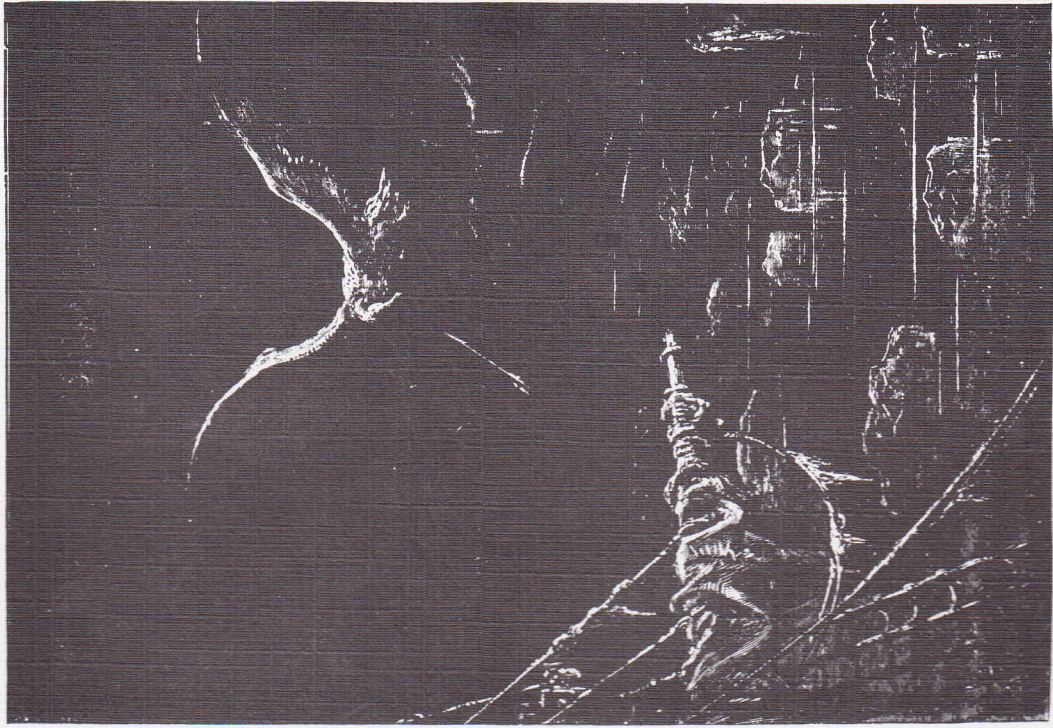


ALBATROSS



#6

The Anabiosis Press
125 Horton Avenue
Englewood, FL 34223

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
 From the fiends that plague thee thus!--
 Why lookst thou so? "--With my crossbow
 I shot the ALBATROSS.

ALBATROSS

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ALBATROSS

Volume #3, Issue 2

Editors: Richard Smyth and Richard Brobst

Special thanks to Ron Kline, Earl Warren, Jackie Smyth, Pam Brobst and the English Dept. of Port Charlotte High School for their support.

Cover design by Richard Smyth.

Cover illustration from Dore's Illustrations of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

Subscription Rates

One issue for \$3.00

Two issues for \$5.00

Checks payable to ALBATROSS

The ALBATROSS accepts submissions of original poetry, black-ink drawings, and short interviews with established poets. Please mail all correspondence to ALBATROSS, 125 Horton Avenue, Englewood, FL 34223. We do not appreciate receiving simultaneous submissions and later finding out that poems submitted to us were accepted elsewhere, so please do not do this. Be sure to include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with all correspondence. Any contributions and donations will be used solely for the purpose of maintaining this publication.

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ISSN 0887 4239

Antonio Machado

Los Jardines del Poeta (A Juan Ramon Jimenez)

El poeta es jardinero. En sus jardines
corre sutil la brisa
con livianos acordes de violines,
llanto de ruisenores,
ecos de vos lejana y clara risa
de jóvenes amantes habladores.
Y otros jardines tiene. Allí la fuente
le dice: te conozco y te esperaba.
Y el, al verse en la onda transparente:
"Apenas soy aquel que ayer sonaba!"
Y otros jardines tiene. Los jazmines
anoran ya verbenas del estío,
y son lirás de aroma estos jardines,
dulce lirás que tane el viento frío.
Y van pasando solitarias horas,
y ya las fuentes a la luna llena
suspiran en los marmoles, cantoras,
y en todo el aire solo el agua suena.

