vodka & *Squirt*.

That was before this era of sophistication:
Bottles of *Michelob* & hamburgers from *Bassetti's*,
Naked in bed under "Frieze From a Chinese Tomb."
Long before this golden bitterness
Of style, hops, & sliced, white onions.

Now, when I thrust the sweating, amber bottle
Between your breasts,
You surround it easily, not even flinching
From the cold,

Warming the glass as you once would my hand
From Ohio's winter night.

SUSAN MERNIT

Swimming Lesson

Close your eyes and lie back,
lean into the water till it cushions you,
an arc of skin just floating
in water you displace.

Spread your body wide
in the rhythm of the lake,
relax your spine softly
like a fish or mermaid.

Know the lake is gentle.
Like sun, it can receive you
but never show
how you join together,

how weightless you can be at its heart.

lap lap lap sings the water
to the air it breathes,
wave and warm currents
crowding the shore.

lap lap lap
your hands paddle,
floating.

MARTHA MIHALYI

Prayer on Leaving

for John Levy

suppose a man begins
travelling to his mother
who is growing blind.

as the plane lifts away
no one is there to see him off

and he only imagines the handkerchief
waving smaller and smaller.

somewhere a woman
anonymous as a field
is wishing flowers beneath him

like a sea of braille
everywhere
he touches down.

suppose while flying alone
he learns of this, the news rising
unexpected as birds startled
from brush filling his eyes
with a pure and sudden gladness.

JOHN N. MILLER

North of Our Suburbs

The children, moon-faced hooded appetites,
Each a separate bundle, sleep.
His woman chews slowly on a thong
Of sealskin—always the patient worker,
Always the body waiting for him
With her moist, leering eyes.
Tonight will be no different. No one
Trudges through the snow to visit.

He knows his function, knows the ins and outs
Of her through all the three and twenty
Variants described by tribal lore—
Yet, as with their many words for cold
White fallen crystals, there is only
One primal referent, recurring
Night after endless winter night
Beneath her warming fur.

Surely some day someone from afar,
Keen with hunger, will arrive for
Hospitality. His woman then
Will help the strange man enter
While he, joyous, primed with new blood
Surging in his family member,
Will watch and learn and later celebrate
This novelty possessed.

JAN C. MINICH

Midnight Cottonwood

When will she turn around and
go back up her wooden stairs?
Midnight happened only once,
years ago then left pulling
her trailer into the desert,
getting out and hiking
up to those falls I'd found
on the backside of the Rincons,
and if she ever fell, she crawled
and left her marks in the sand.

I've trailed her for days now
and at each pool of water
I've seen the places where she
must have slept, the sand almost wet,
and know she must have entered
these pools, passed her tongue
along the edges of rock
marking her territory
and feeding on mosquito larvae
stranded just above the waterline.

On these rocks she's crawled to,
out of the water, early evening
to catch the last sun, I build a fire,
the last fire, absorbing the day's heat
knowing that soon the rains will come
when she will be followed by others
looking for Midnight sitting
on her trailer step, the venom
still in her eyes after all these years,
getting ready to leave again,
the falls next year and the desert
the same age as before.

NICK MUSKA

Fork-Lift Poem/Winter

for Lew Welch

When I drive lift

I am saddled to a peeled-paint rhino
who would charge concrete and crumble block
If I did not hold it tightly by the ears.

When I drive lift

I raise three ton with my right hand
and can tilt, spin, drop it
like a plumed lead hat.

When I drive lift

I am the slave of capital, bleeding hydraulic sweat
and oil in airless semi-trailers, blue-toed
froze to the gas pedal, gritty.

When I drive lift

I have a handle on the nuts and bolts of things
pirouetting with iron castings in my jaws
lost without thought.

When I drive lift

From my rhino perch I am lord of all I survey:
An iron-dark, echo-empty warehouse
Ben's junkyard next door, its soil gone oil
sun glinting hard from stacks of rear-view mirrors.

When I drive lift

I am the last snorting thing left out on the dock
breath and exhaust lost in the snowstorm
blowing under the edge of the overhead doors.

STEPHEN NAGY

Coqueeh's Hesitation

He talks longer than
repairing an old sled,
but I listen to everything he says.
With beard and pipe and much much paper
he tosses a word into the air
and I fly back and forth in circles
with it—
that small strange word—p o l e :
straight for the pole without a rest.
I follow in the word tracks
of this tunik, white man Peary
as I did with my father
because some say his big ship
breaks the frozen sea
with a grace that is not woman
(this may be untrue; stories are like snow).
The dream I had
of driving my team
into heavy intestines of slush ice
is true.
Doubt, my wife, are small on the horizon.

