

CORNFIELD REVIEW 4 1979



ONE DOLLAR

CORNFIELD REVIEW

An Annual of the Creative Arts

1979 Vol. 4

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HOLLIS SUMMERS

How To Make A Violin

It all begins with wood.
Now that wood is scarce
even in the highlands of South Tyrol
we must search farther than our fathers
traveled.

Choose the northern side
of the waiting tree;
maple for the back, red spruce for the front;
the northern side has known fewer suns,
stands dense and strong

for having waited, as you have waited.
Dry the wood carefully.
Carve the pieces as carefully
as if you carved your own bones.
You are a sculptor or a surgeon.

You are an apothecary, an alchemist.
Carefully apply your natural materials,
herbs, roots, compounds,
finding the varnishes that give
color, tone, resonance.

Perhaps you are not a musician.
But the violin will develop itself
if someone plays it every day
honoring your craft.
Perhaps your sons will listen.

GORDON GRIGSBY

Another Path

The small creek that drifts down to the river
in slow numberless curves
is choked with leaves. The woods
have fallen to reveal
the structure of the woods,
branches like creeks feeding into the ground.
The banks are gone
under a drift of leaves
that covers everything, slopes, stones,
fallen limbs, like a second ground
over the ground, sleep
over waking. Here and there
in the blurred bed, small pieces
of open water glisten,
and there, if you bend down,
you see a current runs—the surface trembles
with an unknown face that lies deep under the
surface
mixed with leaves. No amount of staring
can make it clear. At the edge of vision
released from sleep, the creek moves
under leaves mile after mile,
as a river moves through the dreamless mind
all night. What is asleep to us
but to itself awake all the time.

ROBERT DEMOTT

In The Zero Palace
(for Bill Perine)

In no world but a fallen one could such lands exist.
Melville, "The Encantadas"

In southeastern Ohio, the landscape slides down.
House foundations crack like abandoned eggs,
oak and beech trees bend gracelessly,
mired to their knees in shifting clay.
From Mineral to Santoy, in unnamed hollows,
the greasy timbers of mines and railroad beds
splay loose where a coal seam played in,
or an explosion gathered the bodies of men
downward, like a sullen, unrelenting parent.

All summer, on a hill beside my house,
as I wrestled with railroad ties and blunt rocks,
trying to stitch the dumb gravity of moving earth,
I thought of those men, our Italian ancestors,
who chipped and gouged Orvieto from a mountain,
then built a church to bless the calloused bones
of their brothers, dead in the ascent. Once,
I stood in the broad piazza of that church,
saw how the entire town sloped toward it,
and watched my own father trace the ornate
filigree of its columns, as if he knew
that serpentine vein wound so deep
the pulse of the earth's core ran through it.

Tonight, in the hushed darkness of your porch,
I feel my muscles fall away from their bones,
my words sink beneath my tongue.
In the utter silence the moles own, I hear
the faint, grinding measure of declension,
the inevitable tunnelling at the center.
Bill, before everything collapses,
tell me a story of redemption—
say how walking the tracks alone into Lost Run,
your feet stuttered on the iron ribbon of rail,
just long enough for a copperhead
to strike your heel, grazing the thick boot
inches below the calf's pure meat.
In that moment when your father's voice
dropped through the zero palace,
tell me again how it said we are made
for this progressive sliding,
this blind motion from something to nothing,
as if only in a fallen world can we exist.



MARK LAWRENCE

Fading Denim

Bits of beard,
Like frosty corn stubble,
Sprout from a face furrowed as
The land he worked
“For sixty springs — man and boy.”
There, planted in the shade
Of a DeKalb cap,
Brown seed-eyes suck their life
From easterly breezes and warm rains.

As his children’s children sack
The linty recesses of his
Overall pockets
In search of the inevitable bag
Of peppermint sticks
And licorice whips,
He chuckles the throaty whicker
Of a work-worn Percheron
At sundown feeding.

MAUREEN FLORA

Contest

Running even to the edge
of strength and speed,
moving yet unmoved
by the feat
you may accomplish.
Pressed to the limits.
In a dream,
the possibility.
But this is a hard reality you face
as the miles stretch on ahead.
Run to the very cliff top
of a life you have led
just for this.
Once is the chance,
Now the time,
to run past the stopping point.
Run for a small fraction of eternity,
Run to the edge.