The Gardens of the Poet (To Juan Ramon Jimenez)

The poet is a gardener. In his gardens
the breeze subtly blows
with light harmonies of violins,
weeping of nightingales,
echoes of the distant voice and clear laugh
of talkative young lovers.
And he has other gardens. There the spring
tells him: I know you and for you I waited.
And he, in seeing his transparent reflection:
I'm scarcely the one that yesterday I dreamed.
And he has other gardens. The jasmine
already mourn the summer vervain
and they are lyres of aroma, these gardens,
sweet lyres played by a cold wind.
And solitary hours are passing
and springs, already in the full moon,
sigh upon marble figurines, singers,
and in the air is heard only the water's sound.

(translated by Mimi Coleman)

Poem

Drinking my way into morning
I am in insignificant
thought, watching an eternity
of water gather my feet,
burying me in the sand.

From my trap
I see a gypsy girl
returning through olive waves
from hours of collecting shells,
to count and price them on the shore.

Do I dare imagine her? Do I dare
imagine? that tonight, on warm pavement,
she will spread her pasture of cloth,
blossoming crystal, shell, and the
tarot she reads for coin, to bend
earth to heaven and back again.

She will dance in the street,
fed by the white suck of the moon
and the pagan rhythm of bongos,
beating her way into a wine-stained night,
oblivious to any watcher, like a spirit
working magic on the earth.

My God! this girl is made of summer!
a beautiful high day! a deep blue
swelling from the ocean, layering the coast
with the paint of the sun! I've thickened
this day with rum, surrendered myself
to this spot, rooted beneath Her dance.

Vertebrae

We are invited to ponder the bones,
spread casually before us like rummage
sale merchandise. I mark two.
One I could slip in my pocket -- an amulet
cleaned and boiled, backbone link
from a whitetail dead by the road.
The other resembles a winged stool
my child might sit on for a story of the sea
where the finback thrived: arcing and sounding,
blowing until harpoon stuck fast, rope flew out,
the wet chase crew drove through waves
to the kill.

This is the touching table.
I hold the quiet deer bone,
trace its careful curves,
slide index finger through
the smooth tunnel where quick
chord once lay. It is a ring
too intricate for wearing.

This vertebra, the naturalist says,
is much like his and mine.
We mark the middle, mouse
to whale.

He leaves the room.
I bend to press my cheek
against whalemable seat,
then place the small bone, my token,
on its vast plain. Go out
to walk the rain-glazed trail.
A medium-sized mammal --
flesh and bones.

By the Pond's Edge

Watch the water
spill over the dam
collared with froth,
a continual effort
to feed the running
river.

Over the years
that pond has become
clogged with refuse,
impoverished,
brown with longing
for the world's first day.

But it moves, high tide
or low, and the gray
carp line up
like docked submarines
in the flow, gleaning
what passes with gaping
mouths, as though
nothing more was hoped for
or expected.

This fragment of time
will be remembered
in the bones: moving
water, bread floating
on foam, soggy loam
under our feet --
the high courage
of live things
dying of trust.

Autumn Poem

Pumpkins thump at the edge of hearing.
A few leaves scrape across the road.
We pull our collars close against our necks.
We don't know what we are.
Deep in my body, wild goose calls ache.
You can hear them in the wind when I breathe.

Landscape With Water Birds

1.

Cormorants choose dead trees.
They mumble and flop like black clowns, hunched on snags
or floating the slow water, heads tilted upward,
strange interrogative faces with nothing to fear.

2.

The words in the voices of geese
are strung between places and times.
You will follow this language you don't understand.
You will flock into small boats.
You are alone.

3.

Gulls stand like islands in a field
full of distance.

Pilgrim

What season is it?
In and out of landscapes,
cyclones, typhoons,
avalanches, full moons,
sugar cane burning.
What place is this?
You dance with day birds
on cliffs above the sea
within my own darkness.

