



parting
gitts

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Betty's Dream

Irene Eberling Marsh

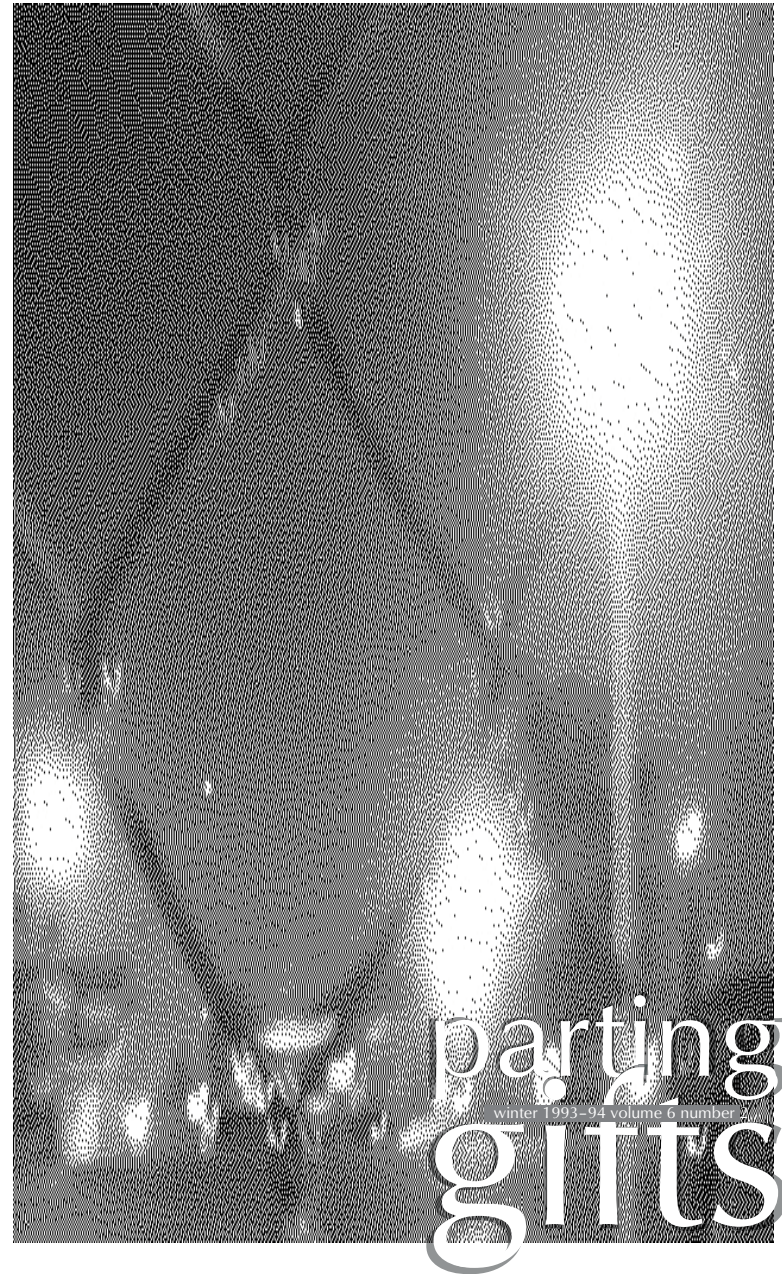
These are the same houses
with the same damage
carried over dream to dream.
Once inside, it comes back to you,
oddly shaped rooms, extra furniture,
shutters opening on sweetgums
you had forgotten.

Again, you plan to live here
despite the same problems,
unexpected flapping roof,
broken windows, just like before,
some chewed-up support beams.
Again, watchers suddenly gather
under the ornate, old-time street lamp.

Years Later

Joyce Odam

Years later
I took my arrow from the wall
and wondered, which way now, old traveler,
where must I send you now
that I must follow?



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For Farris Errol Miller

I saw him the other day
for the first time in 16 years.
He had changed a lot, of course, drinking
more than ever and zooming up
to two four o.

His wife, like Emily, was a widow
on-call only to the memory of another time,
another place, she was just a stand-in
for Lily Pearl who left in '75.
At the end of that, he was not well,
and he never changed, love
that began the sorrow,
I suppose,
and a death to come home to
every night.