JANE NAVARRE

Dog Training in Ohio

this flat field of weeds cut down
fertilized with surplus tomatoes
picked by stooping migrants for Heinz
squashed redorange juicy
bloodsmears on white tennis shoes

fruitflies burrow gorge swarm

I shoot the .20 gauge at the sky
the boom and the kick quick
I throw dummies shot with pheasant scent
the black labradors run past frisky
fetching into the dank tomato wind

GARY PACERNICK

Dayton Poem

I'm walking with Sandburg
in downtown Dayton, Ohio,
city of the Wright brothers,
that famous black poet Paul Laurence Dunbar,
and this old man with slits for eyes
and a droopy Chinese mustache.
"Nice weather we're having," he says.
"I sure am thankful for this here
warm weather. Winter's too hard
for an old man. Well, thank you
mister for speaking to me."
This tiny old woman
wearing wrinkled hose, blue sneakers,
an old blue raincoat and a blue beret,
who pushes a shopping cart,
says, "Cmon Homer, it's time
to go home and get supper."
I watch them walk to the bus stop
in front of the downtown Dayton
public library. Their shadows
are giants in the sun.

D. POPE

Winter Bed

The room is dark and drafty;
there is only the bed.

It takes me like a slab,
a sea bottom:

nameless, hard.
It is ice.

I collapse in,
shuddering.

The cold sheets swell over,
stir my breasts,

ripple my fisted thighs;
my hands move

between my legs for heat.
Loosening

they warmly spread as
slowly from my tight

body knees melt away
dragging

me trembling
down.

Far away, you
watching

diving
shivering.

ROSE MARY PROSEN

from "Apples"

Worm, remind me.
What have I missed?
Earth, receive these
Seeds, ready to spit.

Not young enough
to burrow and bide,
Nor old enough.
What have I missed?

Reddest apples,
Straight from the tree.
No polishing,
I took what fell.

Once was a hillside.
All fell down.
Heavy with apple,
I housed no one.

A cellar loaded.
Sweet apples for life.
Peeling and storing
Cost everything.

What was a victory
But to lock the bin.
The years are a business.
I learned bookkeeping.

Apples are shifting.
Small, round, wine, red.
Worm, remind me.
How did you get in?

LAUREL RICHARDSON

We Are in Kroger's at Arcadia and High

We are the wheezy-eyed child sucking watered
down sugared up juice with a hand-me-down-look,
and the swollen faced mother, and

we are the father unbuckling our belt, and the
gray man with the palsied gait shuffling
inside our Goodwill blend suit, and

we are the acne scarred lady passive as space
fondling the emptiness of our
fourth finger left hand, and

we are the veteran of foreign wars with a DAV
pin in our lapel and canned Spam on our laps
wheeling past Grade A US PRIME, and

we are Miss America tap dancing in Old Glory
patches on Campbell Soup cartons and
Wonder Bread, and

we are the Thalidomide child become a man
holding our 10¢ off coupons like feathers
for our shoulder-hands, and

we do not grow tall in Columbus.
Or beautiful.

 We become us.

MARGARET RICKS

Wilderness Within

Dream a squall wind
from the farthestmost north woods, and beyond—
fanged with needles of sleet
an oracle roar
 out of a mouth of cavernous ice,
the purest breath
of spruce and salt.

Picture it streaming
through musty chambers
where barons assemble
robed in hereditary ermine,
 yellow, moth-eaten,
brushed and adjusted
by the dead hands of servile generations.

That wind
stirs the ancient fur alive,
it quivers grows eyes and jaws and whiskers,
on little frantic feet comes scrambling down.
Stripped of their pride, lords are no more
than cringing mortal flesh.

Paunched burghers are swinging jeweled maces

but nothing can hurt these now —

this river of creamy pelts, whitewater tumbling
out through a broken door.

Now that insatiable sob and whine
claws at silken walls of the fashion salon,
and the dead fox comes awake
to the cry of his mate tastes again
red agony of blood on snow.

Let him leap from your shoulder, and go, before

the teeth of his pain find your throat.