In the desert,
white ants build Stonehenge monoliths
out of dust, scattered like tombstones.
No spirits shall walk.
The earth changes color.

Nawulanja create kangaroo mounds
out of clay, red-rock tortoise.
Snake people writhe in the sand.

In the painted caves of Kakadu,
sorcerers point the bone.
Across flood plains and billabongs,
buffalo fly.
Beer bellied initiates,
with tattoo scarifications and chains,
blow bullets and collect horns.

In the midst of my walkabouts,
aboriginal trails hopelessly searching
for waterholes, the earth is blackened
as if the moon had fallen and burned.

Now in the rain forest,
four hours through thick red mud,
heart-shaped stinging plants,
poisonous snakes, fastflowing streams,
crocodile rivers to the Cape, to the sea,
to New Guinea, the Trobriands
where mountain peaks are covered
with red bones of the dead

I wait for a ship
my luggage lighter
my dreams more complex.
Days are for sun, pina colodas
and passionfruit.
My former life is in night's shadows,
a thing that spins and collides
insignificantly

On this day of your birth
I am in this land
a place I have searched for
beyond the Never-Never.
You have taught me
to live is to live
to love is to love
There is no truth in the mirror.

The rain continues.
Coconuts roll down the roof.
The coffee pot sings like a bird.
The gas lamp fools me.
I think it is day.

Sleeping Out by Kern River

California Sierras

Kern River is braiding the Sierras together
filing the years stone smooth.

Gold velvet in a blue elbow, a sandbar,
three stones and a handful of sticks:

We fry combread and bacon, scour our tins with sand.
Red coals eye the dark.

While we sleep the stars move closer, quietly falling.
We come unglued from the ground.

The moon swallows the world and grows fat,
leaves no shadow,

Goat skull grins, things turn inside out,
jackrabbits spin under Orion,

Wind splashes the Lodgepole pine, the forests are flying
witch trees sail in the moon.

No one wakes til the sun over Mt. Whitney
splits the long valley:

Loose souls steal back into form,
the pine finds his shadow.

I tell this dream.
We pass boiling coffee around.

A Prairie Quilting

Driving west at sunrise, I'm overwhelmed
by a sense of impending catastrophe
that cottonwoods along Flat Rock Creek
and Neosho River can't quell.

Mist rising like smoke from rusty milo fields
makes it seem like the earth is on fire.

The sun pops above the horizon like

a drop of blood. A pasture littered
with raw piles of clay from wildcat oil wells
lies beside the road like a mutilated woman.

Gravity seems about to let go,
centrifugal force about to catapult
continents and people into space
in decaying parabolic orbits to nowhere

K-96 north and west of Fredonia
climbs and quickly crests a bluff,
and stretching away from this high point
smoking fields of corn and wheat
and oats and milo and soybeans,
and diiches full of larkspur
and goldenrod and sunflowers and bindweed
form the pattern of a giant log-cabin quilt,
and the trucks and cars traveling the roads,
and the tractors trailing plumes of dust
above the fields are shuttles weaving a fabric,
and the air is full of scissortails

and meadowlarks and swallows all weaving,
and the legs of killdeer running through the pastures
and of bobwhite scurrying into plum thickets
and of a heron stalking frogs along Fall River
are like quick needles stitching,

and men on foot or horseback or behind plow mules
or in haymows or on combines or compickers
are stitching, and women with rifles
in the doors of dugouts and in the barns
milking or at their looms or laboring
over writing desks or cookstoves or sick beds
are stitching, and men and women together,
man the needle and woman the cloth
and semen the thread in love, or perhaps lust
or power or even force or hate or fear
but stitching, stitching, always on the edge
stitching together this patchwork of generations
and land, and the tension: too tight
and the thread will snap or the fabric cut,
too loose and the seams won't hold.

The Birth (for Ashima)

Into the night the flesh begins
In rounds at tug and pull. Child
Shall unwind into the air.

Waters broken, contraction twinge
-- slow, gather to a power.

People begin; friends hand a finding
That will become. Calls night
-- air clear, moon quarter wanes.