Displacement Joyce Odam

driving slowly
on a road with three undulations
with a dangerous curve at the end
and a rag on the road that
looks like a cat
which we swerve to avoid

Joe Boxer Errol Miller

He was so in love with love,
caught up in infatuation,
overlooking everything. ("Her" herpes, "Her"
attraction to the Preacher, the picture above
"Her" bed of an old flame happily married.)

She gave him a little bit of flesh
and let him spend the night sometimes
if she didn't have a date.

On Sunday they sang in the same choir
at the same church and thought similar
abominable thoughts: he wanted only to love
her cancerous wounds and she only
wanted him to go away.

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Simon Perchik

What you hear is one winter
to another, heads or tails
one side staggering
the other moving closer
thought it will rain soon -midair

the way you clip some dazzling jewel
and your dress blossom
while you are still inside
covered with snow, the sun
half struggling, half underwater
toward the ice that will drink it all

-you hear drop by jagged drop
pinned to the ground
as if I could wait for spring
could gather up my footsteps
all night breaking apart
darting into small holes
left out in the open, in this cup

that stays cold no matter how many times
my lips and year after year
though what you hear are the stars
who know only voices and darkness
who come by with flowers
with this cavernous empty cup
you can stare at now
think about daytime and returning.

458

Simon Perchik

You still don't trust seabirds
must enjoy September coming back
closing in on your birthday
on these leaves all year watching out
for the cold almost within sight

-the piercing, high-pitched shriek
is just this rake grabbing hold
more dirt, another burrow, stones
-I've never learned

to please you with height.
I only know to dig, to reach
under, to cradle the dirt
that eats nothing, to plead with it
over and over the way a child is taught
in a chair higher than usual

-I don't see you yet
and the air here melts when handled
becomes blurred, comets swoop
for one more pass while my arms
clutch this struggling darkness
to make you eat, sit up
open your mouth for this fork, the cake
still warm, its candles circling down

to overtake the sun -sparks
everywhere! sweetened, still lit
not yet snow and your mouth
almost listening, almost daylight.

Snake

Paul R. Haenel

after che

Of all places possible to die
of all times possible
it thought nothing about it at all
and then there was the place
and then the time

I think about it all the time
all the places possible
where I would choose to die
and still no place
is what I wish above all

Beyond the overwhelming all
that this snake was even possible
in our living and in our place
we would do well to spend some time
imagining how simple it is to die

And when those around us die
what we never thought was possible
about ourselves and time
merely and finally might be all
we need to think of when we think of place

The snake did not pick his place
to die or know that that was possible
neither do we know or feel above all
what it must be like to die
though we live as if there were no time

A Winter Marriage David Chorlton

An airy train of lace
behind her, a bride walks
onto ice. She and her husband

are children of the dark
times, when trains departed
for no-one knows where.

Theirs was an endless land
in the old days, with space
extending to the stars

lovers wished on
as they pledged to be together through
whatever comes. The bridal pair

married as the country fell
to pieces. They step
into a fog that clings to them

and trust
in nobody but each other.

Norita Eldodt Meets Josef Mengele, Alias "Dr. Fritz Fischer," in Bariloches, a Resort in the Foothills of the Andes, March 1960 Brian Daldorph

It was love at second sight,
I believe. In the hotel ballroom
my Angel of Death
saw the tattooed number on my arm
and, without a word,
drew me to him
as graciously and fatefully
as he'd wave Jews to the left or right
while whistling Puccini.
He selected me
and love brought both of us back to life
for those eternal days and nights at Bariloches.
Then I fell,
and unlike Schone Josef,
I had no wings to save me.

