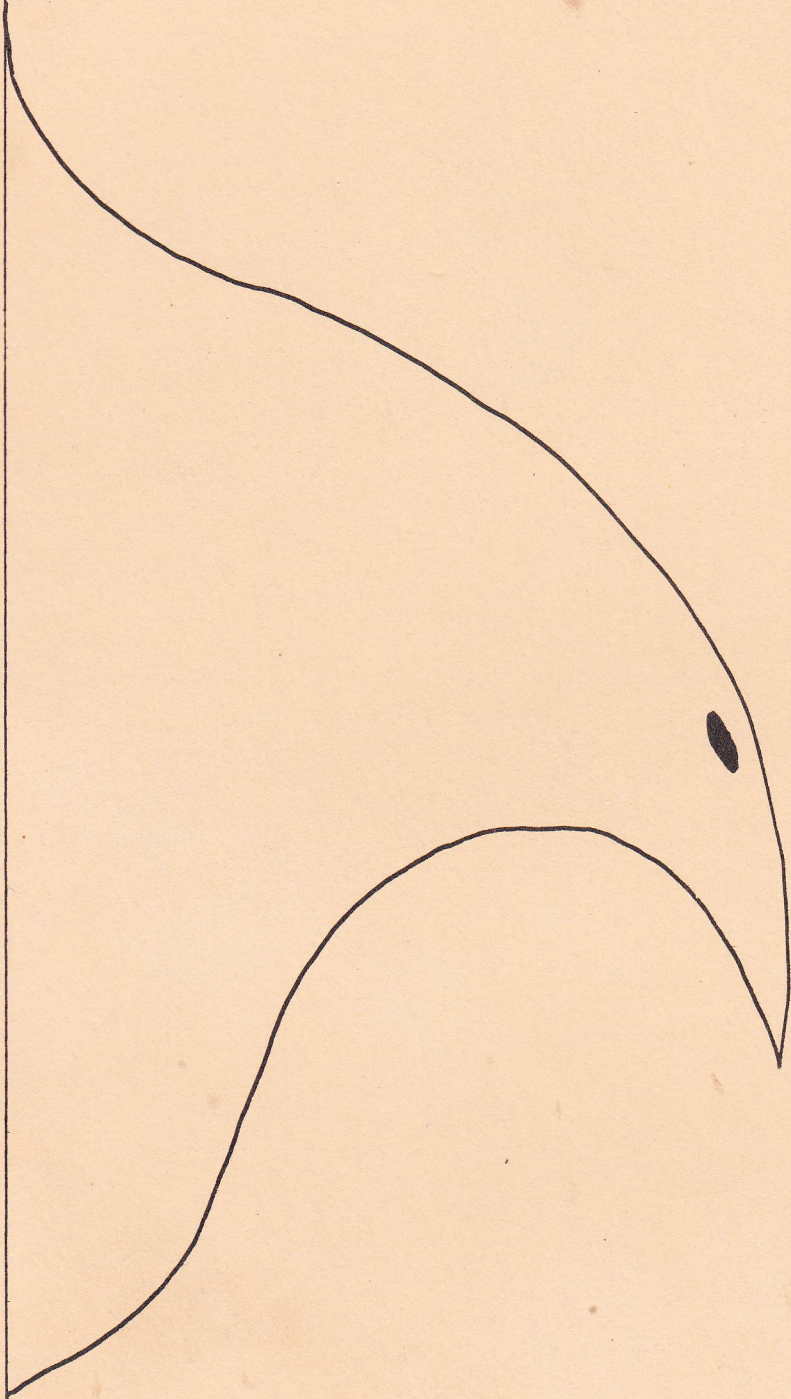


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ALBATROSS

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BLUEGUM IS SORROW

For Ronald Perry

Tell me,
Where did they go,
The hammocks soughing
Sapient wind,
Or the herons
Stilting in the sump,
Smoky plum
And parrot tongue,
Unless into
The poet's mind?

Hi lo- lo,
Bluegum is sorrow,
He said.

Did plangent spoonbills
Crackle down
Where turtles turned
In runic shells
In the child's
Dissolving eye?
What was the sound,
That hollow plunk,
Distant,
Among the green festoon?

Hi lo- lo,
Bluegum is sorrow,
He said.

O Tell me now
Of the fatal weather
When cerise hunters,
Dogs at heel,
Sought in fennel
And in fire-fall,
Deer-flash,
Derving mangrove wheel,
What the lily pad
Concealed.
Tell me of
The fatal weather.