... but scene must shift. In all
We pray somehow that is, we are --
The mother centers in her wage
To labor for a child. Fleshes move
Profound conjunctions seeking way.

In/out. Breath-let -- the uterus
Leaves a marking star to make an instant side.

Wait -- then walk, she mother wills
This seeking through her shaken home.
The cervix still tacks a hold upon the form.
Steps touch morn. Then come waves
Of winding nearer to let babe
Loose belly to the sky,
Wider stations in her ride to gate,
Way to will, must mother shift
Great change to plus the haunches
Life to life.

Long turnings
Flesh a tide to rest, then push
Sure heavings let to child out.

A river widens folding to the sea --
Wisdoms edge
Of moon-sun-earth where once at one
Will person from the kiss of birth.

Flash a moving flesh wide sea and star,
Ancestries arc to face, a blaze, behold!

At last the babe rounds to the mothered breast
With seeking lips to pray.

... sputter, slow, lowly wail taps air to
Her lung -- the people her side, yes,
Child, mother gamed and fathered with them time
Where life they will all hour, night and day.

Morning Long Ago

The sun grows bold.

A bearded tree leans
to lit water
like an old shaman leans to fire.

Lily pads simmer
and a frog
cracks the deaf surface.
Ripples.

A woman leans
from the gnarled bank
and quietly weeps as she drinks.
Placenta and blood
dry on her legs.

A snake's tongue
prods the dumbfounded silence.

The Reapers

Autumn
the massacre of the tawny fields
 ripe
 was good
 because it filled our eyes
 because we felt
 dust and sweat
 coating our skin
 the bread we shared
 dismembered
 the bodies our scythes murdered
 and our bonfires
 sowed sparks in the twilight sky
the night
 and the stars sparkling
 drifting like milkweed over our heads
 were cold
 and her hair tickled my face
 and she breathed beside me
 asleep
 and I was warm where I held her
 my back cold in the night air
I couldn't sleep
 thinking of when I found her
 sick and dirty beneath the thunder
 of the El tracks
 in Chicago
 and the clock ticked on the wall of the room
 where I lived above the sandwich shop
she didn't know who she was or where she was or who I was
 I was making good money
 working the stockyards and slaughterhouses
 immersed in mooing and blood
 and after the fire
 the good steaks
 good money so I brought the doctor
she was tired
 she needed to rest
 eat some decent food

the lamps shined angel wings on the wallpaper
and after that she was with me
 I never paid much attention to her name
 Margaret Mary Maggie something
 moving beside me across the living body of America
 toward the Texas panhandle
The furious yellow days
 passed by
 the sheaves were bound
 the fiddler cried
and we were moving again atop the boxcars
 like my father held me when I was little
 I held her now
and because she was so warm I was glad
 the sky was blue and cold
we rolled along rangelands
 where bobwire stretched tight
 and nailed to poles
 enclosed the grazing herds
three days across the desert
 the sand was bare and shimmering
 and didn't bleed
 because it was dry
 when we drank from bottles
 our mouths grew dusty
some people who rode with us
 were talking about Florida
 the estuaries the living water
 St. Vincent Sound
 fishing from the little boat
in the deep water near the river's mouth
 the color of the water
 the color of the haze
 blended bluegrey
it seemed like sailing on the sky

and Lebanon Station
where cedars grew in marshes
tapered silhouettes against the dusk
they were cutting beams
sending them to where they were building a new church
where one had burned
out of Levy County's haunted backroads
branching off to nowhere
in the moonlight
and Miami
its turquoise waterway
lively skyscrapers and avenues
strewn with fronds of palm and hibiscus
after the big storm
and crossing Tampa Bay at night
airplanes drifted like slow angels
across the faces of towers
that glittered like the City of God
three days we rolled across the landscape
fear of Heat Death
bones stripped by solar enzymes
idiot howling in alkaline madness
and the people of the towns stared at us
hated us sent police to keep us moving
to hell with them
we took turns sleeping atop the galloping cars
where there wasn't much to eat
but we shared it and it was enough to get through
after Barstow somewhere
the sun ignited rows of vines
twining the crosshatched arbors
there was work
among the bleeding grapes

It was Sunday morning
we walked through the quiet streets
stopping to pick the oranges
from the trees on the lawns
and the old man hollering at us
to leave them alone
to hell with them
we walked on
and at the edge of town we found a meeting
we stood at the edge of the crowd
listening to the preacher
talking about the lamb and the vine
Jesus
how the same holy hand that slaughtered the lamb
and crushed the grape
delivered him in ripeness up unto the cross
and for the life of me I don't know
whose hand the preacher meant
if not ours.