Fantasies of Coma

Jackie Sheeler

(for Gail Joseph)

the big girl has gone
off to the white rooms of her fear
and an anonymous stamped jacket.
she has: a name, a chart, a history,
a solvable problem and a terror
of never waking up from induced sleep.
and where would she be then? strolling
the dark corridors and horrible
fantasies of coma, or further on, to where
the white light meets the tunnel and the faces
of her dead swim, smiling, through the brilliance.
half a dozen uniformed men stoop at the gurney
while Gail's eyes, the rolling white
eyes of a hooked fish, search her encirclers.
they might as well have laid her down
on the last slab of marble, the syringe
as well be an embalmer's as an anaesthetist's.
when the soft-voiced Indian doctor says,
"Count, please, backwards from 100,"
her lips never move, but in her mind
she count, count, counts the last, last
last beat beats of her jackhammer heart,
slowly revolving down toward that black
place named forever, where all the permanent
sleepers lie, locked outside their dreams.

This Place Looking Out Upon Errol Miller

"We have brought our children here,"
the Eagles sang, they
were together in purpose, diluting the blue
airways of America with the underside of dreams,
songs of friends long-gone and of lovers
living in dirty shame. The hanged man's feet
fly out first, then his soul, then his
body just idles in the wind.

The colors never change, the pinks, the gray,
the golden etchings from Another Century Limited.
Time has stalled in my father's green trunk.
The soil of Dixie now holds him fast.
He's surrounded by fireflies at twilight,
faded slightly since 1960.

Somewhere they are flying.
A man sells produce in front
of Victory Baptist Church.
Down the road away, homefires flicker
in the window of my lost son, he
came, once upon a time, for literature,
then departed for red clay parts unknown.
I still have the photographs
from grammar school
and a memory from last December
when he left forever.

Horizons

Michael D. Riley

Woman asleep on the beach, seen from the sea
Below mountains matching curve upon curve
Where the sun sets, round as an orange eye
Believing it must come to rest
Beneath an arc of atmospheric blue
Forever-forgetting the edges tilting
Toward us in a slight smile,
Turning up, like you, to greet me
Rising alone from the green sea.

When I Say

The Moon Is a Boat

Ardyth Bradley

I don't mean its shape crossing the sky like a river.
I mean it is a strong boat on the dark water,
its stout wooden curves pressing water
that pushes and gives way.
The water is the mother, and the boat
is the sovereign child frisky and buoyant.
And all the while the boat and the water
are opposing each other, they are also
loving each other. And the boat is as full
in its way as the water is.
The moon is like that—a boat, full, on the
yielding bosom of its mother, the sky.

Picking Ticks

Taylor Graham

conversations with an old dog

Here's a live one
along the spine
where all manner of hurt
works its way to the core.
Pick it clean.

I probe for the unfamiliar,
anything out of place,
and find a husk of old gray
clamped to her hip,
a scar that's become her skin.
A skein of shedding hair
along her haunches
I brush clean.

In turn, she sniffs along my arm,
my ears, the back of my neck;
in her own way
checks how I'm doing
in my skin. They say
dogs can smell cancer
long before the doctors diagnose.

Assured of such well being
for his hour, late evening,
I tell her in the morning
we'll share the same
sniffs and communal scratches,
a dialogue I couldn't
put in English.

Any word's a betrayal,
yet I cannot tell him the truth
though it be the kindest cruelty of all:
to fortify him with the courage
to end his wretched exile
with one sword thrust
or a fatal chalice of hemlock,
or a poison that, in smaller doses,
enhanced the pleasure we shared.

Letter Home from North of Saigon-1972 Dolph Andrews

Another two hundred pounder
Hits close,
Shaking some sand
Out of the bags
The sniper fire starts up,
Tracers cut the sky,
It's almost beautiful.

Remember the porch light
Where I first French kissed you?
Near that place would be ok
I always think
We're on the bridge dodging cars,
So bury me
And say my name
Like the river the big trout swims in.

Redemption's Wilderness R. T. Castleberry

Porter's Field has burned to black stubble,
The message reads.
I will try to explain:
In this time of prophecies and speeches from the desert
As old words repeated
Are sworn to as lawful rights
And the sinning of the priests has become an open secret,
Like a hymn call for testimony,
Another metal calf is rising.

The Last Patrol has come,
With its crippled and their questions,
For an official inquiry into their family fate.
The dead monument is being built
dark stone and battle lists.
But payment for damage to dependents
And bones, broken or unflexed,
Have become laughless lectures in field maneuver tents,
Have become the rise of riot snipers,
The sharp march of night troops
To their stations.