JACQUELINE LUCAS HOOVER

Margin In Time

The littoral space, the horizon, says
to tell you she will not be forgiving:
you must
trust the maze of waves,
staying back on land
where you belong,
where it is clear.

Do not lie back on the white-capped waves—
there are no clouds here — only sky,
and you.
There are no conversations but the click
of washed-out shells that meet the washed-out rock —
soft sand bars, curious, rippled sea floor.
Stay rigid
against each swerving sea roll — you
belong on land — you
have not forgotten how to swim or walk.

Your time, then, is marginal,
drifting and floating with you.
Feel the center of the moon
pull the water higher than her mark at noon.

If you are not as strong as she,
the sea,
the maze will not be conquered,
nor yourself.
You must
trust the maze of waves,
staying back on land where you belong,
where it is clear.

JOAN SIMON JONES

Ten Ways To Be A Muse

1. Amuse.
2. Rub your cheek over my entire face
while toying with my earring.
3. Talk about my favorite birds and beauties and beasts:
sandpipers, Jeanne Moreau, porpoises, and cypress trees.
4. Tell me you like moussaka, avocado, mango,
quiche, white rum, and black olives.
5. Make the shower hot, the coffee black and bitter,
the pasta al dente.
6. Be honest about your favorite colors: green,
purple, blue, and orange.
7. Show me that the sun on snow knocks you out.
8. Give me only silver jewelry . . . and mostly rings.
9. Go through sea-changes quietly, like a man who has lived
on fish and sand clams.
10. Say this poem is made of love,
before you do the nine above.

The Flats

In the flats of this city you raise bunkers and girders in
my uneven soul. Your hand terraces my collar bone
and plants a groundcover which will root an ivy carpet
and provide a texture that is pleasing around the faces of rocks,
and it cultivates my breasts so they stand as Russian olive trees
and mark the places of attentiveness. Your belly pounds
on mine as if it thought of acreage replete with wet lichen
and moss and streams—furrows and dales which draw you in
and keep you tight in spasm and meander.
Your country travel and city walks begin to correlate with mine.
You eat what I eat. You sleep like lengths.
Museum visits make Picasso etch my face. Rodin informs your arms.
Your legs come up against my haunches, and jets roar to target,
and boats pull out with tugs and the gripping mechanics
of effective moves. You are my smooth and growing love
whose blousy hair means feathers on my legs.
Who has come further than I would guess.
Who offers me a new and yeasty rise.

Never Like The Movies

It's never like the movies.
The corner of your lip never
sneers deliciously upward.
Your hair never
reaches down far enough in the back
for lust.
At no time do your eyes reflect the scene in front:
me slipping off a careless strap
and dropping
a stocking.

Unnerved

You are not the one I knew.
Whom I used to look at and eat with greedy eyes.
Your cloistered, warm, and necessary time with her has caused
bulging, throbbing, and burning in my head
like the dead pressed flowers of old love
in my thick, unwieldy *Book of Birds*.
It has churned five grievings out of my belly
so that my throat grows thick with the patterns of loss.
It has made me untrue to my habits
like cherry blossoms browned by a front of true cold.
It has been more than I bargained you for.
I have given my strong self to the numb needings and wantings of moments
and taken in strange soils like a nerveless, spiraling earthworm
to make something my own.
To spit out a new, more fertile dirt.
To find reciprocity and likeness.
To drive out a too precious hurt.

CAROL CAVALLARO

admission of guilt

Listen to the trees that have a sorrow
like your fingers moving in the dark.

The sound of bells and bells
is the emergence in my mind when we make love,
fighting back
the turning into substance.

Sometimes our love reminds me there's a sea rock
where the sea can never come.
There's something before the rock
that breaks the waves upon it.
I cover my head
because in the darkness it's my mother my mother my father
as twisted as the tall tree trunks.

LARRY SMITH

My Grandfather's House

My grandfather's arms are in this porch; his face is in its boards.
A mile out from town, his life is pumped up from cisterns of loneliness.
The basement is his mind.

I swing in the yard from the apple boughs of his legs, slowing into
his hands. The coarse rope of his ways.

Dark windows stare back at the woods and the neighbor's cows, sealed
now with the lead of his blood. Without light his roots go down.

The grass smells of his clothes.

I climb the smooth hair of his stairs reaching for his words. The
door lies open.

In the old toilet bowl float the tobacco leaves of dreams. They are
his. They are mine.

