



CN
NS600
Special ed.
Nov. 19, 1981



c o r a d d i . s p e c i a l . e d i t i o n

Volume 1 A Tabloid Of Poetry

CN
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Special ed.
Nov. 19, 1981

Issued with NOVEMBER 19, 1981
edition of the CAROLINIAN

Coraddi Special Edition

Coraddi is pleased to present a tabloid of poetry—an idea that has been in the making for two years, and has finally been realized. In this special edition, we offer you not only some of the best student poetry at UNC-G, but some of the best faculty poetry as well.

We would like to give special thanks to *The Carolinian*, and its Editor, Kendra Smith, for assistance with this publication.

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Faculty

| | | |
|---------------|----------------------|----------------|
| Fred Chappell | Charles P.R. Tisdala | David Riggsbee |
|---------------|----------------------|----------------|

It was odd
drinking wine
from the little
globed glass you once
kept your goldfish in.

a year ago she swam
round and round
this miniature bowl
never touching the sides
and never getting anywhere
just a pretty piece
of live gold
barely existing
on your dresser
by the mirror

Beth Pollock

Drought

Carol Saunders

The flowers shed
Their petals on
the cracked
Earth,
laying in
sunlight
where Rivers
run low
the Animal's thirst
goes unquenched.
Everything
depends on
the Rain.

Last Chapter

Karen Hitchcock

And Dorothy grew old, older than rags
Heaped and drooping and covered in sags.
The country grew dimmer and dust filled the air,
And Dorothy pulled at her old matted hair.

Wind hugged around corners, moaning a song
Of frightening fingers feeling along
Cracks between boards that were bending with pain,
Creaking and drying and waiting for rain.

And Dorothy lay in her usual place,
Her eyes of old marble burnishing space,
With their gleam of a candle, remembering years
And the wax of her memory running like tears.

So Dorothy remembered and twisting her smiles,
She crept through her stories and placed them in piles
With the yellowing quilts, useless and thin,
That she drew to herself in a crumbling skin.

But she turned from her time, hushing its speech,
Letting go of her covers and opening her reach,
She sank back in pillows, feathers ancient and broken,
And listened and waited for something unspoken.

The rain fled its maker, hurriedly seeking
The earth's creviced warmth, amber and reeking.
And Dorothy flew from the tangles and pain,
Leaving behind Kansas' dust once again.

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Tenaya Canyon

Clyde F. Smith

I hear a constricted release of breath from the kitchen.
 I look at my journal,
 close it, put it away.
 My pen had made only vague scratches.
 I open my mail.
 A cat enters the room and jumps into the shadow of my lap.
 I toss it to the shadows beneath the desk.
 It is not my cat.
 It is not my house.
 I understand the refugee.
 I understand the hostage.
 I hear the dishes clanking together,
 the whine of hot water,
 the scratching of a brillo pad
 on my favorite chipped cup.
 I turn the radio on and gulp warm water from the dull glass,
 ice cubes long gone.
 I read the mail and listen to the cat
 playing with the electric cords.
 He has a skin disease and is restless.
 My wisdom teeth are coming in and i have thick calluses
 on my hands and feet.
 I write a letter to Heidi.
 I call her a bitch, a slut, a whore.
 I cry and mark up the letter,
 then remember a postcard,
 the postcard of Tenaya Canyon.
 I find it and write:
 Dear Heidi,
 I wrote you a strange letter.
 I decided not to send it.
 I hope you have sweet dreams.

