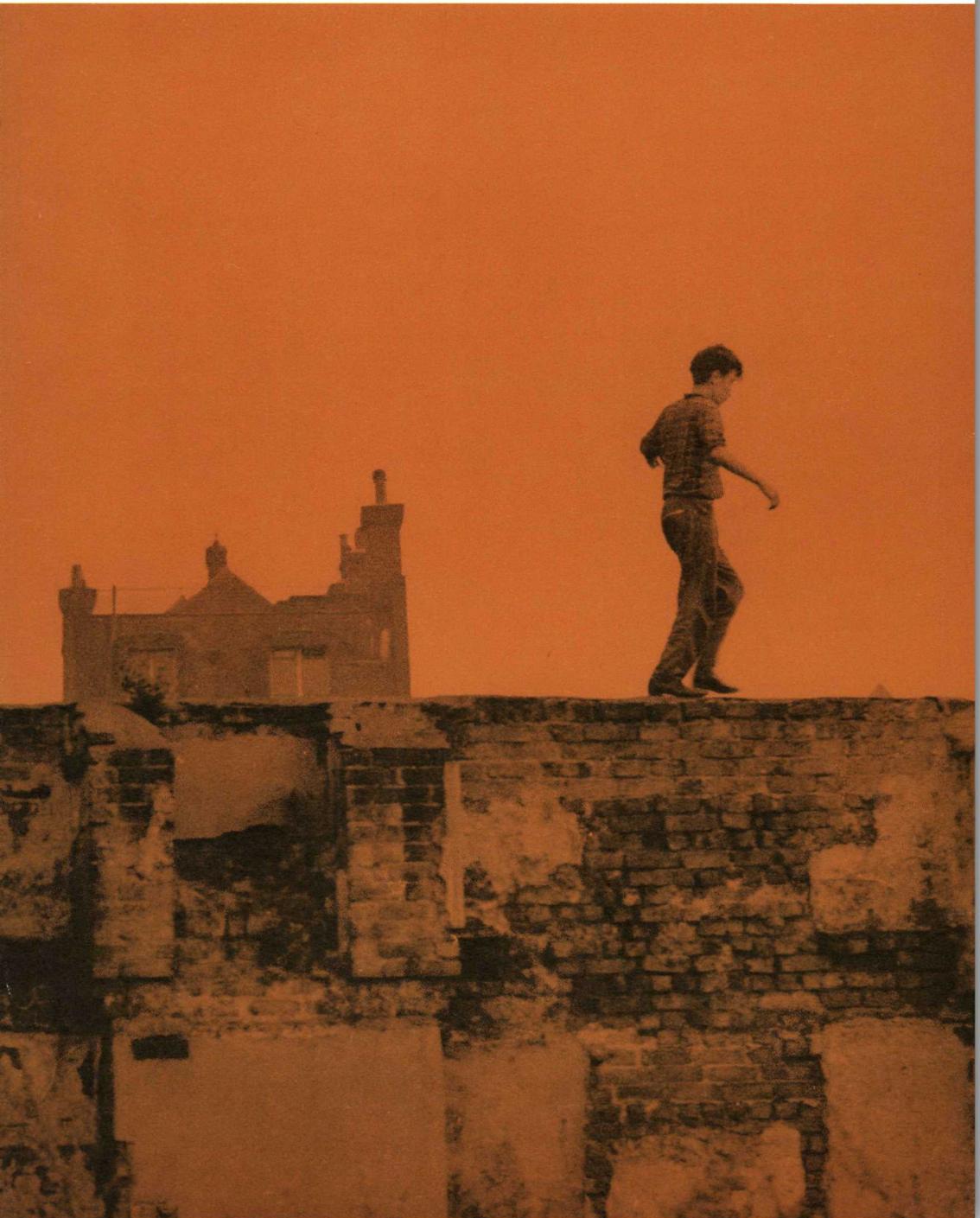


# PRISM

*international*

*Summer, 1966*

*\$1.25*





## STAFF

EDITOR-IN CHIEF *Jacob Zilber*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS *Robert Harlow*  
Prose

*Dorothy Livesay*  
Poetry

ART EDITOR *David Mayrs*

ADVISORY EDITOR *Jan de Bruyn*

BUSINESS MANAGER *Cherie Smith*

ILLUSTRATIONS  
COVER PHOTO *David Mayrs*

ESSAY PHOTO *Stanley Read*

PRINTED BY MORRISS PRINTING COMPANY LTD., VICTORIA, B.C.

PRISM *international* is a journal of contemporary writing, published three times a year by the University of British Columbia. Annual subscriptions are \$3.50, single copies \$1.25, obtainable by writing to PRISM, c/o Creative Writing, U.B.C., Vancouver 8, Canada.

MSS should be sent to the Editors at the same address and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope and Canadian or unattached U.S. stamps, or commonwealth or international reply coupons.

# PRISM *international*

VOLUME SIX NUMBER ONE

## CONTENTS

### ESSAY

- Janus* ROY DANIELLS 4

### A SELECTION OF POETRY

#### FROM OTHER LANGUAGES

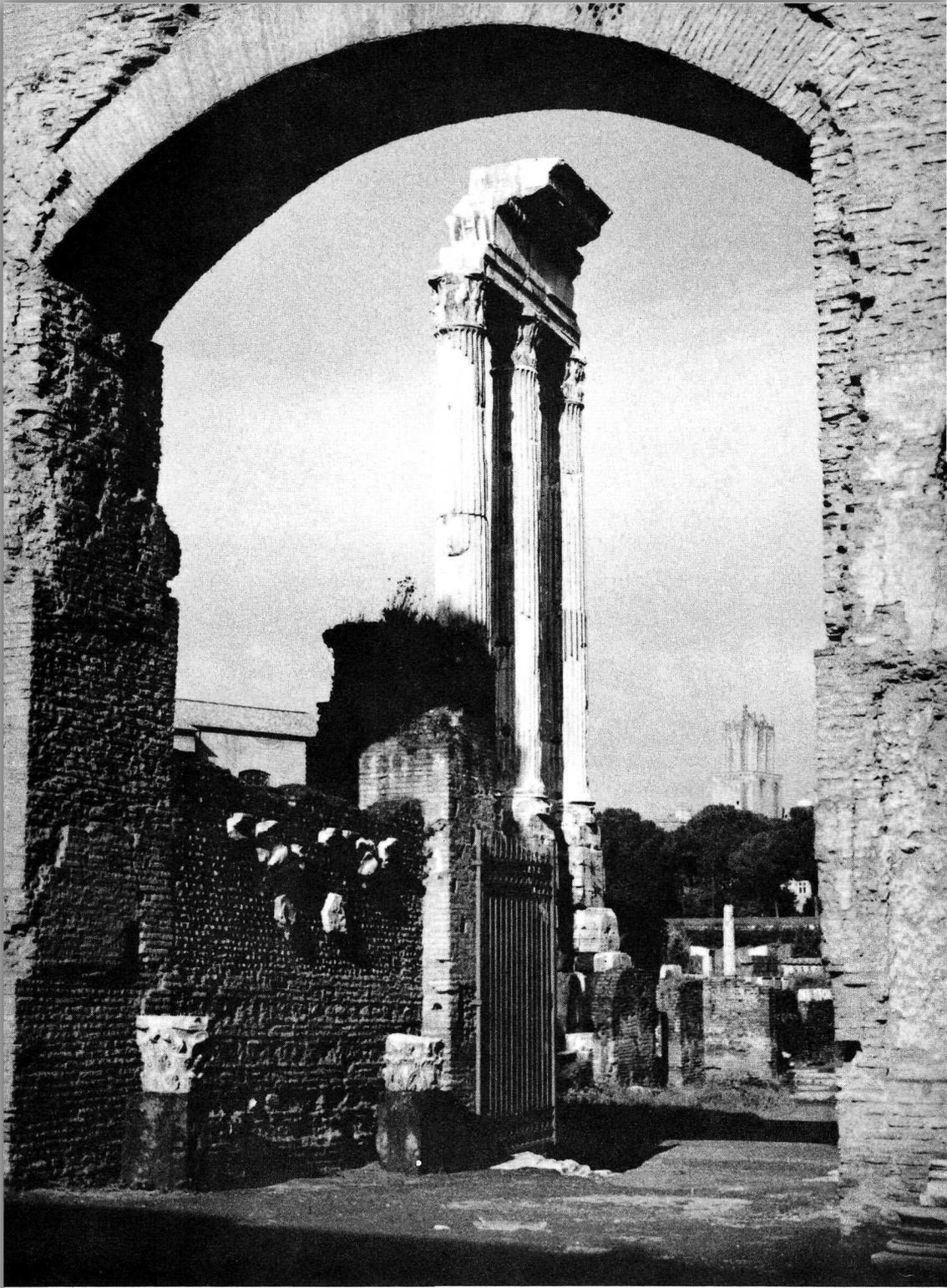
- Two Poems* PAULO BOMFIM 12  
(with translations from the Portuguese by DORA PETTINELLA)
- Ferthalag* KARI MAROARSON 14  
(with translation by the author from his original Icelandic poem)
- Längst Hat Die Sonne* SIMON GRABOWSKI 16  
(with translation by the author from his original German poem)
- Two Poems* GWENDOLYN MACEWEN 17  
(with translations by the author from her original "Egyptian hieroglyphs")

#### FROM ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND

- A Merry Month* KHADAMBI ASALACHE 20
- In the Park* JEFF NUTTALL 21
- Two Poems* MICHAEL HOROVITZ 22
- Two Poems* A. W. TREES 24
- Two Poems* LENRIE PETERS 27
- Two Poems* D. M. THOMAS 29
- Two Poems* SALLY ROBERTS 31
- Three Poems* KNUTE SKINNER 33
- Two Poems* L. M. HERRICKSON 35

FROM AUSTRALIA		
<i>Death of a God</i>	GRACE PERRY	36
FROM GERMANY		
<i>Three Poems</i>	GASTON BART-WILLIAMS	36
FROM THE UNITED STATES		
<i>South of the Sepulchre</i>	JAMES EVANS	42
<i>Timber Blue Haze</i>	DUANE MCGINNIS	43
<i>Two Poems</i>	DENNIS TRUDELL	44
<i>Survivals</i>	BARBARA DRAKE	45
<i>Seven Poems</i>	J. MICHAEL YATES	46
<i>Two Poems</i>	RALPH SALISBURY	52
<i>Three Poems</i>	JOHN TAGLIABUE	53
<i>Two Poems</i>	ROBERT CHUTE	54
FROM CANADA		
<i>The Spectator</i>	STANLEY COOPERMAN	55
<i>Waiting</i>	WARREN STEVENSON	56
<i>Five Poems</i>	ELI MANDEL	57
<i>Two Poems</i>	MICHAEL ONDAATJE	61
<i>Berg</i>	TOM WAYMAN	63
<i>Two Poems</i>	PETER VAN TOORN	65
<i>Two Poems</i>	DAVID HELWIG	67
<i>Two Poems</i>	MYRON TURNER	68
<i>Two Poems</i>	SEYMOUR MAYNE	70
<i>Two Poems</i>	JAMES REID	72
<i>Four Poems</i>	AL PURDY	74
<i>Four Poems</i>	PAUL LAVIGUEUR	80
<i>Reactions after Reading an Honest but Odious Poem</i>	JOY KOGAWA	83
<i>Two Poems</i>	GWENDOLYN MAC EWEN	85
<i>Two Poems</i>	PETER STEVENS	87
<i>Books and Periodicals Received</i>		90

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS APPEAR BESIDE THEIR WORK



This essay, the second in a series on great cities, was written by ROY DANIELLS during a leave-of-absence from the University of British Columbia, where he is University Professor of English Language and Literature. For many years Head of the English Department at U.B.C., Professor Daniells is well-known as poet, critic, and scholar.

# JANUS

ROY DANIELLS

CLIMBING THE STEPS TO THE American Academy library, I encounter a Janus head on the balustrade. Each morning he reviews my life, watching, with an imperturbable white frown, all that's past and, with an equal expression of doubt, what's to come. It took me several days to notice that the Academy had adopted this head as its crest; it took several months to take in the full appropriateness: Rome is double visaged. Even the wolf's two sucklings were soon violently disagreeing.

Superficially, it is the past and present which clamour for attention here. The azaleas of the via Veneto; the Borghese pines, their umbrellas brightened by a Spring downpour; a ceaseless stream of Fiat cinquecentos darting and angling about the Pinciana gate. Against these, the huge mass of the wall, a weight of history even more than of brickwork — "heavy as frost, and deep almost as life." It is the same everywhere. On first emerging from the central station or turning a corner from the airport bus, one runs against the immovable stone courses of the wall of Servius Tullius, an antiquity when Caesar was born. The station itself, built a dozen years ago, is still among the most modern in Europe, light and white and effortlessly planing over space.