SHARON E. RUSBULDT

Hardware Store

Fascinating foreign world—
what does a vertical band saw do?
Bins full of tenpenny nails,
bolts, washers, screws; there is
a water cooler one could order and
a poster advertises
a clean-out-the-air machine—
and I am curious
and jealous.

Will they tell me
“Do not touch”? And can
these anvils then be broken?
I lift a sledge hammer
just an inch
and I am
impressed by its heaviness.

(The tool show in Chicago:
machine tools—really
huge machines themselves—
perused as in a shop by those
industrial executives;
men, such thousands of men.)

A few things I do know:
caulking, solder
(I once asked a friend for the loan
of a four-tinged screw driver), they
pay me no attention;
they speak of pipe dope,
male and female fittings.

Here I remember the
six-year-old I was:
chubby; with long, blond, braided hair
—two little bows — and me happily wearing
my favorite flared-skirt dress (the one
with the hidden side-seam pocket),
crinolines, white panties edged with white lace,
white socks and my hated
“practical” saddle shoes.
(Oh how I smiled, said, seriously,
“cheese” for my father’s camera.)
In my arms, with infinite carefulness,
I held (bathed, dressed, combed prettily)
my favorite walking
blue-eyed, blond-haired doll.

is said

poem for roaches

you done got so bold
you even come out in the daytime
you sho want to be seen
all day hustling thang with you
aint it?
but i pay the rent
and i dont like your stuff
so do me a favor
and get on the freeway
and get off
at the next exit
cause i cant afford
to feed you anymore
the insecticide
that you get high on
has gone up
50% more than i got
to give up
so you can see
its hard out here
and dont walk away
when im talking to you

ERROL MILLER

Night Flight To Birmingham

Electra becomes reality,
a summer son's visit ending.
He needs more than I, more than
these times have provided.

Way back when I transferred from his boardinghouse,
his future pending, big black hearses taking his childhood
to shantytown, his mother stoic, her screams
piercing the bayou air, a slow walk
into her own lost world.

After sowing wild oats, after reaping nothing,
a hush on the pampered whispering voices of night,
paying the fiddler over and over until
his music never stopped.

Having a grand time,
o grey bird of despair, your metal frame
taking my son into its belly, smoking steel mills
blazing in acceptance, iron hearts burning,
unknown lights of a distant field.

GRACE BUTCHER

Destination

Her hands, he thinks,
are so small
they will be lost
on his body.
They will not know
where to go.

But like falling of feathers
they drift across
the singing and crying
of his skin,

wrap like roots
around the very center
of all his songs
and fears.

Her arms, he thinks,
are so slender
they will not be able
to hold his vastness.

But when, in the sullen
steel-gray gears and machinery
of the dreams he himself
does not even see,
the invisible earth
opens beneath him,

and he falls, he finds himself
held above the abyss
as easily as if
he were a child.
He burrows deeper into
that circle of love,
not knowing that he murmurs
in his sleep
all the necessary words.

Her legs, he thinks,
can never match his strides
nor anchor him contentedly
in any kind of harbor.

But strongly as he moves
over snow, over meadows

and mountains, she is there
moving steadily in her own brightness,
sometimes beside him,
sometimes in her own path.
And she is the one who waits.

Amazed and glad,
he lies down over her.
Wrapped in her body,
comforted, he sleeps
and finally feels
a stillness, as of deep water.

He does not drift away.

Vision

The snow falls
leaving black holes
in the shape of the feet of deer.

The wet snow hangs
from the shagbark hickories;
the deer drift through the dark below.

They will bed down under the weather
that rages in the tops of the trees.
Their calm eyes will close.

And from my high bedroom
the late light slants alone down the air,
piling up gold on the snow.

I curl up, tolerated
among the warm bodies of the deer,
offering them nothing.

The gold melts from my clothing.
The comfortable dark comes down
all white, and covers us.

I will stay out there
as long as I can, dozing,
smelling apples under the snow.

That is all I know now
of the dreams of deer.
Mine do not matter to them.

I have slept among them;
that is dream enough,
And the dark scent of apples in the silver wind.

Alone At Last

Never having thought about being alone,
she is now alone,
and thinks about it.

She does not care now for windy nights.
The house creaks:
is that the wind walking up the stairs?

Winter, too, is not as friendly as it used to be.
It flows through the old house
in unbroken currents,

makes sudden cold doorways
where there are no doors.
She walks through, shivering.