Molly Winner

don/ i get me hysterical
 i ain/ t no baby doll to squeeze
 to cry out
 little squeals of pleasure.
 tie a scarf around my neck/ tight
 it was so cold but you kept me warm
 you kept me silent
 but i wanted to cry out.
 i didn/ t coz you had that look on your face.
 you paid me well for free but i gave it to you
 don/ t you ever stop dreaming.

the time we were on that wet grass
 i w/ my petticoat peeping over my thighs
 & you laughing.
 you wanted to dance make me free
 i wanted to twist but you made me cry
 you saw my white legs then you burst them open
 open
 open wider it won/ t hurt
 you said
 i believed you.
 i saw right then you had a way w/ words.

words you made them jump
 fire at me
 sting me
 burn bad
 drop them off your tongue bitter
 hot sin
 tongue of love
 take it out on me.
 you knew i was your
 jewel eyed
 green eyed
 princess
 blonde hair

it was blonde on blonde just like the pictures
 those pictures
 you saw.
 didn/ t know they were me til now
 well now you know
 now you don/ t need pictures anymore.
 you took my blonde hair right up your lane
 right up my alley
 cat
 almost but i/ m kitten
 kitten playful wanna make me purr.
 rumble throat i try to catch it back-
 can/ t appear too eager.

til you saw i was not untouched
 but you only made me purr
 w/ your fire words & my blonde hair
 so silky you put it in your mouth
 to see if it would melt.
 umm---does it taste good?
 i knew you/ d like it
 that/ s why i keep it
 fine for you
 can you plop my little ju ju bead

The dead
 are led
 by their
 beds
 Restless,
 to sleep.
 An insomniac
 lies.....
 (down).

Kathy Scherrf



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The Death of a Poet

Honor's hostage, the poet, is dead,
 the victim of careless and deceitful talk.
 D'Anthes drilled out his heart with lead
 and felled him like a clover stalk.
 His soul had never any room to spare
 for dishonor, shame, embarrassment, or spleen.
 But when the world had an opinion to air
 he revolted (as usual). Now death intervenes,
 for he was murdered. So what use
 are these crocodile tears? These fatuous eulogies?
 This gross retching up of lame excuses?
 Death was Fate's unalterable decree.
 When you first knew him didn't you
 run after, a pack of syncophantic liars,
 and just for fun pucker up and blow
 the kindling of his barely lighted fires?
 So what now? You should rejoice —
 the last tortures were ghastly! Death
 consumed him as fire to a stick: his voice
 (his garland!) died out with his breath.

As his blasé murderer took aim,
 mercy figured as the least of his vices.
 Though empty, his heart beat the same
 as always, and his trigger-hand was ice.
 Why should it tremble? Like them,
 like all the kiss-ass flunkies who bank
 on perquisites, money, favor, and rank,
 he was tossed our way by fate's whim.
 A foreigner, he loathed our country too
 (our barbarous country!), its language and traits;
 he was bored stiff by our national debates
 and of the poet he raised his hand to.

He's dead now, the grave's done its part.
 Just like the unknown singer whose curse
 was that cat-like jealousy chose him for its mouse,
 his Lensky, sung in immortal verse,
 proves how subtly life follows art.

Why did he exchange his true friends' trust
 for the envy, hypocrisy, anxiety, and lust
 of the suffocating *haute monde*?
 Why did he offer slanderer's hand
 and make hollow men his confidantes
 who could, from youth, show wisdom on demand?
 Once they snatched the old wreath from his head
 they put on thorns disguised with laurel leaf.
 The hidden needles made their poison spread
 as they cut his forehead underneath.

So the dissembling and shabbiness persisted
 until the final days were frantic with alarms
 of his decline. His death consisted
 of hope and revenge dying in each other's arms.
 The music that moved us - it gave
 us such delight - is gone, the air is still.
 The singer's only refuge is his grave,
 his lips clamped tight with the Reaper's seal.

And you, so hypersensitive to your worth
 (your only pedigree's the blood of brutes)
 would wreck the few whose misfortune (besides birth)
 was to cross the wide path of your dirty boots.
 You who crawl and fester around the throne
 are the antithesis of Freedom, Fame and Genius.
 You hide behind the law's skirts and groan
 in ecstasy when Justice shrivels from disuse.

David Riggsbee

A Respectable Man

(Tolstoy's notebook)

I didn't sleep well and got up
 and wrote about bravery. And so I forgot
 to sit and reflect on the muzhiks.
 This morning I looked frequently

in the mirror (only a ludicrous thing
 can come of this!), but I was happy
 nonetheless with the deception and so
 smuggled back into bed with a book.