LYNNE CAROL ROSE

Shooting for Groundhogs

for Ann and Jack Adams

Deer drink from pools of shade:
their young graze
on the last of the grass.

Shanties lean against this Appalachian quiet.
Others have been here before us:
a rabbit smears the dirt road.

Near the game warden's farm
a groundhog drowns.
Sweat blurs our vision.
A lone bullet slams through bone.

We take the carcass to Bessie Ann,
who presses a warm dollar bill in my hand.
"These critters make tasty stew," she says.
"The blood's for my sick old man."
She praises the Lord as she whets her knife.

MICHAEL JOEL ROSEN

Figurescape, Vermont

The fog descends as we descend; the mountain tips
breathing like your dark head above the blanket cuff.
Driving further down, we sink beneath the fog. Light
as sheets, the sky settles lower than the streetlamps
and hovers, as dreams must to our bedposts. Mountains
veil behind coats of white the way definition
blears into light sleep. In the frame of the mirror
I watch the fog lift and the day lift, taut and primed
as a canvas from the horizon. A red wash
floods the shadows. The sun, a blob of cadmium
waits in the left corner. In the backseat, asleep
beneath khaki blankets, your shoulders, head and knees
mime the landscape. Even your breathing condenses
on the pane like fog. Through rain in New York and sun-
bleached fields in Pennsylvania, your body preserves
the light of Vermont mountains; the single painting
in a long hall; the dream, as we cross the grape fields
into Ohio, where you wake and it grows dark.

JOEL RUDINGER

Suicide

Many times as a boy I leaped from Suicide
at Centennial Quarry. We tucked
our elbows rib tight to keep from overreaching.
Feet first or over forwards we feared
a bellysmack, or worse, the Crusher
when the dive was faulty.

You had to push off hard to get far out,
far enough over the rocks, but not too far.
And we all knew well the arc of the perfect
body was equal to the grab of the toes
plus the spring in the knees
less slippage on the little platform's narrow slats.
And if on a fast approach the ledge was slick
and the leap came off without gusto or guts,
if the arc went bad as the water hit . . .
Jesus, you never came up
and that was that.

is said

columbus 432

you got no right
to steal the light
people freezing
while you be teasing
in the cold cold winter of 78

where the hawk stalked
without a balk
layed and played
while very few prayed
in the cold cold winter of 78

dont stay in bed
the governor said
you got to fight back
the blizzard is just looking
for somebody to attack
in the cold cold winter of 78

january was a mess
the wind was bold
and oh my goodness
it sho was cold
in the cold cold winter of 78

everybody complained
bout what was being done
with a very slim excuse
cause they couldnt have fun
in the cold cold winter of 78

stores closed their doors
everything followed suit
where the order of the day
was shovel and boots
in the cold cold winter of 78

it didnt seem right
everything being white
some say it was a sin
or the will of the wind
in the cold cold winter of 78

WILLIAM S. SAUNDERS

Spring Leaves

Must I tear leaves
to know them?
Their beauty, this Tuscan March,
is physical. Must I have
carnal knowledge of them?

One, dark green,
is crisp.
I crack it.

Another, grass,
bends over at its soft tip.
When I snap it in two,
clear water
swells at the wound.

Long, oniony grass
I nibble. Held firmly where
part meets part, the upper
can be gently slid
from the lower.
The tip is tender,
pungent in early spring.

The leaves fade from insect holes.
They are self-sufficient
if left their juices
and the air.

Carnally, they deny us.
We may touch them
if we do so windily,
or as we stroke hair.

DAVID SHEVIN

Asleep in the Bosom of Youth

for Steve Lewandowski

Last night, Yehuda Halevi's quick blood
pumped against the window.
The same joy the snow gave to falling
it gave to melting. Yehuda
Halevi walks in silhouette
across the neon in my eyelids.

Oh Steve, I don't know who
is visiting or why. I've been reading
pieces of books. Here a dove flits
beside a brook, and there a part
of the ocean is boiling. I tried to walk
with the inclusiveness
of what I'd read. I tried to follow
where Halevi went
before my face. By the corner
of McMillan, drops of night
breathed melodies.

I breathed, too.
Some of my memory
washed away, singing.
And for a minute,
I hoped my footsteps would melt
before anyone walked in them.