Tell me, poet,
Where did they go,
At savage tumult
And sun's end,
The tendriled passion
Of that end,
The withered children
Peering out?

Hi lo- lo,
Bluegum is sorrow,
He said.

THE OLD MAN SAYS

The old man says:
Let us go back and cook with wood again.

Tell all those people to stop coming round
Without hats.
Their empty heads bother me.

Go to the little grocer on the corner
And bring me a pickle.

Let me stay in my chair
With the moon where it is.

Or let us leave now.
Let us go back to the shadowy forest,
The golden plains.

Tell all those people to quiet down.
They say nothing at all.
All that music is noise.

Bring me my funny old dog.
Let us go back to the old times
As soon as we can.

BERRY RAKING

Spinning scrolls
 Chinese dragons
 Flying wisps of cloud in the blue blaze.
"A fine day for raking" says Dwight
"A fine day for dancing" I reply
 (Our private joke)
As we bend to rake the low-bush berries.
Dwight is sixty, tall and skinny,
Cackles with delight when we hit a good patch.
We scoop and sweep
Knees bent, bent backs
Shoulders and long-toothed steel rakes swinging,
Flashing in the sun.
Stop, straighten,
And empty rakes into waiting buckets.
Four buckets full,
I lug 'em back to the road,
Winnow 'em out through the whirring machine;
Leaves and sticks fly out one end,
Berries bouncing tumble down the other,
Blurred purple cascade.
Stack boxes high for the truck
And tag them for the tally
Then, with aching back and sweat-stung eyes,
Return down my row.
Walking west I crest the hill;
A welcome wind off Tunk mountain
Cools and freshens, lifts my spirits,
Keeps me steady to the even beat of
Scoop and sweep
 Rise and pour
 Scoop and sweep
Cool breeze and the good bucks ahead
Carry me through the long day, hard work.

By five the crew is gone
(By five Dwight is long gone)
And the loaded truck lumbers off
Dust-plumed
 Dipping and rising
 Winding slowly out of sight.
The fields are empty;
I wander now and contemplate Tunk,
Where gathering clouds speed to meet the setting sun.
Like a tired hound Tunk rests,
Soothed by the slow stroke of wind and rain.
On this opposing slope the clean-raked bushes,
Ankle-high, carpet smoothly
But for slanted slabs of granite
And angle-cut silver stumps --
Nothing stands here between earth and sky.
I find a hollow, lay back,
Disappear from sight,
And enjoy a blueberry's eye view.
Beside me find a white feather,
Slipped between the bushes like a secret message,
Love letter.
When darkness comes,
Hurried by rolling cloud cover,
That feather glows still,
And to the west
 Streaming off Tunk mountain
 One mile-long sash of burning light.

SQUIRRELS LEAPING

He parallel parks;
He works computers --

Perhaps he eats needles.

Did he dig a tiny grave between
the roots of tall maple trees &
cover it over with green moss &
brown leaves?

His eyes scowl inside
broken bottle glass
along his garden wall where
dancing squirrels leap.

Last Tuesday, from my kitchen window,
I saw him.

I saw him scrape a dead squirrel
off our road with a garden shovel,
drop it into an A&P bag, and
carry it into the woods behind his house.

Still --
He spits --
Tiny sharp pricks from nicotine lips.

He watches me from
stained-glass panes --
 eyes wide

I'm crouching in wet moss,
Knees deep in a chin where
My mouth sucks glass slivers
From finger tips
& swallows,
While

Swirling leaf squirrels
Brown above my head are leaping.

MEDIEVAL STRUCTURE

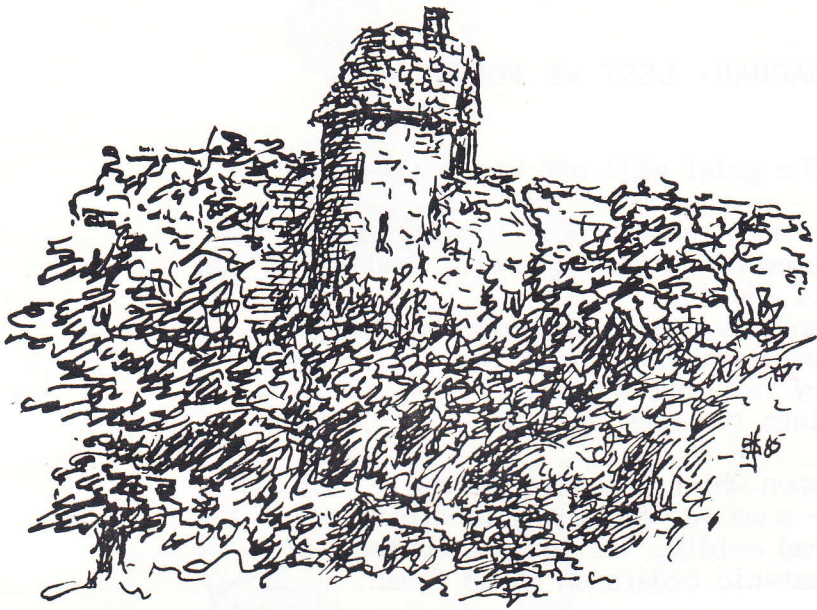
It squatted over the moat,
concealing grim tradition --
this pylon of masonry
casting a dun shadow
along crumbling portions
of the curtain wall.

