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Winter 1970

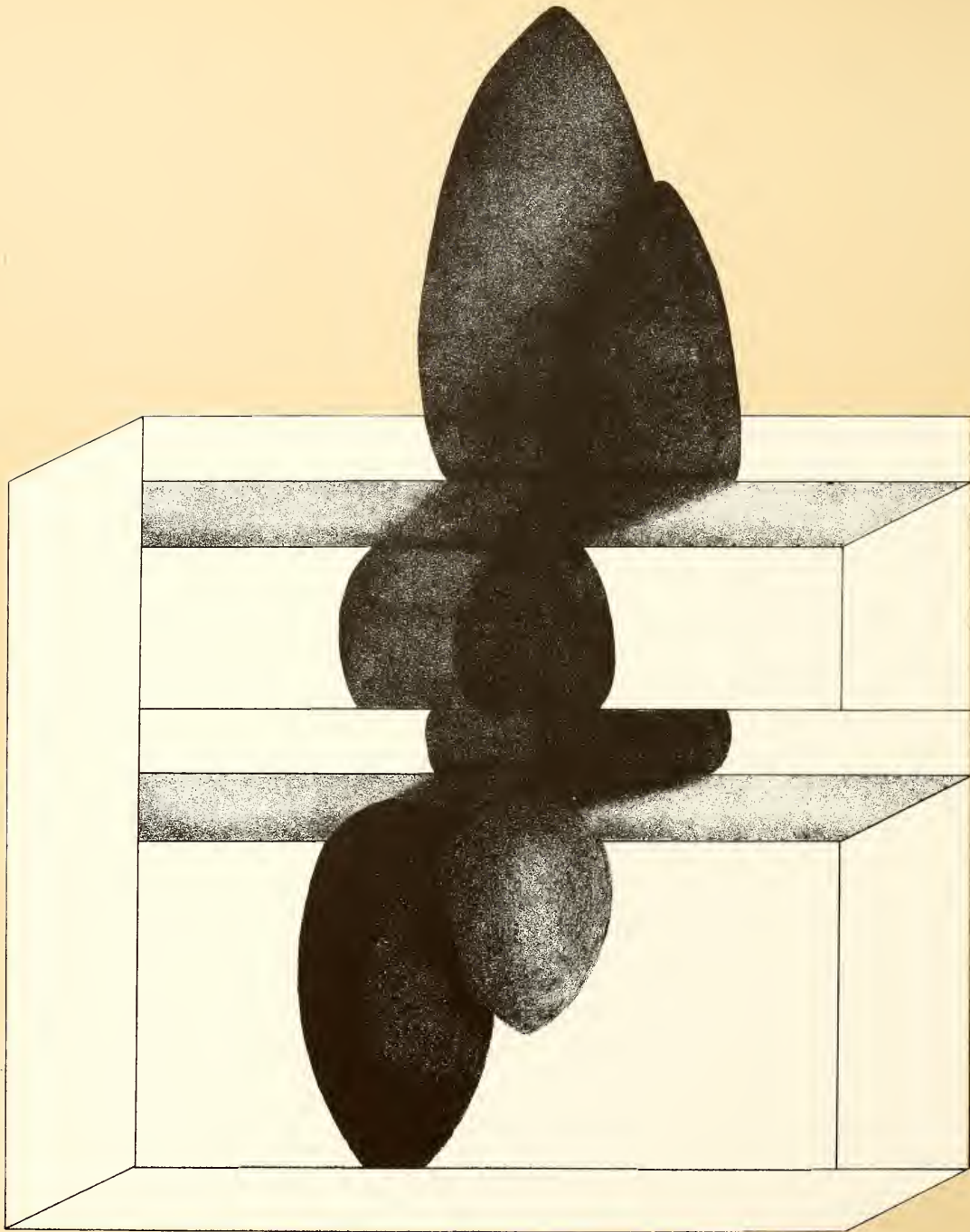


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*The cover of the Fall Issue was the result of collaboration between Phil Link and Chris Moody.

