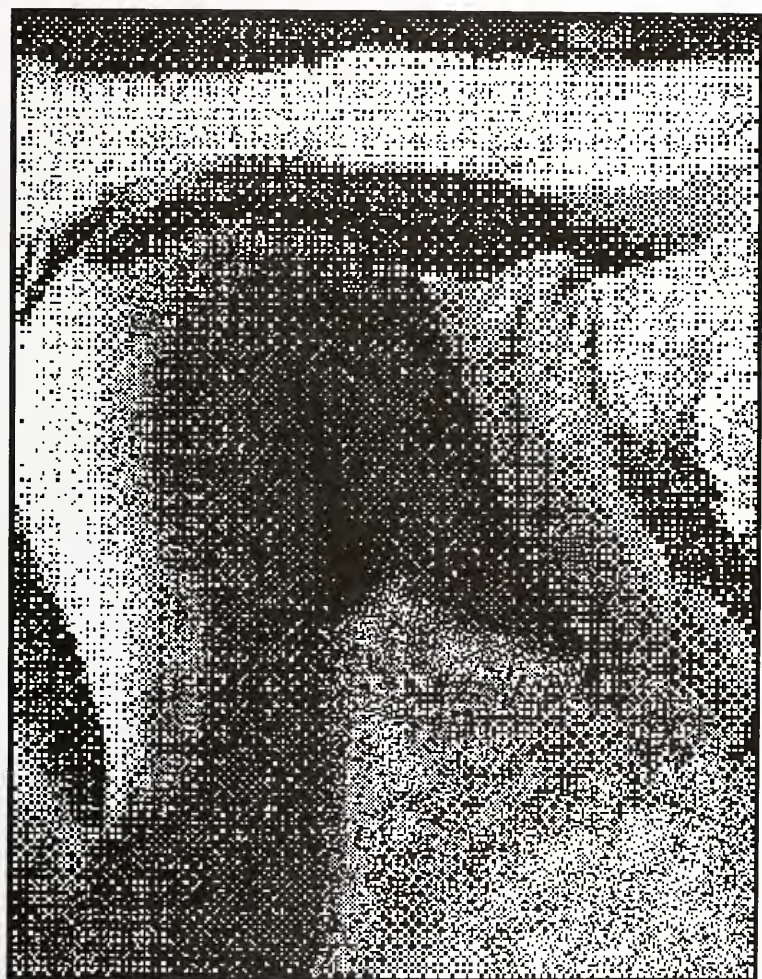


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Winter  
1991



Concordia



## coraddi winter 1991

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## 1991 poetry contest

### **print:**

David Andrew  
Kelly Fairman  
Evan Smith  
Christy Cottle  
Kelly Jones  
Susannah D. Alexander  
M. Grayson  
Adrienne Byrd  
Emily Arndt  
J. Stewart Baucom  
Carol Dearing  
Blaine Elliott  
Matt Ramsey  
B. Malcolm Williamson  
Emily Arndt  
Christopher McBrayer  
Meredith Hughes  
R. Christiaan S.  
M. Grayson  
Mike Drennan  
Kelly Fairman  
Christy Cottle  
J. Counts

### **graph:**

Bill Cayton  
commodity:**information:**

first

*lake ontario/major geographical feature*

many small dry dead silver fish  
do not care  
whether they are on the canadian or american  
side— they gaze up alike  
with one depthless eye,  
nestle festering among  
sandless cobblestones  
passing for a beach here:  
you sit pulling nit rocks  
from your shoes,  
so throw them off—  
the water wants to drink you,  
the heat from your nipples and genitals:  
and you wonder  
how big the fish do get and how big  
their mouths are

*David Andrew*

Second

Tonight I am as loud as a stone,  
or an ash, or any other screamless thing,  
kneeling in the desert darkness

saw the star of Bethlehem, I think,  
two hours ago;  
nobody else seen it, they said;  
but I seen it;

fire in the sky could be anything,  
these days, I guess

I have learned the east in a whole new light tonight  
and in my trench, dream of reparations

*Kelly Fairman*

third

We married young with no money  
and little hope of ever having any

A cigarette and a bowl of cereal  
we wake to  
after blowing our noses clean  
of dog hairs dust  
the nights skin shed ash  
Some mornings  
I pour the flakes  
and she pours the milk  
and other mornings  
I pour the milk  
and she pours the flakes  
but always  
I pull a wooden kitchen match  
from the shot glass kept  
on the coffee table  
I strike it on my thumb  
to light her cigarette

She puts it to her mouth  
without looking up  
without moving  
she knows always  
that I'm there

Evan Smith



honorable mention

*Letter to the earth (three years down)*

If a son could tell the life of boys  
who decide to leave and go, it would be you.