The worried lines are traveling
To a safer zone.
As fierce religion turns
To the rush of raid sirens,
The mock and crowd crush of petitioners and protesters,
As the altar before the Steel Church
burns to stone and scorched metal,
The Poison Guard is rising
From the camouflage earth.

Their only orders read:
They are as dust,
As fire ash in air.

Porter's Field has burned to black stubble,
The message reads.
I will try to explain.

Signposts Dolph Andrews

The lighthouse in Alexandria
Was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world,
Its fires seen at night by Mediterranean sailors.
These voyagers used the constellations to guide them also.
Fires and stars consume themselves.
Better we hold the embers in our cupped hands,
Singe ourselves to mark our journey,
Until our wanderings become the direction home.

Drusilla, After Writing Her Third Letter to Her Exiled Husband, Ovid Robert Cooperman

I tossed the parchment
into the hearth.
How could I dash his hopes,
like cheap crockery,
with treachery's truth?
Evil men conspire to ruin him
for sport, as if a wounded stag;
but he's such a gentle heart
it's hideous to see him cornered
while huntsmen prolong his agony, and mine,
with laughing jabs of their spears.

I shall write that the aediles
have whispered into the ears
of this senator, that tribune
seen at the public baths with Caesar.
I'll say they've penned petitions
to our god-ruler, imploring mercy.

But crueler still to raise his hopes.
I must take a middle stance,
tell my love I am not without hope
though difficulties have arisen,
but I expect to overcome them
like a climber scaling a peak
to view the gods' blue realm.

I Feel My Left Hand Its Flesh Its Bones Its Muscles

John McKernan

And think of Jesus The fine rabbinical script
He must have read and written Hanging there

On rare parchment Script moving from right to left
As he unfurled the scroll and read the words
Committing all of it Perfectly to memory

What was it like to know two creation stories?
One in an imperfect earthly dialect Minus
Words like electron or quark The other
Containing every possible word and thing

In the universe Even the word creation
I know that in my stupidity I would ask Hey
What was Adam's real name? Missing the point
That the injured hand can still write And that
He would always say "I'll never forget that planet."

The Nurturer

Carol Sanford

Mrs. D next door
is a nurturer. She says:
I am a woman who feeds and protects.
Then one evening
surprised by the overhead light
a big rat deliberates a moment, drops
from the workbench to the cool cement and hides.
Since childhood
Mrs. D has seen the tail of a rat
as the loop of the strangler-
thin-shiny-black.
Her breath turns to stone
and every story jumps to the surface:
tenements, attics, World War I trenches
how they eat fingers and toes of numb lepers
chew babies in cribs. Worse,
prolific as cucumbers, and cunning
they quickly adapt.
They have traveled the world by ship.
They've taken names for themselves
and know ours.
You can tell by their eyes they've watched
how we live. Even now
they're planning a plague

Mrs. D calls the sons she's nurtured
and slips away.
They'll know how to kill it.

The Photo Exhibit* will be closed today. Jennifer E. Balogh

The Photo Exhibit will be closed today.

Please try us again I sat on the ground looking through the cross-hatched glass in front of my nose fenced I could peel it off

I tried even though I came here three times and the glass still protects me from some nasty thought lurking in the other room

a fly buzzing in the corner always coming across the same picture of a face Japanese girl and the tag on her coat button

girl for sale but don't frown or ask WHY in the small shadow of her mouth through the X prison glass the image she will hate

like my mother-in-law who gave her son a crumpled piece of white paper for a wedding gift knowing

when we walk by his brothers he looks down and sees our stitched fingers spell "sell out"

when I walk into my grandmother's home her voice echoes in the corner without a tag on her coat

**Executive Order 9066"

Editor's note: Executive Order 9066 was the World War II order to move people of Japanese descent to concentration camps regardless of citizenship. The photo exhibit "Executive Order 9066" explores the plight of these Japanese Americans.