The Janus head pivots to provide endless dichotomies. Stretched over its seven or ten hills whose names one can never remember; central in the Italian peninsula; central between Atlantic and Levant; midway between Africa and Europe: Rome could and did command the entire Mediterranean basin. And precisely this geo-

graphical advantage, played in reverse, brought down upon her the armies of Hannibal and Belisarius, the Goths and Vandals, the whole succession of her disasters, none more terrifying than the sack of 1527 by the Christian troops of Charles V. Up on the battlements of Hadrian's tomb you can still imagine yourself standing by Cellini as he made his long-range shots — the small, mobile, bronze barrels are there still — to encourage the beleaguered pope. Having first inflicted itself too violently on too many people, this city has in turn been too grievously afflicted by barbarian invaders, from Alaric to Hitler. The Colosseum, as inevitable a symbol of old Rome as the Eiffel Tower of Paris, was after all, a monstrous erection to promote blood sports in the worst sense of the term. It is now a hollow, shabby, cankered ruin that not even the legend of its association with Christian martyrs can invest with anything but horror.

The past soaks into every layer of Roman life. A fellow guest at the Canadian ambassador's hospitable table is an Italian patriot, exclaiming that for the sake of progressive ideas, Florence should have been the capital, as indeed it briefly was, during the Risorgimento. When recently his Holiness embraced the Archbishop of Canterbury, the terror of Michelangelo's Judgment hung just above their heads in the Sistine Chapel. You stand by Raphael's tomb, in the great eye of the Pantheon's dome, or at Keats' grave in the shadow of Cestius' pyramid, and in the long temporal vista of things, they become your own contemporaries and companions, men of the modern world. A gipsy can still run off with your baby on the streets of Rome; it happened to a friend of ours. Shepherds from the Abruzzi hills, looking in their working clothes like maskers costumed by Inigo Jones, were piping in the Corso before Christmas, hoping for reward, having led their lambs to slaughter for the season.

Here not only the Janus head speaks but all statues and Baroque buildings and inscriptions on old stones. The obelisks that pin down the great piazzas are surmounted with crosses, to assert the supremacy of the Church; the column of Marcus Aurelius is crowned with a figure of St. Paul and Trajan's column by Peter. The church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva spells out the message: The Christian faith has dispossessed paganism, bringing in hope and charity. Janus, looking back to Christians in the arena and forward to The Campo Fiori where Bruno, among others, was burned, must have felt his marble head harden. A friend recently showed me, in the midst of the Fiori fish and fruit stalls, the fine shrouded bronze figure of Bruno, standing there to keep us reminded.

But to return to the Vatican and St. Peter's: all through the endless meetings of the Ecumenical Council, Bernini's huge dramatic piazza was half railed off and one could sometimes view the bishops emerging, doll-like in the distance, a few personal heads and hands visible against impersonal robes. They had sat all morning under Bernini's descending dove and had not entirely sat in vain. One face of Janus murmurs that here is a reformation beginning some four and a half centuries too late; the other that what was asserted then is now in due course to be explored — *Chi va piano, va sano*. The American bishops seen on street corners of the Borgo look determined, nervous, preoccupied. I am told the Dutch bishops showed the marks of Calvin.

This city of flowers and fountains, of fashions, Fiats and fine arts, is thick with the symbols of power — triumphal arches, columns, tiaras and keys. Leaving Italy, you cross, just beyond Trieste, into an uncomprehending and incomprehensible country because you have left the ancient Western Roman empire for the ancient empire of the East. But Rome's power is over and done with; there will be no more revolts and crucifixions. And the Inquisition has folded its black wings. It is a pleasant reflection that the last tenant of the Vatican was loved for his own sake and must have put a lower value on pomp and power than almost any of his predecessors.

The long reaches of the Vatican museum and even the "stanze" of Raphael insist too much on attestations of papal power. Pope Julius appears as a dignified figure, not without an aura of devotion. But when Leo succeeds it is interesting to see Raphael evading the required gestures of homage by a shift of style. These walls are full of personal history. Downstairs one comes into another world. In the Sistine chapel Michelangelo is preoccupied with greater things, with vast acts of creation or judgment, with sybils, prophets, patriarchs, *ignudi* and the first man and woman. Whatever he has to tell us is timeless and imminent. The Campidoglio — the construct of facades with which he crowned the Capitoline hill — is centred on the familiar equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, quite at home in the contemporary world. The ten thousand lire banknotes I get for my Canadian dollars bear a representation of the Campidoglio, flanked on one side by Michelangelo's head, that enigmatic face full of power and pain and perturbation, and on the other by a cartouche that looks vacant, until, holding its blankness up to the light, one finds the pale marble features of Julius Caesar impressed in the watermark. This subtle recognition of ancient and modern power outdoes Janus himself, I think.

All roads lead to Rome and, as a consequence, roads lead from Rome to all other places. Janus, on his pillar beside any of the great stone-paved thoroughfares, must have seen comings and goings enough to stir his calcified brains. Exporting legions and the law, Latinity, liturgy and literature, Rome imported Greek sculpture and sculptors, fetched in Bramante and others from Tuscany to design its Renaissance palaces, and shows today's tourists the work of Raphael, born in Urbino, of Michelangelo the Florentine, and of Bernini whose Tuscan father found a wife in Naples. Garibaldi, whose statue crowns the Janiculum, was not a Roman. Nor was Mazzini or Cavour. The great celebrators of Rome generally come from abroad: Claude Lorrain and Poussin were French; the authors of the *Decline and Fall* and of "O Rome, my country, city of my soul" were English. The list is endless. Twenty-four million visitors came to Italy last year and somewhere among them are the enchanted ones who will make Rome memorable to our next generation.

The visitor who is not here to make a movie or for some other obsessive purpose finds himself surcharged by overlapping impressions. His immediate thought is that the streets are too narrow for what they contain, that the atmosphere on the Corso or the via Sistina must at some hours be pure carbon monoxide. And that the walls the tide of traffic streams against are often overworn, blotched and painfully stained. Even Borromini's church of San Carlo, with the curving cornice, on the Quattro Fontane corner, one of the supreme small masterpieces of Baroque, cries out to be cleaned and mended. There are afternoons when Rome, seen from the height of the Janiculum, looks quite terrifying, like some calcined city of the dead. The via Veneto, where tourists sit to see each other pass, can seem no more than the main street of Babylon the Great, leading down to the piazza where Bernini's streaming Triton, turning a disdainful back, gets on with the playing of his own fountain.

Sooner or later, though, even the straightforward Anglo-Saxon comes to the other face of Janus and sees that what Rome offers is neither ideas nor aspirations, but forms. There is perhaps no other city where the spaces around and between buildings are as important as the structures themselves. The Roman has always loved buildings and building materials. Give him a small range of mountains and he will present you with a range of churches and palaces, bridges, piazzas and walled gardens, replete with tufa, peperino, pumice, possolana; with Hymettian, Parian, Pantelic and Thrasian marble; with breccia, cipollino, nero antico and pavonazetto; with

stucco, cement, mortar and plaster; with alabaster and granite: enough for even Apollo's satisfaction. Italian building has been traditionally a triple gesture of recognition — to space, to substance and to time. The past is never neglected. Bernini, twisting the huge Solomonic columns of his baldacchino in St. Peter's, kept in his eye the small ancient originals of this form and inset them high up in the adjacent pillars, where today they stand and attract the literally doubtful but figuratively true legend that they were part of Solomon's Temple, as sacramental symbols of the fruit-bearing vine. Time has also something to do with the Roman pleasure in stones that bear marks of age — the worn balustrade, eroded steps, encrusted fountain or discoloured wall. Da Vinci, staring at stained stones, found new forms combining in his mind.

When in Rome, do as Rome does. The Roman visits the trade fair in Milan, making his expenses by a small flutter on the Lido en route (I quote, fore and aft, our house agent, just returned) or flies to the Congo to negotiate some business for his father, who possesses trucks. But he belongs in Rome, in his own quarter, with friends and family and familiar faces. We too, after half a year here, find ourselves blooming like the geraniums in the stone window box, in the shallow security of a district called Tomba di Nerone. Whether Nero was really buried here nobody seems to know. It is not a tomb I feel impelled to look for. We live in a nexus of Italian, Belgian and American families, a few yards off via Cassia. The short, thin bit of ribbon development that gives us our apartment is deceptive; between the new, frail, barely reinforced concrete apartments, hung over with sliding cranes, one can look out to hills across an unchanged countryside. Five minutes walk brings me to a valley as melancholy, eroded and deprived of amenities as the ancient campagna must have been. They say that historically this can be laid to the door of the anopheles mosquito which made the valleys and undrained flats deadly after sundown. Whatever the cause, we look with Janus one way toward green campagna and the other toward walls that never end till they have impounded two and a half million Romans, on both sides of the Tiber, in their tight embrace.

How everyone lives is a mystery. Wages are low and to the Canadian eye the price of everything is far too high — fruit, vegetables and wine excepted. An Italian friend who is taking the pearl buttons off his small son's coat to put on gold ones throws some light on the problem. He looks after property, tells of a farm in Libya where he has artesian wells, has just opened a shop selling beautiful gloves and handbags which his wife manages. Underneath his slow

charm there is a mind as quick as a gold butterfly. Romans who are not quick-minded get jobs by some mysterious nepotism in the post office and its numerous branches. Here you may contrive, after the books have been consulted, the *francobolli* identified and stuck on one at a time with glue, and the painful process of adding up what they cost completed and double checked — you may contrive to post five letters in ten minutes. On bad days when my wife has to go through the rule-book herself and explain its application, it may take twenty minutes at the head of an ever-lengthening line to save us seventeen hundred lire of unnecessary postage on envelopes addressed to Canada. These details are worth noting because they are only the reflex of a strong proclivity surviving from Rome's past: a distrust of figures and of the written word, a reliance on rhetoric. Telephone conversations, just because one's interlocutor is remote, bring out the most telling gestures. The solitary northerner, oblivious of the arts, who by reading and writing puts himself at the centre of a web of information, is not indigenous here. Hence the ubiquitousness of the *caffè*, the bar, the open market, the still running fountain where information is exchanged, advice given and problems solved. The Fiat is changing all this.

The Fiat "cinquecento," which since we were last in Rome has displaced the motor scooter, is not so much a car as a powered carapace which permits its occupant to dart like a beetle at any angle toward his goal. Serious accidents are few, Italian reflexes quick; the "piccolo incidente" resulting in a broken headlight or a heavy dent is commonplace. The same mysterious process which, in spite of low wages and poor salaries, provides food and clothes for all, fashion and gastronomy for many, modern conveniences for a rising proportion, continues to pour out the Fiats. And that may mean the end of old Rome. In Siena, in Venice, in Dubrovnik — for quite separate reasons — people move about on foot and the visual effect of a stable community on the old Mediterranean pattern is immediately strengthened. But Janus looking up the road can see only more and more Fiats, more and more green buses. The bus on the Cassia, #301, is itself a showcase of contraries. The old women with bags of cabbages or the mysterious herbs they gather by roadsides; the miscellany of people going to and from work; the foreigners whose cars the garage will return tomorrow; the swarms of school children at set hours: somehow they all cram in. But the old women are fewer than they were six years ago. The boys with bundles of books are more numerous; soon they will be driving Fiats.

The indefinable attraction of Rome, which not even Janus with his many vistas of time and space can comprehend, reveals itself in miniscule in the Overseas School just down the Cassia, to which my children go. Here the arts are believed in and felt to belong to the school. The music teacher directs his own opera company. An instructor in English is in fact an Irish poet and friend of Pound. Relations between staff and students are casual; the rigidity of routine gives continually. But students who in Vancouver would be prescribed juvenile books to read are here taken to Hawthorne, Melville and Eliot with some comprehension. A trip to Sicily at Easter develops into a passionate study of Romanesque and a notebook crammed with comment. The arts live without effort, like children who are loved.

From time to time this winter, equipped with a Eurail pass and *Europe on five dollars a day*, I went off to galleries and museums, looking for Mannerism. But one never quite broke with Rome. Copenhagen was redolent of Thorwaldsen; he lived on the via Sistina near the top of the Spanish Steps. In the Louvre one was greeted by da Vinci, Michelangelo and Poussin. Munich's Alte Pinakothek is full of Italian faces. It was hard to get away from the "città eterna."

