


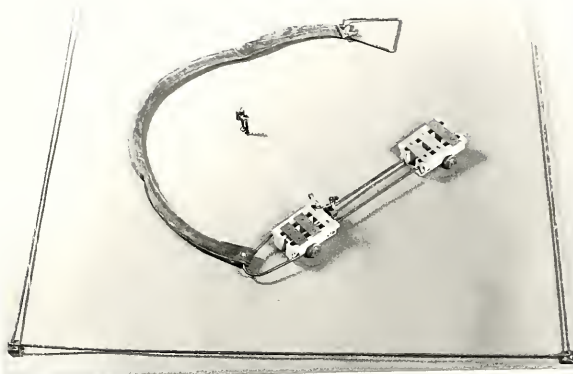
CORADDI





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Fall 1996 Poetry Issue

VOL. CII NO.1

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Dreaming of Omaha

an old man sits, resting in his Crown Victoria
his radio chanting out chords from the Counting Crows
“somewhere, Middle America”
that’s where he’d like to be now
with white locks waving to their likeness in the skies
and a lap lazy dog lying by his side

not here, watching the painted vampires smoke
the panhandlers choke on their dinners of chips
and stale leftover restaurant tea

an old man closes his eyes
pushes the lock down on his dented door
but leaves the window rolled down
to let in the ambient sounds of noxious gas

Jessie Mae Arnesen



Jason, Graphite on Paper*

Deanna Watson

Her Hand Flies

Her hand flies to hair creeping out of place again,
trying to smooth and tuck it,
when she catches a glimpse of herself in the window
pouring coffee.

A few minutes before dawn, the pane still reflects the inside
of the Huddle House, as if an island,
and the invisible highway 441 roars.

Two hours later when her shift is over
she yanks off her shoes and control-top pantyhose,
walks off down the soft blacktop toward her house
in the early light, her swollen arches
and cramped toes taking the gentle give of the tar.
Feeling the heat in the ground, shoes swinging from her left hand,
steady on her feet.

Unlocks the door and shoves inside, dropping her shoes.
In front of her dresser she shucks off the orange
and brown uniform, puts on her pink sweatpants,
and drops bobby pins one by one into an old ashtray,
next to it a picture she has seen
so often that she doesn't really
have to look at it now to see herself and him on the beach.

He smiles with his arm around her,
her hair above her head in the wind
Not there is the man
that took the picture,
walking down the shoreline with his family,
winked at them and asked where they were from,
made her feel younger than she usually did.

She once read about soldiers who had amputations
but still feel sensations in their removed part.
Real pain in an arm or leg that isn't there:
doctors call it a phantom limb.
An itch they cannot scratch tortures them at night.
She takes her blanket and pillow to the front porch swing
and the breeze pushes her into sleep.

The Passing

I remember Mommy lying incoherent, slowly fading,
inside this room of certain death.
This place where Cancer reigned in all its vile majesty,
leaping and dancing,
so delightfully at the torture of her weary soul.

I remember its hungry eyes, burning with
all the intensity of hell's own heat,
as saliva dripped slowly, menacingly,
from twisted, misshapen fangs.
It hovered there over her longing, waiting
to indulge itself and feed its ungodly hunger.

And I remember Daddy sitting there, oblivious
in all his grief, holding her so tenderly
(His calloused hands must have seemed so smooth to her then)
the rubbing of his thumb along her index finger--
the only semblance of life
in her otherwise defeated eyes.

Most of all I remember that final moment
when his eyes met hers and they both knew that it was time.
His granite facade,
so stern and calculating all those years,
came crumbling down
in an avalanche of passion for years lost
as rivers of pain flowed
from springs thought long dried up.
Her only motions; the final closing of tired eyes
and a solitary tear, perfect in its shape and purpose,
descending down a now lifeless cheek.

Nothing could touch them there.
They had evolved beyond the pain, past the hurt
and lies of a fallen world.
In that place they found each other, perhaps for the first time,
certainly for the last.

Derek Mondeau

Sarah Burke, #123

I recorded you,
documentary rich in impasto. That's right,
I know the pitless words and orders
of things. I know your name but I remember your face,
silently unjudging but willful,
willful not haughty.