ELIZABETH ANN SHIBLAQ

Stereopticon Ballet

*In Marion, Ohio, 1885, my father's aunts
wore stiff, white dresses while they played croquet.*

On a lawn greener than celluloid
Aunt Frances, Aunt Wallace, Aunt Harriet and Aunt Cora
become runaway bride dolls who waltz on invisible skates
while their reticules sway like crepe paper bells from their wrists.
I watch their skirts spread into milkweed puffs,
their shirtwaists lengthen into peaks of whipped cream.
Lilac talcum sifts from the baked alaska frocks,
and the four hats billow, sails on a wedding cake ship,
tangling Aunt Cora's hair loosely as Indian grass.

The aunts glide quietly, seriously, swing their Jane Austen mallets
until fireflies mark the ping of the ball.
Eight o'clock.

Great Grandma taps a spoon on a lemonade glass,
and the aunts arrange themselves on settees and straightbacked chairs,
and sip like robins.

The young men arrive, leave their hats and gloves in the vestibule:
Gib Jones, Ralph Waddell, Junior Ebersole and Warren G. Harding
who pretends he is John Drew kissing Madame Modjeska
on Grandfather's chocolate box.

Aunt Cora, who was brought up Episcopalian, hides a Cleveland button
under a tablecloth, and tells him, "Mr. Harding,
smoking is a most deleterious habit. Kindly
remove your cigar from our gracious room
onto the front porch."

PATRICIA SIERRA

Room 226

Keys on her belt; a blood stain on her collar;
crepe soles that suck at the gray linoleum;
I hear the rub of nylon on nylon when she walks;
slick-slick, slick-slick, slick-slick.

Jello cubes and tea arrive, harmless,
in paper cups with plastic spoons.

The old lady beside me falls asleep on her bed pan;
someone slick-slick, slick-slicks into the room
and removes the pan.
Later, I hear the old lady pee.
When they asked her, she denied it and cried.

They won't let me shave my legs;
an aid sits by the open shower as I wash.

It's a difficult night: I remember why I am here.

The elevator arrives empty—opens and closes its door,
lighting my room like a slow motion flash bulb.

There's a hair in my soap dish. A fly lands on my cheek.

The old lady mumbles to an invisible dog.

And I hear the nurse bringing me 10 cc's of sleep:
slick-slick, slick-slick, slick-slick.

LARRY SMITH

On a River of Steel

Sand seeping out
 from a ring at your waist—
The night crew comes on.

Elephant furnace
 swelling with gas
as men touch your ears
 with the wet in their eyes.

The hearts of dogs
 line the floor
 when a whistle blows steam
And a train through the door
 melts in the air.

And you walk up the street
 where ribbons unfold
 over bricks of white heat
under orange clouds of light.

DALENE WORKMAN STULL

By Lamplight

We are two women in a lamplit room.

My mother cleans an antique urn
of ornamental grime-clogged brass.
With skillful fingers,
she peels away the green-gray stain
that blunts the metal's beam.

I sit nearby, tenuously anchored to earth
by linen, hoop and wool.
The pull to death is strong.
Each stitch — precise, definable as steel —
fastens me more firmly here.
I fear to stop.

Although she does not speak,
I read her disapproval — righteous, chaste:
why waste one's time on triviality
when there is useful work to do?

Still, undeterred, I print
the paisley motif on the creamy square
with spare-spun yarn
in muted jewel hues.
The magnet colors grip my soul
and hold me fast.

She cannot know
this is the only way
I've found to stay.

NANCY TAKACS

Guthries' Farm

It is an Indian summer.
Hope says you can hear their calls
Much like far away
Peacocks. Careful for Indian
Pipe where she steps, we see
Only ironweed tall as us.
And these hills are

Her burial mounds. This one
A bear, this an eagle,
That one she doesn't know what.
'We know she's crazy: gathers
Bucketsful of rocks which always

Have carved heads, wings or teeth.
Or finds a strange strain of corn
That must have been theirs. We walk
Through her fields to pick the last
Mint through the little that has fallen.

We remove our sweaters, wish the trees
Could always hold their leaves as she
Digs for arrowheads, telling us
Again there are drums in her
Creek. And we listen. But
Hear nothing.

EVA SPARKS TAYLOR

I Should Have Known

The yearning to return erases
the wisdom of Gissing's words:
"It is better to revisit only
in imagination the places
which have charmed us."

"Go!

Go back!" my heart insisted,
"walk by the brook where the willows lean,
and overhead the singing birds
balance in beauty on the bough,
and on the bank the violets grow."

But it is different now . . .