Coming back, from month to month, through wintry fields under snow buried Alps, down into the cold of Italy east of the Apennines, the train slipped next through the easy passes and short tunnels between Bologna and Florence. The landscape slowly brightened, taking on its cheerful greens and browns. As we rolled by Siena and Viterbo, the sun would come out, the sky deepen and the warmth of the Mediterranean would creep up. I was looking only southward by this time. And soon we were in Stazione Termini, under the soaring roof. Usually I walked up past Quattro Fontane, on the narrow and crowded pavement, and passed below Trinita dei Monti and the Pincio, turning my head to see what sunlight might be still behind St. Peter's. Then down to Piazza Popolo and through the shabby arch to catch a bus. Soon the 301 was grinding its way up via Cassia from Ponte Milvio. Past the new, red, circular church, the old stained villas, the blocks of frail apartments ("affittasi" or "vendesi"), the war memorial AI GLORIOSI CADUTI DI TUTTE LE GUERRE DELLA ZONA TOMBA DI NERONE, The Overseas School with its green protective ledges and the bright Farmacia that has just opened on our corner. Good to be back again. Good to be home.

## ***Two Poems by Paulo Bomfim***

(with translations from the Portuguese by Dora Pettinella)

### **O AR**

Em nossa transparência  
Os muros da carne.

Em nossa angústia  
O vento rebelde.

Em nossa nuvem  
O voo do pássaro.

Em nossa fonte  
A água invisível.

Em nossa árvore  
A serpente do nada.

Somos o ar  
Na torre das palavras.

### **AIR**

In our translucency  
Walls of flesh.

In our anxiety  
The rebel wind.

In our cloud  
The flight of a bird.

In our fountain  
Invisible water.

In our tree  
The serpent of naught.

We are air  
In a tower of words.

## TRES VIDAS

Neste momento imenso e misterioso,  
Nesta fração de tempo que caminha  
Para o repouso de toda hora extinta,

Uma estrela mergulhou em algum ponto no Infinito,  
Uma onda rebentou em algum rochedo solitário,  
E uma mulher morreu em algum lugar da terra.

Passou dentro de mim neste momento  
Uma revolta imensa contra tudo:  
    Três mortes não lembradas,  
    Uma estrela que morreu,  
Uma onda que se desfez em espuma,

E uma mulher, quem sabe a única  
Mulher dentre as mulheres deste mundo,  
Em algum lugar do espaço . . .  
Que procurei por tanto tempo em vão!  
Três vidas se extinguíram neste instante,

Uma estrela  
Uma onda,  
Uma mulher!

## THREE LIVES

In this long mysterious moment,  
In this fraction of time moving  
Toward the calm of all extinct hours,

A star has plunged in some part of the Infinite,  
A wave has clashed against some solitary cliff  
A woman is dead in some part of the world.

In this moment an endless revolt  
Against all things has risen within me:  
    Three unremembered deaths,  
    A star dying  
    A wave dissolving in foam.

And a woman, perhaps the only  
Woman of this world's women  
For whom I searched in vain so long!  
Three lives destroyed in this moment,  
In some part of space. . . .

A star  
A wave  
A woman!

PAULO BOMFIM is the outstanding Brazilian author who was awarded the Bilac Prize by the Brazilian Academy of Letters in 1947. He has published many books of poetry. DORA PETTINELLA's translations have appeared in *Prism international* and in numerous other journals; she lives in New York City.

## FERTHALAG

Ég bjó í myrkrinu í hálf tann ári  
og borthathi ávexti fuglanna  
Ath theim tíma lithnum  
gekk ég innan úr myrkrinu  
og fólkith sagthi vith mig:  
Dauthinn er dysjathur hinumegin vith ána  
Komdu ath skemmta thérr  
Og ég skemmti mér

KARI MÁRTHARSON

## HERMER SCHLEBB AND HIS DOG FLUP

Hermer Schlebb clumpin up out of the bog  
trompin home after a long day  
boggin in the marsh

Come on Flup

Flup chompin on a toadfrog flompin along  
flip flop hump flump FROTCH

Come on Flup

The gurbles frunkin in the gretch  
gruttin through the furshes  
throttin up the rumble  
gettin close

Come on Flup

Thumber muggin frogfart  
CROTCH hangass bumpbuggin  
undergrunt grendel runch  
wait

*BOMBUGGYGUNDERDUMP*

GROT THWUT FROT

Come on Flup

That's Hermer y know never flinched

Wow

PETER CARLETON

This is a translation from PETER CARLETON's Icelandic poem, "Ferthalag," which was written under his Icelandic name. He is presently writing a doctoral thesis on modern Icelandic poetry at Berkeley. About the matter of translation, he says: "Poetry exists only at the point of contact of form and content. Hence, translation is meaningless. . . . Yet there is a kind of translation that bypasses the linguistic barrier. Poetry derives from a mental state, a pre-verbal private object. If we can follow a poem back to that state, we can perhaps proceed out of the mind via language, and arrive at another public object which can be called a translation of the first. These two poems, one in Icelandic from 1958, the other in English in 1965, represent such a translation."

## LÄNGST HAT DIE SONNE

Längst  
hat die Sonne sich von uns verabschiedet, das Zwielicht  
uns angeschlichen:  
Mit lautlosem Messer uns die Lichtader geöffnet.  
Lautlos verbluten wir —  
pünktlich  
Liefert es uns der Nacht aus.

SIMON GRABOWSKI

## LONG AGO THE SUN

(translated by *Simon Grabowski* from his original German poem)

Long ago  
the sun took leave of us, twilight  
stole upon us  
Opened up, with knife soundless, our light-vessels: Soundlessly  
bleeds us to death —  
On schedule  
delivers us to darkness.

Born in Denmark, SIMON GRABOWSKI is now a student at the University of British Columbia. One of his stories appeared in the *New Mexico Quarterly*.

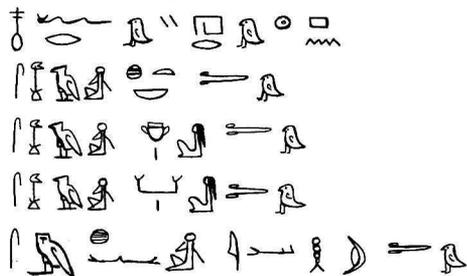
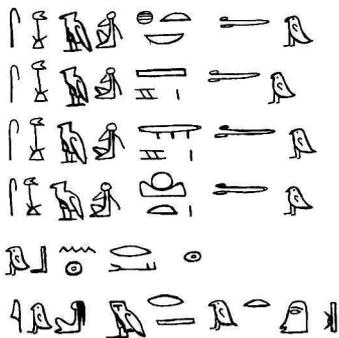
## Two Poems by Gwendolyn MacEwen

(with translations by the author from her original  
"Egyptian hieroglyphs")

### EVERYTHING REMEMBERS YOU

Everything remembers you  
The pool remembers  
The earth remembers  
The horizon remembers you,  
When the sun rises  
I rejoice

How beautiful this day is!  
Everything remembers you  
My heart,  
My soul remember,  
(Only) the moon forgets

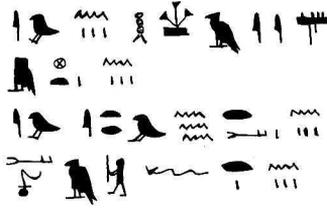
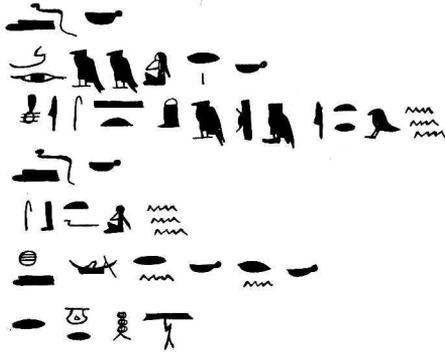


## WHEN YOU SPEAK

When you speak  
I see your mouth  
Like a secret in a river  
When you speak  
The waters laugh  
And your name, your name  
Goes downstream towards the night

We are naked  
In our city  
And the river beside us  
Steals our words away

When you speak  
I see your soul  
Like a bird in the heavens  
When you speak  
The river laughs  
And your name  
Like a small boat  
Goes downstream towards the night



N.B.: The scribe regrets she has considerable difficulty in certain signs, notably birds.

GWENDOLYN MAC EWEN'S poems and fiction have been published widely in Canada. About the hieroglyphic poems, she says: "MacEwen is by no means an expert at this sort of thing, but these are visual experiments and a lot of fun to write. This is to avoid the impression that I'm setting up as an Egyptologist." Two more of her poems appear on pages 85-86.

## A MERRY MONTH

And now the spirit of giving  
fanning the still air comes again;  
all the days of the past season, restless autumn  
with its comfortless leaves falling in the breeze,  
wither from the mind.

And from shop windows a new foliage  
in green, and emerald, and gold  
to exalt our secret thoughts  
bridging from season to another  
to bring a new synthesis.

One window displays  
an uncertain command over its wooden saints;  
and the candles, blushing a bright glitter,  
fall their innocent eyes  
to light a silent myth.

In this laboured pleasantness  
does there hide simple affections, or souls  
pure from this habitual revolution that grips  
only to crumble again  
to await the next bright gesture?

KHADAMBI ASALACHE

KHADAMBI ASALACHE is a Kenyan poet now living in London. His work has appeared in *Outposts*, *Transition*, *Times Literary Supplement*, and elsewhere.

## IN THE PARK

he stars were public flowers, leaning tall stalks, watching; public flowers were stars.  
he flowers were secretaries civil servants clerks inspecting me, their stalks like legs of  
secretary birds.  
he bird-beaked people, come to see and ask, were glare-accusing mass of stars.

he starlight was a floodlight desklight glare interrogation light.  
he light apocalypse sent beams that glanced around my guilty pelvic bone.  
he shadowkilling Christlight dried the blood to scum across my face.

he mad stars knew me, knew the reason you were weeping.  
lowerlens lamps flashed spectacles with sunflower lenses,  
atched my wish to gnaw the sweet vagina from you, tear your kind cling out in  
ribbons, spit it in their secretary faces.

orning — when I telephoned — thank Christ there you were, okay.  
hadn't really done it.  
hey know though, yes they know, the bright inquisitors on tall stalks,  
atched the whole damn operation, shrilling anthems.

JEFF NUTTALL

JEFF NUTTALL, born in 1933 and "raised in a long extinct volcano on the borders of Wales," shares his studio with an owl and a dead stag. He is a teacher, father of four fat children, and editor of Great Britain's most respected and firmly established literary periodical: *My Own Mag: a super-absorbent periodical*.

*Two Poems by Michael Horovitz*

THATCHED

I went to empty some ash out the window  
still haven't scraped the cobwebs from my hair

City slicker mean wiles prowls  
melba-soft on peachskin suede

The blind man stood on the road  
and cried

Football hurtles from the park enclosure  
turtleshell glimmer

Red slips sail every washing day  
red wails in the sunset

A white feather lifts  
rams horn bellows to the sky

PIED A TERRE (COLDWATER LYRIC)

SING

a song of spring  
cries the land  
lady  
    viewing his UN  
sprung mattress —  
See  
    how they are busy —  
buds popping  
    wasps buzzing  
    worms squirming  
    birds squealing  
    melody of flowers  
    in the beds, and  
    one lonely privet  
    hedging  
the boarder

MICHAEL HOROVITZ, one of England's outstanding young poets, founded and edits *New Departures*.

*Two Poems by A. W. Trees*

WE NEED POETRY  
IF WE ARE TO SURVIVE . . .

I am appalled as I stare into things poets have said  
and realise  
that they have made so little impression  
(on whom? say the critics)

what conclusion can we draw?  
(say the seekers)

I look into a poem  
long and long  
to see it go over  
the primitive beat of mankind  
in the cultured carcass of poetic form  
or to see it pass by with a skip and a sigh

but all creative energy is the same to a duck's back

and by now we are so well weathered  
we may as well be ducks.

## PLEASANT WORKING CONDITIONS . . .

Teachers are a fine body of men  
see them in a corner  
curdled at break-time  
quietly confident or crisp with ideas  
conservative anarchists

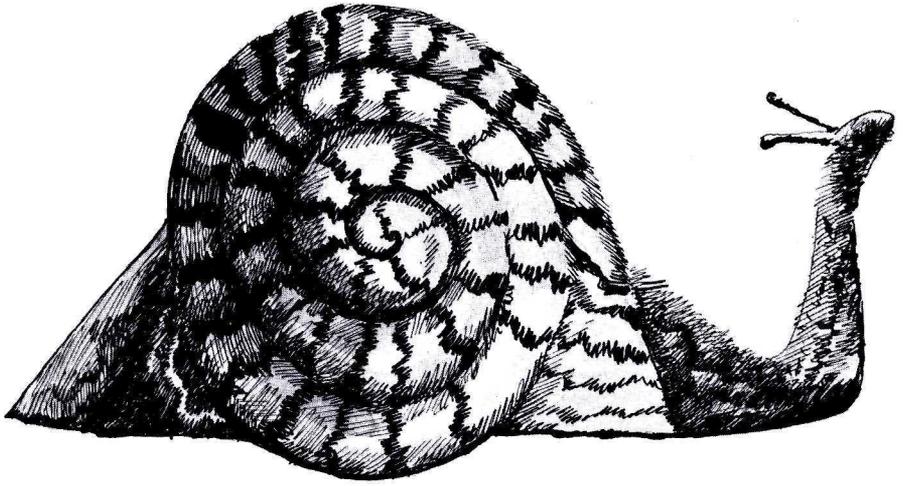
a fine body of men  
ambitious men  
Christian men  
cultivated, civilized, urbane, witty, chatty  
— tele home car and garden . . . shop . . .  
each one speaks from his own distance  
warily circling his own desire

and withal so complacent . . .  
compare the self-assurance of good craftsmen  
with the polished arrogance of good teachers

but please do not misunderstand me  
break-time is such a good atmosphere  
I really couldn't have stood it otherwise

you need a good atmosphere for work  
or life's just hell.

