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# Coraddi

The Magazine Of The Arts At UNCG

Winter  
1992

Vol. XCVI  
No. II

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Coraddi is published tri-annually by the University Media Board of The University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Special thanks to Fred Chappell, Mitchell McGirt, Janice Thompson, Jane Hicks, John Watson, Addam's Bookstore, The Miracle House, and Barbra Brady of Weatherspoon Art Gallery.

Coraddi welcomes poetry, prose, art, and photography delivered to Room 205, Elliot University Center, UNCG, Greensboro, NC, 27412.

Printed by Josten's Publishing Company, Winston Salem, NC. Harry Thomas, Account Representative. Coraddi is funded by the student body of UNCG and distributed free.

Front Cover: "The Street," Philip Guston, 1970. Lithograph, 22" x 32". Courtesy of Weatherspoon Art Gallery.

Back Cover: "Classically Fragmented," Matt Meyers, 1991. Etching.

Opposite Page: "Missionary," Kevin Fitzgerald, 1992. Vinyl on vinyl.

## Poetry Contest 1992

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...Jim and I became acquainted in the autumn of 1954 and we were friends until he died. Although our friendship was crucial to us, each of us had closer friends among our generation. There were times when we became irritated with each other, and on the whole we had bad luck in getting together, mostly connecting by letter. Like any friendship among artists, ours was partly based on rivalry. I became aware of "James Wright" as early as 1952. When I was a senior at college, an undergraduate literary magazine called *Coraddi* (from the Woman's College of North Carolina; now the University of North Carolina at Greensboro) solicited work for an issue devoted to undergraduate writing everywhere. They printed a poem I sent them, and a year later mailed me the 1952 issue, which included James Wright from Kenyon College, with a poem called "Oenone to Paris..."

– Donald Hall, "Lament for a Maker"

*Above the River: The Complete Poems* by James Wright  
(New York: Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, 1990)

Mother  
is going through menopause  
and she is taking dad with her

She yelled at him  
when he caught the yard on fire  
burning brush in a barrel

She hates it when he watches  
the news during dinner and  
farts in K-Mart

During winter  
they argue over the thermostat  
she gets hot flashes  
and he gets cold

Delena Leatherwood

## El Camino of Love

it's the plastic jesus  
am radio  
superman hologram  
teenage mutant ninja turtle cereal bowl  
cause there ain't nuthin better  
to believe in  
the side you gotta live with  
when the matchin tie and cummerbund  
prom is over  
when the burners on the magic chef stove  
don't work  
when the five beers and tofu chili black  
bean salad bathroom scent hangs on  
and you gotta go anyway  
side of love

my cat  
degirled unwanted unloved  
by trailer park family

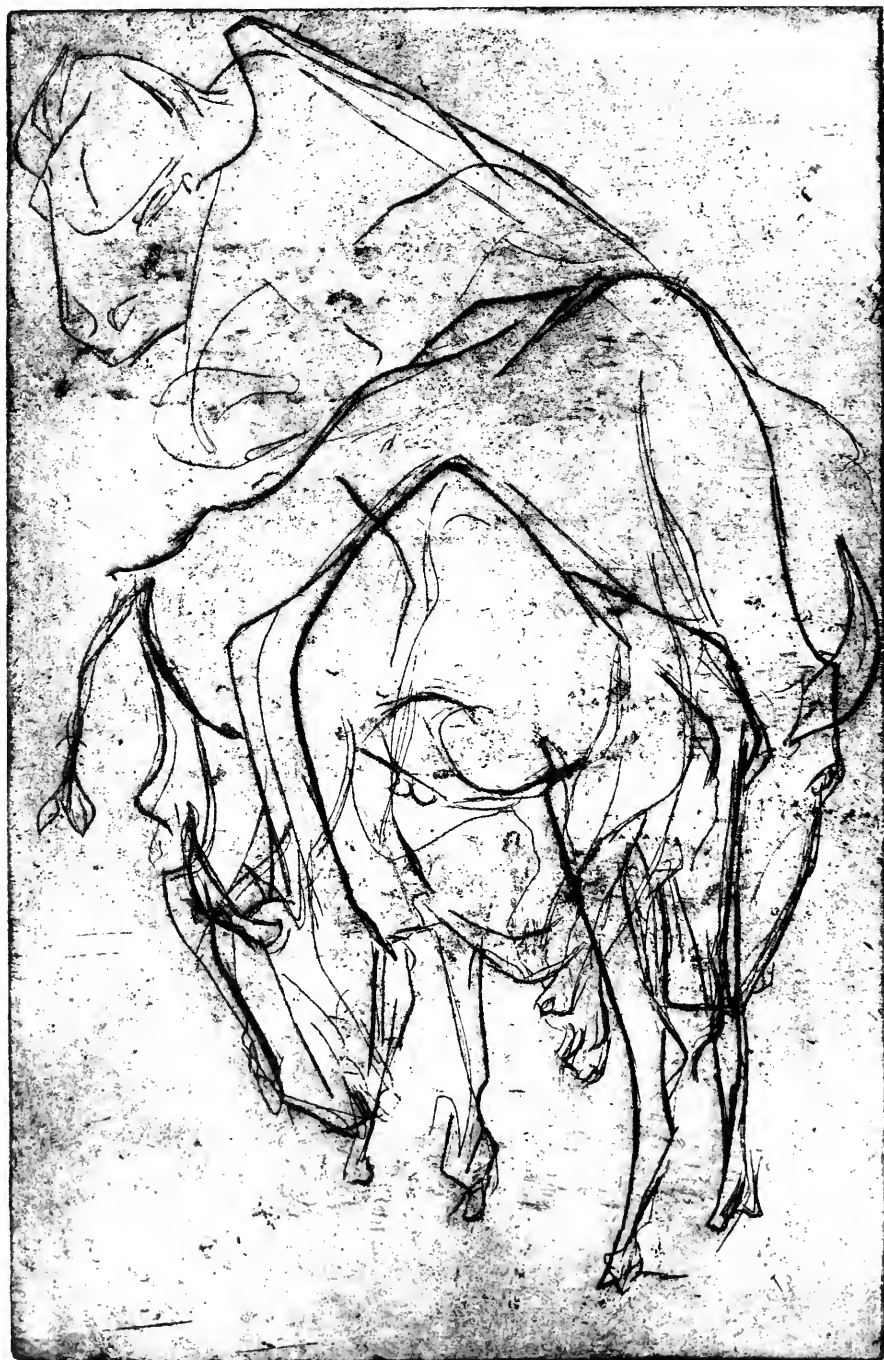
drive to Brown Summit  
it'll be the one with the red Beretta outside  
her name is Cissy  
I see Simone  
and take her home with me