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“An Explication of the Function of Poetry at the Present Time: A Succinct and Definitive Exposition of the Function of Poetic Imagery, Articulation, Theme, and Purpose, as Relevant to Orthographical, Phraseological, and Syntactical Nuances in Mother Goose’s ‘Mary Had a Little Lamb,’ Concluded with the Additive Extrapolation of Documentary Expletives”

Pat O’Shea
Section 13-C
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January 10, 1970
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No. 81902

Through a singular, motible image, Mrs. Goose has produced an artistic effort which is rich in implication. As an additive quality, the poem proffers thematic relevance.

Mary¹ had² a³ little⁴ lamb⁵

Its fleece was white as snow⁶

And everywhere that Mary went⁷

The lamb was sure to go.⁸

This critical treatise shall attempt to examine certain aesthetic and architectonic effects in the poetic testament of Mother Goose. Not only does the poetess deftly alternate lines uniquely iambic tetrameter and iambic trimeter, stirring a palpable rhythm, but also has the author effected a consistent rhyme scheme of ABCB. Furthermore, she has appendaged the poem with no extraneous feet.

The poetess has furnished the poem with an abundance of philosophical significance and symbolic purpose. An interpretative analysis of her rhetorical constructions shall support this assertion.

1. Mother Goose, creator of the verse, orients her vision in Mary, who of course refers to the Virgin Mary. Therefore she describes the universal religious experience. She furthermore, by vivid implication, alludes to Bloody Mary, attuning her poem to the political scheme. Mary (Bloody Mary) murdered; and Herod slew, thus the poetess adduces imagistic consistency.

2. Poetry should blend the common dialectic with the waters of the subliminal passion. By inserting the term "had," the poet intends a double entendre, which at once suggests the streetmarker definition of 'begat,' but also the nobler denotation of 'owned,' by which Mother Goose depicts Christ as a Son of men.

3. The indefinite article preposes Christ's inherent, distinct attributes which pronounce him dissimilar from all other men. Mother Goose symbolizes Christ's omnipotence and other features affixed with a similar prefix.

4. "Little," as epithet, instills the poetic irony, a fulcrum for the poem which juxtaposes Christ's meek environmental conditions and corporeal status with his interior transcendental enterprise and ubiquitous countenance.

5. The term "lamb" serves as appositive for the archaetypal symbol of the sacrificial lamb of Christ. The Goose-Poetess maintains connotative cohesion, as is indicated by this phrase.

6. As the line concludes and another originates, the poetess establishes certain variations on her primal theme. While the Christian motif evolves, the "fleece white as snow" portray the Christ figure. Also the fleece provide a primary metaphor in the narration of Jason and the Argonauts, where the fleece represent the ultimate acquisition and operate as *exempli gratia* of the virtue *non plus ultra*. They, however, promised gold, a device by which the poet differentiates between earthy and spiritual inclinations, the latter as the superior.

7. Mother Goose subtly shifts the emphasis as occurs in poems structured by more Freudian patterns. As she turns into a new line, the Goose-Poetess observes that the lamb follows Mary through each corner of her journeying. In essence, she elaborates upon her delineation of the Christ symbol, thereby apprising the reader of Christ's invincibility. Caesar, too, was reputed invincible, but the poetess claims Christ as sovereign dictum both of the social and the metaphysical orders.

8. On another level, the Goose styles the poem with Freudian syllogisms. The fleece conveys a textural softness, and thus she expresses her intrinsic desire to revert to the womb. Mrs. Goose might also, in her id, experience homosexual impulses, as the mandates of tradition conceive of the female principle as more texturally pleasing than the male.