In memory one is never lonely,
no scene is changed that the heart retraces.

This journey mars the memory
for you are gone,
and I returned alone.

It was not the singing birds I came to hear,
nor leaning willows that I came to see.

I should have known.

LEONARD TRAWICK

Foundations

The former owners had not mentioned it;
The neighborhood is peaceful, middle class.
Police weren't interested: no law was broken.
"Not news," the local paper said.

Planting a shrub, my spade uncovered
A face, a child that stared back, solemn,
As if waiting to see what I'd do next.
More digging turned up heads, backs, shoulders,

All bent down quiet in the ground.
The whole house rested on them.
Once a hand grabbed at my shovel—
I pushed it back and packed the dirt.

I'm just a bit more careful now, that's all.
Only at night I sometimes hear
A little cry, like someone waking up
In a strange place, out of a bad dream.

MICHAEL WATERS

The Catfish

Once I hauled a catfish home from the river
and felt its cold heart beating
against my ribcage, its
green blanket of moss
slipping, scale by scale, back into the earth.

The sun blazed off each perfect
sequin stitched to the fish
and death became simple:
a falling into earth
accompanied by a wilderness of flame.

But that catfish was bigger than my arm
when it leapt onto the lawn.
The red gills opened and closed,
brilliant stigmata.

I gathered the catfish full-length beneath me
and pressed it hard against my chest,
until its deep black river chill
beat clear back to my brain,

until that miraculous catfish was still.

MICHAEL WATERS

JCB

On the lawn, the grape-arbor drags its carcass toward the moon. It looks like the last woolly mammoth, large and shaggy, hauling its shoulderful of sparrows toward extinction. An unmistakable odor of sadness surrounds it, the odor of rotting vines, the rich scent of mouse-dung and shriveled grapes.

Once a family played croquet on this lawn. The son had an artificial arm that gleamed in the sunlight. Whenever he lost, his metal hand grasped the winner's in a technological advance.

Soon their lawn will be gone. The Appalachian Highway has already touched the neighbor's meadow with its leper's fingers. The house will be trucked to another hill, the grape-arbor burned and carted away.

This morning I found a mallet in the garage. On the curved head was carved: "My mallet, 1944, JCB." I imagine the one-armed boy, missing the war, propping the shaft between his knees one afternoon. Using his knife, he wanted to claim something solid, forever, for his own.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

BARBARA ANGELL works in the Cleveland Artist-in-the-Schools program and is a member of the poetry group "Big Mamma," which recently published an anthology. She has been published in several little magazines and is an accomplished artist.

RUSSELL ATKINS, of Cleveland, is co-editor of *Free Lance*. He received an honorary doctorate from Cleveland State University and recently was awarded an Aid to Individual Artists grant by the Ohio Arts Council. He began publishing in 1946 and his work has appeared in numerous publications, including *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, *The New York Times* and *Saturday Review*.

FRANCHOT BALLINGER teaches English at University College, the University of Cincinnati and participates in Ohio's Poets-in-the-Schools (PITS) program. His study of Navaho and Pueblo ritual songs will appear in a future issue of *American Quarterly*. His poems have been published in *Epos*, *Kansas Quarterly* and *Midwest Poetry*.

JOHN M. BENNETT lives in Columbus and directs Luna Bisonte Prods. His work has been published in *Minnesota Review*, *Seneca Review*, *West Coast Poetry Review* and elsewhere. He co-edited, with Pablo Virumbrales, *El Pensamiento Politico Latinoamericana: Selecciones* (Oxford Univ. Press, 1976), an anthology.

PHIL BOIARSKI is a free lance writer living in Columbus. He is an active PITS poet and a member of the board of Yellow Pages Poets, Inc. His poems have appeared in *California Quarterly*, *Minnesota Review* and *The Paris Review*.

IMOGENE BOLLS, originally from Kansas, teaches at Wittenberg University. Her poetry has been published in *The Georgia Review*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *Perspective*, *Prairie Schooner* and several other journals and magazines.

WILLIAM K. BOTTORFF, a professor of English at the University of Toledo, has written or edited several books of criticism and authored a number of articles. He now writes poems, short fiction and sketches "intended to take . . . career and . . . life into new directions."

DEBORAH BURNHAM was raised in Painesville, graduated from the College of Wooster and has been at times a journalist, community organizer, cook and gardener. She is now completing work on a Ph.D. in English at the University of Pennsylvania.