We Will Refashion Eden

We will refashion Eden each morning
to embrace our losses,
backyard feeders and clear water overflowing
the season's insufficiencies.
The birds and squirrels here will not know
abundance is the paradise
we dream,
how we, like the deists' God
winding a world into being,
must one day pack our bags
and leave the clockwork ticking
uncertain as our hearts' pulse,
till final silence.

An instinct for ending is not the curse
these creatures bear.

High up in branches they keep their distance
from stalking cats, the dog
bounding home to be fed.

They have not tasted the veil-rending fruit
of that first Eden we lost,
our backs turned on the perfect nature
we every day deny,
raising other gardens,
our hands plunged deep
in the blood
that makes them grow.

The Diviner

to be a diviner of water
a man must be willing
to keep the book
open under his arm
and to accept
the tongue of another
flopping in his mouth
like a small fish on the deck

he cannot have a normal heart
it must be divided
and able to slip
over his hands
like loose fitting gloves

he cannot be afraid
he cannot think of his wife

he must know the sounds whales make
when they swim in tight passages
under the earth

on his back he will carry
the names of water
engraved like the names of God

he will hold the wings
of a large bird in his hands
his blood will be one with that bird
and it will fly
its perfect eye full
of the passionate prey

Spring Flood

This is the day the oversleep comes
to dredge what daydreams hide,
exposing the debris of backlands.

Trees that river beds once envied
clog the last lapping of deep water.
Half alive, tangled in slime,
moss grows through my hair.

A wounded doe steps through the mist of her nostrils
and lowers her head to nibble at my chest.
Blood collects in my upturned palm
as I raise it to the puncture in her belly.

She begins her supple collapse,
her eyes thin beyond reflection.
She is the blind day I cannot see.

Moving into the Forest: Winter into Spring

At first it was the raw cloth
we pulled around our shoulders,
red threads weaving the blood of us.
Wind turned a corner back,
chilled us bone stiff,
we looked this way and that.

Snow came up the covers,
hiding what we had.
Pain took us face down.
We held up our breathing,
hauled up water cold as stone,
quenched our thirsting.

Sun struck a shoulder,
the cloth closed over in perfect fit.
Our bodies touched and
warm gathered in the earth.
We came up as all things come up,
spread about at the roots of trees.

It rained, we gave hair from our flesh
for nests, our breasts were bare.
We rested back upon the cloth
and limb upon limb, birds
feeding their young
turned silver at night.

Steven R. Cope

Pastoral

I was in a field in a summer
too long to tell.
I held something warm in my hand,
something that spoke another language

never told me.

I set it in weeds in a hollow place
where something had been.

I wanted it to move. It did not move.

I lifted it softly

and spoke something I cannot remember,
something about the sky.

That done, I had done everything

I knew how to do

and I stood there and waited, waited.

Cow bells tolled in the valley
and the thing in my hand

became timeless, I swear.

Its last breath

became *my* breath

and I am waiting, waiting,

am standing over this hollow

in my thirty-ninth year

waiting for the thing to move,

waiting to move with it,

for the moving thing to be gathered

from the tops of tall pines,

from nests, from burrows,

bone, tooth, and claw all coming undone,

skin coming undone,

every wild thing that fed on it

giving it up,

coming apart in its time,

waiting for the man

to do a thing he has never done,

to find within his hands

much more than he expected:

life he can bleed back into it,

life he can give back to it.

That done, he

will have done everything.

Al Ortolani

Alice Talks to Bees

Alice is afraid of bees, deathly so,
but Rolling Thunder, the Shoshone medicine man,
explains to her that bees

like all creatures shouldn't be feared
just understood.