From now on, in order to amend my affairs
 I must daily inspect my stupidity
 in person, so to speak; stop building castles
 in the air and disdaining the forms

adopted by all other people but me.
 Accordingly I made rules: Constantly force
 your mind to act with all its possible strength.
 That is Rule 1. The second follows:

What you've decided to do, do well,
 and do not matter what. And the corollaries:
 Think over every order from the management
 of the estate. No retreat from reality

Faculty

But God judges, you masters of irrelevance!

His justice is sure, though He bides His time.

He reads your reptilian thoughts in advance

and counts your *baksheesh* a spiritual crime.

Your denunciations will be totally passe

at the Judgment; your wits will desert you

and even your black blood will not wash away

the good poet's blood, which comes from virtue!

(1837)

Mikhail Lermontov (1817-1841)

adapted from the Russian

Note: Alexander Pushkin, Russia's foremost poet,
 died in January of 1837, following a duel with a French
attache,
 one Baron d'Anthes, concerning the whereabouts
 of Madame Pushkin's affections. Lermontov's
partisan outburst earned him arrest and exile from
 the Tsar, but also conferred on him his first fame.
 He was 22.

The Lensky mentioned in the poem's third part
 is the melancholy poet in Pushkin's novel-in-verse
 Eugene Onegin. Ironically, he too dies in a duel.

permitted! If need be, be cold and flat,
 but only after close scrutiny
 and dire necessity: At parties
 dance with the most important ladies.

Speak distinctly, but offer no impressions
 you will have to live up to next time
 in society. Choose difficult positions
 and be foresquare in front of onlookers.

Try both to begin and end the conversation
 always, but without habitual arguing
 and constant changing from Russian to French.
 Act! And carry on despite confusion.

Seek out the company of people
 higher than yourself, for they harmonize
 with the sphere of the possible, and theirs
 is an ease that time strangely sweetens.

Thus the key will be to draw a map
 in advance for a day, a month, a whole
 life, and as many days as I can be true
 to my resolve I will continue to set myself

in advance. I must always know
 at rigid intersections of time and place
 how long I will stay and with what
 to concern myself. Doubtless most

of these resolutions will be altered,
 but *all alterations* must be explained
 in the notebook, whose useful goal is
 that I must rise after, and *be* something.

As for you, I know you'll never believe
 that I can change. You'll say, "So,
 still at zero!" No, this time I'll
 change in an entirely different way.

Before, I would mumble to myself,
 "Now, let's *do* something," and sink.
 But this time, God willing, I *will*
 change, and someday be a respectable man.



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Fred Chappell

The Queen

"Sing to the blue mountain, my dear one,
Where do you wander?
The skies muffle over with cloud
And the seas founder."

No letter, Marco, has come as you promised.
The linnet has retreated as the zone of sun
Fell south, the corn is gathered all in,
And early snow embitters the mountainside.
Yet I receive no sign.

My fancy portrays you lying broken
By robbers or horrid beast, and all bloodstained
Your mangled harp. Still worse,
New love may possess your mind
And you forget me, plying verse
To music, tuning compliments
To bluer eyes and brighter hair.
How anxiously I pace the battlements
And pretend to keep my eyes on
The shriveled gardens below
While watching the horizon.
Perhaps tomorrow shall bring news of you,
I think, and lay me down to sleep.
But this tomorrow comes on as empty
As the sky is deep.

"How carefree the song you sang me
When the meadow overflowed with white clover,
How winsome the vow you made me
To be my true and pliant-hearted lover."

In Castle Tzingal I sigh long sighs
And wish I were a silly child again,
Nestled beneath my father's stout roof
And never stolen away to be the wife
Of an iron and fruitless man.
All I'd unremembered I remembered when
You struck the harp and sang the old old ballad.
Unbearable sweetness overcame my head
And heart. I gnawed my inner lip,
Recalling the voice of my gentle mother
When your voice lifted up.
I am not suited for the intricate gloom
And thorny intrigue of a blackguard time.
There is a child, a sunny child,
Who dances within my breast and combs
Her sunny hair and cuddles a painted mammet.
In these bleak years I am defiled
By the drunken ambitions, the nightmare designs
Of a petty Mahomet.