Art -- the idea of aesthetic
encoded in Greek prefix, tacked on
this impassive forehead,
broad and blank. Pedigreed and genuine.
Less massive than categorized

encircled and debauched
in just your young face, unaged,
not of time, in and out of hearts
and notebooks and sketches -- wearily --

Burlesqued in pockets of time:
wispy eyebrows, witty turn of the mouth.
Scrawled in bumpy blue pen, your image
defies re-creation, steady
yet action unobservable.
Something about your canvas clearly round.

Where your hair evaporates into cool navy sound,
returns, unwittingly, to darkness,
the viewer views in lovers' circles
matched and unmatched, watched by the Tiffany glass
in a further room.

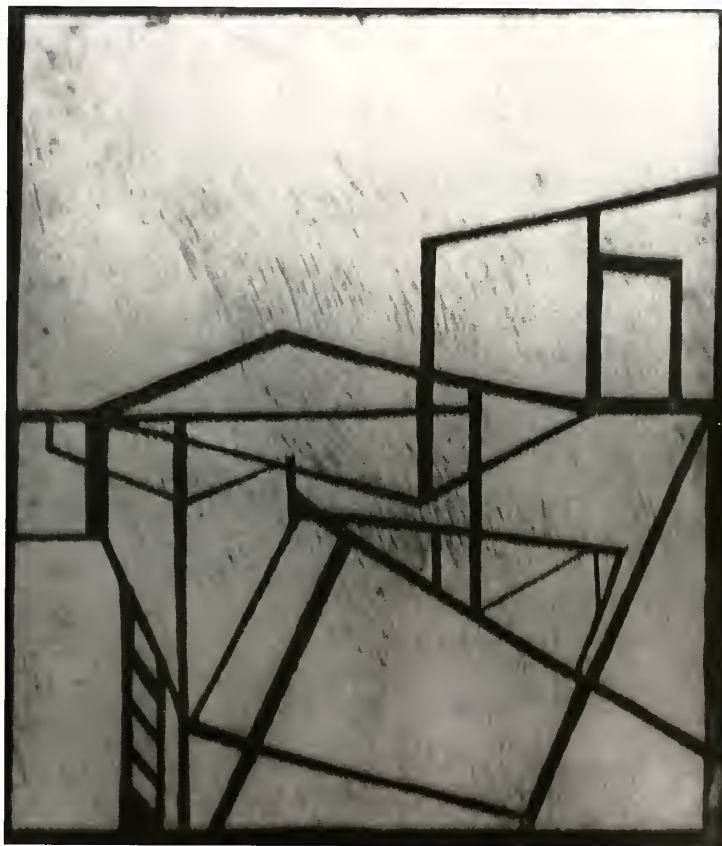
You, housed with duct tape geometrics
and orange Spain maracas swirled,
emerge notwithstanding.

In the face of whatever love you meet you are silent
and in the changes of love
not just quiet.
You speak only then
of abstract art in a further room.

The Reason For Ritual

Holding onto the mountain, watching
a hawk climb the sky: if my hands let go of the stone,
the mountain falls. If my eyes let go of the bird,
the sky will loosen, lift away.

Maria M. Hummel



Steps of Life, Etching

Martin Bland

Sudden

I think
I forgot
to tell you
about
the pigeons.
Remember
how you
used to
jump and
grab onto
my arm
when they
flapped up
too fast
from
our feet?
One
sharp
“Oh God!”
and then
your familiar
self-
control
and strength.
I should
have
warned you
that
they lurk
in
Frankfurt
too.

Heather Mims



Mother Courage, Mixed Media on Paper



Ophelia, Mixed Media on Paper* *Jason Watson*

Pastoral

Lying, I spread arms wide-arc--
Enveloping the mossiness of the subtly
 contoured hillock where reverie
 becomes mandatory.
Close, I kissed the mist of dreams
that tripped over my lips
 on their voyage to salvation.
Eyes lazily scan the canopy of sheets,
the billowing continents of mushroom wishes.
 I found myself sifting through reality
 and slowly as I wished away a dandelion.
 I faded away.
Waking, I stretched fingers to the air.
They caught hold of moondust sprinkled
 upon my yawning eyes.
Scintillatingly, my hopes whispered and
winked at me before they fell--to rise once
 more in another guise,
 of a bowed bridge
 to infinity, cracked prism of promises,
 to be revealed some other time.
I lifted my soul and journeyed homeward bound,
tossed my forelock and watched my feet
 lead me away from peace. . .
Reality knows when to settle itself down--
It always can (no matter how hard I try)
 find me where I long to be unfound.