Family Gathering Norma Westwood

Years after they are dead
they arrange themselves again
in their bent-winged gestures,
their medieval expressions.
But this time you see what
they are getting at:
your top-heavy aunt with her hands
nervously arranging the landscape;
your father, irretrievable in his small gray
cardigan, hoping that rescue
would be indiscriminate, and from heaven.
They are all facing the doorway
to the kitchen: pressure of iron
frying pans hanging on the white wall;
assertive mottle of copper-bottom pots;
columbine and clematis engraved on the twilight
of the yard. The trees
juggling the circus of clouds.
They don't recognize you
for what you are.
They are yours, they are not repeatable,
you are theirs. For the one moment
that you see this,
you are alive, too.

The Skater

Emily Fragos

Ever since the lake froze over,
I am afraid of falling
through the ice,
and the ice becoming a revolving
door that turns and
seals shut my only way out;
and me underneath, holding
my breath and swimming
and searching for the opening
above, pushing with my hands
at the ceiling of ice;
a skater's thin blade cuts
a crease in my palm. The nightmare
cold.

Fiona's Dream

Irene Eberling Marsh

The time of day does not change.
You can tell by the shadows' fixed dimensions,
your orange door, angled open
on its view of darkened rug.
You do not enter.
Dream after dream, you wait
for a person, a message, a reason.
You stand there, looking,
it seems for hours.
Nothing becomes defined,
you never see more,
you never go inside.
No one comes, no one speaks.
You wake yearning for plot,
for characters.

she sits with a steady eye that doesn't hate but comes as close as any
decent Catholic
voice still bouncing off the mantle with Ômessing up her life'

because of me her blood is pumping
darker

her eyes like the girl
unblinking

Miracle

Mark Soifer

From The City of Wires

Earth
is a family
of energies
Diverse
Confusions
born
to destroy
each other.
The miracle is
that these derangements
occasionally try
to get along
So that some evenings
Earth declares itself
the most serene
dot
in
Space

Eve Alone

Hannah Alexander

in the garden, hearing dark silences
where only light and light's victories had been before
Even senses the stricken air
sees the rabbit's blood
upon the muzzle of the sated fox: the leopard's eye
paralyzing the lamb: the breathless doe
leaping before the tiger's fatal step: the pigeon
clutched in the hawk's pitiless claw:
throne thrust from the once blameless rose
vulgar brown stains the tress
and for the first time Eve feels the word
death: death, she whispers
Adam and I will be its victims too.

she thinks: I do not want thi sknowledge
taught by the wily serpent
but how subtle he was, how artful
with his thin flickering tongue
that entered into me
there was no way I could have known
he was emissary of the fallen angel
ambassador of seduction and betrayal
cunning teacher of deception

there in the trembling pool
that once mirrored my vapid doll-face
an dignorant eyes, I cringe to watch
a mouth pouting for kisses
a body lusting for touch

What remains when memory vanishes
but a painfully still
instant of dust, a gate
opening in the breeze.

the universe next door

JBMulligan

"There's a hell of a universe next door."
e. e. cummings

So we're in the universe next door
and it's real and the skin itches.

The roads not taken
sum to a petalled quantity
where 1=everything.

All the instruments agree:
there's rain on another planet
something like this,
but the girls are
prettier. For a while.

Eventually,
as Einstein said,
the other man's grass
needs cutting.
And if your lawn is crazy
with dandelions and wind-
blow, and make a wish
that you stay where you are.

Chaos Physics

Glenn Freeman

A broken gate hangs crooked,
creaking in the August breeze. Lilacs
and cottonwoods lift
their dry bellies all silver
and dust. Huge clouds
rise from the horizon.
They eye is stuck
between image and observer.
Nothing happens but the gate
trembling with the effort
to open or close, nothing
but the garden in climax,
clouds growing in an excruciating
slowness, nothing but the sun
blood red in a crack
between them. The moment
can't last but must
conjure others: rock dams
we built as kids, mossy stones
washed by the rains away
reminds me of swimming
in Bolton Falls, two lovers naked
in the sunshine and icy flow
brings me back
to the sound as we lay
trying to sleep after a night
of wandering the streets till dawn then coming
home to make love then drifting
into dream as Main street
roared below, cars and trucks,
clacking heels, the purr of voices,
and the shouts of workers, sunlight
hot against our naked backs.

regret, dwarf with bulbous forehead
mocks my pain and calls himself companion
shame, a snickering dressmaker
stitches leaves to cover me
hissing the definition of a virgin:

Adam would have bellowed with laughter
at the serpent's scams: he'd have roared
"hey, slimebag, you cheap promoter of sweepstakes
salesman of wormy apples, take the road to nowhere.
I can't be bothered. I'm trying to figure out
how the sun and moon change places every night."