GRACE BUTCHER is an assistant professor of English at Kent State's Geauga Campus. She runs track (she was U.S. half mile champion at one time) and races motorcycles. Her book of poems, *Rumors of Ecstasy . . . Rumors of Death* (Ashland), is now in its third printing. Her poems have been published in such periodicals as *The Antioch Review*, *December* and *The Smith*.

ZACHARY CADE lives in Toledo. He is co-owner of a firm which manufactures solar greenhouses and solar window boxes. His poems have been published in various magazines and newspapers.

ROBERT CANZONERI is a professor of English at The Ohio State University. He holds degrees from Mississippi College, the University of Mississippi and Stanford. His book of poems, *Watch Us Pass*, appeared in 1968; a novel, *Men with Little Hammers*, in 1969; and in 1970 a book of short stories, *Barbed Wire*. His most recent book, *A Highly Ramified Tree* (1976) received the Ohioana Award. His stories and poems have appeared in such magazines as *Harper's*, *Saturday Review*, *Sewanee Review*, *The Southern Review* and *The Antioch Review*.

CAROL CAVALLARO graduated from Wittenberg University and is now a graduate student in English at Ohio State.

HALE CHATFIELD is an associate professor of English and Poet-in-Residence at Hiram College. He is founder of *The Hiram Poetry Review*. His volumes of poetry are *The Young Country and Other Poems*, *Teeth* and *At Home*.

MIMI BRODSKY CHENFELD, of Columbus, has published poetry, fiction and prose for children and adults in numerous publications, including *The Kansas City Star*, *The Laurel Review*, *The New Republic* and the *New York Herald Tribune*. Her most recent book is *Teaching Language Arts Creatively* (Harcourt, Brace).

MICHAEL COLE is a graduate student in English at Kent State University and works in the library there. He has been published in *The Cape Rock* and *The Hiram Poetry Review*.

ROBERT COLLINS recently received his Ph.D. from Ohio State, where he twice won the Academy of American Poets Prize. He is now poetry editor for *The Ohio Journal*.

d steven conkle lives in Millfield, near Athens, in a restored log cabin on twenty acres of land. He makes his living farming and working in the Ohio PITS program. His first book, *Tree Zen*, has recently been published.

BOBBIE S. CORLEY received a B.A. from Miami University. She lives in Chillicothe.

MARY JANE DELAET is a native of Paulding. She is an undergraduate majoring in creative writing and English at Bowling Green State University. This is her first published poem.

LAWRENCE JAY DESSNER is a professor of English, University of Toledo. He has published a book on Charlotte Bronte, several scholarly articles, a number of poems and is currently working on a text for creative writing classes.

BUZ ECKER lives in Granville. He is a student at Denison University.

JOHN D. ENGLE, JR., of Cincinnati, recently retired high school teacher, is an Ohio PITS poet and a member of the Verse Writers' Guild of Ohio. He has published over a thousand poems. His work has appeared in *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Saturday Evening Post*.

BARBARA FIALKOWSKI has been published in *The Greenfield Review*, *New Letters* and *Shenandoah*. She is a professor of English at Bowling Green.

ROBERT FLANAGAN was born in Toledo and now teaches at Ohio Wesleyan University. He has published two books of poems: *The Full Round*, 1973, and *Once You Learn You Never Forget*, 1978, both from Fiddlehead Books (Univ. of New Brunswick). His novel, *Maggot* (Warner Paperback Library), is in its fourth printing.

ROBERT FOX has published fiction and poetry in *Mundus Artium*, *North American Review* and *Salmagundi*. He runs Carpenter Press from his home in Pomeroy and serves as literary coordinator for the Ohio Arts Council.

CHRISTOPHER FRANKE lives in Cleveland and is active in the Poets' League of Greater Cleveland.

STUART FRIEBERT directs the writing program at Oberlin College. His latest books are *Up in Bed* (Cleveland State Univ. Press) and *Nicht Hinauslehnen* (Delp/Munich).

GORDON GRIGSBY is the author of a book of poems, *Tornado Watch* (Ohio State Univ. Press). He lives in Columbus and teaches in the English Department of Ohio State. His poems have appeared in such periodicals as *The Antioch Review*, *College English* and *Southern Poetry Review*.

THEODORE HALL is an assistant professor of English at Muskingum College. His poems have been published in *New York Quarterly* and *Shenandoah*.

