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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

JA  
KVV  
Special ed.  
=Nov. 19, 1981

Issued with NOVEMBER 19, 1981  
edition of the CARLINIAN

## 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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Bruce Plaphoff		Molly Winner

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Fred Chappell	Charles P.R. Tisdale	David Rigsbee
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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't 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  
 sling 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 Scherff



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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 revolved (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 blase murderer took aim,  
 mercy figured as the least of his vices.  
 Though egypt, 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  
 snuggled 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 Oegin. 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 plant-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 assouilment;  
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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*Bruce Piephoff*

Here I am at last  
 What more could I ask  
 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 marquis 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 why...  
 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, lipsticck 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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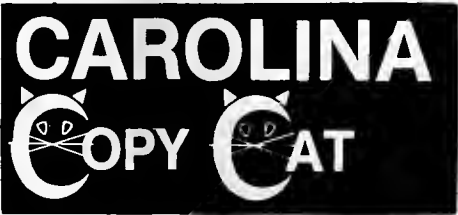
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**Paris Salon: An Exhibition**

*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.  
Flash. 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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