To whom the voice of ice  
on November grass is known as sweet as dark  
earth and short minutes.

Tell the others to notice now  
is the time walkers remember all the boys were,  
and will be now, gone  
as green folds of life can only go.  
Son hush to clean them, as dead, and march them with you sharp  
and lone as grief.

*Christy Cottle*

honorable mention

*Amy's gone and I feel love is too*

“war isn’t what  
it used to be”

I said  
to Amy  
as we kissed  
even though  
she saw my  
hypocrisy  
not to mention  
my matched socks

“why do people kill”  
Amy said  
as we sat under the  
summer sun  
absently plucking flowers  
from their homes

it is late  
the sun dies like a wounded philosopher  
reluctant but grateful

the stars shine in Amy’s eyes  
she kisses my cheek  
and walks away  
i watch and curse my dim twinklings of light

honorable mention

*Quilting*

A woman's providence  
my warp  
upon the wall  
and the deft needle  
lodged in the twine  
an arab in hinterland.  
The golden threads as I pull  
and teach it to pucker  
the soft cloth of cotton  
into a secure fortress of quilt.  
First building up left  
in smooth geography  
dunes of dry linen  
to reach the end of my line  
find it tight  
knot and snap it off.  
Then find the flaw  
a rampage of stitches  
across the chests of men  
in the heart of my design  
I finish corner and fold  
copying my error  
to make equilibrium  
The patched fabric  
I have pressed and polished  
to uniform standard  
mistakes matching on both sides

*Suzannah D Alexander*

honorable mention

*Response*

I just want to lift my head, shout  
"CLEAR!" into your face, grab hold  
slap down two bright metal disks  
break my thumbs on the triggers  
Sixty thousand volts  
Muscles explode, twist and clench  
Spine a sudden tension, arc of sinew  
tests the limits of flesh  
Sine wave convulsion erupts  
pounds against the tabletop  
Maybe then it's happen  
Maybe then your eyes would open  
Maybe then your heart would start

*M. Grayson*

honorable mention

*stars, planets, and other bodies*

lying in warm grass in winter  
    sticky cool  
glued to the earth like the folks in Australia

a lapse of gravity  
or the descent of the mothership  
and we'd be there  
    among the stars below

long for andromeda or casseopia  
    but remember me  
dreaming of castor and pollus,  
russet tresses and rusted stars  
all situated there below  
    since you were just  
        a twinkle  
        yourself.

*Adrienne Byrd*

honorable mention

The first summer we were  
Together I studied your hands.  
More taut and defined than  
Mine, though not much larger.  
You would be asleep on the mattress  
On the floor of that sweltering room—  
The broken electric fan rattling  
Like an old woman from your window.  
Sweaty, and dirty, I  
Could not sleep like you  
So I would wash the dishes in  
Your kitchen sink. The smell of  
Old spaghetti would rise from  
The scalding water.  
When I came back to the mattress  
My hands looked  
A little more like yours.