A. W. TREES teaches at the grammar school in Darlington, England. His collected poems are to be published by Outposts Publications. "When I write I restate that which has truly astonished me. I am floored by the organized concepts of society. The ordered thinking of my trained contemporaries defeats me; we turn from each other mutually disgusted. In my writing I ask why this should be so?"



## *Two Poems by Lenrie Peters*

### CONSIDER A SNAIL

Consider a snail  
you would have  
thought its movements  
slimy. No, circumspect.  
Its towering oblivion  
grounded in humility  
irritates the idea  
of energy. Ten years  
to reach some green  
morsel on Mars  
is nothing to a snail; morally.  
Morsel and chlorophyll  
will wait embittered  
a generation or two  
till some waif snail  
snaps it up with  
less guts; more luck.

Snails fear rapaciousness  
prefix for madness.  
Like lightning ambling  
through the sky; Where  
will it strike or die?  
Snails are unerringly  
sane and dry.

Let rough winds  
carry phantoms into tomorrow.  
Winds to hang on  
naked deserted trees; dateless.  
Snails linger obscurely  
in the sand, hedges, half shadows  
essentially fresh, essentially alive.  
Eternally striving, that's all!

## A SABRE SHARK

A sabre shark  
lifts and plunges  
cutting the emerald  
sea like firewood  
a spray of steam  
angles the lightning track  
towards the fossil  
of the sea bed.  
An immense danger  
ripples away  
stabs centrally  
by flashes and shadows  
with a clean intention  
cast in a single grim desire.  
My eye loses track  
in a wink  
The monster tosses and gulps  
existence is in its belly  
Truth is naked  
to be slashed at cleanly  
shedding ceremonial robes  
of undesirable thoughts  
emotions, words  
complexes. Diving pneumatically  
not with acolytes and candles,  
cleaned sharply to the bone  
like a skilled executioner.

LENRIE PETERS was born in Gambia and is presently a surgeon in London. His collected poems were published in 1964, his novel (*The Second Round*) in 1965. He is at work on a second novel and a book on African unity.

## *Two Poems by D. M. Thomas*

### BOOSTER-ROCKETS

Venusassaulting love,  
your frontier rockets of  
last month are of no worth  
except to spur from earth.

Each tentative advance  
(the body's headline news  
once, hawked by the loud heart)  
is now a casual part  
our upward thrust must lose.  
The gauche softlanding glance,  
an instrumental probe  
that found the surface fire  
yet ready for manned flight;  
the orbit of a dance;  
the brief space-rendezvous  
of limbs beneath the table:  
how commonplace, how trite,  
these dull, expendable  
primevals of desire!

Here where we drift tonight,  
on a white virgin sea  
once thought our utmost goal,  
finds us unsatisfied.

With its old urgency  
Love bids us 'Higher!'

O cruel technology,  
tell us, what's still denied?

## A DEAD PLANET

i

The captain primed his crew, disconsolate  
Upon the bleak, the broken-pillared plain;  
Waving a tentacle, he snapped, "The State  
Will want to know how primitive a brain  
Presided here. We must *resuscitate . . .*"  
(A thrill bestirred their pinions). "We trust  
the grain

Of skull that Luth is working on was late  
Enough in time for the blueprints to remain,  
Enabling our machine to build — and wait  
To see what kind of animate was slain  
So summarily, as it appears; what fate  
Extinguished it.' Deep silence then.

ii

. . . The 'Man'

— Such was the thing called, ere the desolate  
Decade of the falling of the rain,  
The white-hot ash — was shrivelled, bifurcate.  
'*Master!*' his lips compounded while the skein  
Was falling from the eyes he had just shut  
On wife, on child: his faith was not in vain!  
'*Dear Christ! . . . how blissfully Thou dost abate  
The grave's —*' His gaze took in the plain;  
The ring of orbs devoid of love or hate,  
The ray-guns poised to mow him down again  
When they had sorted out his true estate.

D. M. THOMAS is the English poet who is exploring the "science-fiction" vein of poetry, some examples of which were in our last issue. ". . . the wildest dreams of the science fiction writers — androids, robots, telepathy, the lot — are somewhere or other, even now, cold truth, or a pale facsimile of the truth. This is too wonderful to leave entirely in the hands of the fiction-writers. Inevitably, they must concentrate on narrative interest and on novel intellectual ideas; cannot poetry be the spectroscope whose purpose it is to isolate the *emotion* in the stars?"

## *Two Poems by Sally Roberts*

### LISTENING TO "THE PLANETS"

In the street there's a man with a knife  
Runs howling away:  
In the room, music. Mars the Bringer of War,  
Discordant, but smooth,  
Stirs in the listening bone.  
The well-trained wolves  
Ravage the tidy corpses;  
Now, being moved, the darkness ablaze with fire,  
Muscles are tautened, death welcomes the soldiery,  
Cities and empires fall with the beaten corn.

Out in the street a man with a kitchen knife  
Frightens the children home:  
Unravaged, but dead,  
His corpse will not lie down,  
Is battered on Saturday nights for being drunk,  
And visits, three times a year, the mental home,  
Where it is not cured.  
Killed at Dunkirk, in a famous victory,  
They could not tidy him up  
With the other graves:  
He howls at the moon, in the rubble of a street,  
And opens his wound again as the music dies.

## DAWS HILL

Thistle, and hawthorn, and the pricking grass,  
Cold wind and setting sun;  
Sunday in England,  
Where the riders pass, dogs bark and children play:

God give me pity to remember this,  
The blond and quaking grass, the dusty branch  
Heavy with berries: the apple sound  
Of music in the darkness, shrill and sweet.  
Always remembering: these sour sweets  
Of childhood, best forgotten.  
Bells in the distance; but the sun goes down,  
Down beyond Capricorn, and mist and cold  
Swallow the winter country.

Stay, and you die: a dead moon rules the hill,  
Riders turn homeward and the dogs are hushed:  
Go, and you live? Perhaps; who rules the sun?  
Nothing is certain till its hour is past.

SALLY ROBERTS is a librarian in London. She believes that poetry is very much a "mandarin" occupation in England: "though the 'Movement' and the 'Group' are often said to be expressing the malaise of modern suburban life, very few people live in their particular suburb. The present North American writers seem to have an ability for considerable but controlled freedom, and a feeling for the visible and tangible world they live in, which I greatly admire. Even Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti & Co. live much more nearly in my world than any of the English poets."

## *Three Poems by Knute Skinner*

### THE UNFINISHED POEM

I look up from my desk to a small window  
and the unfinished poem shrinks to a piece of paper.  
A close sky hangs on over Killaspuglonane;  
those clouds in the one corner might bring rain.  
And there, on the nearest rise,  
a cow scratches herself on my watertank.

### MY POSTCARD FROM ALMUÑÉCAR

There — an exploding rosebud for a nose —  
a woman in the market selling eggs.  
And there a beggar with his wasted legs.  
I walk among such aspects of disease.  
But do in taverns by the sheltered sea  
enjoy the white wine and the little fish.  
Spain has a climate anyone would wish.  
As for my bowels, they scarcely bother me.

## THE COLD IRISH EARTH

I shudder thinking  
of the cold Irish earth.  
The firelighter flares  
in the kitchen range,  
but a cold rain falls  
all around Liscannor.  
It scours the Hag's face  
on the Cliffs of Moher.  
It runs through the bog  
and seeps up into mounds  
of abandoned turf.  
My neighbor's fields are chopped  
by the feet of cattle  
sinking down to the roots  
of winter grass.  
That coat hangs drying now  
by the kitchen range,  
but down at Healy's cross  
the Killaspuglonane graveyard  
is wet to the bone.

KNUTE SKINNER divides his living between Ireland and Bellingham, Washington, where he teaches poetry and creative writing. Last year Golden Quill Press brought out his first book, *Stranger with a Watch*. A second, including the poems in this issue, will be published soon by the Dolmen Press.

## *Two Poems by L. M. Herrickson*

### LÀ-BAS

A general marches at dawn  
When the blue divider is lowered  
Along the beach. That moment of transition  
Breaks through the dark, a pulse of definition  
From dull to clear, blunt to precise.  
Sleep drops and cold  
Renews our nerves. The knife-horizon challenges.  
Sandbanks are faceted. Windows clatter open.  
Slowly the lid slides over  
The mummers in the pyramid.

### THE GOD IN THE BOX

The museum floor was hot. The autumn sun  
Poured down through the window. I forced the chest lid up  
Another inch. Perenna gripped the edge  
From his side and pulled. And then it came away.

And then the contents started fluttering  
Under the wrappings. "Christ!" said Perenna, "Christ!"  
But it wasn't Christ that clambered out of the box —  
One look at the face was enough to assure us of that.

L. M. HERRICKSON, who lives in Scotland, has published poems and prose in British, Canadian, and American magazines. "Most contemporary writing (including most of my own) seems so anaemic as to be nearly unreadable; the pet mandarin status of the writer in society is a stupid, insulting anomaly, and the setting right of this an immediate task."

## DEATH OF A GOD

(from a Maori karakia)

Earth go down. Sky go dark.  
Approach not, nor enter me again.  
There is a loosening, a flying apart.  
There is a casting off. Go, then.

I cast you off. I will not know you.  
Go with the full tide to distant lands.  
You do not know me. Let it not be me  
fire-fused in the groove beneath your hands.

First the kindling, the flash of flame;  
soon, the loosening, the flying apart;  
life subdued before the leaping blade.  
Earth go down. Sky go dark.

GRACE PERRY

GRACE PERRY is a paediatrician at Five Dock, N.S.W., publisher of South Head Press, editor of *Poetry Australia*, and author of *Red Scarf*, a collection of verse. She considers herself to be among those Australian poets "who are looking neither back nor ahead, but are determinedly scratching about among the grass at our feet for the seeds of poems to be. Poems, for me, are divisible into 'thinkies' and 'feelies.' The successful poem may well combine both elements."

## *Three Poems by Gaston Bart-Williams*

### ICH LERNE DEUTSCH UND SO WEITER

here is my heart  
here is my head  
where is the language book  
where is my school  
I am here for german lessons

I am here to watch teutonic ways  
what are the rules  
where is my pew  
where are my tools  
are they so few

abschnitt eins

ich bin ein mensch  
du bist ein mensch  
er ist ein mensch  
der artikel ist immer wichtig  
    der mann  
    die frau  
    das kind

hier ist eine landkarte  
das ist eine landkarte von europa  
hier ist deutschland  
deutschland liegt in mittel-europa  
hier sind die grossen autostrassen  
deutschland ist ein land der autos  
hier stehen die grossen fabriken  
und die grossen kirchen  
hier sind ausschwitz und dachau  
die menschen in deutschland sind deutsche  
menschen aus der türkei und italien sind gastarbeiter  
auch neger und ausländer sind in deutschland  
sie üben die artikel  
ein mann ist immer masculinum  
eine frau ist immer femininum  
der artikel ist immer wichtig  
I am here for german lessons  
the artikel is important

abschnitt zwei

hier steht ein haus  
es ist ganz neu  
die möbel sind auch ganz neu  
dort steht noch ein haus  
es ist nicht neu

es ist alt und schäbig  
zwischen den häusern steht die mauer  
neben der mauer stehen die soldaten  
    bin ich ein mensch  
    bist du ein mensch  
    bin ich  
    bist du  
warum frage ich

I am here for german lessons  
here is my notebook  
here is my pen  
here is my classroom  
there lies my lesson on the wall  
in red and white  
abschnitt drei u.s.w.