Through the techniques of structure and metaphor, Mother Goose has styled "Mary Had a Little Lamb." In the previous evaluation, the current critic has demonstrated the particular coherences and nuances indigenous in her poetic arrangement. The next document shall operate with its original premise that, hypothetically, Geoffrey Chaucer was also a homosexual. In the interim, in the phrasework of the Goose-poetess heretofore assayed, "Are the children in their beds? For it's now eight o'clock."

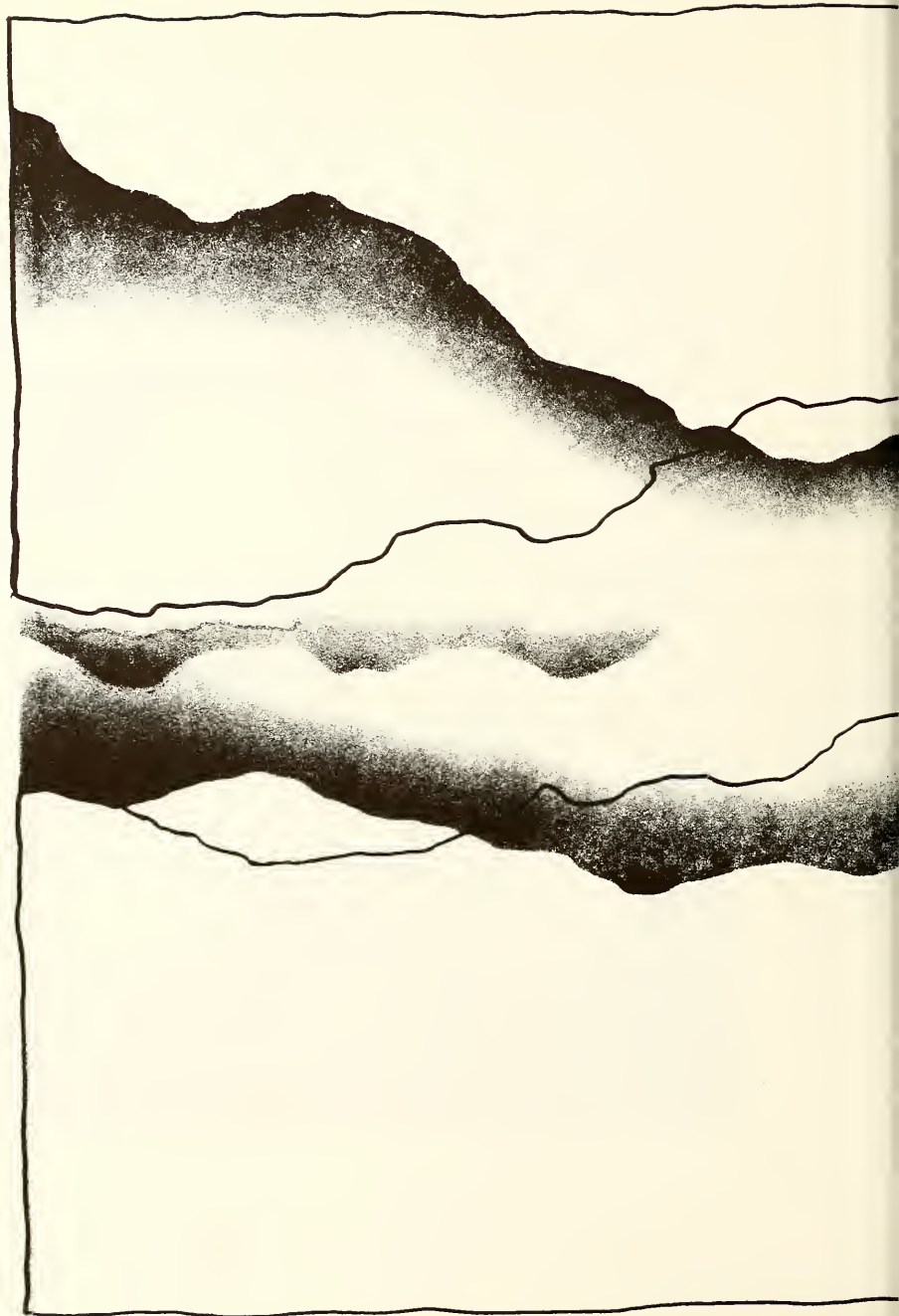
- (1). *Passionate Properties of the Pure and the Practical Poetic Principle and Purpose, or, How I Became a Decadent Poet*, Charles Swineberg, Alleged Press, Oxford, London, Volume 4, Chapter 4: "All Art Aims At Alliteration," page 44, paragraph 4, words 4-44, 1884.
- (2). *Poetic Phallusy*, John Rushin, Ibid Press, Ibid, Ibid, Ibid.
- (3). *When the Golden Bough Breaks: A Study of Victorian Literature, In Which is also Discussed, at Length and at Random, the Minnetic Imperative*, Editors of Contemporary Magazines Equity Incorporated, Editor-in-chief, Ferry Southern, Paul Krass, Hugh Hefler.
- (4). *A Definitive Comparison of the Kama-Sutra and the Sermon on the Mount, Or, My Experience as a Critic at Fifty*, Less Feedler, Vantage Press.
- (5). *Comparative Examination of Robert Lowell and Mother Goose, Or, How to Be a Critic Without Really Trying*, Walter Herr.
- (6). *Ding An Sick: A Study of Verbal Acrobatics and Other Inversions*, John Updick in co-ordination with Jocqueline Feline, Phyllis Whitey, Mary Steward, Hellen Minnis, Taylor Baldwin, Susan Sintax.
- (7). *A Symbiotic Approach: A Causal Explanation for the Christian Idiom*, W. H. Aussin in conjunction with T. S., Lord Eliot. (Subtitle "Notes From the Wasteland".)
- (8). *Hickory Dickory: Panphysics of Poetry*, Sigmund Froide.
- (9). *Goose Feathers: The Is-ness of Poetry*, Beanball McKuen, Signit Paperback Books.
- (10). *Take a Gander*, C. P. Sknow.
- (11). *The Spewed Fetters*, C. S. Pewis. (Subtitle: How to Preach and Nevertheless be Clever).
- (12). *Very True Confessions: An Anthology of Collegiate Poetry*. Poem 3-33 by I Wander as I Wonder. (After perusing the particular work, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," the current critic was immersed in a bardic trance, and created this work of meek merit:

In a manger on some hay,
The little baby Jesus lay.
The shepherds came from afar,
Guided by a shining star.
God sent the babe down on earth,
For his happy Christmas birth.)

Mother Goose, too, makes use of the aesthetic approach of asonance. Accruing to the indigenous rhythm, "little" and "lamb" alliterate.

- (13). *Ibid, ad infinitum, redacto.*
- (14). *Hypermoron and the Oxbole: In the Ethic Paradigm of Trizza Rina*. By Charles McIver, Rancid Haus, Southern Printers, America.







THE LOVED ONE

I have cherished the blazing eruption
Of sun-glances into my breast
And, wrapped in a glorious wonder,
Suffered the joy of the blest —
But deep in my soul lies a stillness
Unflushed by the fever of noon;
The pale gleam of winter snowfall
Under a silent moon.

Miriam Kilmer

WAITING

The rhythm is constant, a healthy continuum.
The wind is strong and regenerative packets are
On their way from the death of a million white blossoms,
The spread of yellow dust, and the washing storms from heavy clouds.

I sit protected on the porch of my house; rocking, staring.
Humming "Rock of Ages" to a squirrel asleep on a tree limb,
And wish it were not Sunday afternoon without God or love,
And that white clapboard houses still meant
Flowers and chicken and come-to-calls on Sunday afternoons
In constant rhythms in healthy continuums.

by June Milby

MIMETIC ESSAY ON COLLEGIATE PROSE

I was walking down the road. Cold. Rainy. Acheo.