I shall not bide here ever.
The poppy chalice shall cease my sorrow,
Or the river.

"As the lone long wind unwinds
Her bobbin of white thread
She sings a song of rejoicing
That she never wed."

I am a captive lullabye in a land
Of battlesong; no one here
Loves fair word or silken hand.
My mother had not fitted me to brave
The lurid terror of my dreams of knives
Or the labyrinthine whispers that assail,
Asterve my wits. Here no man walks;
But sneaks or stamps or stalks.
And no one tells a tale but the telltale.
And no one thrives here but the mad

Faculty

Or guilty. I dare not confess
In chapel to receive assciltment;
The priest is but a spy.
All this world hates the good,
And I'm afraid that I
Will come to be of these and lose
My soul, dishonor my noble blood.

"Sing sing the silver willow
That flourishes by the stream
Sing sing the pink mallow
Like a faint flame."

Spaces

Through the peepholes in the spiderplant
Your eyes play hide and seek with a daddy
Gone spooky over lunch. Peanut butter
Cheeks giggle at the teasing of a ghost
Hell-bent on lasting one more Halloween.
The centerpiece is a camouflage of green,
Unseasonal mask, no false face,
A dozen honest glimpses through the blades.

Outside the leaves are falling off the trees.
This morning you hid yourself in the pile
I gathered to a mountain with my rake,
Running the teeth gingerly through the grass,
Careful not to jerk the newest roots.
The tangles unkinked like your hair at daylight
Filtered through my comb the drops of flour paste
Which yesterday missed your paper dolls
And in the nightfall of your pumpkin moon
Paved the broompath that a witch might ride.

Tomorrow I will wake to the spaces
Reaching out beyond the autumn's end.
You can see so much when the limbs are bare—
The neighbor's laundry flapping on the line,
Smoke curling from the chimneys on the hill,
The unobtruded sun flooding the window
With the chilly thought of another winter
Looking down and through the space
Between the branches of the trees. I will hunt
For your face buried in the sky and miss
The day we knew things too close to see through.

Charles P.R. Tisdale

Vapor Trail

Because it cannot be spoken of
That is why the sky is blue.

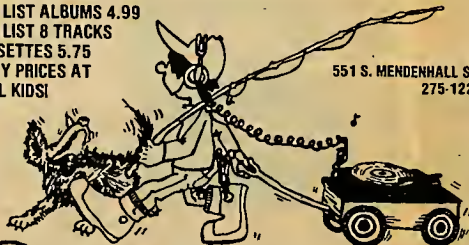
Blue, now, beyond bedroom window,
The silver speck breathes its white cloud
Across this square of morning.

There in the cockpit of his dream
Sun glitters the goggled birdman
Climbing through his silent hour
Where heart feels its beat
Exceed the tongue to tell it with.

Dear, at the window
My breath is fog on the glass.
I am writing four words
With my finger. Even before
"Loving you" is done, "I am" evaporates.

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 on my thirtieth birthday
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 trash pile in the yard, lake around the bend, six pack in the frig
 mice in the cupboard, snake in the attic, stray dog under the house
 wild deer to admire, glue, lemon oil, Cream of Wheat
 for the mice to eat while I'm asleep
 No symphony of flushing toilets, thiorazine, LSD, christian publications
 ECT, pre frontal lobotomy, TM or other psychedelic experiences
 shit stains in my underwear
 thumbtacks, crayons, shoe polish, rat poison
 and other harmless objects like
 a dog who's easy to live with, stamps, paper, cassette recorder
 guitars, chairs, warm weather coming, stolen pens and pencils