PETER HARGITAI lives in Willowick and teaches at Mentor High School. He directs the Poetry Forum Program and is co-editor of *Forum: Ten Poets of the Western Reserve*. His poems and translations from the Hungarian have been published in several periodicals and anthologies.

DONALD HASSLER was born in Akron and now teaches at Kent State University. His poems have appeared in *College English*, *Descant*, *The Fiddlehead* and a number of other publications.

TERRY HERMSEN, an Ohio PITS poet, has traveled extensively by bicycle throughout the U.S. and Canada. His poems have been published in *Descant*, *Great Lakes Review*, *The Ohio Journal* and *South Dakota Review*.

MARGARET HONTON, after raising eight children, received an M.A. in English from Ohio State. She is active in the Columbus-area Women's Poetry Workshop, the Poetry Therapy Foundation and the Ohio PITS program.

JACQUELINE LUCAS HOOVER lives in Marion and is a member of the Marion County Writers and Poets Association and the Verse Writers' Guild of Ohio.

DAVID HOPES is from Akron, a graduate of Hiram College. He is currently associated with *The Hiram Poetry Review*.

ERIC HORSTING lives in Yellow Springs. He was for several years the poetry editor of *The Antioch Review*.

MARGARET HOSKINS is doing poetry therapy work with emotionally disturbed teenage girls in Columbus. She is a charter member of the Women's Poetry Workshop and a contributor to the group's publication, *Righting: Poems and Process* (Argus Press).

RON HOUCHIN has published poetry in *Bitterroot*, *California Quarterly*, *The Smith* and other periodicals. A resident of South Point, he "pumps gasoline in West Virginia and lives in Ohio."

ROBERT HUDZIK is from Mineral Ridge and lives now in Cincinnati, where he participates in the PITS program. He was awarded an Academy of American Poets prize at the University of Iowa and has been published in *The Cincinnati Poetry Review*, *The Hiram Poetry Review* and *Poetry Northwest*.

MARCIA HURLOW is assistant poetry editor of *The Ohio Journal* and a graduate student in English at Ohio State. She is from Mt. Vernon.

ROCKY KARLAGE, of Cincinnati, is editor of *Waters Journal of the Arts*. He works at the Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County.

TOYO KAWAKAMI was evacuated from California and located in an internment camp in Utah during World War II. She is a librarian in Ohio State's library system. "The discipline of the Japanese verse forms, the *haiku* and the *tanka*," she writes, "I find most salutary, and the taut imagery this discipline imposes . . . has carried over into the other forms of poetry that I write."

JAMES C. KILGORE teaches at Cuyahoga Community College, Eastern Campus. His most recent collections of poetry are *Let It Pass* and *A Black Bicentennial*. His poems, essays and stories have appeared in such publications as *Black World*, *Cornfield Review*, *Essence*, *Negro Digest* and *Prairie Schooner*.

EDWARD LENSE, of Columbus, holds a Ph.D. in English from Ohio State and currently teaches English and creative writing at the Columbus College of Art and Design. His poems have appeared in the pages of such publications as *Aspen Leaves*, *Cornfield Review*, *Dark Tower*, *Epos*, *North Country Anvil* and *Road Apple Review*.

JOEL LIPMAN teaches at the University of Toledo and directs the Toledo Poets' Center. He recently was awarded a \$5000 Individual Artists grant from the Ohio Arts Council. A chapbook of his poetry is forthcoming from Quixote Press.

SUE MARTIN, of Marietta, has studied and worked at Marietta College and is now enrolled at Ohio University. She has a daughter and a son.

JOSEPH MCLAUGHLIN, an Ohio native, has had his poetry published in numerous journals, including *Confrontation*, *Epoch*, *The Hollins Critic* and *Southern Poetry Review*. He works as an engineering technician for the Timken Company and lives in New Philadelphia.

SUSAN MERNIT is the author of *The Angelic Alphabet*. She has served as Writer-In-Residence for the Public Library of Columbus and Franklin County and has worked as a PITS poet. She is a graduate student in English at Ohio State.

MARTHA MIHALYI teaches in the English Department of Bowling Green.

JOHN N. MILLER was born in Ohio but grew up in Hawaii. He studied under Yvor Winters at Stanford and now teaches in the English Department at Denison University. A chapbook of his poems will be out soon.

JAN C. MINICH received an M.F.A. from the University of Iowa Writer's Workshop and teaches now at Youngstown State University.