*Emily Arndt*

*Loving*

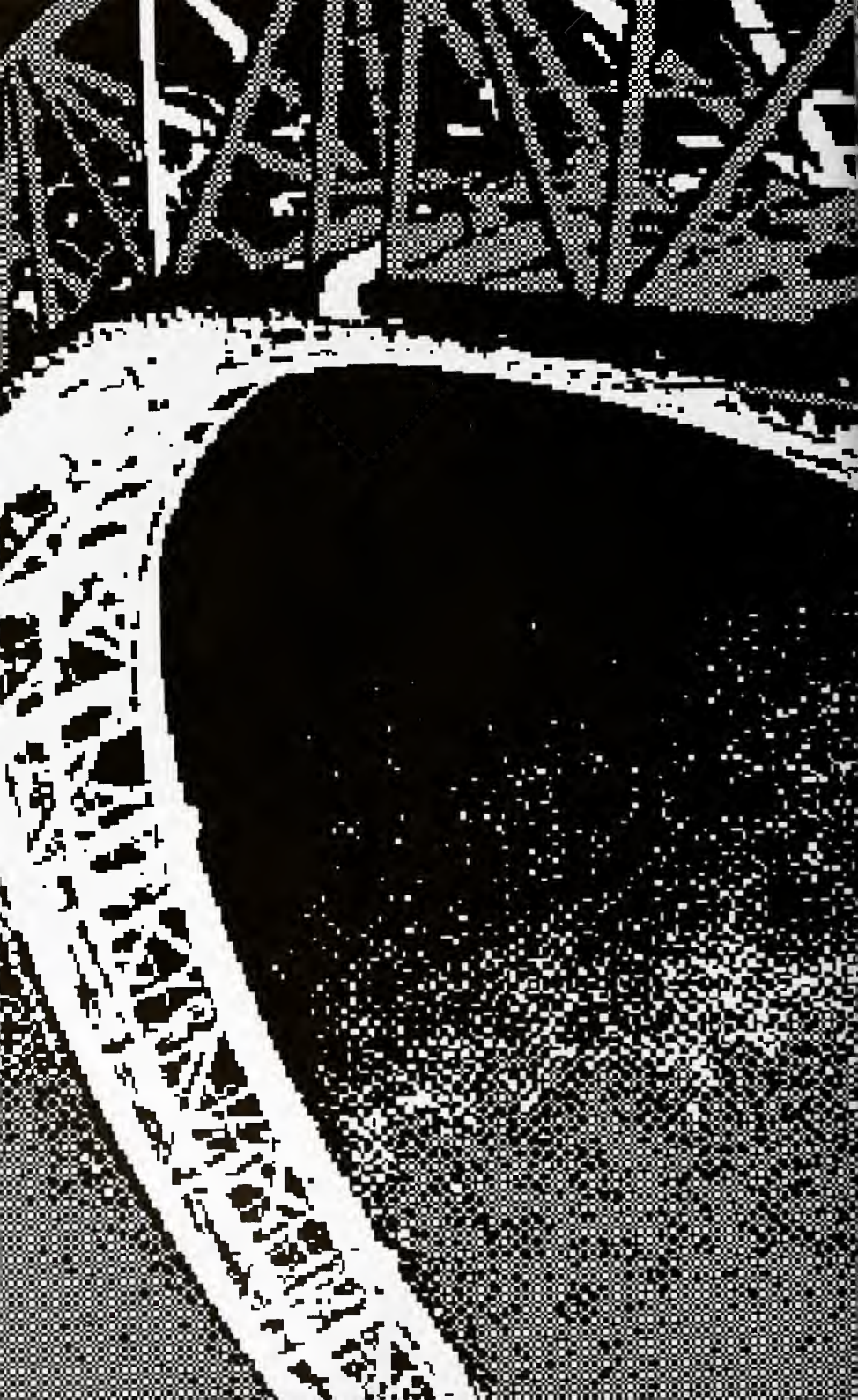
Sweep all my desire in burning lots!  
Teeming, troubled, I'm muddled by your  
    newness Your music walks about  
    throughout my mind  
Reach into me, fill me with your breath  
    Years on point, I now relent  
Softly, so, for just this fragile moment,  
    be offered to me like a  
    wild wood's apple, the essence  
    of your spirit wrapped in pine  
Orange smell of pomegranates on fences  
Blue figs, pears, apples in the air  
Clean, hard knobby berries on the bushes  
Clusters of violets at our feet  
Cup them to my lips, these gentian  
    petals Nodding, I slip them from  
your hands The sweetness of your fingers  
    lingers  
Your love lies on my throat as you slide  
    pleading down my sturdy  
    female stem  
    Oh! How you sing me!

*J. Stewart Baucom*











ПАСЯТНА \*

Девятый закон, унитарный  
принцип



NO

MA, NO M OCHOS ODERPONSE

*The Ju-Ju Bean seduction*

There was no sunset, only a change in the tint of the grayness of the sky.  
Leona sat on the steps of her front porch with a bottle of beer,  
And a Tupperware bowl of assorted Ju-Ju beans.  
She would wipe the color #4 off her stubby fingers  
Onto the moist porch boards.  
She didn't bother to close her thighs when Urvis drove up.  
The headlights went directly between her legs.  
He had a hard-on before he even got out of the truck.  
Leona didn't bother to greet him any special way,  
She just bounced a little to the Chet Atkins song from inside his truck.  
She let him sache right up,  
Light one of his generic cigarettes  
Blow smoke through his bent nostrils  
And say, "Baby, you look better than a 45 pound bass."  
Leona's hip would knock over her beer,  
Causing the colors of Ju-Ju beans to leak away and stain Urvis's boots.  
Yet nothing matters when headlights go up her dress.

*Carol Dearing*

*The Blight*

These voices have been thrown of late  
  too deep  
into that well of sharp indecision  
  rounded  
to a hollow point of howling echo  
  that hounds the rolling heart  
  and blurs the blind windmills.

and alone, by the green wellspring that courses to a froth  
  each spring in the valley  
  by my well-laid homeland,  
a blight has taken hold of blue-grey stars everywhere  
  dimming the fiery night in a hellsong  
  and has dried the skies of every lingering  
tear.