Eve wonders: how can I tell him
we were god's toys
set down in his playroom, this imperishable garden
peopled by birds wearing peacock colors like trophies
by animals brave in their singular coats
where nothing dies ever: and the sun's golden eye
worshipped our naked innocence.

Eve knows: god will not forgive a flaw
in the perfection of his plan and I must leave
this plawless paradise alone—how can I tell him this?
and the serpent coiled laughing around his tree
instructed her.

together they leave Eden
Eve weeping silently as she looks over her shoulder
at Paradise renounced
Adam smiling remembering Eve in his arms
and not looking back at all.

Byrd's Survey of the Boundary: An Abridgment

Kelly Cherry

Drawn from The History of the Dividing Line Betwixt Virginia and North Carolina, Run in the Year of Our Lord, 1728

The Prospect

We were again agreeably surprised
with a full prospect
of the mountains.
They discovered themselves
both to the north and south of us.

One of the southern mountains terminated
in a horrible precipice-
that we called
The Despairing Lover's Leap.

It had rained a little in the night,
which dispersed the smoke
and opened this romantic scene
to us.

The Hazards

The bread had begun to grow scanty and the winter
season to advance apace.

We had likewise reason to apprehend
the consequences of being intercepted
by deep snows
and the swelling of the many waters
between us and home.

About Elk

One of the men picked up a pair of elk's horns.
Rare to find any tokens of those animals
so far to the south.

Street Cleaning in November

Kelly Cherry

November, and the year empties itself.

Whole seasons have been discarded, darkness and light lie abandoned

Beside the road, like broken bedsprings

And unrepairable small appliances. Proposals,

Eulogies, and occasions of contentiousness and conviviality

Are swept out of sight

By trucks that roll portable rivers in,

Washing the city overnight.

The sky gets up late; the linden tree

Stretches its limbs. The sun also rises,

Over an earth becoming barer, cleaner, white.

Mind Train

G. W. Kroeker

In my mind
a red electro train
moves swiftly-
without sound-
on a flat run
through alpine countryside;
every now and then
sparks fly
from the hot wire overhead.

It must be
fall sparse leaves
of birch float,
diffuse clouds
of yellow gold
that gleam between
the evergreens,
and trees I cannot
name hunch russet
and squat, clutch
at gray-faced rocks.

The train runs on and on.

They are very shy and have
the sense of smelling so exquisite
that they wind a man at a great distance.
For this reason they are seldom seen
but when the air is moist, in which case
their smell is not
so nice.

They commonly herd together,
and the Indians say if one of the drove
happen by some wound to be disabled
from making his escape,
the rest will forsake their fears
to defend their friend, which
they will do with great obstinacy
till they are
killed
upon the spot.

Though, otherwise,
they are so alarmed at the sight of a man
that to avoid him
they will sometimes throw themselves down
very high
precipices.

The Prospect
In the afternoon we marched up again to the top of the hill
to entertain our eyes a second time
with a view of the mountains,
but a perverse fog
arose.

The Hazards
The rain continued most of the day and some
part of the night, which
incommoded us
Much.

The Prospect

In the evening a brisk northwester swept
all the clouds from the sky and exposed
the mountains as well as the stars
to our prospect.

The Hazards

We encamped on Crooked Creek, near
a thicket of canes, though
to our sorrow, firewood was scarce.

About Bear

Our hunters killed two bears,
which made all other misfortunes
easy.
Certainly no Tartar ever loved horseflesh
better than woodsmen do bear.

The truth of it is, it may be proper food perhaps for such
as work or ride
it off,
but
(with our chaplain's leave,
who loved it much),
I think it not a very proper diet for saints,
because 'tis apt to make them
a little
rampant.