Spring is more urgent than she remembers.
The climbing rose, with thorns like shark's teeth,
has eaten its way through the garage wall.

Lying in the sun is a little better.
She is not so alone then:
something warm is touching her all over.

But then the flowers must be dealt with
when they blossom. They are so intense they take
all of one person's energy to appreciate them.

Later the door flies open in a gust of autumn wind.
It is no one. Dead leaves blow into the kitchen.
The pages of the calendar, caught in the wind,

race through the year. Some months take longer
than others to turn. The year repeats itself
over and over in the wind.

She shuts the door and goes to bed,
wearing warm clothing to keep the chill out
whatever season it may be.

She looks at the clock frequently.
Yes, she is certainly alone.
She thinks about it nearly all the time.

NANCY JO RINEHART

Religion

Her yearly visit—
She had to speak.
It was her duty.
“I’ve supported this church,
and it sears my heart
to see no Christian joy here.
Why, if a sinner walked in,
he wouldn’t be convinced.
I just praise God,”
she wept,
“for my Cadillac,
Halston dress,
Caribbean cruises,
and that Jesus Christ died for me.”
“Amen,”
said a soul from the rear,
as the churchgoers
flushed in lowliness,
riveted eyes on modest laps
or the organ
only she dared play
or the sunshine dancing
beyond the thick-paned windows.
“Let us pray,”
the chastened minister intoned.

An hour later she drove away
in a cyclone of dust,
and the common people
burst into song.

JOHN M. BENNETT

Dream Lot for Eva

We were standing in the
parkinglot a man was
scraping at his tires with a
tincan lid I was
holding to her hands I
told her of a robot in a
dress that was rolling down the street
It must have been your wife she
said the street was lined with
parked cars I stood out there
and clutched a plate of pie This cut's for you I
yelled a heavy car came
speeding at me from a space that rushed away

Then I saw her
face her coat her wanting me I said we'd
touch again and was hacking at the hours of ice
frozen on my windshield while she spoke and raised her
umbrella to keep the sleet off me

KAREN VANBRIMMER STONER

Anatomy Of A Marble

What it is that forms the eye of a marble
I do not know
As an admiring layman
I can only speculate on the formula
The eye is at once the stormy waves of ocean
and the cool side of a rainbow
How in the world someone managed to get it so neatly
inside that perfect glass bubble is quite beyond me
But isn't it fun to shoot one across the grass
and watch it sparkle

WILLIAM STAFFORD

From Hallmark Or Somewhere

Think now of a mountain — say, that one
south of Medicine Bow. Does it make
any difference at all, what you are thinking?
“None at all,” do you say? “None to that mountain”?
Only one person in the world thinking of
a certain place, and it means nothing? Nothing?

If someone is thinking of you — no difference
to you if you don’t know it? None?
Then telling you so is the difference? That’s all?
Someone sends you this card, no matter
the reason. You look out over some trees.
You tap on the card and ponder. Strange—
you care whether the card is true,
even when it just says, “I am thinking of you.”

CHERYL SHUTT

Fall Days In The Corn Field

In the fall when I walk down the sidewalk and leaves crackle under my feet, and when my eyes lift to the treetops which are spattered with brightly colored leaves, my mind is filled with memories of fall days I spent in the country as a child. The breeze rustling the leaves over my head reminds me of the sound of golden, brittle leaves of corn quivering in the wind.

Covering several acres of land behind our home was a corn field. We waited all summer, my two brothers, my sister and I, for the corn stalks to grow tall and sturdy and then slowly die, turning golden brown. The stalks had to be fragile enough to yield to our stamping feet. We waited impatiently until one day we knew the field was ready for us to construct trails through it.

On a fresh, sunny day, the humidity of summer no longer in the air, we ran outside eager to begin our great project. From an obscure entrance, kept secret by the four of us, we would enter the field for the start of the main trail. The stalks rose above us, their leaves forming a canopy over our heads. The stalks seemed to be rigid, unbending, sometimes a couple inches thick; but when we kicked them down and twisted them off, they revealed hollow centers.

Pushing and shoving, we gradually cleared a narrow trail. We were careful to avoid the sticky spider webs and dreadful bugs that clung to the corn. We often heard screeches when someone encountered the nasty creatures.