Speak to them he tells her, let them know
you've come to gather the horehound
and would share.

So Alice sits in the warm Nevada sun
and for nearly an hour talks to the bees,
explaining her purpose, her desire, her fear.
And before long the bees

covering the horehound separate, and give
half for her gathering amid theirs.

And she is taken, not so much by their generosity,
as by her communication with bees
which suddenly seems so right, so profoundly
fitting.

Rolling Thunder reminds her, they've given you half
so keep your word, bees
will expect that of you.

A Song of David

the sun
she
is setting
in the tall grass
beneath the pines

where the heart
beats
one with the land

where the mule deer
approach
their antlers raised

where with palms
upturned
we pray

Virginia

where
the early white settlements
were not permanent

land
being less expensive
than fertilizer

Colonial farmers
would move on
when the soil would no longer yield
the crops abundant

often burning their homes
to retrieve the nails

beginning the darkness

Human and Animal Intelligence

A pond with mist
almost miasmic
where white pines open,
sodden cheat grass

bends the paths
of travellers -- deer, woodcock,
no humans. So out of place
I ought to leave.

How is anything
constantly aware of itself?
From a small wooded rise
I overlook the pond

where a hooded merganser pair
hardly dent the mist they float,
his crest is raised, her contour
feathers are dark brown

almost inert
until her eyes, black
as though burnt to essential knowledge,
trace my body against the trees.

Kevin Griffith

Fishbowl

To have the whale's stare,
the eye in a mountain of flesh.
At the sight of your shadow,
they crowd in the corner:
fantails, comets, the albino
showing his red insides.

We all need our little worlds,
to be the omniscient one, the great hand
dropping food and sometimes water
through the hole in the top,
their sky.

What this world really teaches you
is to be quiet and small, very small.
Then you notice, all along the glass,
the gray language of snails.

Susan April

Oklahoma

(Choctow: okla -- "people", homa -- "red")

Here is a place
fit to die in,
a territory
hard as bone,
far from Awanna,
a journey through
dust devils,
the salt plains
smeared holy
by the blood-
crusted stumps
of our children's
bound feet.

Long into
the broken star-
path of night
we stumble,
hands turning
the cleft roots,
blankets clutched
to bare skin,
tongues howling
the names
we are left with.

Plunkett's Road

The old highway sprouts alder now,
pushing up asphalt hummocks,
caving in plates of roadway
once strong enough to carry
the trade of the Northwoods.

Mosses shatter this crust
like a velvet earthquake
reclaiming mistaken topography.
Here is geology come alive,
evolution of hard rock
into soft green.

To walk this road
is healing
and grants an understanding
of place and order and time.

That germinations explode mass
defines hope.

I rejoice in these small powers
of seed and root
that ignore practicality and
apparent physical law
and succeed
where a smooth dark death once lived.

Mother and the Factory

You are trudging up the hill
from Briggs and Stratton
and a machine bigger than yourself.
Six days a week from five
until four, the factory
vibrates in your blood. You are
always tired but never admit
reaching thin arms in piecework,
pulling that monster of levers
and fire down to cement and
back again. Once you caught
your arm but never said,
at the dinner table, sleeve torn,
muscles bruised purple.
Later they were blue from other
scars--the vats of chemicals
near your machine after
OSHA's visits stopped.
You slept often,
as your father had urged
before his own death at forty,
hibernating in the glitter
of eternity. Now tidal waves
of late afternoon
climb the hill
from Briggs,
how tiny you were, carrying
a purse bigger
than yourself, the familiar
steel chips glinting
off hair and clothes
like diamonds.

America

"America doesn't exist. I know; I lived there."
from the film *Mon Oncle D'Amerique*

These cornfields are fake:
green, plastic replicas
stuck in perfect rows
for thousands of miles.
The trees, barns & farmhouses,
tractors, fences, chickens,
the bloated cows dripping milk,
everything here
disappears the instant you look away.

Chicago, Detroit, New York,
these cities don't exist:
they're just black dots on a map,
constructions of cardboard,
papier-mache, wooden sticks.
They're ashes in an advanced state,
to return to dirt.