cashews, avocado, tuna,
 a sharp knife, rope, books, scrapbook and other dangerous articles
 including mirrors, memories, a telephone and a ladder where the
 side porch steps should be, stars in the sky, noone to say goodbye to
 No algebra, permutations, locus of points, tedious tax forms, loan payments
 ice to melt, then boil for coffee, backgammon board, naked lady poker cards
 a small harmless wart on my butt
 visine, wood to build a fire in the front yard with
 a leak in the roof, snow drifts in the living room, 2 oranges,
 a dozen eggs, and 3 frozen dill pickles
 no neighbors, no clothes, a hat and a hard on
 No family to disappoint, no steel eyes like national fingerpicks to look at
 A broken window pane and a slight breeze through that pane
 No bloated wallet, \$\$\$, platinum blondes or mercury marquets w/divorce
 No shaky knees, liver, heart ground or sky
 fleas, flies and bees and nightmares about you
 and other dreams from Debussy, Van Gogh, Rimbaud when I can sleep
 a flute, a kerosene lamp, no Dylan or Elvis records, Groucho nose and
 glasses w mustache, Jesus comic book, no barbells to lift or liver and whey...
 windows to stare out of (or peek out of) and walls covered with watercolor
 paintings, crayon scratching, postcards, calendars, poems, letters,
 pictures, construction paper valentines, lipstick and grease; also to stare at
 crickets, dogs, a space heater, mice and the frig to listen to...
 Life's not so horrible, alone at 30
 without tv, on a Monday night at 3:05 am in Stem, NC
 I put Al Jarreau on the antique 2 cylinder Voice of America Hi-Fi
 (one speaker blown) and get a low voltage shock treatment
 from the armature; the usual (treatment for manic depression)
 then light a Home Run (the cure)
 and watch Ty Cobb steal second, third, home
 through the smoke

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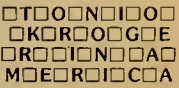
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Paris Salon: An Exhibition

Victoria Bosch

Crowded. Stuffy.
Whose gnarled, calloused hand
forced breath into this rock?
Steamy sweat on smooth white marble.
Blood flows beneath its icy surface.
Flesh. Chisled out of stone.
Still life passion: tangible sensuality.
Museum walls, curator's stare,
no consolation.
I find myself naked,
my secrets displayed,
set in artist's stone.

Contemplating Hamlet

Mark Wallace

Only men of grandeur are giv'n to seeing ghosts.
But once, when I was small, I took it in my head
to spot one on the steps. Trembling I ran to boast

to Dad, who half-asleep lay dreaming in his bed,
that I had seen a great white figger, walking just
outside our house, so graceful I knew he was dead.

Dad dismissed me. "All," he said, "who quit this earth must
in their graves remain. None are white, and none can walk,
and none their shapes retain. The dead are loaves of dust."

Father--the ghosts of leaves, they cover you and, rustling, talk
of shifting souls. Child again as I take the Host,
your throng I watch for — there! or there!; at the stone I balk.

surfside

Chuck Newman

we are riding in my car.
this is the week of rain,
the wet month come a week early.
it has cleared some in the last two days.
the water on the streets is receding--
we get tired of the water on the streets.
my friend beside me is looking at the
bright color paintings in his new magazine,
and when we get home we will try on
our new shirts.

rain at the beach.
we can sleep late,
and the band outside the hotel
won't play in the afternoon.

caught inside by the rain.
melanie tells us to realize our bodies,
to hold all lines straight.
all the girls put on boys' shoes
and dance around the room
in their underwear.

sometimes we have to get out.
we go to the wet strand for walks.
it is a chance to wear our new shirts,
and we can look at people.

my girlfriend wears linen pants on the beach
with the hem rolled up.
she goes into the ocean up to her knees
then runs out.

Our Relationship


Teresa Taylor

i hear you on the other side
of the door as I prick
my ears to
hear your presence beyond
the wooden structure
the keys jiggle in your
hands I can imagine you
fumbling for the right
one
as you fumbled for
the right word
or the right touch
to please me

only to fail.

try another key now as
i reach for the door
handle
anxious to turn it
and open the door
as I am always
so eager for what
I think may be

but never is.



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