And, now, for the good of mankind and for the better
peopling
an infant colony,
which has no want but that of inhabitants,
I will venture to publish a secret
of importance
which our Indian

Divorce in Wellfleet, Massachusetts

Kelly Cherry

She listens as her husband says goodbye.
His words hang heavily in the room, like the drawn drape.
He sees she still has not understood why

he is saying goodbye; again and again, he must try,
knowing each word is as oppressive as rape.
She listens as her husband says goodbye.

After a while, soundlessly, she begins to cry.
But when she pulls her long hair free from her wool serape
(homespun), he sees she still has not understood why

he has found it necessary to make her cry.
He goes to the bay window and pulls back the drape;
she listens as her husband says goodbye.

And she wishes he were the kind of man who could cry.
She thinks he should wear sackcloth and black crepe!
He sees she still has not understood why

he is saying goodbye. Startled by stars in a curtainless sky
and his wife's pale reflection in dark glass, he stares at the Cape.
She listens as her husband says goodbye.

He sees she still has not understood why.

And do we, during
a lush adagio, catch
ourselves alarmed by
the ease of a blind
earth giving back the dead
in trees and grass,
shocked by a spring
belching up its green
even at Babi Yar?

Mixed Doubles

Andrew P. Gregg

Off Route 17 between Secaucus
and the Catskills lies a burial plot
father bought long ago.

Mother and me
and two noisy kids who
no doubt will get married make
three pair or six, he reasoned.
He never played poker, only casino.

The sites were laid in two rows of three,
and in time she took her rest, then
he, by her side, left to
the voluble children and their spouses
the arrangements for each future
Silence.

disclosed to me.
I asked him the reason why few or none of his
countrywomen were barren.
To which question he answered,
with a broad smile upon his face,
they had an infallible secret for that:
If any Indian woman
did not prove with child
at a decent time
after marriage,
the husband,
to save his reputation with the women,
forthwith entered into
a bear diet
for six weeks,
which in that time makes him so vigorous
that he grows exceedingly impertinent
to his poor wife,
and 'tis great odds but he makes her a mother
in nine months.

And thus much I am able to say besides for the reputation of
the bear diet,
that all the married men of our company were joyful fathers
within forty weeks after they got home,
and most of the single men had children sworn to them
within the same time,
our chaplain always excepted
(who,
with much ado,
made a shift to cast out that
kind of devil
by dint of fasting,
and prayer).

Posterestante

Thomas Heise

"Haven't slept. It rains,
and the leather market stinks
like a gym. The bathroom
is in the Express office across the street.
I sweat at night."

That won't do. I cap my pen, sail
the postcard out the window. A girl
plucks it from a puddle, scurries
across the Ponte Vecchio, pressing
the card to her breast.

Vespas sputter through the rat-maze,
splashing Americans. In the piazza,
vendors tempt with etchings of the duomo.
I crank the window shut;
the whole city stages a dumb-show.

I still picture you at the Woodrow Wilson library
xeroxing Godot. I whispered over the copier:
Cracks are spidering my tub. It'll crumble.
I'll be naked and wet and sitting in rubble,
then what will I do? and you insisted
I'd followed you, that I was neurotic,
that Rob was on the second floor.
The clichs floated from your mouth;
you said I needed a rest. I've heard
the Italian sun does wonders, suggested
I leave soon. You'll meet someone.
Outside the window tourists suck gelato,
watch the Arno slide by. I draw the curtains,
and feed you lies. "There's a priest in Giotto's tower;
he throws candy to the children.
I discovered magic here.

So, how's Cleveland?"

Memorial

G. W. Kroeker

Within this bunker
of concrete and stained
glass, Schumann melts
the bones as quick-
lime never could,
unearths the common
graves that score
a nightmare countryside,
recalls that cool dexterity
of evil, a precision
that excised lives.

We imagine the task
of hauling the mute
millions, the slatted
convenience of boxcars,
the nightly rumble
of silent trucks,
the spidery neatness
of intricate routing plans.

Can we imagine the gas,
the gallows, staccato
insistence of Luger
and Mauser, the filling
of trenches, the liming
of pits, with stack
upon stack of cordwood
dead to fire the myth
and frozen lies?