Pat O'Shea

Perceptual Experience And Its Aesthetic Co-relative

Pat O'Shea

That "beauty is in the eyes of the beholder" expresses the truth of experience in its purest sense. In practical experience, beauty is the eyes of the beholder. The material world—the variable amalgam of objects external to the self—integrates with the mind by one of two processes. The majority of the discreet particles in the exterior assortment is registered in the mind by the most subtle responses. Those pass unnoticed into the mind. These phenomena—the wedge of space between this table and the crook of my arm, my other hand which stables the paper to it—exist, in empirical terms, idealistic and in no service with empiricism—unified, or perceived without the individual consciousness of perception. Were I to cease breathing, were the light in this shrine to leave me, I should in an instance remember its presence. The active (and static in its determined unity) image of my consciousness and the arrangement of those forms which is verisimilitudinous, would seem detectable only by their absence. This experiential sort comprises the existential "so unreal world"—described by the appreciation of the divorce between the variant perceptions and its shape. In empirical terms, to these conditions assumed as given and unremittent, the individual does not respond by distortion. In the initial process of aesthetic experience, objective data is irrelevant. To this *sine qua non* of wholeness, I do not respond. It cannot agitate me into creative motions, and I retort by composure.

In an instant I swiftly encounter the miraculous. From behind the wall I hear a song: merciless in its pathos, and I am jubilant with its thrust, which wrenches me from this moment of my wording. In this the practical garb of experience which subtends my sense accessories, the song enlarges to my emotive flexibilities as I hear the chords which evoked that melody. Removed by a singular pressure, I am at once excited by my hearing that tune, and relieved from my intensity of concentration. Through respite, my senses perfect to their acutest degree. Initially, concentration constituted a mere operative phrasework. Let a hand gently touch mine and I quiver: a sense orientation turns from my thoughts a new energy. By perceiving that I achieve consciousness of its pertinent degree, relevant to that stimulus purveyed in its quantitative sense. This I recognize, as has every aspirant mind behind me, as inspiration. Through inspiration, objects loosen from the world whole, and I examine each under intense illumination, turning this material chip through its varied facets. Inspiration is that which impels the dynamics of my mind toward a psychic equilibrium. But the majority of my memory—that subconscious force—which relates to the world whole—stores that assortment—for it has effected a satisfying mediation, an exacting balance, a precise likeness to the externals. However, the curative regions of my conscious process—those areas of my mem-

ory which have not engrafted themselves with the world whole, insure that I am tirelessly inspired.

The world whole decomposes—that is, it is dispossessed—by self-conception. In relative perceptions, that which provokes the inner sensibilities toward the aesthetic means—objects isolate as loose filaments, when the self perceives these as unique, or vital integers. To be conscious of these separate spheres within a coalescence is to be, in essence, conscious of oneself perceiving. This perceptual realization lends immense implications, useful to the aesthetic temperament. Kinesthetics of the perceptual process evinces awareness, as representative example, that as an individual, I cannot scar this desk in the intent of altering my environment. Epistemological nuances of the empirical perceptions recognis the self as that process of selective consciousness. Those objects which the whole—the heretofore sanctioned apparel of the world—filter into the memory—the preconscious body—persevere unaltered, untransformed from their initial appearances. As a necessary sequential, the 'finest' art, that which we call most real, that which is most identical with our own shared experience—is that art whose nature reflects on the thought processes themselves.

My imagination consists of my memory as it relates to any sense nuances—that is, the conscientious perception of the outside world. I perceive the entire world complex, but memory selects for conscientious perception those objects whose visible aura appears as a potential satient, or sanction, for the related aspects of my conscious experience. Thus the counterpointing of this new image with the aged unsatiated portions forms, as it were, a new preconscious image, derivative of the fusion, or it lingers, fragmentary, through my conscious ways. The aesthetic process is one of recollective completion. Respected as a practical matter, the qualities of the process intimate an explanation for the more reprehensible elements of embryonic poetic efforts.