## DON'T LOVE ME AS YOU LOVE

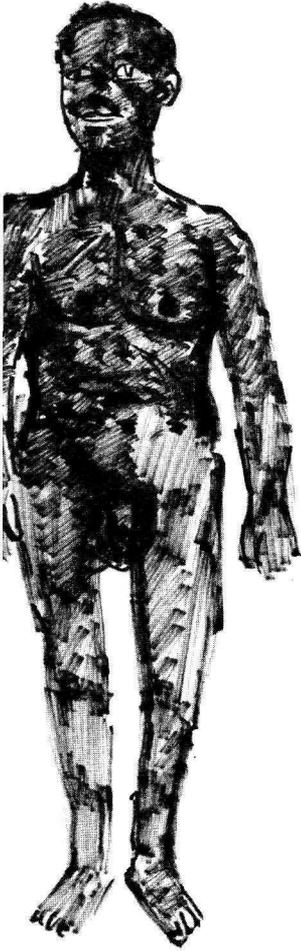
don't love me love  
the way old Brigid loves the weather  
the good old British way  
the way old Brigid loves the heather  
served out for stchi  
in British margarine  
of course  
digested in British tea  
love don't love me  
the way old Brigid loves being British  
the way she loves English cuisine  
the way she loves her hair in curlers  
in suburban British mode of course  
I say don't love me

as you do your hair  
in curlers, as you do  
your wavy hair  
nor like the way the television shows you  
nor like the way the MP's  
do their keelers randied up  
and mandied up with rice  
and served to tele and the stage  
and woes of the world of course  
love me not love  
as you do the plaster fabric  
as you do the loving cross  
and don't demand your love  
love wrapped up in latex  
to preserve the British "cream"  
for when it finds its way out  
latexed out so stiff  
it is deprived of curves and rhythm  
it is deprived of dance  
don't love me stiff  
I say don't love me stiff  
don't love me rigid love  
don't love me Brigid  
don't love me Brit  
don't love me upright love  
and please don't love me flat  
don't love me rigid Brigid  
don't love me slack and sloppy too  
but love me  
like the way  
not like the way  
he loves you  
loves me loves him and her  
so Brit so fine so good  
the typic British way  
love  
don't love me stiff love  
I keep telling you don't love me stiff  
stiff upper lip  
lipped in licked out  
stiff lower lip  
tongue stiff

jaws stiff  
and neck tied stiff in colours  
of stifled days at public school  
eton collar  
pastor's collar  
waxed up and ivoried up  
the pillars of Society  
the wall between your love and mine  
fish and ships for dinner  
sausages for lunch  
cheddar cheese with biscuits  
breakfast made of fats  
the gulf between your taste and mine  
and if you love me  
love  
in you inflexible  
impersonal-sort-a-way  
love me not  
as you do your daily  
dishes  
as you do your  
soapy surf  
nor like the way you do your anthem  
nor like the way you do the union jack  
don't love me  
as you do the face in tele  
nights in and out  
or as you do the fish and chip shop  
fridays in and fridays out  
but love me love love  
as if you were not so Brit and brig  
as if I were not too

This poem was first produced at the Royal Court Theatre, London on September 26, 1965, in *Interchange*, introduced by Professor C. Day Lewis in the programme on Commonwealth Poetry Today.

## INVENTORY



One nose one head one heart one neck  
One pair of eyes two sets of limbs  
An empty stomach and a loaded back  
My skin clung firmly to my frame  
A naval free from umbilical cord  
Two nipples mounted on my chest  
No milk within my turgid breasts  
No teardrops from my eyes  
Two hands two feet  
Five digits on each foot  
Ten fingers and a score of nails  
My viscera in my body hidden  
My name plate on my skin  
A million pores discharging sweat  
Cerebral hairs and pubic hairs  
A penis and a scrotal sac  
A pair of testes and a lot of sperm  
No children to my name  
A valley down my back between my hips  
A body scarred with fetish knife  
A set of thick negroic lips  
A salad of mixed blood within my veins  
The label nigger for my name.

GASTON BART-WILLIAMS' poems and stories have won international awards. Born in Sierra Leone, he now lives in Germany. His "Song of a Walking Lampshade" was in our previous issue.

## SOUTH OF THE SEPULCHRE

Winter in the coffin  
That graveyard day in Georgia  
When the old sage of the black church  
Preached for his supper in a dying house  
That was the great sanction for Jesus Christ

Little children were taught to cry  
All on that day a mighty time for the  
Love of god and one with short pants  
Tattered well that's the way it goes  
Bleeding knees and stickball toes down  
Deep in the ground without any shoes  
And Oh brother that's the blues in a  
Beat old Negro shack six miles off  
The West Point track

"Baby done took and flew away, De angels  
Gotta have they play." that's what he said  
More times than once and when he was finished  
He just stood by the corpse and cried softly:

"Rock of ages done come my way."

God of thunder  
God of rain  
It's your cross that's more than pain  
Your sorrow that drives us wild  
At the sight of death upon a child

Nigger, nigger, it's digging time  
Whitefolks rice and melon rind

The smell of whiskey down  
in the pines.

JAMES EVANS

JAMES EVANS is a young poet who is presently employed as an attorney in Montgomery, Alabama. He was an editor of *Prelude Magazine* and of *Comment*. "Many of the young writers in my state have left for a more adequate, creative environment. I have chosen to remain, and in my own way fight the demagogues."

## TIMBER BLUE HAZE

(for Francis Patsey)

This blue haze dissolves on the choke cherry leaves,  
the pebbles turn rock in the current,  
and a buck hoofs earth in the brush.  
This blue lifts my smoked-salmon frame  
to awareness of willows unfolding willowed white.

An old Indian, I sit with my grandson  
and hear, in the fern-shadowed distance  
the river's movement to the sea.  
I wait patiently for the sun  
to warm the blue-green awkwardness of birth,  
to flush my grandchild's cheek with spruce light,  
to burn my brittle bones.  
Mount Naoppish, mirrored in the river of the Queets,  
magnified by orange,  
dwarfs the fir and spruce rooted in its kingdom.

Pitch-dry with age,  
I wait to see my grandson  
begin his thrust toward sea,  
feeling adventure pull like a wind.  
Once frightened of the surf's crack  
below the trees,  
he runs happily now down the mountain's hide.

Across the ravine, I feel the mountain's beauty  
in silence as quiet as a roosting pheasant.  
Slowly, like a carved totem smile, the moon  
swells the sky; the sun slips behind the mountain  
where a dawn sits  
like an old man waiting for Spring.  
Like the dawn, I rise  
too late to walk with my grandson.

DUANE MCGINNIS

DUANE MCGINNIS, who lives in Seattle, studied with Nelson Bentley, Leonie Adams, and Elizabeth Bishop. "My grandfather was my philosopher, a man who perceived the world in far different terms than we do today. I think of him as a hip old Indian with an earthy and practical way of looking at 'things'."

## *Two Poems by Dennis Trudell*

### OCCURRENCE

What word: tingle?  
safety?  
glee? is there  
for what comes into bed  
when my young wife  
has gone to sleep, and I  
lie on my back  
and hear it start  
to rain . . . that makes me think  
of how my feet  
when I was eight  
and had a fever used to love  
to have a cat  
lie purring  
across them: what word  
is there for that?  
(ah well,  
the thing exists  
my toes and thighs  
know what it is)

## LAKE AT SUNSET

As if the fish  
had each allowed  
ten of their favorite scales  
to rise and form  
a colored crust, as if  
two million bugs  
had shined the thing  
by skidding in  
for belly landings and  
as if my need to gaze  
had also been arranged

DENNIS TRUDELL is in the Writers' Workshop at the State University of Iowa. His story, "Penance," will be in our next issue. He offers this commentary:

Words used  
in sudden ways  
my heartjuice quicks



## SURVIVALS

Sunday morning, the young man  
fresh from love & his pink wife's bed  
walks out with their collie  
for breakfast jam.

The neighbor lady, going for milk,  
with children and with  
a bow-legged long dog they keep,  
cannot hold dog or children back.  
Hello, she smiles, with milky teeth.

He smiles, retreats,  
secretly mutters, keep  
your bow-legged long mutt home,  
off my collie. Children, keep  
from my pink wife's bed.

My wife shall be my breakfast jam.

BARBARA DRAKE

BARBARA DRAKE's first poems appeared in *Prism* in 1962. Since then, her poetry and fiction have been published in other North American journals. She is a Teaching Assistant at the University of Oregon.

## *Seven Poems by J. Michael Yates*

### MARIA

Within her purple goblet,  
Maria swims.  
Outside the world condenses.

She doesn't miss anything anymore.  
Events turn on the crystal curve  
Or escape altogether her senses.

Things are too much without us,  
I said,  
Just over the sill of sense.

She went.  
My words went after her.  
Darkly. In waves. Like a plague of insects.

Half the next afternoon  
I watched a poisoned ant  
Reel along a table-edge.

Dreadful to see time passing in the distance.  
Worse: to see nothing.  
Hear its whistle. Only.

A tear slid  
Between her eye  
And sight.

I thought all along  
She was one of those women who pass through a cloud  
Through your life a bird through space.

Memory, my old egg,  
Broke upon my head,  
Dripped into my eyes.

My mind's reach groped for her  
A hand in the dark  
For a key before a door.

Unable not to stand her any longer  
I came with the murderous vengeance of a child  
And a madman's innocence.

When I race my wet finger  
Around her goblet-lip,  
She — or the glass itself — sings like a violin.

## SOON

Through  
Rainy silence,  
Silent darkness,  
The sullen heave  
Beneath dark water  
Of roiling stones.

River I have lived  
Beside always, deepening,  
Raving with its mountains  
Toward the center of the earth.

Perhaps I might have known;  
Hot light too close upon the glacier,  
Avalanches in the distance,  
One lean ram poised just after evening  
On a high crag alone.

What is this  
Swinging slowly  
To a close?

## EMERGENCE OF AN EYE

At a swirl  
On the dark surface,  
I have a fish.

I didn't wish  
To lure anything.

Length starved  
Slim as a snake,  
It stiffens  
In the grass,  
Still, resisting  
With one sunken eye.

In the dark mirror  
Within the skull-shore,  
Something too familiar  
Begins to form.

At a sheer edge,  
I release the freak —  
Without a noise,  
Without a ripple,  
Almost.

### (MY ONLY TITLELESS POEM)

In the blood-colored cage  
Behind my ribs  
The lion circles.

In his chest  
Turns a silhouette of slow rage  
Like a man with a lion in his chest.

*(This poem was part of the Hopwood Award manuscript.)*

## A MATHEMATICS

The beast  
At the fringe  
Of the limitless herd  
Pauses for return  
Of hunger, only.

Slaughter goes  
To my sick and my slow  
For preserving their long maladies.

The dead  
Feed the earth  
And the earth  
Will the inevitable.

Come treachery of season,  
Come betrayal of pelt  
Or foliage, this dark winter,  
Even the defenseless shall survive:  
Their bitter inedible numbers.

## A KILLING

This beast,  
Beneath the shadow  
Of my hand, ceased.  
Call it: one cloud less  
In the weather of my destruction.  
Or: one cloud more.



## SCAVENGERS

After the blood has dried  
And the wind is overcome  
In the deep weeds, flies  
Conquer the earth  
With their blackness,  
Their wide seething.

The killing is past.

Reek and bones and flies  
Are left to the misshapen  
And the slow of wing.

In a rage of insects,  
Scavengers fiercely swill  
Remains of the greater animal:  
Flesh they cannot kill.

J. MICHAEL YATES has published in many magazines; three of his poems were in our 5:2; two poetry books will appear soon. As a student at the University of Michigan, he won the Major Hopwood Awards for playwriting and poetry. Recently, he produced a film based on one of his stories. He is also a translator and is working on the German poems of Karl Krolow. He has been teaching at the University of Alaska, and will be Visiting Assistant Professor in the Department of Creative Writing at the University of British Columbia, 1966-67.

## *Two Poems by Ralph Salisbury*

### THE ONLY POETESS OF THE WESTERN WORLD

"She rides grammar like rodeo Brahma steers. God!"  
"dess!" the guy in patches fringed with blue jeans corrects out of a watermelon slice with white seeds mostly missing.  
"I mean her nouns have horns all pearly real,  
but on which end after the gun?"  
"But since she rides naked?"  
"Except for that white sombrero."  
"With the gray band woven from eyebrows of ninety critics."  
"Except for that white sombrero  
huger than two  
beach umbrellas."

### THE INJURED MEMBER

Swimming to make my mending ankle more supple,  
I heard laughter, but it was a long way  
from my floundering this time and from my sixteenth shame.

Around the moth-bared pudenda of an old man,  
a furrow of laughter rose from the concrete approach  
to the dressing rooms, to the sand that had once been stone  
my teacher had taught me.

A furrow of silver started  
through muddy water, a furrow straight as back  
had been, and gaze, a furrow quickly sinking,  
rising, sinking.

In rows growing silent  
at earth's end, my ankle a wobbling water lily  
growing less shameful, I grew toward my seventeenth terror.

RALPH SALISBURY edits *Northwest Review* at the University of Oregon. His poems have appeared extensively, including past issues of *Prism international*.

## *Three Poems by John Tagliabue*

1. No sermons preferred now

Look — a rose bud,  
Look — an old man about to die in his cradle.