At some point, usually when we grew bored with making a straight, ordinary trail, we would make a loop or a fork in the path, then separate, each to make his own trail. So all of the trails were different — results of each person's imagination. The whole field became a maze. Everyone tried to make his trail the hardest to follow. Dead ends and jogs made the trail much more exciting. Once in a while, we would clear a small area for a meeting room for secret conferences.

Our clothes became gummy and our skin itched from the juices on the corn leaves. The leaves also scratched our faces with their razor edges. We didn't mind at all though; it was part of the adventure. Weather didn't affect us either. The leaves over our heads protected us from most of the rain. The trails eventually grew muddy, but we laughed and squished along.

Finally, when we had decided our trails were long and devious enough, we walked over all of them, mashing down broken ends of stalks until we made a flat path — the ground packed solid, running through the field like a tunnel.

For a month or so, until harvest time, we would play enthusiastic games of chase, follow the leader or hide and seek, or we would gather at the cleared meeting area and run off in separate directions to see who could come out of the field first. We crashed through the field, tripping over and bumping into stalks in our haste. Each of us tried to memorize the trails. Sometimes, we would run on the trails as fast as we could (which was difficult because they were so narrow) to test our memory of the twists and turns and dead ends. We played with a sense of togetherness not always apparent in our everyday lives where the girls were in competition with the boys or the older ones competed against the younger ones.

The cool air was filled with laughter and noise until nightfall when our mother called us; then, dirty and sweating, we grudgingly left the field. Half of the evening was spent planning new games we could play the next day.

It was one of my favorite fall activities to make trails in the corn field.

KELLI BAER

Disco Boy

disco boy why do you offer me
the raw turnips that rot from your wrists
as if they were magnolias
worth blossoming inside me

what turns your ankles jaundiced
to the baby's breath flowering on each wave
of the ocean?
what has silenced your flutes and dulcimers?
don't ask me again
if you can rub your oiled cigar meat
against my thigh

the goldfish pools in my lower lid
mutilate my cheeks my lips my clenched fists
that bleed from my shoulders

all for you boy
all for your crowded trousers
and the treeless horizons behind
your bone white eyes

By The Hillsborough River

I came here to die
with the crab floating
my head in the submarine
my feet in the roots of the avocado tree

the city spits its hieroglyphics at me
I wave my arms and shriek like a broken bird
the exchange bank hangs its feet
in the river
shakes its head

I waited for the moss to cover my body
but the breeze kept licking me clean

LAURIE B. WESSELY

Seder

At the table
the children
laugh and tease
as parents shush
and tell
strange stories
of plagues
and enemies
many years gone—
though the enemies
they say
still sweat from
the Earth's pores—
and the bitter herb
still haunts my
tongue,
a reminder of
youngness
laughing too,
not knowing
what it is
to be here
this night.
Someday
they will dream
of death-angels
and small men
with small
mustaches
and big ideas,
of stars,
and lampshades,
soap and candles,
and showers,
and trenches,
and hate
and hate,
and the
cruel stench
of brothers
and sisters
no longer
suffering
and those
numbers
branded like acid
screaming
Auschwitz
Auschwitz,

and the Iron Cross
teasing like an
innocent pinwheel
only this has
severed praying
hearts
on each point.

They will know.
They will dream—
as I dream—every night
that they too
will have to
stand quiet
praying praying
praying
for the end
so that finally
they may join
the un-suffering
mass of death
beneath them.

Rising from
the trench,
the smell
of my brother,
my cousin,
eats at my
nostrils and brain
until I can
only cry softly
"God help me."

Had-gad-yah,
Had-gad-yah

DAVID JAMES

The Child

i'm afraid of the dark
unsure

memories burn
like acid

the stench of failure
stifles

hold me tighter
tonight

LES COTTRELL

December 21, 1978

It was my birthday,
no one came except winter,
but a Southern friend
in cell 23
sang with me.
Happy Birthday to me
Happy Birthday to you
No cake, no ice cream,
no gift, kiss or wish:
I aged fifty at 25.



DAVE EVANS

The Builder

Phrases lie like lumber,
Words scattered like a load of bricks.
The builder struggles with half-drawn plans,
Ready to nail thought into structure.
Careful:
A poem is under construction.

JOYCE PRATER

As I'm Looking

As I'm looking
I see a young woman
walking through a field.

The sun is slowly sinking
into earth, the world
tinted a fiery but soft orange.

The air stirs, the tree
under which she stands alive
and breathing; it engulfs
and comforts her.
Rains come.
One by one sorrows
fall to the ground
to be washed away.