Face it: America doesn't exist.
It's not a color or face.
There's no smell, no voice.
It doesn't have a taste or touch.
It's nothing, like us,
a space hung between two darknesses,
a word I have to call home,
this body, this breathing,
home.

Coming to the End of the Safe Life

"... a broken and contrite heart, O God,
thou wilt not despise."

Psalms 51

1.

In a world let loose among the dogs,
there is little hope.
In a world spinning by the sweat and blood
of millions, you are a joke,
a puppet without strings,
a cautious fish in the air.
You survive in your own small way,
doing small things,
extending your small life.
It is safe here, plenty of coffee, milk,
bread and meat. Plenty of blankets
and dishwashers and TV specials.
In a world of blue light and gas heat,
it becomes natural to stare and receive.

2.

In eternity, God blinks and this is what He sees:
a man sitting on the sofa, smoking a cigar,
full, warm, growing fat around his waist.
But under the skin, he is breaking into pieces
too small to imagine. Billions of fragments float
through his veins, into his heart where they catch
on the tissue, the inner lining, the arteries.
Before long, the pain surfaces and he wakes up
one day stranded, exhausted, a heart full
of debris from the safe life.
This is when God smiles because the man is near the edge,
lost, because now he knows he is only one
of the living and must do something about it.

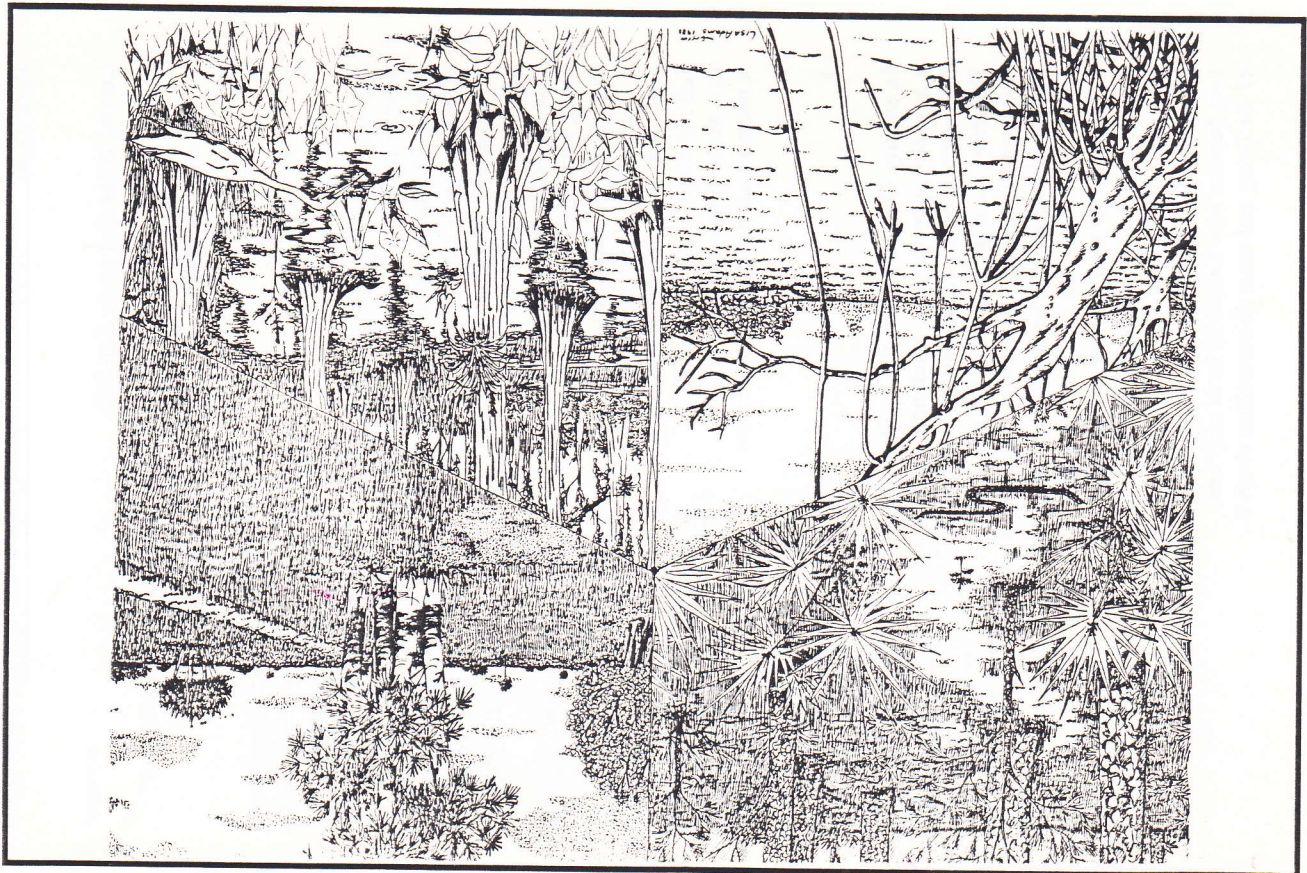
Chick Wallace

Florida Speaks

None of them look as if they live here.
Yet they all come sooner or later--
A siren call they can't resist, not
just Disney commercials and tour-guide
folders from AARP and real estate fliers.
It is race memory. In blood and bone
they remember how my warm blue
sea-womb rocked them, how lush
and propitious I was for their first protoplasm,
for the big fishes to grow wing cells in me
a billion years ago--how my hot sand
warmed the dinosaurs who crawled
out of me. Don't tell me these pale-bellied
ones don't recall that, or the steamy forests
where my first horses were a foot high,
where my sea shells are still sunk in
the black ooze of bean-farm peat moss
and in limerock fireplaces of upland subdivisions.

Soon my trees back of the bill boards
will all be ground into newsprint
and my green pasturefields blackened
over with asphalt and my shorelines
as eroded as high tides on the scalps
of their rich bald developers.

They fall on my warm sands as on
the bosoms of lovers. They think
they come to live out an endless