Each morning,
on his way to school,
the boy rehearsed
the legends of miscreants,
processed into confession
behind those arrow slits.

The instruments, he was taught,
were reverently preserved --
brittle with human stains.

It was not difficult for him
to hear shrieks
or to imagine wracked bodies;
and he shuddered in the innocent belief
that the dungeon's purpose
remained locked in the past.

But he discovered
that History could refine
mock purifications
into deadly showers,
unthought-of
by earlier masters.



Dungeon, as remembered
from Schwiebus, Germany.
now in Poland

Hans Juergensen

DACHAU: LEST WE FORGET

The grief will not be assuaged!

--even though these infernal gates
spewed out the surviving shadows
of 1945;
and the mounds of bone-wreckage
were summarily bulldozed--
by retching liberators--
into the reeking loam

upon which ruthless hyenas
--some yet among the breathing--
had coldly, viciously executed
satanic orders on human flesh.

(What words are sufficiently cruel
to itemize total depravity?)

.....


When I saw the country again
after more than forty years
of my deliverance,
it did stir flashes of nostalgia,
for there once was a boyhood
worth recalling.

But the wrathful pity for my dead
blazed doubly high--
and will keep burning
as long as I live.



Buchenwald
Dachau
und viele -
zu viele!
andere

13

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DRIVING WITH A FRIEND IN WINTER DAWN

For James S.

The fields, edges smoothed by snow, join each other
as if one day could be joined to another day.

We are whole at night, perhaps, and fall
in the day into parts. In winter we are whole,

and fall through summer into parts.
In work we are whole... when then do we fall?

Telephone poles and wires go by in the dawnlight.
Dogs wait at mailboxes standing behind their own breaths.

THE COLONEL'S MEMOIRS

The colonel's wife pours some rat poison
in the dinner's pea soup simmering on the stove,
picks up a spoonful
and holds it up to a hole in the wall.
Sips sherry while she awaits the appearance of the rat.

She should call the colonel,
but the colonel has been up all night
writing his memoirs.
He continued writing all morning,
wrote through lunch, but promised
to stop writing in time for dinner.
He was inspired, describing how he distorted
an evaluation and held back
th promotion of a left wing radical.

No, she could not disturb the colonel;
thus she would
without any military training
have to kill the rat herself.

ALBERT THE GREAT AND THOMAS AQUINAS

Down the street
where the houses
become shabby
where grecian columns
on the porches
are marked with graffiti,
a man is unintentionally
writing my biography
by using a chain saw
to cut down a tree.

I wonder what puzzles
inside his soul
he is trying to solve
by turning into a stump an oak.
His shirt is off,
his skin glistens
as if he had
an inner light,
but he has none.

I sit alone
looking through stained glass,
a lamb's white fleece,
in an old gabled house.
I compare how Albert the Great
and Thomas Aquinas
differed on the concept of esse.

I play a game
whose result is not sawdust
and destroys
no living thing
but myself.

As an antidote
to the poison
that exudes from every face I meet,
I repeat
without a movement
of the lips,
natura essendi.
I find a dead language
loving and forgiving.

LANDSCAPE

The water spreads its peacock tail
over the sackcloth sand.
Each feather watches its lace
ripped from its fringe
and hidden between the thighs
of the rippled brown shore.
The moon has a broken claw,
its grip on the earth
unsteady. It awaits
the ambulance of the sun,
and the white hospital sheets.
A pier pole pierced with an iron bolt
spits its teeth into the wind.
Sand forms itself into a shoe
for the pier pole's one foot.