Jessie Mae Arnesen

About A Girl

She watches t.v.
behind a blue steel door
on a lava red day,
the room a grainy
black and white snapshot,
photos on her refrigerator all sad.
She never leaves,
her thighs are too large
and her ass too fat,
afraid the smiling,
skinny tan girls
aren't hairy like she is.
A delicate white mist
forms on the black hairs
above her mouth,
rubbing thighs
warm pink flesh.
if I could only let her know
what such imperfections do
to a boy like me.

J. Kyle Creason



Berlin. photograph

Kim McFadden

Go Man Go

where have you gone Ginsberg, Burroughs, Kerouac, Cassidy,
left me alone with words and legend.
hot summer nights, naked flesh.
open sores, oozing, oozing on floor.

Where have you gone my brothers of verse
I've looked for you in railyards and supermarkets.
Places red pamphlets are passed out
where people drink till gutters run rancid with sick.

Who will walk me through meat aisles, stuff needle in vein,
smoke peace pipe and fuck young waitresses behind smoking counters.

Who will seduce me and shove cock in mouth
when stoned and know no better

who will sell me for that last desperate fix.
Hold myself in fetal, I am meat, meat.

Who will help me conquer moon, the blood red curse.
Cry with me on street for love of lost poet.

Who will drink coffee, shove cigarette in mouth,
as greats did each other, heavenly cock.

Who will Howl with me for King Solomon, eat Lunch Naked,
travel buses, rail, and Cadillac, On The Road,
and write perfect letters of perfect loves met in Indiana.

I am alone, walk, plasma banks, money, suck, drain, yellow fluid.
Four fives for my hurt. Three fifths, ease pain.

I am alone, jumping rail cars, crack head, crack head, in the corner.
Bottle, devil's brew, blur mind, within hand.

I am alone, drag queen pickup lines, whispered in ear
waffle house waiter, free food, eat, survive.
A blow he dreams, let him dream, broken dreams.

I am alone with thirty year hecubus, husband gone, alcohol in cabinet.
Suck, suck, three, four, six teeth she has. Money slipped in pocket.
Hand on ass, sick to stomach, just fuck, fuck.

I am alone asleep in uhaul truck, cold, shiver, hard is my small bunk.
Hard are crumbs, fragrance of garbage cans

I am not alone but alone, another girl, another line, I give of me they give me
time.
Sleep, rest, pay off, cold heart, cry, weep, lost love.

go man go, pass the torch, flame burns bright, wax melts, burns hand, I will not
let go.

go man go, I praise the kings, payed my dues, read the gods, a turn, a chance,
bloodied hands still grip pen.

Go man go, the eternal heart, insistent flame, the beat goes on.
And the beat goes on.

Wintertime

it had been
Ages
since the group
had gotten
Together,
for a game of
Bridge.

we had been
Childhood friends
laughing,
playing indoors
because it was
Wintertime,
and the Snow
had not yet
fallen.

the groundhog
had said that
the Winter
would be
Long.
Longer,
than we had ever
imagined.

everyone seemed
Young again,
as if the
Lines
on our faces
were telling
fibs.

we played Scrabble
instead
on Ellie Mae's coffee table,
Sizing
one another up
as we Always had.
we reminisced
and laughed
about the funny things
that seemed to have
happened
Only yesterday.

Time seemed to
fly
straight overhead
while no one
noticed;
and the firelight
dimmed down
'til the last
Drop
of wine
was enjoyed
by our
hostess,
who had
Now
set down
her glass
with a final
Tink.

and since
everyone now Knew
that Doris had
"Never said such a thing"
and the
Spirits
were more than
Gone;
we said our
Goodbyes,
collected our
Memories,
and left.