The absence of 'objective-correlative' for a particular sensational imperative represents a poetic evasion of the tension which serves as necessary lubricant for the process of integration. The poet demurs from mediation between the object appearing of potential satiation and the subject attrition which provokes examination of the isolated object. Accessibility necessitates co-existence of the two apparatus. Communication requires the two in the active process of strengthening and refining their union. One acquires consciousness of this meting procedure only by the poet's consent to relative appraisal, relevant exposition.

Those literary enterprises regrettably devoid of artistry forfeit communication or aesthetic qualification by their insistence on refusal, to subordinate the mind to the world of men.

ELDER DOCTOR COMES TO VISIT

His good mind still shows
As he goes among the wards
And stops to laugh at me
Undone at twenty.
His fingers are fading blue shadows
That grasp my hand
As though it were a heart
He could knead death from.
He says, "Your illness gives me pain."
I see amazement in his gaze, and it's
A rasp I will not bear to linger.
Hastening to lead his eyes away
And relieve the strain of being needed,
I become a mutineer instead, and say,
"Many, running apart!"
He fastens me to him with snaps
Of scrutiny, leans towards me,
Drops his voice and makes but one demand:
"Don't give a damn, see?"
"Sure," I say. "I see plenty."

Amanda Bullins

MAGGIE

Sally Van Noppen

Maggie Grogan's footsteps rang brisk and loud on the smooth stone floor as she hurried down the long aisle to the front of St. Thomas Roman Catholic Church. She was usually ashamed of being late because the few parishioners who attended Sunday services there were very punctual and she hated to disturb them after the service had begun. Still, she had children and a husband who had to be fed and settled before she could go to church, and most of these people had few duties; no reason to be late. Slipping easily into her usual seat, dusting it a little before she sat, she looked to see if all the regular people were present. Yes, there were Mr. and Mrs. Garuba who ran the tiny grocery just down the street from where she, David, and the children lived. Scraping together a scanty living by selling a few groceries and quantities of beer and wine, the couple rarely missed church. It was important to them she thought, just as it was important to each of these old, battered people who came. Seeing them painfully search for coins when the collection plate was passed, she knew it meant much to them. Mrs. Chelli was sitting just in front of Maggie with another woman, very stout, whom Maggie did not know. Maggie was often fascinated by Mrs. Chelli's Sunday hats because they were all small,

obviously old and outdated; and her hair, faded to a faint steel color, frizzled out along the edges of them like so much chicken wire all coiled and knotted. Next to the stout lady was another couple who sometimes brought their grandchildren with them though today they were alone. Too cold, thought Maggie, for young children. The man and his wife were kind looking, constantly smiling. Perhaps it was because they had lived together for so long that their faces bore almost identical expressions, and sometimes when she saw them together the only way she could distinguish between wrinkled man and wrinkled woman was to look for the husband's round, bald head. There were others, perhaps forty more, but that was not many.

St. Thomas was situated in the center of an Italian quarter which had at one time been a thriving neighborhood. After the depression the factories in the area remained shut down or moved to newer parts of the city. The majority of the people in the church also moved away, and now, twenty odd years later, no one was left but these decimated little people who came to St. Thomas, filling such a small portion of the vast interior that, had anyone viewed them from a high distance they must have

appeared as so many bits of colored lint littering the cold, grey floor. Maggie shivered in the hollowness of the church. She wore a light coat, one left in David's dry cleaning establishment by the family of a lady who had died—they had not wanted to pay her bill to reclaim it.