Three white birds fly out
of the prickly pear's yellow hair,
fly around the breast of a thistle,
go through an opened castle window,
lit by a red-brownish light,
and pluck with their beaks
the strings of a cream colored lute.
Iris es spring up out of a discarded crown.

A ladder falls from a wall, towers lean,
shells gather and talk
different languages. A lantern goes
out. A sea urchin shines
as bright as the noonday sun.
Cypress press their lips against the chest
of the sea urchin's light. The cypress'
legs become sparks.
A blonde tree bares its bright breast,
the grasses blaze. A translucent
girl drinks black water.

ISLAND

for Duane, Frances, Murnah and Jane

Now that I am with the ghost crab,
it is important to listen
to a new language.
Among the waves, the moon
has found its greatest expression.
Its voice collects in empty shells
so that we may take notice.
If you would but remember me,
we could endure here by the gulf
for one million years.

CRICKET

When the time comes, I want
the cricket to wrap my hair
in the small combs of his legs.
There must be no one
to watch us,
no one to hear the words
that his wings will leave
in a strand of my hair.
Then as my hair grows, his song
will grow in darkness
becoming boards that cover the dirt floor.

They will look for his body
in the chirp of the grass,
but the cricket
is not part of his sound.

MICHAEL

Michael,
you play your guitar
toward the fallen stalks
of the wildflowers.
The night has filled
each abandoned flower
with a violent storm.

MANASOTA KEY

There is a desire
to leave this place
before I arrive. I cannot walk
without crushing empty shells
and stealing heat
into my body.

If I take the gull's cry
like a screaming child
into my mind
will it belong still
to the gull?

There is a way of seeing
that is like a man who wakes
into a bright hot room
and cannot close his eyes,
for fear of losing sight
of shadows cast by a dying noon.
I must learn this passion.

To take the movement of waves
into my hand
without touching water,
stare into the sun
and feel no heat,
breathe out and in
and leave the sand quiet.

WIDOW

And then unhappiness enfolded her
Like a hungry rose. She dropped through
The billows of its perfume as if rising
Through a muffled cloud to greet a star.
Alone inside this rose she felt no fear,
Her sorrow held such cool authority.
Her Age of Reason opened like a sky.

THE BLESSING

All day sunward raged the thirst
Of mankind, and the anguished groan.
Midnight now. The still lake proffers
Its blind communion wafer moon.

MIDSUMMER IN JAVA

(Tawangmangu, Java)

The sun a sweet
wheel of pineapple

muledeer in groves of
clove, cinnamon, ginger,

smokey volcanoes of rice,
are enough,

and to think of our lives
as a branching river

while we are changing
and alive.

 Despite
our quarrels (so many

green mangoes --
bitter, impatient)

when we meet on the slopes
I will know your good hands

PASAR IKAN CANAL (Jakarta)

i.

Chicken heads
goat bones
one broken shoe

(blue plastic
jutting toe-up
from feces),

flies buzzing the
trash paper's
careless news,

even the ghosts
of your carp
have swum away.

ii.

Sludge baked solid,
hell river too dead for decay,
all life is flow --

even sewers --
but in your
choked intestine

of nine million
no thing
moves.

iii.

Over your bridge swarm
the cave-ribbed
human.

The rickshaw boy,
the dying old woman
gathering cigarette butts,

believe they are lucky,
know they're alive.
The Javanese proverb:

"As long as there is
one grain of rice
we will survive."

FOR THEODORE ROETHKE

Is it possible that the greenhouse is part of the whole
cohesive world we live in? Say the bear fishes with the lady
behind the cuttings, your father's big-buckled belt hanging on
the door, your white-washed house there in Saginaw.

See the tulips open their bright buckets to the clouds
when the ladies come in from the auxiliaries, tickled to be in
the bloom, figuring the possibility of the acreage in the
procedure of anything desirable among the slips and tendrils.
The open door fits the form without a paradigm from weedbeds and
banks of manure where moles make their homes, the stalling and
stumbling feet going on to the matter at the end of the toes, the
drainage ditch around the property one shifting run within the
curves opening into the field.

VELVET ROCKS

A fern coming up shyly
Beside a stone
On a Spring day
In May

Pervades the silence
With
A deeper silence
Branching out.

If anything is perfect
The green fern
In May light
Presents itself.

Ramifying, still,
Open, air-touched,
Centuries
Grow delicate.