NICK MUSKA was born "under the sign of U.S. STEEL NATIONAL TUBE DIVISION LORAIN OHIO WORKS in 1942." He graduated from Antioch College and lives in Toledo. He has recently completed a tour of Europe, giving readings of his work in France, the Netherlands, Ireland and England.

STEPHEN NAGY was raised on a farm near Groveport and lives now in Columbus. His work has been published in *Aspect*, *Cornfield Review*, *Poem*, *Poet Lore*, *The Ohio Journal* and elsewhere.

JANE NAVARRE, of Bowling Green, is an Ohio PITS poet. Her work will appear soon in two anthologies: from Crossing Press and Rhiannon Press. She herself runs Piirto Press, which publishes poetry postcards illustrated by contemporary artists. Her work has appeared in *Poetry NOW* and *South Dakota Review*.

GARY PACERNICK is an associate professor of English at Wright State University and edits the poetry journal *Images*. His work has appeared in *Chariton Review*, *North American Review* and *Poetry NOW*. He is currently working on a poetic drama that has already been produced successfully in partial form.

DEBORAH POPE, from Cincinnati, is currently living in Wisconsin.

ROSE MARY PROSEN lives in Cleveland and teaches English at Cuyahoga Community College, Metro Campus. She received the Hart Crane Memorial Poetry Prize in 1975 from *California Quarterly*.

LAUREL RICHARDSON (WALUM) is a member of the Women's Poetry Workshop and a professor of sociology at Ohio State. She lives in Columbus with her two children.

MARGARET RICKS, of Akron, was born in England. She has lived in Ohio for the past thirty years.

LYNNE CAROL ROSE, born in Ohio, lives near Lima. She reviews books for *The Green River Review* and has had her own poetry published in *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Epos* and *Southern Poetry Review*.

MICHAEL JOEL ROSEN lives in Columbus. He participates in the Ohio PITS and the Columbus Artist-in-the-Schools programs. His poetry has been published in *The Hiram Poetry Review*, *The Ohio Journal*, *The Smith* and the *Snowy Egret*.

JOEL RUDINGER teaches at the Firelands Campus of Bowling Green State University.

is said lives in Columbus and explores the territory between poetry and jazz.

WILLIAM SAUNDERS graduated from Denison and received a Ph.D. in English from the University of Iowa. He has published poetry, and essays on Charles Tomlinson and Conrad and has been commissioned by the Public Library System of Ohio to write a pamphlet on James Wright. He is an assistant professor of English at Wittenberg University.

DAVID SHEVIN is a graduate student in English at the University of Cincinnati and a recipient of U.C.'s Elliston Fellowship in Poetry. He is the author of *Camptown Spaces* (Anti-Ocean Press) and *Postcard: Bébé 1909* (Croissant).

ELIZABETH ANN SHIBLAQ is a well known Columbus poet and dancer.

PATRICIA SIERRA, formerly of Marion, is a free lance writer living in Toledo.

LARRY SMITH teaches at the Firelands Campus of Bowling Green. He grew up in the industrial Ohio Valley, in Mingo Junction. He was a poetry contributor at the 1977 Breadloaf Writer's Conference and is the author of the recently published *Kenneth Patchen* (Twayne).

DALENE WORKMAN STULL writes, teaches piano and lives on a small farm north of Mt. Vernon.

NANCY TAKACS lives in Lisbon and teaches at Youngstown State. She holds an M.F.A. from the University of Iowa Writer's Workshop and has been published in such periodicals as *The Cottonwood Review*, *Denver Quarterly* and *The Hollins Critic*.

EVA SPARKS TAYLOR, of Mt. Vernon, sold her first poem in 1937 to the *Columbus Dispatch*. Her work has appeared in *Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post* and elsewhere.

LEONARD TRAWICK teaches at Cleveland State University. His poems have appeared in *The Antioch Review*, *Chicago Review*, *Poetry* and *Sewanee Review*. His chapbook of concrete poems, *Beast Forms*, was published in 1971 by the Cleveland State Univ. Poetry Center.

MICHAEL WATERS teaches at Ohio University and serves as associate editor of *The Ohio Review*. Ithaca House published his *Fish Light* in 1975 and a new volume, *Not Just Any Death*, will be published next year by BOA Editions.

Copyright 1978 by *Cornfield Review*
Rights revert to contributor upon written request.

73 Ohio Poets
Cornfield Review Special Issue