Tabitha Cline



Night Light, (First Place), Oil on Canvas*

William Davis

Emily

I think we finally agreed on Suzanne Vega,
and Sinead. And, of course, Tori.
That was about it.
I shifted gears,
rolled eyes
at the slut
spilling bits of Tato Skins
in my passenger seat.
You laughed too loud,
rolled down the window
yelled to be saved
from Puritan drivers.
Three hours was long enough
for me to learn
your strategy now was
fuck them over,
as many as you can;
long enough
for you to smirk,
taunt that I had been left
with no desires.
We threw ourselves into November ocean;
you got off
from struggling to master
the cold.
I gave up,
shivered in blankets.

Driving back
past the frat house,
you broke our silence;
tossed and caught Chex Party Mix in your mouth,
chewed too loud.
Said you passed out,
never knew how many.
I felt silly to say
I was conscious,
confused
by only one.
I hate party mix,
hated you
for dropping it down the dashboard.
We had nothing
in common,
unless you could count
my lip-biting,
your foot-twitching,
the fact we both knew
the lyrics
to "Little Earthquakes."

Heather Mims
Third Place



Untitled, (Third Place), cast metal

Jim Gaylord

Untitled

I walked a line,
a dark highway.
Fulfilling that promise made to you,
Promise spoken.
Unlike the thousands unspoken neither of us kept.

An extra shirt tied round my waist.
Bag on shoulder, all my sacred possessions.
Stuffed bear called passion,
piece of tinsel from New Orleans,
few notebooks, loose paper spilling out the sides.
Bad poetry and quick thoughts scribbled rapidly down
Bottle ck one, moon covered journal,
all those damn tapes,
listening to a game of chance.
Should have put labels on them.
Now it's too late.

Halogen lights racing up my back,
shadows keeping me company.
Beautiful Luna (the bitch) fat and bloated in the night
sky.
Light touches interstate, a means to see.
My guide to your flavo-fry hell.

Hand and foot you wait on creatures of the night.
"Those dumb fucks," you'd complain.
Embittered. (take it out on you.)
Lose themselves in the booze, crack and shit shot into
veins.

Sad really.

Arrive.
Four in the morning, wet, dirty.
Product of the road.
Hitchhiker stench, smell of the streets.
No fragrance could mask, don't try, don't bother.
You're not here.
He is.

New one.
Use and throw away.
Not me, only one to teach you Swahili.

He told me, "My blood" (thicker than water)
"loving cousin," (whispered Judas in my ear)
your best friend, (the betrayer)
didn't keep it from me. (There is a honor among
thieves)

Remember.
Dark night.
You never had spoken the language,
it took over an hour to translate to you,
and after we continued.
Into the late night, until the sun touched sky.
didn't stop, went on.
Your fluids causing the beds flooding,
sweat dripping, small puddles form between your
breasts.
Would never have stopped.
Human needs.
Food, water, sleep.
An interruption.

If you would have quit smoking,
walked more often, had more rest,
would have went on.
Wanted so much. . .
So much more.

Ocean Flight

Hooves thunder along the shore
as glistening froth tipped fingers
pound the earth to our left.

We streak across the sand as if to
take flight and join the hovering
flock of squawking gulls overhead.

His hooves dig in with every stride
and toss bits of earth and ocean to either side
as the wind tosses and entangles his mane with mine.

Miriam Kahn



The Painter, acrylic on canvas*

Jason Carpenter

A Breath About Nothing

*In Wahrheit singen, ist ein anderer Hauch.
Ein Hauch um nichts. Ein Wehm im Gott. Ein Wind.
--Rilke*

But I used to hear you hum as you
sat at the open jaw of the piano,
and I thought it meant something.

I would tiptoe through the kitchen
so not to disturb you, drinking my milk
without gulping, eating toast without

scattering the crumbs. Because I found
out the end of the story, how the guy
with the lyre never got the girl, even

though he sang like a god, because he did not
believe her the way he believed the song.
Because while your back stayed to me,

I could follow you anywhere, a wind
that listens without disturbing a single leaf.