What course be taken?

What weapons be gathered?

  I've known wars to come and go  
like summer thunder but some plagues are never healed.  
  A yellow moon hangs its horned brow  
over the land.

  Not a cloud weeps.

*Blaine Elliott*

*calliope*

soon enough we  
happenby your black  
-woodway, or black  
-topped beach, or city  
-street & your children  
run, drawnasmoths into  
our lucidtone, the  
morbid dirge, cranked  
outloud by boney hands,  
then i shallswing from  
trap to peace &. (still)  
willfall back down to  
sleep ... and dream

*Matt Ramsey*



*A Male Chauvinist's Reaction to Sylvia Plath*

When I watched *The Bell Jar*  
I made  
Farting  
Noises  
Under my arm.

*B. Malcolm Williamson*

*Venus of Willendorf*

Since you haven't  
A mouth (like the one I knew  
Thin upper lip and the third tooth  
A little crooked)—  
Since you haven't her ears or arms—  
How can you hold your child  
Like she held me  
In a white wicker  
Rocking chair  
Beside my bedroom window  
On dark greenish August nights  
Singing songs from old movies.  
Aren't you terribly alone?  
That huge belly  
And children who don't  
Remember a voice  
That was only  
Slightly off key.

*Emily Arndt*

can rajah drink the desert  
since rajah eats the stone  
and does rajah pull the jungle  
smiling from his bone  
has cats gone mad upon him  
does he often glaring swear  
has rajah crammed his fist  
into a boiling snare  
do those who know him know him  
and those who know him smile  
is rajah always dancing  
yet wailing all the while  
such words are undue answers  
like riddles need no rhymes  
for rajah walks behind a mask  
within these hindu times

*Christopher McBrayer*

*Crawford's Lips*

The Vet sat  
crumpled in a wheelchair  
while we girls taunted-  
spring Celtic dances  
around his prison.

White seam of a cotton crotch.

One day  
We pulled out  
a breast  
Milk chocolate nipples.  
Good enough to eat.

Flailing arms, dirty nails.  
The Vet chair rocked side to side.  
Cranberry bowtie lips,  
Fresh slick applications  
flew to the chair and  
pushed it  
back through cosmetics  
and onto the sunlit sidewalk,

where all good children play.

*Meredith Hughes*

*Maharaja*

the catharsis in  
the history of men  
entranced with princes and  
silken bedsheet linen  
began the hour  
that innocence and hope  
gave way their carpet floors  
the only platforms that support  
the slippered feet that cross to open  
iron doors padlocked outside  
by the Maharaja cauterized  
in order to facilitate  
a much more cultured crystal  
to the way that all souls sparkle  
within the concubines  
as they recline  
and inhale the grey smoke  
of grayer cubes that smoulder  
on pins and needles beneath a dome  
of glass on which  
the mysterious script of ancient Arabic  
is etched in tented room  
where tented pillows wait in silence  
for the heady alliance  
of bronzed and creamy skin  
writhing in the glowing arc  
that burns in the swing of the oil lamps

*R. Christiaan S.*

*child*

A child  
on the shore  
dreaming lakes  
and life  
And where  
is sings child  
will be  
sings child  
was

White faces  
blow waves  
and children  
ashore  
and her ankles  
are wetter now  
than sand  
under sun see sun  
                  dries out  
crystal  
underfoot  
under sky  
sings child

and

the faces  
drift slowly by  
dreams child  
Her knees  
are  
wetter now  
than sand  
than cloth  
under sun  
under faces  
under sky  
and  
above earth

Twilight glow  
dreams child  
sees day  
hard rock  
poured and  
underfoot

heat  
stench  
are shouting voices  
a horn  
screams child  
shrieks child  
and the day  
melts  
into pain  
into pleasure  
ew-for-ya  
past cash  
glassine  
back. forth.  
velvet  
again cash  
next door  
shrill pain  
thin walls  
and  
child  
dreams  
of self  
sanity  
sleepily  
white faces  
blow cold  
are dreaming  
are  
screaming  
and she  
child  
is  
a moist neck  
hear the lap  
tide  
chain  
and stake  
and dream  
hold back  
stand  
never fall  
never  
nev  
and all is  
dark  
is

*M. Grayson*

*Starship Trooper's Son*

Father left when I was born  
he was 24  
he returned when I was 32  
he was 24

And I said unto him  
“How do the black crows fly  
and the dark side of their sun  
when it is time for shadow?  
How goes your war father?”

