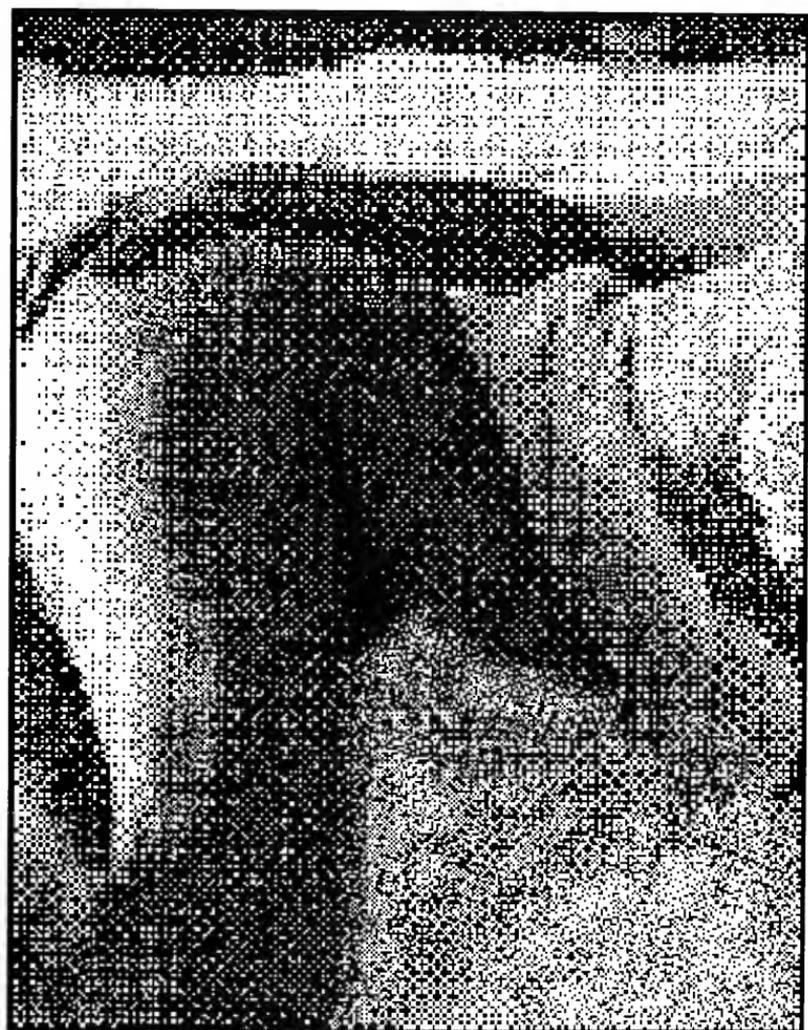


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Concordia



coraddi winter 1991

cut david ANDREW
cut steffie WRIGHT
art jim COUNTS
lit evan SMITH
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box 11 EUC
UNCG
GSO NC 27403
(919) 334-5572

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.