Maria M. Hummel
First Place

Untitled

chopped in a blender of thought
the symbols become tangled in his voice box
they crash into his oracle and drip slowly from his tongue
mangled and senseless the sounds drift slowly in the thick air around his breath
extruded from his memory bent vibration take on many forms
the utterance lands stretched and torn upon my thoughts
a feeling of confusion crosses his face
wrinkles of moist skin pile up above his brow
his memory is filled with spaces of blankness
the conflict engulfs his whole self,
in every aspect of his existence
with the encouragement from my breath he will be resuscitated and move on
anxiously

G'anna Wilcott



Some Days and Others. (Second Place), graphite on paper*



Madalyn Hammond

El Dia de Muerte

Yellow is the color of the season;
Provided in the Renoir rowboat print
Resting on a dusty countertop in Montreat
Among sentimental knick-knacks; staining
Gold the pages of old dog-eared books;
Riding upon the ripples of each memory.

Yellow as in old dentures, flaking enamel residue
Of a once golden age: the dull whimpering of salad
Days swept beneath an aged washbasin
To symbolize, to duly commemorate--
But without full dignity--
The passing of an existence.

There are moments within certain spans
Of tranquil thought, between rehearsals
And the habitual drama of the common day,
That provide one with a glazed stare
While constructing
Mirrors leading to lost illuminations.

succumb to the summoning

The strolling Time
Tip-toes across centuries
Of granite steppingstones in misty Japanese gardens;
Rapids signify the convergence of two streams,
Uprooting a floating moment, drowned in aesthetic
Waters, swept beneath a threatening current
Which soon impales, but for a second,
That fragile thing upon a smooth limestone.
Here the Bard stoops, constantly shifting faces,
Extending a liver-spotted hand, to
Draw up, exchanging one moment for the next,
And allow the visionary his reflection.

*I am young (again), I am young
I shall leave my shoelaces undone*

...and of the eggs, I haven't the foggiest
idea
where they lay. It seems
that I can't quite
remember the grocery cart. . .

blue eyes, encompassed by a periwinkle
ocean; where's the crumpling strain of face?
jaw bearing no burden of a stroke
which half-divided, no gray weeds amongst
that fair shrub; yet, i spy a decency in a smoother
being hiding beneath the skin, that skin so soon
worn to rags, turned plastic in its wake

come back

drawn back

These paths withdraw and fade, crawled up
Beneath a bronze moon and curled asleep: with warm
Solitude return and grant
This fond Heaven a fair passing;

And mourn as passage,
In hushing whisper,
Retreats into the flickering of a flame.

Joseph Millar
Second Place

Untitled

This is one of those kisses I will think about later in the bathroom
makes me expel air, audibly, hah and say
oh you make me CRAZY this is
one of those.

Your head on my shoulder, you eating my neck, my
hand splayed across one whole side of your face, my
thumb under your ear, I am clutching you to me, I
don't want you to stop and at the same time swinging away from the
unbearably intense ticklishness like being starved for air in the
cartoon blue swimming pool, at the same time swinging away,
clutching you to me at the same time, so we turn in a circle till
the wall catches my back and I am caught
and you can lean in harder, and I can feel you surround me
and you can put an arm on either side of my shoulders to catch me
and I am caught, no longer clutching but sinking and you can lean in harder.
I think of train tracks. And the sound of tires on wet pavement. I think
of distractions, as if I am bearing pain, breathe in
a hiss through my teeth as if I am bearing pain. This is one of those.
I think of the echo of a slight sound in a fluorescent lit hallway
as I look at the ceiling and your mouth finds a muscle
between my throat and collarbone
that is connected all the way down my back, my back against the wall
caught, and sinking.

Later, alone on the traintracks I will think of this kiss, driving away at
three in the morning with the sound of tires on wet pavement I
will think of it again, silently and blankfaced.

The tiny echo sound in the hallway is my key in the lock
when I go home to sleep alone. It is a memory that will help me bear pain.
With the hurt too close to center and me
At the same time swinging away.

Kate McKinney



Steel Presence, steel, found objects

Pat Levitin

This Logic, Not Love

One splat of rain contours to my palm;
all water takes the shape of its container.
How many times have I fallen just
to hear my name in your mouth?

Maria M. Hummel



Self-Portrait. pastel on paper*

Jennifer Lipsey

Current Adrift

If we pushed the same path twice,
Would we need to speak
While we stared through our eyes?
We lived the same day
But saw different skies.