The one she loves
will be forgotten.
Time heals forever,
the earth enclosed in darkness.



ALBERTA T. TURNER

Riddle

Verity, Felicity, and I
(not Hope, not Charity)
have linked our hands
on the handles of our baskets.
I have a rut to walk in;
Felicity has one; Verity,
at center, walks on grass.

Named as we are, we must go heavy.
Felicity's basket heaves,
Verity's heel flattens grass,
My basket's open.
For berries? Too easy.
Milk? Too thin.

Dare I hold it empty?
Not with my name.

Cat And Mouse

The cat was so young
she took the mouse by its back,
carried it, let it run, patted it,
let it run — Soon its back
was wet. When it screamed she bit down.

Thought I'd made up my mind
about death, one of the positive goods.
Because allowed, because everyone's.

DEBORAH BURNHAM

The Woman Who Loved Small Animals

After the man left, carrying the child and his clothes and the child's,
Her footsteps puzzled her. Sometimes they pushed her ears
Like doors slamming, sometimes she couldn't hear them and would kick
A shoe before her as she walked.
Her rare visitors were like sounds, a cup slipping from the hook.
But soon no more than mice chewing plaster.
Feeling out of season, her guests stopped;
The animals moved in. Or had they been there?
She didn't know, but felt their tails on her face,
Like wisps of cold shot through a warm lake.
She'd always known shadows were tails,
hiding the slim beasts that wore them; she knew
Doors close like sleepy jaws,
That thin drafts weasel through the air, curl on her feet.
Ice thawed, like claws ticking at the glass.
She watched, found no spoor or shadow, but laid down bread for them.
And they came, smooth and clean as otters.
When she danced at night, a weasel's snake-shape grew from her hand.
She stroked the walls, drew out soft bodies that lay
Like stiff fingers, then curved and moved with her.
If you come, you'll find only the rush
Of small things through the air, see the wall shift
Like small ribs breathing. You'll feel your eyes water,
Stung by a soft tail, and you'll run
Like a deer that tries to leap from the arrow in its flank.

LEONARD TRAWICK

The Small Mysterious Grave

There was a small mysterious grave
Behind Aunt Froney's garden — she's the one
Whose parlor always smelled of apples
Kept too long, and books on Jesus,
Who had the travelling misery—
It travelled all around her, head to back to colon,
And she travelled all around the country for a cure:
Hot baths, magnetic rods — all failed;
So when some neuro-whippersnapper prescribed,
With every meal, a six-ounce dose of beer
—Than which, as she herself said, nothing is more evil,
Excepting whiskey, and a lady had as soon
Die of the travelling misery as be seen
In Okeepoka within a block of Jesse's Beverage Store—
It was a desperate time until
An inspiration flashed upon her—
An agent for a deed of darkness,
Okeepoka's ultimate yardman,
Mister Awfud, Prince of dirt,
Subdued to the element he labored in,
A vision in eternal off-black coat,
String tie, and opera hat
That for all Okeepoka knew,
Grew from him like so much lichen.
Discreetly sounded, tipped, and sworn to secrecy,
Awfud obtained and privily delivered
A case of the infernal brew.

The story does not end on this happy note.

That still small voice that never holds its tongue
Even when blinds are drawn
So plagued Aunt Froney, she couldn't down
The first half glass, but rather chose to die
(As she said years after).
But then the quandary: how dispose
Of twenty-three unopened vials of sin?
Ah! Awfud brought—Awfud could take away!
She gave the order firmly: "Bury it
Behind the beans." So Awfud's eyes
Were last to view the beer, offense to God and man.
I saw the grave; the bottles must still be there.
The rest of Okeepoka never knew.
The opera hat maintained perfect discretion—
Though it tilted for a week or two
With ever so faint a rakish air.

Hideouts

A dugout in a bank: dry leaves, a candle—
Squatting, back against packed dirt,
You're snug as a badger,
Safe as you can only be alone.

Or, swimming in leaves, so far up
The trunk's no bigger than your waist,
Swaying easily, observing bark up close
And cars like roly bugs,
You can hear them calling you to supper,
Worried. Just what you want.

Or, in a vacant field thick with wild dill—
Taller than your head if you're seven,
Straight-caned (good for spears), stark green reek
You carry home on hands, in clothes, in your flesh—
Clear out a square with a lath machete,
Squash a cardboard carton for a floor,
And you have a nest invisible from the road;
Lying on the cardboard, steeping in dill-smell,
Look up along the shafts, through ferny leaves
Into empty sky.