2.

To pray as we approach each other  
as a bee approaches a flower  
as an acrobat passes lightly the hour  
as a fisherman in a boat on a lake is dreaming  
as the sky is reflected in the lake  
to pray as we are casual with each other  
is the play of taoists unnamed.

3. With all due reverence  
demand assistance of the future

To be able to fold the map of the world  
a beautiful new one by the National Geographic  
and hold it in your hand, to be able to make symbols  
of longevity, one crane after another,  
one word like a crane in the sky  
after another, to be able to be surprised  
by changing bodies of the mystery and  
realize that  
the world holds the future poet, future bride,  
future child acrobat pope of Tibet, future  
high pole vaulter, future flower  
“ a little flower is the labor of ages”  
that  
Blake with a Tyger is Conversing,  
that wonderful as the map  
is or the book about  
Genesis or Krishna  
that we can't help but say to other seasons  
visit us, *help us*  
century by century,  
second by Song.

JOHN TAGLIABUE is the well-known poet who teaches at Bates College in Maine. Four of his poems were in our 5:2.

## *Two Poems by Robert M. Chute*

### IN ALL HER ASPECTS

It shows in all her aspects:  
like the bird's song,  
nest,  
gesticulations of tail,  
reflect a singular plumage.

One unconscious sigh while reading,  
one careful cough at night,  
one faint phrase  
of song hummed beside the sink  
in the gray winter dawn,  
one familiar stirring  
of tinny breakfast bones,  
And she is *all* there.

### LOST BALL

I guess God hit the ball.  
You don't rise so high  
or fall so far unless someone  
knew how to use his wrists.  
I mean, a ball doesn't get up  
and fly all by itself.  
Jesus Christ, he gave us a ride!  
I thought it would split  
the hide right off —  
but we came down with a bang,  
to bounce and tumble in the weeds.  
And when God came searching,  
holding the bat by the big end,  
parting the dry grass, searching —  
we couldn't move nor cry out.

ROBERT CHUTE is a Professor of Biology at Bates College in Maine, editor of *The Small Pond*, and a widely-published poet. "Nature still exists, both in the conventional sense and in the sense that all man's technology is equally 'natural' and a result of evolution. 'In All Her Aspects' came from the stimulus of a lecture I gave on evolution in which I stressed that *all* aspects of an organism evolve: color, shape, size, behavior, nest building, song, etc."

## THE SPECTATOR

St. Mary's of the red-faced  
brick  
gathers her club  
ladies and their (of course) men  
against the foreign face  
staring from my window:  
framed by stormlight  
they pretend that my unshaven face  
is glass.

Passing my window,  
where a broken tree  
quivers in Semitic greenery,  
they object  
to the fact of my existence,  
intimating the possibility  
of dandruff and despair,  
questionable morals:  
unwashed hair.

Bearing dead animals  
or husbands  
on December backs  
they glower at me for being  
visible,  
and button themselves  
against the unsanctified  
*kaddish* of my eyes.

Remembering  
the broken tree  
that undermines civility,  
I curtain the window,  
withdraw the face (improbable  
at such a season),  
and — privately —  
engage my father, who  
over violins  
recalls his other death.

STANLEY COOPERMAN

STANLEY COOPERMAN, who teaches at Simon Fraser University, has published fiction and poetry in many journals, including our 5:2. His volume of poems, *The Day of the Parrot*, will be published soon by the University of Nebraska Press.

## WAITING

Ulysses waiting  
Inside that equine wooden egg,  
Cramped in a foetal posture  
Breathing the foetid air,  
Hearing the light laughter of women  
Wafted on the perfumed breeze  
Of the wide-wombed Trojan night;

And Jonah, that other insider,  
He too saw the view from the belly of the beast —  
Uniform, all-enclosing, desolate,  
As though a flower should close into a bud  
And the bud shrink into a seed  
And the seed go back into its socket  
And the branch droop and drop off  
Blackened, withered, utterly useless!

And Joseph pitifully bound for Egypt,  
And Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego,  
And you, Lord Jesus, hidden in a cave  
Like crocuses and daffodils under the frozen ground;

I applaud your cunning inertia,  
The gathering of strength preceding your final birth.

WARREN STEVENSON

WARREN STEVENSON teaches English at the University of British Columbia. He is a poet and critic whose work has been published in various Canadian journals; his special interest is William Blake.

## *Five Poems by Eli Mandel*

### SIGNATURES

I have seen the need for the occult  
in the eyes of lovers and mothers.  
Gardens recently frighten me, grunts  
from earth, deep growing things.  
I think of Schweitzer dead at last,  
his organs multilated by those roots.  
As for the tumult in the streets,  
there are knives in water, in taps,  
and once I took up from the tracks  
beside the water-tower in my town  
a huge beast, hairy and huge, that lay  
in my hands like an under-water thing.

Thugs rampage. Marines draw down the head,  
ancient and tight, her hair in ecstasy,  
some Viet-Nam woman who had loved deeply  
or who'd wept over her gunman son,  
draw down into a pool that head  
I've seen in paintings where there was no blood.

What scream issuing from the page  
darkens my difficult, philosophic mind?  
The room is alien: threats uttered  
where only the print and I engage  
our locked dialogue.

Out of the blind  
years, remotely, as in earth stirred  
by slugs or worms, heaves a memory  
of beets and roots; things unuttered  
and unutterable, echoing out of print,  
out of streams, a signature of rage.

And carnal knives dipped in the water rise.

## NEITHER HERE NOR THERE

somewhere, I'm told, in fields darker than sleep  
browse dreaming beasts with huge unhurt eyes  
while walnut-coloured men in far-off wind-swept voices  
revolve their prayers as if they were wheels or stars

it isn't that way: one by one my poems fall apart  
something like a cooked onion

in the next house

a window opens once

you wouldn't believe

what my blonde neighbour said

anyhow

next year the carnival will be bigger

they say they've got a real live junkie in a rage

## THE MILK OF PARADISE

I

Marvel upon marvel the berries of the sun  
in flame the tumbling waters of my limbs  
I am given to such visions: wide-eyed  
luminous men walk through a hairy land  
toward a milky glade where goats bleat

2

I put away this last unfinished poem  
to think with trouble of a friend  
who wrote me and whose words I scorned



TO A FRIEND WHO SUED  
THE MAYOR AND LOST

seeing the pin-points of his mind  
dance on the angels of his soul  
I knew he hated politics,  
political men, and government

turned statutory by his hate  
he became street-codes,  
agendas of garbage-men.

I read the sentence of his face  
his hanging hands  
the text of justice on his pores  
sweating its way through yet another cell.

oh blind and crying mother  
when you ate your child  
did you think such a feast  
would raise this clamour in our streets?

he is newsprint now  
all crimes blacken his limbs  
the switch-blade of his tongue cuts blood  
from each crazed beautiful mouth  
that I would put my mouth upon,  
thinking no more of politics.

ELI MANDEL, who teaches at the University of Alberta in Edmonton, has published two books of poems, co-edited *Poetry 62*, completed a new book (*An Idiot Joy*), and is now at work on two anthologies. "I now believe no Canadian poet knows enough about the criminal mind; plan to become a second-storey man, without the knowledge of the university; think Zen Buddhism is a form of Montessori teaching, and recommend as a corrective, especially on the West Coast, Zen Judaism."

## *Two Poems by Michael Ondaatje*

### THE TIME AROUND SCARS:

A girl  
one with whom I've not spoken  
or shared coffee with for several years  
writes of an old scar.  
On her wrist it sleeps, smooth and white  
the size of a leech.  
I gave it to her  
brandishing a new Italian penknife.  
Look, I said turning  
and blood spat onto her shirt.

My wife has scars like spread raindrops  
on her knees and ankles,  
she talks of broken greenhouse panes  
and yet, apart from imagining red feet  
(a nymph out of Chagall)  
I bring little emotion to that scene.  
We remember the time around scars,  
they freeze irrelevant emotions  
and divide us from our present friends.  
I remember this girl's face  
the wonderful rising of surprise.

And would she  
moving with lover or husband  
conceal or flaunt it.  
Would she  
with all the desire of my pride  
keep it at her wrist  
like a mysterious watch.  
And this scar I then remember  
is medallion of no emotion.

I would meet you now  
and I would wish this scar  
to have been given with  
all the love  
that never occurred between us.

## SUMMER RIDER:

A photograph: on a horse at fifteen,  
a grim light brigade charge  
with her hair turned by the wind.  
A frailer Pentesilia.

Now stretched brown and longer  
she visits us on Sundays.  
But she too serious  
should wear her glasses at a tilt  
for her body is torn tree hard  
against the sun  
and her rigid back never betrays  
a step of her flapping sandals;  
perhaps the irrational sleeps in her feet.

She should smell of her horses  
like a true European heroine.

MICHAEL ONDAATJE was born in Ceylon in 1943 and came to Canada in 1962. He is presently completing his M.A. at Queen's University, where he helps edit *Quarry*.

## BERG

As his big boots clump, he looks about him  
like the sun in the late afternoon of a cloudy day,  
a little startled at being called on to shine after all,  
but perfectly able to do the job.

He goes with his hands full of peanut-brittle,  
and with his manuscripts wedged in by each elbow  
slipping, scattering behind him as he walks  
poems for the November streets to read.

TOM WAYMAN

TOM WAYMAN was editor of the student newspaper at the University of British Columbia. He will pursue his interest in English and Creative Writing at the State University of Iowa with the help of a Woodrow Wilson scholarship.



## *Two Poems by Peter Van Toorn*

### LITTLE OLD MAN

little old man  
blackbereted and stiff like a column of salt water  
why do you draw the air around you with pigeons

little old man  
are you handhalving the air feeding pigeons and yourself  
hungry from the same by itself upright crumby old dufflebag  
why do you whistle on your tin beggar to call the featherballed  
pigeons already huddled at your feet and gruelbag whistling on  
to draw the eyes that peck at the wind

why are you forcing that fat one to eat with the others  
(i would say you were being greedy in your generosity  
except i saw you scrape those crumbs from an empty drum)

standing among the icedry little pools that cover the scattered  
ground like so many white watchglasses of water you know one spring  
time will lift the crystal covers into zeros under your feet

rimed on the eggwhite ground your snowedwhite hair is yoked  
to your aged crimson face and when your skull cracks where  
sutures meet bone and soul spring will get up and fly into winter

many eyes in this wind would ribbon you with stares or eclipse you  
like the blank dials cupping this sunshadowed ground are thawed into  
spring's oblivion of winter when first shattered by footfleeing sneers

when you are at last wintered your blanket of pigeons  
i will tug them all around you like a warm overcoat and when  
spring brings water to your fountain for these birds then

little old man  
i can only add my salt tears to your font  
and here say i grew through you

## LOVE'S PROGRESS

the truth about love  
is that it is first kindled by a smallest spark

experience the raw material  
fired by the imagination

these two determine solely  
the brightness and intricacy

and if you watch any fire's progress  
you will see it pass through many shapes

two lovers step naked into the fire  
like a pair of logs peeled

quivering in terror of the teeth hidden in the flames  
and once gripped the sap boils rawly out

collapsing through many different shapes  
they finally slip into a core position

in which two lives are refined to an essence  
or a tidy pile of ashes

PETER VAN TOORN, who was born in Holland, is now a student at McGill University in Montreal. His poems have appeared in college journals and will also be published in *Canadian Forum* and *Fiddlehead*. A long prose-poetry work, "The Ernestian Cycle," is in progress.

## *Two Poems by David Helwig*

### THE CRAFT OF LOVE

When the brain is wrecked,  
lost on an empty highway,  
only the hands can speak,  
only simple acts return,  
to dig, to shape the earth.

And when I see you near  
my tongue shudders and stalls  
till only my fingers can praise.  
They leap to their simple act;  
they weave your shape in the air.

### CAPRICCIO: REMINISCENCE OF CANALETTO

Within the mouth of the golden lion,  
The gondolas are motionless,  
Balcony and campanile still and shining  
Where empty stairways rise into the arches,  
The lace of mast and rigging standing quiet  
Beyond the stiff black gowns.  
The bridges, columns and pilasters  
Are still as old worked metal,  
Articulation of the golden lion's voice,  
Stone laid on stone, silence on silence  
In the golden light of the lion.

And you, love, have your architecture too,  
Shadowed arch, buttress and campanile,  
But all your gondolas are moving, floating,  
Your pillars all bear stress,  
Your vistas quiver in the lion's roar  
That echoes through the million leaves  
Of your dark and dying trees.

DAVID HELWIG is a poet and fiction writer who teaches at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario. His work has been published in Canadian magazines for several years; he is now completing a novel.

## *Two Poems by Myron Turner*

### NIGHTSONG

In me there's something waiting for an angel.  
I look into a bush — blooming, blooming  
Clusters, supple whips of yellow petals,  
And in a minor fir tree hear the singing  
Spaces, darker than the evening sky,  
Among green needles, asking me to die.