Do you think of me
Like I dream of you?
The pale light you see
Is the same bright moon
That I pine underneath.

Chris Austin



Untitled, photograph

Christine Mierisch

Upcoming Events

UNCG Department of Dance:

January 22-25 Gamble/Van Dyke Concert. Tickets are \$7.50, \$5, \$3.
February 6-8 Prime Movers. Tickets are \$5, \$3, \$2.
February 19-22 Gamble/Van Dyke Concert.
March 13-15 Graduate Thesis Concert. \$5, \$3, \$2.
April 4-5 Department Mini-Concert (graduate).
April 11-12 Department Mini-Concert.
April 24-26 Undergraduate Thesis Concert
April 27 End of Semester Showing - Free

UNCG Department of Art:

January 22-February 12 Ceramics Exhibition McIver Gallery
February 9-April 13 Juried Senior Exhibition Weatherspoon Art Gallery Gallery One
February 12 - March 5 Computer & Film & Video Exhibit McIver Gallery
March 5 - March 26 Graduate Exhibit McIver Gallery
March 26-April 23 All Student Exhibition McIver Student Gallery
February Faculty Studio Crawl McIver Building For dates and times call the Department of Art x5248
February 24-26 Faulk Visiting Artist John Walker, Painter
February 9-April 13 Exhibition of work of John Walker
February 25, Slide presentation by John Walker 5:00 p.m. 103 Cone

February 21-22 Joint Symposium, Department of Art and Department of English, 103 Cone Call Art x5248 for times and information about the participants

Weatherspoon Art Gallery Exhibits:

Art on Paper 32nd Annual Exhibit Gallery 7 Ends January 5, 1997
January 26-March 9, 1997 The Liberated Image: Photography since 1970 Gallery 7
January 26 Symposium on The Liberated Image Exhibit followed by reception
April 6-July 13 Beth B Multi-media art Gallery 7
April 6-September 21 Marsden Hartley Selected Works Gallery 6
May 4-July 13 MFA Thesis Exhibition Galleries 1 & 2 Opening Reception May 7, 1997

Coppie Green holds an MA in English and an MFA in Creative Writing from UNC-Greensboro. An approved Literary Artist for the NC Arts Council, the Alaska State Council on the Arts, and numerous local arts councils, she has conducted poetry residencies in public and private schools in NC and Alaska for 10 years, and has taught English at several NC community colleges. Her publications include Southern Outcasts: Green, Nolan, and Wood (1991), Horse Turning (1987 chapbook), and poems in numerous journals including TriQuarterly, The Greensboro Review, permafrost, and Blue Pitcher. She received an Academy of American Poets Prize for "I Dream I Am Molly Bloom" in 1984, and her songs in collaboration with Irish musician Sean Egan were performed at the NC Museum of Art in 1994.

Works marked by an * denote a piece that was judged in the North Carolina Student Juried Exhibition (October 6 to November 1, 1996) hosted by UNCG.

Undergraduate students enrolled in art departments in the state system were invited to submit their art works for the jurying process. The jurors, Professor Robert Gerhart from the Department of Art at UNCG and Professor George Lorio from the Department of Art at Guilford College, juried over one hundred and sixty eight works and chose approximately eighty works. Undergraduates from the following schools had art works accepted into the exhibition: UNC-Greensboro, Appalachian State, Fayetteville State, NC State, East Carolina, Pembroke, UNC-Chapel Hill, UNC-Charlotte, UNC-Asheville, NC Central, UNC-Wilmington, Winston-Salem State, and NC School for the arts.

The exhibition was made possible by the Enhancement of the Undergraduate Experience Award from the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

Coraddi was established in March of 1897 as a literary quarterly of the State Normal and Industrial College. When the Normal College became the North Carolina College for Women in 1919, the State Normal Magazine became Coraddi. The name is a combination of the first letters of the three literary societies who edited it: Cor for Cornelian, Ad for Adelpian and Di for Dikeian. Previous issues can be found in the tower and on Special Collections of the Walter Clinton Jackson Library at UNCG.

Coraddi encourages artistic growth and experimentation. Contributions to future issues should be mailed to: Coraddi, Box 11, Elliot University Center or call 334-5572.

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