EVE KELLY

Rape

I remember you
bruising me

I remember you
in the secrecy of my womb

I remember you
corroding my breasts

vampire,
you died in my arms
screaming for your mother,
your eyes ashes

I vomit you up
along with the past

IMAGES OF WOMEN



DORIS GOLDBERG

An Aging Woman With A Young Heart

This, my Winter house,
Has dim and dusty windows;
A girl laughs within.

CONNIE CONNELLY

Nursing Home Queen

Gold blows in the wind
As the evening catches her mood.
The sun is still strong,
The moon lingers.

Melted snow falls from her cheeks
As she speaks of the dead husband.
All is wintry for her,
She no longer sees gentle gold leaves.

In the cold
She feels the heat of pain
As she explains in her senile way
"I'm putting the pieces of fire in their proper places."

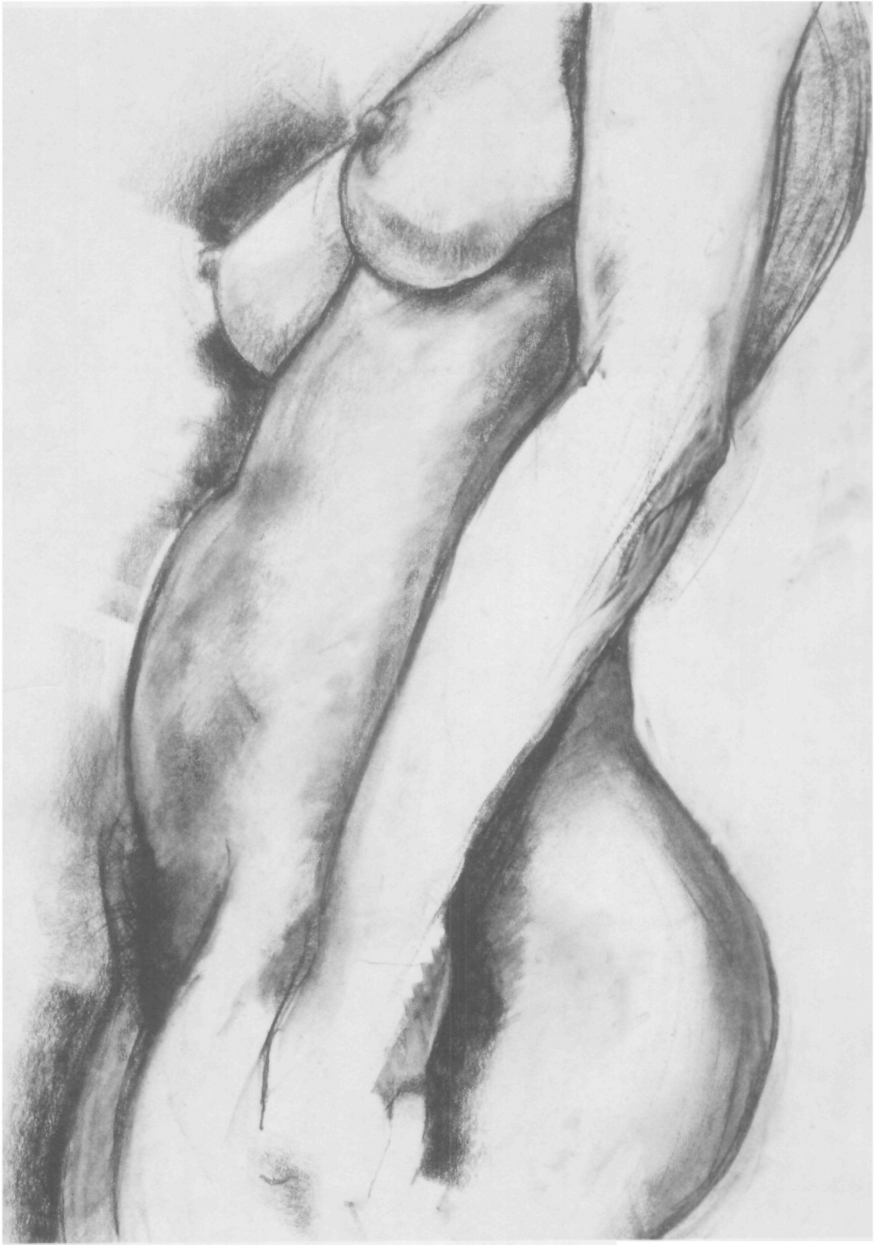
And in the middle
Of her mutterings
She stopped to compliment me,
Saying I was young to think the way I do.