Behind the darkness, somewhere sighs the moon  
For all the innocence love offers up.  
But where I am is where I've always been:  
A wind from no direction fills the deep  
Starry cups of darkened daffodils  
That weather or the season waits to kill.

Still, sometimes the mind astonishes itself,  
The sun rises in a row of archives,  
Lighting an age of lovers on a shelf:  
Then, what strange angel walks among their lives,  
Unfolding wings like dawnlit burning clouds  
Over those antique ruffs, and white silk shrouds?



## *Two Poems by Seymour Mayne*

### "I AM STILL THE BOY . . ."

I am still the boy wandering thru lunch hours. Then I would count the dozens of hockey cards I'd saved. Challenged everyone. Usually won.

Now can't remember one besides the great Maurice Richard. Now when tempte by collegiate goddesses, I hesitate. My reflexes stammer like a deck being shuffled —

Who dealt me this Queen, I asked as I hurried up the mountain's slope. And when it began to snow, I began wondering again . . . those dozens of faces saved up. Each one of you. Girls. Beloveds. Each one I worshipped — gathered you one on top of the other like cards.

In Grade 5 one miserable teacher confiscated my huge lot. Now I'm losing to everyone. I've lost my decks. I have nothing in hands but snowflakes, crystal-like star-shapes — you know, the ones we get for spelling right in school. Dozens, all over my coat. I'm a report card gone wild with *excellents*: stars which melt one after the other on my blue winter coat as if a Laurentian dawn were rising . . .

## LEAF

Something hopped on the snow — a rat? a mouse scurrying on the freezing snow?

Moving, I discovered a leaf, brown and brittle . . . looking round I saw that the maples were leafless . . . where did it come from?

Where was it hurrying?

Somehow I knew. And dropping it at the base of our maple on the lawn, I kicked away enough snow to make place for it below . . . my swift kicks, sending spurts of snow on the leaf, bared a few others that stood out now like corpses disturbed, like raw smiles skulls might give you . . .

Who knows . . . just before I was hopping down the street with a girl. The open-eyed look she gave me put spots before my eyes, flashes of yellow light: her raven hair askew, her face of great determination . . . she's the toughest young woman I've known . . . and yet she's tender as snow, and her cries brittle when she surrenders . . .

SEYMOUR MAYNE, who lives in Vancouver, has published two books of poetry, *That Monocycle the Moon* and *Tiptoeing on the Mount*. He was an editor of *Cataract* and now directs Catapult Enterprises.

## *Two Poems by James Reid*

### THE BOOK OF THE DUCHESS

The deer escapes. Hunters,  
in their red hats, stumble around  
in the forest, blowing horns.  
Occasional accidents happen, & stricter laws  
are thus enforced.

The uninvited dreamer  
often encounters  
a man dressed in black  
who does not care for the hunt, & whose song  
does not alter a note  
to the bellowing horns.

To such a man, treading  
in the thickened air  
the passing deer  
seems only the shadows  
of himself, endlessly  
drifting in the foliage  
looking for something  
he knows will not be found.

A captive breath surrounds the clearing,  
the hem of the duchess disappears.

### THE AWAKENING

There was something precise he had  
started and now  
continued. The way  
was confused, the clues  
obscure.

There was talk  
awhile of honesty. There were  
doorways without walls, bleeding  
light. They were  
mirrors, welling  
from his face, and  
there was a distant  
sense of peace. Shapes  
led him. Flesh  
fell from them. He stood  
less revealed. The idea of a path  
was in his mind.

On it, the woman. He wished  
to fuck her. She was  
unlovely and why  
shd he care  
precede him on the stairs.

It was cold. The sea  
came in at them, the sky  
was grey, the mountains  
invisible, personal, evil,  
semi-real.

Numbers,  
    faces,  
        voices,  
            houses,  
                fading. The memory  
and hope of peace. The obvious  
order and its mystery, malevolence  
of growing things, the wind  
among them, the groping mind. He was  
alone, and he woke, wore another face. No  
expectations. The morning  
was a new place.

JAMES REID is among the Vancouver poets who brought *Tish* into being. He has also published in *Evidence*, *Delta*, and others.

## *Four Poems by Al Purdy*

### TRACK MEET AT PANGNIRTUNG

The young Eskimo mothers  
line up for a foot race leaving  
babies with the old women  
When the Anglican minister says  
GO

they gallop like rainbows  
a dozen of them  
in white parkas with red and blue trim  
laughing and panting to the finish line to  
reclaim their babies  
A white construction worker gives  
one old woman a package of cigarettes as  
payment for taking her picture so  
she smiles a smile from her ancient youth  
he takes away with him

into the leapfrog future  
The different age groups of children  
line up for sack races  
and piggyback races  
boy and girl races  
and the husbands lounge off to one side  
trying to act as if they don't enjoy it  
all of them  
sea hunters from the hungry islands  
now weaponless  
No one seems to mind losing here  
for losing is a kind of pleasure when  
a wounded seal doesn't swim away  
under the ice  
and laughter is  
a red filling between the hours

laughter is  
ignorant wisdom of the young  
as the old men in their bones  
know  
    having laughed many times  
    with serious faces still  
    in the running

Pangnirtung, August 10, 1965

## ESKIMO HUNTER

(New Style)

In terylene shirt and suspenders  
sun glasses and binoculars  
Peterborough boat and Evinrude motor  
Remington rifle with telescope sights  
scanning the sea and shore for anything  
that moves and lives and breathes  
and so betrays itself  
one way or another  
All we need in the line of further equipment  
is a sexy blonde in a bikini  
trailing her hand thru the sunlit water  
maybe a gaggle of Hollywood photographers  
snapping pictures and smoking  
nationally advertised brands  
Like bwana in Africa  
pukka sahib in Bengal  
staked out on a tree platform  
a tethered goat underneath wailing  
Papa Hemingway's beared ghost on safari  
or fishing for giant turtles in Pango Pango  
    Maybe it is phony  
(and all we're after is seal)  
but over the skyline  
where the bergs heave and glimmer  
under the glacier's foot  
or down the fiord's blue water  
    even under the boat itself  
anywhere the unhappened instant is  
real blood  
    death for someone or some thing  
    and it's reassuringly old fashioned

Kikastan Islands, August 4, 1965

## THE SCULPTORS

Going thru cases and cases  
of Eskimo sculpture  
returned from Frobisher  
because they said it wasn't  
good enough for sale  
to T. Eaton Co. Ltd.  
Getting itchy excelsior packing  
inside my shirt and searching  
for one good carving  
one piece that says "I AM"  
to keep a southern promise  
One 6-inch walrus (tusk broken)  
cribbage board (ivory inlay gone)  
dog that has to be labeled dog  
polar bear (only three bear paws)  
what might be a seal (minus flipper)  
and I'm getting tired of this  
looking for something  
not knowing what it is  
But I guess they got tired too  
looking for rabbit or bear  
with blisters from carving tools  
dime-sized and inflating  
into quarters on their fingers  
waiting  
for walrus or white whale  
under the ice floes to  
flop alive on their lap  
with twitching faces unready  
to taste the shoe blacking  
carvers use  
for stone polish  
I'm a little ashamed of myself  
for being impatient with them  
but there must be something  
there must be something  
one piece that glows  
one slap-happy idiot seal  
alien to the whole seal nation

one anthropomorphic walrus  
singing Hallelujah I'm a Bum  
in a whiskey baritone  
But they're all flawed  
broken

bent

misshapen

failed animals  
with vital parts missing  
And I have a sudden vision  
of the carvers themselves  
in this broken sculpture  
as if the time & the place & me  
had clicked into brief alignment  
and a switch pulled  
so that I can see and feel  
what it was like to be them  
the tb outpatients  
failed hunters  
who make a noise at the wrong time  
or think of something else  
at the trigger moment  
and shine their eyes  
into a continual tomorrow  
the losers and failures  
who never do anything right  
and never will  
the unlucky ones  
always on the verge  
of a tremendous discovery  
who finally fail to deceive  
even themselves as time begins  
to hover around them  
the old the old the old  
who carve in their own image  
of maimed animals  
And I'd like to buy every damn case

Pangnirtung, August 14, 1965

## ASPECTS

Sometimes in summer  
when it rains  
mud and garbage  
the shore awash with  
blood and stones  
slippery from rancid blubber  
I think of the whole Arctic  
as a used sanitary pad  
thrown away  
by a goddess

In winter  
along the beaches  
above the treeline  
among the castles  
of green and silver places  
a shivering voiceless dogsong  
rising  
and five motionless suns  
pinned on the black horizon  
then a tall god  
walks the shoreline  
and among The People  
disguised  
as a garbage collector

Kikastan Islands, August 2, 1965

AL PURDY's *The Cariboo Horses* won the Governor-General's Award for Canadian poetry in 1965. His four poems in this issue will be published in 1967 by McClelland & Stewart as part of a book entitled *North of Summer—Poems from Baffin Island*. His ambition is "to think of some questions that make it possible to consider answers"; his additional ambition is "to die at the right time."

## *Four Poems by Paul Lavigueur*

### WHAT ONE WAS: PERHAPS

If you forget the good of good things  
And the way they used to seem  
You may have realized  
The big blue summer moon  
Is basic to remind you how to be.

When you read the dreamy eyes  
Of the first girl you tried  
She blemished in the country air.

You might have mentioned  
How the sight of fishes in the stream  
Like glass, brightened into purple, green and gold;  
How the sound of black men, too, was there  
Trapped in silver cornets.

You old stetson hatted actor,  
Off your horse now?

Other lovers still carouse  
But the moon falls like a weapon in the grass  
Through the slingshot of the trees  
Where at dusk they take their bows.

Is it the mirror of the same stream  
That is cracked with images of fishes  
Stacked on platters,  
Small ones crammed in cans,  
And bachelors who juggle the moon  
In and out of frying pans?

## GOD KNOWS

God knows  
Time is hard to handle  
Even with kid gloves!

Do you recall  
The vapours and names of love  
Burnt in desk oak  
That boomed wickedly past?

Thirty years from today  
(If I love myself into old age)  
You may well ask me,  
After all, how could you Albert  
With your satin cape  
And high hat on  
Have behaved that way?  
But as of now  
I beg your pardon, madam,  
I must go strolling  
In my garden.

## A SIGHT WORSE FOR SORE EYES

There's a hat missing  
In this brass hat rack,  
A thing not unlike another.  
Ahead there is a head  
That could have fit that hat  
But somehow won't do under;  
For there's a lot missing  
From long back  
In this brass hat rack.

Not the same strong brass is it?  
You now wonder where it went.  
Did it bend, grow longer?  
Or is it that the wrinkles in this light  
Have left over changed images;  
Evidence like hatless racks  
And headless has-been hats.

## ABOUT THE BIRDS

1.

Let us not ask  
What notes birds pluck from wires

In the dirty city  
What man can play a hurdy gurdy?

2.

The old Roman  
With the black mustache  
Makes the city fade  
Underneath its masquerade  
A man of singular trade  
He plays the way  
He played here yesterday.  
He will be here  
When we move away.

3.

Birds strum no notes on guidepoles  
That they did not know  
Before we made these guidepoles  
For the birds.

PAUL LAVIGUEUR is a young Montreal poet, whose work has been published in *Yes*, *Canadian Forum*, and *Fiddlehead*. He plans to do graduate work in Creative Writing at the University of British Columbia, 1966-67.

REACTIONS AFTER READING  
AN HONEST BUT ODIOS POEM

You're a brave man  
Who can out it all —  
— all of it

For the world to see.  
How is it you're able?  
Or is it just a must  
Or die way of living  
Which is hardly choice after all  
But breathing — in and out —  
all of it out.

Perhaps hatred  
Like dust particles clings  
To the filters of your nostrils  
And is expelled with each  
Desperate breath.

I despise my own  
perfumed snortings.

The voices around me are saying  
Quite rightly, "You are so immature  
So like a child, schizoid, idealistic,  
Depressingly serious, castrating.  
You should take a few courses in  
Sociology," the sociologist says, "and not  
Breathe so frequently."  
Halitosis blooming  
And adenoids growing  
I gnaw at the fodder  
Agreeing and nodding,  
Bovine but ulcerated  
Fenced by the heavy air  
My abominable aches and incoherent groans —  
And withal an increasing constipation.

Oh I admire you,  
Brave bull of a man  
Committed as you are  
To the unrestricted chemistry  
Of your expulsions.  
And here I sit  
Surveying my triple soft rolls  
Of tissue which wait in their neat  
Cellophane wrappers for the day of release.  
    (my compulsive friends  
    spraying the room with air freshener  
    and I blowing my nose and wiping my brow  
    blowing my nose and wiping my brow.)