layover to that ultimate Brazil.
But as elephants march to the graveyard,
as old pelicans return to the sandspit,
they come to me with their CD's
and their snapshots of grandchildren, to die.



In the End, It's the Elephants

There is prophecy in the wail
of elephants, and I know
in the end, they will be there,
those huge flat feet at home on the earth,
those voluminous, floppy ears in tune
to the lost radio signals
and the big-bang's ancient pulse.

The turtles will withdraw into their houses
one last time and sleep.
The giraffes will stop reaching
and die of unrequited love,
the ants from their boredom
of perfection, the birds,
fighting for the few remaining branches,
from fatigue.

But in the end, the elephants
and their bulky harmony
will be there, the long, round slope
of their haunches to match the generous curve
of their spirits.
The thick, proud skin of the west,
the essential patience of the east--
and inbetween,
eighty pounds of heart.

I see them reclaiming their tusks
with their slow elegant grace.
I see them herding over the countryside,
bathing in the Ganges and the Nile,
hosing down the smoldering continents
with their trunks.
They are caravanning again,
parading across Mecca
and the Sinai,
no one to train them,
and only the sky on their backs.

Contributor's Notes

Lisa Adams is an artist from Live Oak, Florida. She is a fifth generation native. *Susan April* lives in Frederick, Maryland. Her poems have appeared in *VISIONS*, *BEAT SCENE*, and the *MONOCACY VALLEY REVIEW*.

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Al Ortolani adapted his poem from a passage of Doug Boyd's *Rolling Thunder*, New York: Dell Publishing Company, 1974, pp. 107-117. His first book came out last year from Woodley Press in Topeka, Kansas, entitled *The Last Hippie of Camp Fifty*.

Portia has a chapbook of poems entitled *Of Water* which was published in 1987 by Valhalla Publications, and her poems and stories have appeared in BLUE UNICORN, CREAM CITY REVIEW, POET & CRITIC, and other periodicals. She has a Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee where she teaches English.

Bernard Quetchenbach currently lives in West Lafayette, Indiana and has published in BITTERROOT, BLUELINE, WILLIOW, and others. He has also published in a chapbook entitled *In the Distance* from Mammoth Press.

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And I had done a hellish thing
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

---Samuel Taylor Coleridge