And he said unto me  
“We sailed many a year to kiss  
the enemy shore with nuclear bow  
we knelt before Olympus Mons  
and spent the dawn at Orion's gate  
we made love to the lightyears  
gambling our space houses of sweat  
for slaughter in strange toungues  
spattered notes of green blood  
on our two-handed chords  
yet the war goes on.

“Has Time the blacksmith I  
have escaped through righteousness  
and wormhole  
creased your brow in carelessness  
or good measure my son?”

And I said unto him  
“Time has taught me well  
to make love to the plow  
shut down your factories  
and graffiti-ize your cities  
into dust  
Amber cages rot staining  
grandfather highways in metal sweat-  
Your world ran out of gas father  
Our war against your war is  
long over father  
what of your war?”

My father left when I was 32  
he will return when I am 90  
he will be 29

(dedicated to R Heinlein & J Haldeman)

stillier than late  
we hung to the earth  
and were known by the rain

such a long dry, I had almost  
forgotten  
drench-tangled hair, rivery backs,  
and the full scent of mud:  
soft, brown and primal as shout,  
or as blood

showered at marrow,  
we grasped at the earth  
(and were known by the rain)

thankful and terrified  
like you will be when at war  
or when birthing

*Kelly Fairman*



*How Children Hear Music*

Drawn tight as an ardour,  
bowing the lip of strings  
which cry among light. Walking.  
Thinking also of poor browns,  
in moon hollows  
so abrupt and lone. More often,  
it is white years which breathes  
upon the children's faces  
and corrupt into a song.

*Christy Cottle*

“death”  
is a cliché  
announced the poet  
(self-proclaimed)  
as he reclined,  
contradicting his own  
narrowed,  
English-poet eyes

“blood”  
is a cliché  
he pontificates  
silently selecting  
a willing replacement  
from a shrinking pool  
of undisturbed words  
(cliches have better social lives)

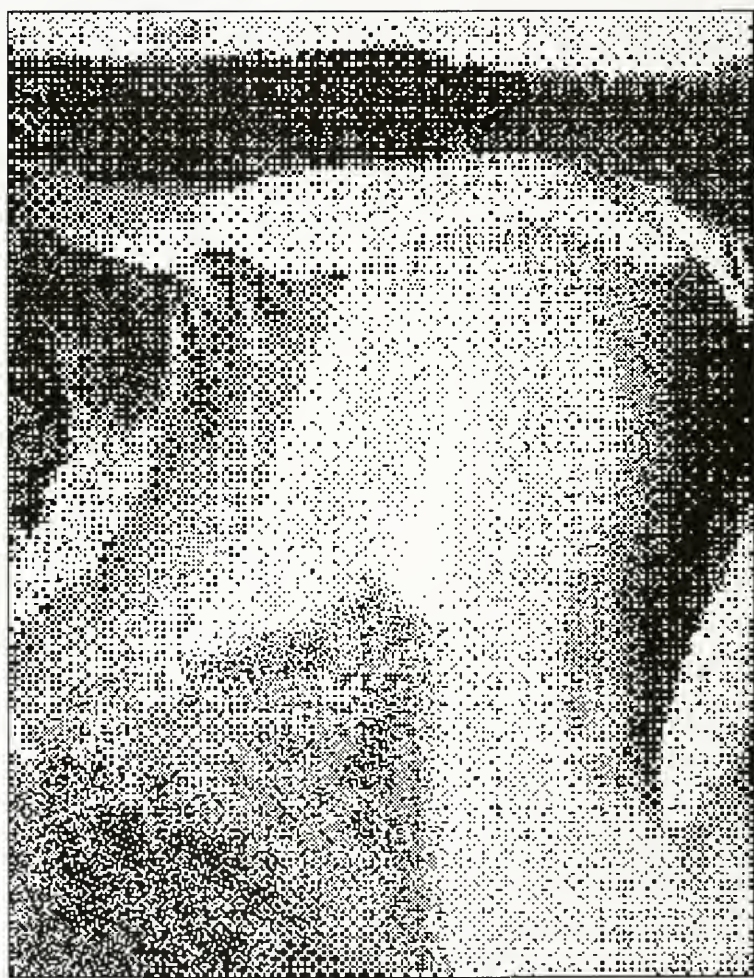
“tripply”  
serves nicely  
on the telephone  
when guttural,  
not-nice sounds  
refuse to suffice

I'm sure the poet would consider  
“obscure”  
a cliché,  
too

*J.Counts*

### **1991 poetry contest judge**

Ricq Pattay is originally from northwest Ohio, but now makes his home in Greensboro. His poetry has been published in several literary magazines, including the Greensboro Review. His poem, "Harvest," was a finalist in *Coraddi's* 1988 poetry competition. He will receive his MFA in Creative Writing from UNCG



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