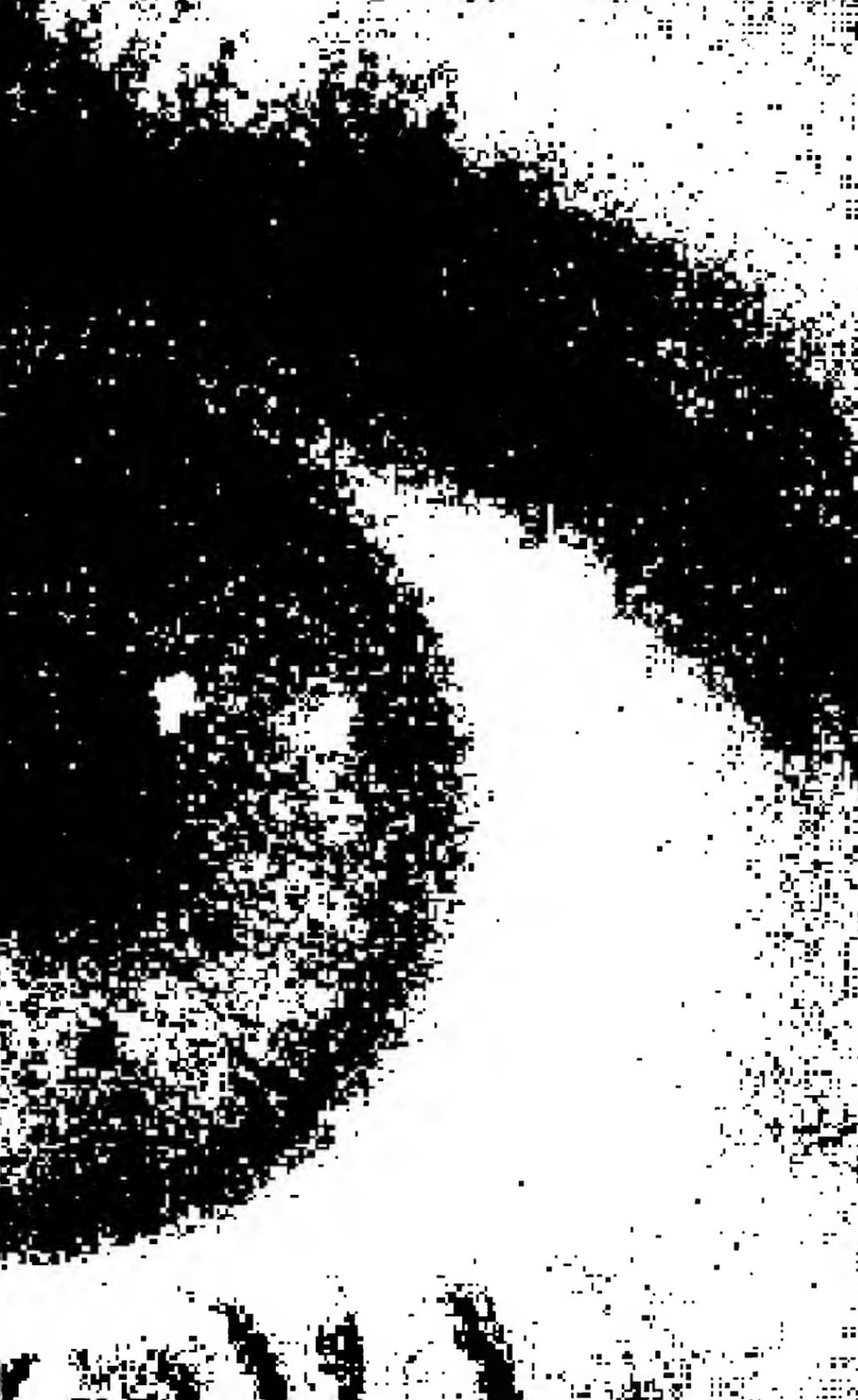
Emily Arndt

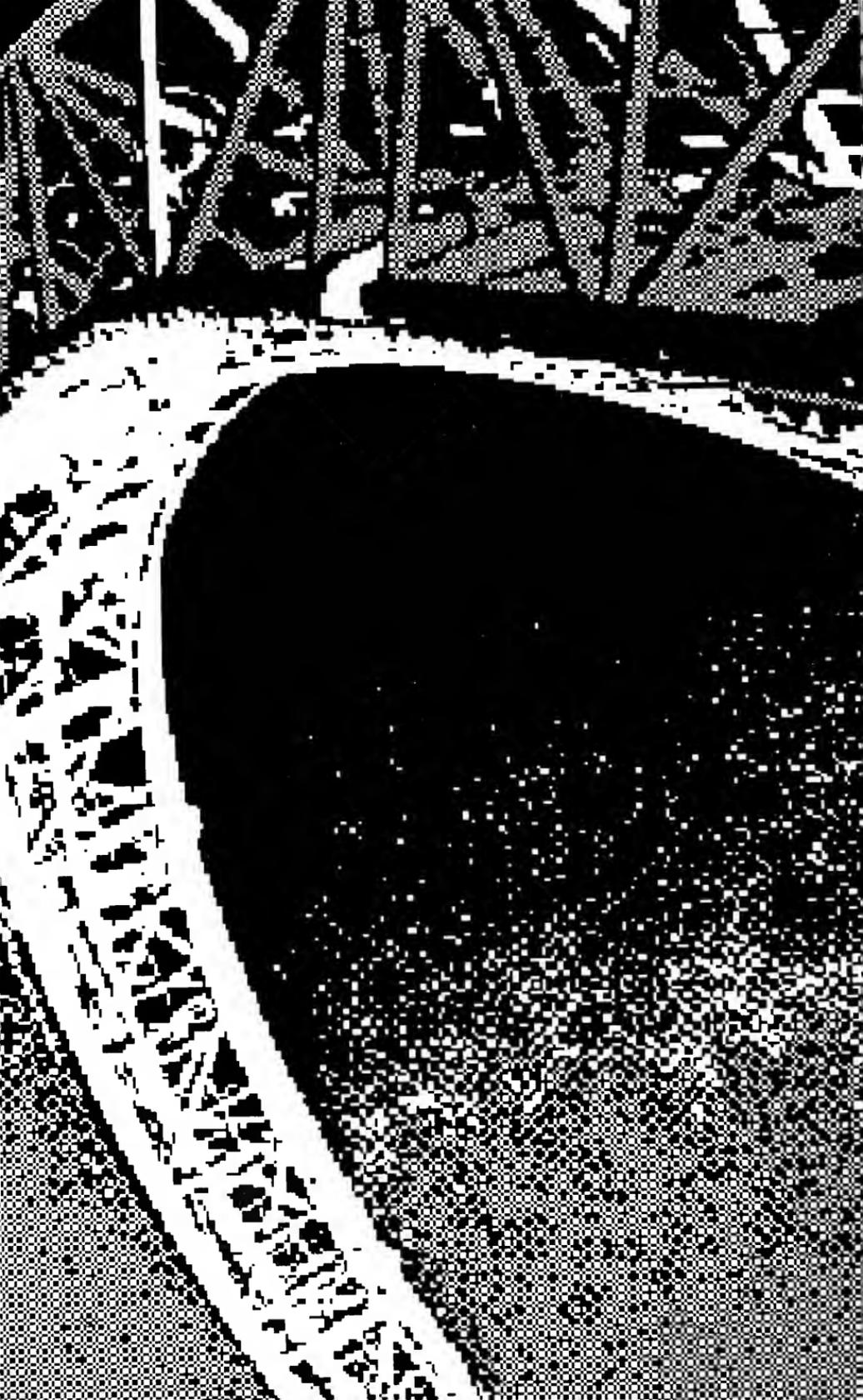
Loving

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



НО

НА, НО И ОЧНОЕ СОСРОКОВЕ

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

calliope

soon enough we
happenby your black
-woodway, or black
-topped beach, or city
-street & your children
run, drawnsmoths into
our lucidtune, 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 whose
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)

Mike Drennan

stiller 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)

“trippily”
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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