Glancing up at the lectern where stood the priest, she thought of listening, but today her thoughts ran too fast for listening. The church's front auditorium could easily seat seven hundred people, and here sat only a few; the gothic beauty of the highly arched stone ceilings and side aisles was perhaps timeless — awesomely carved and balanced, but these folk did not notice that. The brittle light of winter-morning shone through the high, thin windows on either side of the chancel, giving the face of the priest a grotesquely distorted look. He was very pale. Maggie was sure he stayed inside too much. As if to reinforce her theory, the priest moved from the lectern into the shaft of light so that the black of his clericals offset his light skin, while the white of his robes reflected the red, blue and purple which diffused through the long vastness from ceiling to floor. The wooden objects in the room could easily have shone with warmth and luster, but there was no money here to pay a janitor to polish them. So the priest stood behind a beautifully wrought lectern, intricately laden with dust-encrusted flowers and symbols, while behind him the communion railing and altar were just as dingy and unattended. Spider webs were everywhere; barricading corners, spewing out of inanimate lilies, or limply adorning silently singing hummingbirds. Even the altar hangings sagged with the weight of age and lack of laundering. The church was old, this at least was undeniable, but the very walls seemed to enclose the futility of age. Glancing at the round stone columns running the length of the room, Maggie tried to imagine how many hands had reached out to touch them, thinking to gain substance not really conveyed; how many spines had gratefully straightened themselves as they rested against the huge coolness-parishoners waiting to be seated. The columns seemed to lean and balance those high, high arches with a resiliency once great, now diminishing, and perhaps someday disappearing. Even her children, the younger ones, hated coming here because they said the church was too cold and dusty. The almost life-size iron-eagle perched precariously with wings outspread on the front edge of the lectern frightened them. Her son Mike, who was seventeen, had stopped coming when he was the age of the young ones, and David said he could only rest on Sunday and he wasn't going to spend his time freezing in that "damn museum" which Maggie was a fool to frequent.

Shivering again, Maggie pulled her coat more tightly together and wrapped her arms around her sides. Still, I like this church, she thought. The people who come here can feel it belongs to them: they are a part of the antiquity which is the very foundation of this building.

There was a muffled rustling of heavy winter clothes as the congregation knelt for the priest's blessing, and Maggie hurried out at its end, thinking of the warm fire David would have burning at home, and of what she could fix for their lunch. Thus her day slipped by: the children fussing over the Sunday newspaper comics, Dave

worrying about the winter's heating bill for the house and business, and Mike insisting that she iron a shirt for him to wear when his band practiced that evening.

Mike's band had caused some concern on the part of his parents. Since they had little money they tried to save any extra they might make, and when Mike decided to buy an electric guitar they forbade it. He got a job delivering groceries and made enough to pay for the instrument himself, but after it was paid for he quit his job to play in the band. This displeased them further because they felt he should instead be contributing in some tangible way to the family. Though they were dubious about the band, their son assured them that as soon as his band began to play in public they would make a good deal of money. Finally acquiescing, David and Maggie gave Mike permission to bring the boys over on Wednesday nights to practice. On the first Wednesday they had been astounded and dismayed by what they heard. As soon as the others had left, David began to reason with Mike to quit the band. He was sure the music would not be successful, and he said it had been foolish to buy the guitar. Mike explained, somewhat huffily, that it was a psychological kind of music, very popular, which affected the mind of the hearer—made him think. He assured his father that the people he knew liked it. It moved them, Mike said, it made them happy, it made them feel something, it spoke. David said little else, but his son knew his feelings.

Maggie did not say anything to Mike because she was too unsettled by the idea of his music and his friends. They were different from Mike's old friends, wearing foreign boots and shockingly bright clothes. Their hair was long, flopping in their eyes when they sang or handled their instruments. This music playing was a mystery to Maggie, and it made her uneasy. Caressing their respective implements of sound, whether guitars, drums, or the electric organ or harpsichord, they seemed to believe that to bend or lean over them at certain angles was crucial to the quality of the music. She was sure there was something inherently bad in all this gyrating.