JOY KOGAWA

JOY KOGAWA lives in Saskatchewan; her poems have appeared in Canadian journals, including *Alphabet* and *Fiddlehead*.

## *Two Poems by Gwendolyn MacEwen*

### DO YOU HAVE THE TIME

maybe we could determine it by advanced calculus  
now that our watches are broken  
or by resorting to complicated instruments  
now that our clocks are broken  
or by making clepsydras and sundials  
to pour time, shave time, save time  
in the steel city, in its sunday streets  
whose neutral pavements rush up to meet  
the falling bodies of gods and clockmakers  
in the morning, before church.

especially on sundays I want to hark  
back to the mad instant preceding me,  
for I too, no doubt, am an accident  
of timing, like a million others  
(whole continents are populated by  
errors of calendars and clocks) —  
yet still they give children  
watches on their birthdays,  
and they consult their own small wrists  
to find out where they stand  
(do you have the time? O how  
can we tell, who live despite it?  
Besides, we buried our watches in the sand)

More poems by Gwendolyn MacEwen appear on pages 17-19.

## THE FIRE DOG

the cockle woman cries alive alive-o  
in Poplar where the war is over, where  
someone told me there are no poplars  
she slurs the thrilled streets crying this  
(and they are not alive, some of them  
are dead, but she is only  
talking about cockles)  
meanwhile the poplar kids repeat  
repeat it (alive alive-o) all daylong  
and follow her with their faces cocked.  
I mean War of course. The Red Dog of Mars.  
The Fire Dog.

someone told me the cockneys were good  
at it (guts), like during the bombing  
they stood in a hall  
and in the silence before the bombs fell  
one old guy screams HEY ANYONE WANNA BUY  
A GOLD WATCH?  
that kind of thing.

the children out of the loins of war  
the children out of the loins of the fire dog  
the children who follow the cockle woman  
will build Rome out of their plasticine  
will sit like catatonics with their statement of silence  
will haunt us like small royal ghosts  
will trample us with a clean fierce love

meanwhile one cockle woman, one fire dog,  
one bomb, one cockney in a hall HEY ANYONE  
WANNA BUY A GOLD WATCH?

alive  
alive  
o

## *Two Poems by Peter Stevens*

### NEAR BAYFIELD WHARF

Watch the big sun sink  
and lacquer gold the lake-skin  
here  
where ice once rested,  
shifted, slid, creasing  
and buckling the slabs of rock,  
humping these islands,  
bronzed dry, sanded by the sun  
we watched;  
and scraggy pines held on  
stickled against the sun  
we watched, as in our turn  
we were watched.

A snake's flat head  
above the shallows where his body  
trailed, long and limp  
watched us.

That still emphatic stare  
forced us to move away;  
then he slid off into deeper water  
his head a periscope  
still keeping us in sight  
to our cabin in the trees.

There, out of the understructure  
sprang —  
a visible taut twang,  
vibration hanging in the air —  
a garter snake,  
body in bends, bounced  
on the ground at our feet  
puffing the dust, straightened  
and was gone.

We stood silent  
breathless for other watchers  
and signs  
hidden in the trees;  
all summer long  
there had been rumours  
of rattlers.

Later, your hand rested  
then shifted on my back, humping  
and sliding across your body  
bronzed by the sun we'd watched.

Outside the wind creaked  
and thunder threatened,  
but we were sliding into deeper water,  
bodies in bends,  
breathless, holding on  
under the watching eyes  
of rattling thunder,  
snakes and lightning.

## OLD PHOTOGRAPHS

Amazed  
at the camera catching  
me that's me  
there  
sullen with other children  
in a classroom  
small  
huddled cold  
in what looks like a desert  
a bleak beach  
my bathing suit outmoded  
as the texture  
of the photograph  
catching  
me  
once laughing body deep  
in hay.

That was still now  
is  
me  
desert long washed over  
by waves of/and  
holiday makers  
then/now fixed  
in negatives  
lost back there still  
now  
glossing  
me  
the album filling  
tides curling over  
me  
harvests mounting  
high stifling.

PETER STEVENS, who is studying and teaching at the University of Saskatchewan, has been publishing many poems in Canadian journals, including *Prism international*. In our last issue, pages 68 and 69 of his poem "A Few Myths" were accidentally transposed; this is to correct that error.

## BOOKS AND PERIODICALS RECEIVED

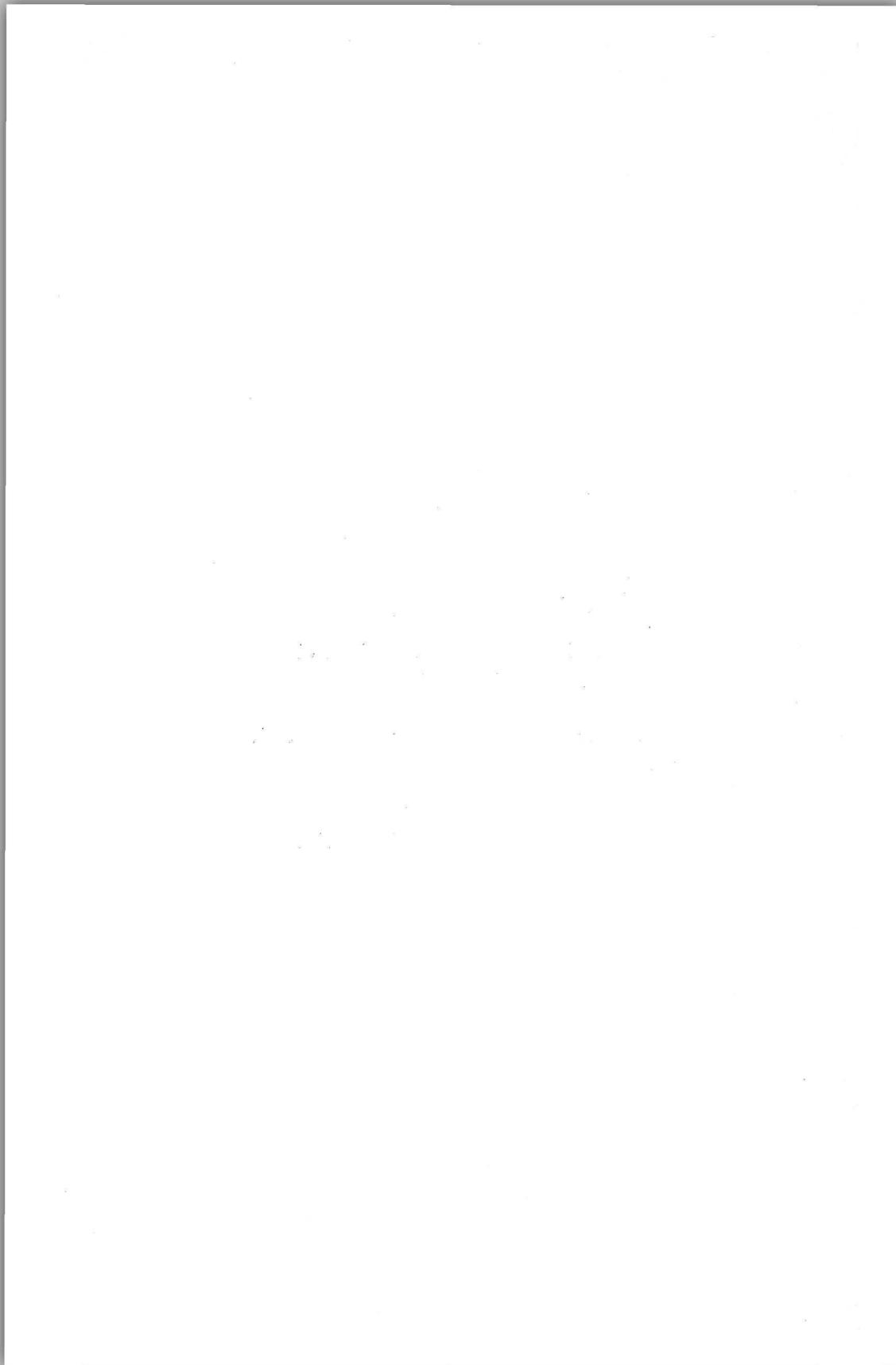
- BIRNEY, EARLE, *Selected Poems*, a representative selection of the best poems of Earle Birney, chosen and with a preface by the author; McClelland & Stewart Ltd., 25 Hollinger Road, Toronto 16, Ontario; 222 pp., \$5.00.
- ESTY, JANE, *Two Poems*, booklet of poems as they appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, and the *Sewanee Review*, 2 pp.
- EVERETTE, OLIVER, *God Has Been Northward Always*, book of Alaska poems, Bradley Printing & Lithograph Co., Seattle, Washington, 96 pp., \$2.50.
- McNAMARA, EUGENE, *For The Meantime*, poems, The Gryphon Press, Windsor, Ontario, 50 pp., \$1.50.
- TAGORE, RABINDRANATH, *The Housewarming & Other Selected Writings*, short stories, ed., Amiya Chakravarty, trans., Mary Lago, Tarun Gupta, A. Chakravarty, The New American Library, New York & Toronto, 430 pp., 75¢.
- WOODCOCK, GEORGE, *Asia, Gods and Cities*, travel narrative, Faber & Faber Ltd., 24 Russell Square, London, W.C. 1, England, 340 pp., \$8.15.
- Alaska Review*, Vol. 11, No. 2, Bi-annual magazine of poetry & prose, ed., O. W. Frost, Alaska Methodist University, Anchorage, Alaska, 99502, \$3.00 for 4 issues.
- Assay*, Vol. XXII, No. 1, poetry & prose magazine, publishing University of Washington student works, Department of English, University of Washington, Seattle, Washington, ed., Ann Saling.
- Blew Ointment Press*, Vol. 3, No. 1, irreg. magazine of poetry & prose, ed., Bill Bissett, 2237 W. 5th Ave., Vancouver 9, B.C., \$2.00 a copy.
- Crust*, Magazine of poetry, Vancouver City College, eds., Mike Sturdy & Jack Barter.
- Dust*, Vol. 2, No. 3, Quarterly of poetry & prose, El Cerrito, California, Box 132, \$3.50 per annum.
- Halcyon*, Vol. XI, Literary Magazine of Carleton University, ed., Peter Baltensperger, Students' Association, Carleton University, Ottawa, Canada.
- Intercourse*, "Canada's literary eighthly," eds., Raymond Fraser, LeRoy Johnson, Poverty Press, Box 513, Postal Station B, Montreal 2, Quebec, \$1.50 per annum.
- Quartet*, Vol. II, No. 13, Quarterly magazine of the arts, eds., Arnold Lazarus and Lawrence Kahn, 346 Sylvia Street, W. Lafayette, Indiana, 47906, \$1.00 per annum.
- The Quest*, Vol. 1, No. 1, Quarterly magazine of poetry & prose, ed., Alexis Levitin, P.O. Box 207, Cathedral Station, 219 West 104th Street, New York, N.Y., 10025, \$3.50 per annum.
- Riverside Quarterly*, Vol. 2, No. 1, poetry & prose Quarterly, ed., Leland Sapiro, Box 82, University Station, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, \$1.25 per annum.
- The Washington Square Review*, Vol. 2, No. 1, Bi-annual magazine of poetry & prose, New York University, 13-19 University Place, 2nd Floor, New York, N.Y., 10003, eds., Joan Aaron, Bonnie B. Fobes.
- Yield This Day*, anthology of poetry & prose by Grade 7 & 8 students at Balmoral Junior Secondary School, 3365 Mahon Ave., North Vancouver, B.C., 45 pp.

THE PRESIDENT'S MEDAL of the University of Western Ontario is awarded annually for the best poem to appear in a Canadian magazine.

For 1965, the award has gone to  
MARGARET ATWOOD's "The Settlers"  
published in the Summer 1965 issue of  
*PRISM international*

We congratulate Miss Atwood for having received this honor.

The Editors,  
*PRISM international*





The next issue of  
**PRISM** *international*

will be a prose issue  
including eight stories

**STORIES** VAS'KA AND VASILLI VASILYEVICH  
translated by Jan Solecki from the  
Russian of Aleksandr Pismennyi

AS FAIR FLOWERS FADE  
and STARScape  
by Hank Olsen

PENANCE  
by Dennis Trudell

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN  
by Paul Friedman

AS IT APPEARS IN TRANSLATION  
by George Blake

HIVERNER?  
translated by W. D. Godfrey from the  
French of Andre Major

A TWIG FROM THE JUDAS  
by Claire Weintraub

---

To subscribe for one year (three issues), complete and return the following.

*PRISM international*

DEPARTMENT OF CREATIVE WRITING  
UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA  
VANCOUVER 8, CANADA

I enclose \$3.50 for a one-year subscription to *PRISM international*,  
beginning with issue 6:2.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....