Her mind is as confused
As a cloud on a sea of winds,
Yet I think her heart knows all
And I'm glad

I've touched that source of great knowledge.











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Notes on Contributors

KELLI BAER, a former student at OSU Marion, is currently attending the University of South Florida . . . **JOHN M. BENNETT** is head of Luna Bisonte Prods and editor of *Lost & Found Times*. His work has appeared in numerous periodicals . . . **DEBORAH BURNHAM** is completing work on a doctorate in English at the University of Pennsylvania . . . **GRACE BUTCHER** teaches English at Kent State's Geauga Campus. Her prose and poetry appears in the recently published *The Complete Woman Runner* . . . **CAROL CAVALLARO** is a graduate student in English at Ohio State . . . **CONNIE CONNELLY** is a student at OSU Marion . . . **LES COTTRELL** is a student at OSU Marion and a resident of the Marion Correctional Institution . . . **ROBERT DEMOTT**, of Athens, is editor of *Back Door* . . . **DAVE DUDLEY** is an OSU Marion student . . . **DAVE EVANS** is the librarian for the Marion Campus. He builds houses in his spare time . . . **MAUREEN FLORA** is a student at OSU Marion . . . **DORIS GOLDBERG** writes a weekly poetry column for the *Toledo Blade* . . . **GORDON GRIGSBY** teaches English at Ohio State in Columbus. His book of poems is entitled *Tornado Watch* (Ohio State Univ. Press) . . . **JACQUELINE LUCAS HOOVER** is a member of the Marion County Writers and Poets Association and the Verse Writers' Guild of Ohio. Her work has appeared before in the *Cornfield Review* . . . **DAVID JAMES** is a student at OSU Marion . . . **JOAN SIMON JONES** is a program developer for the National Center for Research in Vocational Education in Columbus. Her children, Matt and Noah, "want their names in this sentence" . . . **EVE KELLY** is a student at OSU Marion . . . **MARK LAWRENCE** is an OSU Marion student. He represents the fifth generation of his family to live on their farm east of Marion . . . **PATRICK MCKINNEY** is an art student at OSU Marion . . . **ERROL MILLER** lives in Monroe, Louisiana. His poems have appeared in *Colorado Quarterly*, *Kansas Quarterly* and *Texas Quarterly* . . . **FRAN ONORATO** is an art student on the Marion Campus . . . **JOYCE PRATER** is a student at OSU Marion . . . **NANCY RINEHART** is assistant editor of the *Cornfield Review*. She is a student on the Marion Campus, majoring in elementary education . . . **GLENN ROTHMAN** is an associate professor of art at OSU Marion and a resident of Delaware . . . **SHARON RUSBULDT** was born in Seattle and now lives in Marion. She is president of the Marion County Writers and Poets Association . . . **DIANE J. RUSSELL** lives in Springfield . . . **is said** participates in Ohio's Artists-in-the-Schools program. He has performed his jazz-poetry at many colleges, prisons, clubs and bars . . . **CHERYL SHUTT** lives in Marion and attends OSU Marion . . . **LARRY SMITH** is an assistant professor of English at Bowling Green's Firelands Campus. He is the author of *Kenneth Patchen* (Twayne, 1979) . . . **WILLIAM STAFFORD** teaches at Lewis & Clark College in Portland, Oregon . . . **HOLLIS SUMMERS** teaches in the English department of Ohio University. His most recent books are *The Garden*, novel; *How They Choose the Dead*, short stories; and *Occupant: Please Forward*, poems . . . **LEONARD TRAWICK** grew up in Alabama and now teaches English at Cleveland State University. His work has appeared recently in *Chicago Review*, *Poetry* and *73 Ohio Poets: A Cornfield Review Special Issue* . . . **ALBERTA T. TURNER** teaches at Cleveland State. She is the editor of *50 Contemporary Poets: The Creative Process* (McKay) . . . **KAREN VANBRIMMER STONER** lives in Delaware and attends OSU Marion . . . **LAURIE B. WESSELY** is an English major at OSU Marion . . . **STAN WILLIS**, former Navy photographer, now attends Ohio State's Marion Campus . . .