Duane Locke was educated at the University of Florida where he studied Renaissance Literature and logical empiricism. He is retiring from the University of Tampa where he has been Poet in Residence and a professor of English. He is the founder of the Immanentist school of poetry and has had eleven small press books of poems published, including The Submerged Fern in the Waistline of Solitude, Light Bulbs and Lengthened Eyelashes, and Foam on Gulf Shore. Locke has been the editor of three poetry journals: Poetry Review (cited in the New York Times as one of the best little magazines), the U.T. Review, and most currently Abatis. He has recently won the Edna St. Vincent Millay Award and the Charles Agnoff Award.

When, where, and how did your extreme sensitivity to nature come about?

Well, my sensitivity to nature came from my mother. She used to take me for walks in the woods, show me blackberry bushes and things of that type. She just loved nature herself, so I never thought about it, it just happened.

How is this sensitivity to nature reflected in your poetry?

First of all, it makes me want to write. Even when I'm writing about the ugliness of humanity, what inspired that is the beauty of nature. Every natural thing seems to live up to its limitations, and we don't. We abuse all of our gifts. It gives you an ideal of superior existence when you look at nature--especially insects: how they cooperate, how they live. If it wasn't for nature, I wouldn't feel that life would be worth living.

When did you become a nature photographer?

That happened because for a wedding present somebody gave me

a camera and I decided to become a photographer and started sending to exhibitions all over America. The only reason I did it was to get closer to nature. I specialized in butterflies and close-ups. What I would do was go out into the woods and get a pupa. I'd bring it home and put it in a place of moss and dampen the moss every day. Then the butterfly would hatch and I would photograph him as he was coming out. It's only a few seconds you have there, and he puffs up his wings. It's the only time you get a butterfly fresh--it's like the world: once you get out in the world, you get damaged.

A quote from your essay on Immanentism: "One should spend hours in observation of the sunlight on the slick and hard surface of a magnolia leaf and avoid even a minute spent in the study of heliocentric astronomy. . . Fusion that originates with bare attention ends in the alteration of consciousness. . . The cleansed consciousness returns to its natural function, cosmic and sacred receptivity, the superconscious mode of being." How does the philosophy of Immanentism define your sacred relationship to nature?

I didn't know I said that, but I'm glad to hear it--it sounds good! The philosophy is that you find value in the things around you. It's not so much a philosophy, it's really a response to life. I'm a very theoretical mind, though I rarely believe anything I say theoretically. I know that what really matters is my response to a tree, not that I can make a theory about it. I've never had the problem of Wordsworth: when he got older, he couldn't respond to nature. I can still respond to nature, I can still go out and caress a tree and kiss it and really feel a great love there in my arms, so I don't believe that about when you get older you lose your senses. I think they increase. I think you get more erotic as you get older. You're no longer trying to please people, you're no longer wasting your time trying to pick up people in bars--that takes a lot of energy! And now you don't have to do that,

you're completely free. There is a great fallacy in America that everything is finished when you reach thirty-five. According to that I would have been finished years ago! I think a relationship to nature kind of does that for you, it makes you intense, because you're living naturally, you're not living artificially. You're not living by lies in the mind which everybody lives by--you're living by real life, and real life never gives out. And with this, you can go on forever: I can get a different experience by touching a tree, by touching a fern unfolding--it's a completely different experience, that is, if you attend to it and don't try to conceive that this is a fern unfolding. It goes on forever.

What is it that drives you to write?

The main thing is, that's the only way I can stand life. To me life seems so transient. So when you write, you feel that you've done something real, because the poem is still there as a reality and everything else I've done is gone. That's what writing does: it gives you a permanence to a moment.

What do you feel that the role of the poet should be?

The role of the poet is his own salvation and perhaps the salvation of a few, but that's getting a little egotistical. His only role is to save himself and put himself up as an example--and never try to convert people. It's the only thing I see, is to try to realize yourself, save yourself from the boredom and the cruelty of human life. Some people call that selfish, but I don't call it selfishness. I call it selfish when you try to impose your opinion on another. To me, if you live this kind of life, you've set a new example in this world of just trying to do everything you can in an excellent manner. See, you give your life to something and try to make your life a work of art.

CONTRIBUTORS

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RICHARD EBERHART, poet, playwright and professor had a celebration for his 80th birthday on April 5, 1984 when the University of Florida held lecture and readings from April 4-6. The Governor named him Florida Ambassador of the Arts. He was educated at Dartmouth, Cambridge (St. John's College) and Harvard. He holds the Pulitzer prize, the Bollingen prize and the National Book Award among other prizes. His latest book is The Long Reach, New Directions 1984.

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