This evening Mike left in his newly pressed shirt and Maggie, fatigued from her day's tasks, went to sleep early. She heard David come to bed, but she was dreaming and did not really notice. In her dream she could see her son in the blue shirt she had ironed. The wind was blowing, no, Mike's band was playing its loud music, amplified, magnified, vibrating from the sides of a room, a large room. Maggie could see the room, the shadows around the edges, it was someplace she had been before—Yes, now she realized it looked like St. Thomas, but it was so bright! There were Mike and his friends in the chancel singing and playing their music, wearing those expressions of involvement which she could not penetrate. There were the amplifiers balanced steadily on the communion rail. On the boy's faces flickered colored light at erratic intervals, light shining possibly through the stained glass. In one color their mouths would be open, singing; then in a moment a different light would flash and distort her view completely. It was as though they were actually moving, yet only floating hazily in an underanimated way. Filling the room were people, young people, perhaps Mike's age, but she did not recognize them. They were a mass—many

wore flowing blouses and full, billowing pants or shirts with shining buttons. The crowd undulated toward the front, not pushing or shoving, aware but more intent than aware. They seemed conscious that they were rubbing against each other, jostling one another, but they were aimed toward the front of the room and the contact did not seem to bother them. It looked to Maggie as if they had no facial features. They were a living whole, singing maybe, because, they seemed to be forming words—or they were shouting. In the haze of her dream picture there were candles, thousands of tiny blinking lights at intervals all around, creating a brilliant and warming light. Adding to the illumination was the glow reflected from the wooden pews which were glossy and smooth in their light. Reaching out in her sleep to touch the inviting surface of the velvet wood, Maggie jolted herself awake. Staring at the blackness of her room she tried to recall the kaleidoscope of light and sound she had dreamt. It would not come, it was only a dream, and after a long while, after straining her eyes to penetrate the darkness of late night she finally slept soundly.

Monday, Maggie thought as she woke to see David dressing for work: Today is the day to give the children their lunch money for school, set out the trash for garbage pickup, and the day to do the laundry. Getting out of bed she considered telling Dave about her dream but then decided not to bother him with her frivolity. After all, it was only a dream. Doing her chores, Maggie inwardly grumbled that her family used so many clean clothes so quickly. I must speak to them, she mentally noted while loading the washer, shaking each article as she put it in. Picking up Mike's shirt of the previous evening, Maggie was dismayed at how soiled and spotted it looked. As she stuffed it into the already full machine she hesitated and looked more closely. There was dirt and spiderwebby stickiness on one sleeve and all over she saw wax droppings of some sort, looking as though the wearer had stood in a rain of hot candle tallow.

Maggie shook her head, put the soap in, and turned the machine on. I must speak to Mike, she reminded herself, he never keeps his clothes clean.



THOUGHTS FOLLOWING CONTEMPLATIONS OF
THE REBEL AND DOSTOIEVSKI'S ALYOSHA

Yesterday, looking at my face in the mirror,
I sang, and saw my lips—
Knowing that it was my mouth that sung
And my face that shone.

Nothing will happen, you say.
And I say to you, Will Rogers,
If that's all you know,

Nothing will happen.
Today, the leaves outside my window were blown,
And their limbs shook; (and being parabolical and poetic,
I tried to think of them as a crowd
Waiting for the speaker in an auditorium lobby).

They were moving about (as the wind blew)
And talking and looking for people they knew—
Like a game in which they were set free
And given a limited amount of time to talk.
The winner being whoever spoke to the most people.
The guest speaker never arrived (I imagined)
And the wind would stop blowing
And the people stopped going,
And walked out slowly.
As winter came the leaves began to die
And this was the people leaving I suppose?
With Cassandra shouting; "We are not alone."

Something old, sire:
Tomorrow a man made china angels
(perhaps a potter)
Then broke them;
Then glued them together.
He had shelves and shelves of angels
With cracks like old museum paintings.

Something new, sire:
If one plays in the rain long enough,
by and large, he will know the clouds;
so it is with the life.

by Michael O'Shea



Winter 1970
CORADDI