my cat has dermatitis  
she pulls  
her own hair out  
one small cat mouthful  
at a time  
a path one or two inches wide creeps down  
her back



pulling fur teeth bared  
the path widens  
the vet gives her steroids and she cries  
the whole time  
the fur comes back  
patchy at first

Sarah Lewis



Etching

"Toro"

Lyde Zavaleta Holland

“Arbeit macht frei”  
the sign above  
my head  
sang  
like a one-eyed bird  
who’d traded his  
good eye  
for a beautiful voice,  
only to discover  
that his lungs  
were full of  
lead.  
The letters themselves  
were heavy,  
black as the clouds  
that shrouded  
the empty plains  
and dissolved  
into thin gray veins  
of factory smoke,  
dark as the night  
that hung above me

naked and limp  
like the underskirt  
of a nun.  
“Arbeit macht frei”  
I read aloud  
tracing the words  
against the sky.  
The sound festered in my throat  
dry and still  
like the silence  
of a swiftly moving  
cancer  
that drowns  
in its own  
conviction.

Melissa D. Moore

## Cocaine

frenzied with the shock of Speed my blood thrashes like a spurred  
bronco  
behind a gate i see a barred audience blurred applause i am an  
animal ridden  
by a dice-eyed cowboy

Charlotte L. Frye

Sweat  
(An answer for Pablo Neruda)

When pores gape  
like so many mouths  
fit for communion,  
hungry for sky

everything dry  
leaves your body  
and you come to know stones  
in their glowing voice.

When inside  
cells celebrate steam's invitation  
opening damns  
for singing anew.

That's where the griefs  
go Pablo,  
where sorrow sheds its yellow,  
to the place where debts are as  
snakeskin.

Gary Alan McCracken



Etching

"Semele and Zeus: A Love Scene"

Matt Meyers

## How to Die in Wal-Mart Panties

Henny could hear very high and  
  very low voices  
Going inside and out her bedroom.  
Her tongue lay dry and stray from her lips  
          which caused her breath to smell like peat moss in Vapo Rub.  
She was bored and sore from lying all week.  
    Yet today,  
There was a slow high wind going through her mind  
    That sweet pleasure of a fulfilled desire  
    Seemed to turn on porch lights.  
She giggled, which felt fizzy  
    And handled a small branch of hyacinth  
    From the pink lattice  
    On the faded wallpaper.  
Oh!  
Her cotton sugar sack nightgown blew away from her legs  
    (She wasn't wearing a bra, but it didn't fret her)  
She stood and pinched off a bouquet of overcolored flowers  
    from her Wal-Mart panties  
And just smiled at the family as she ran through the odd paintings  
Hanging on her wall.

Carol Jean Dearing

## Rust Suede Pearl

Sand in my shoes.  
A cast-off jacket of rust suede  
With mother-of-pearl snaps  
Mother of whom?

Sand under my nails.  
Small creature in my pocket  
Protected by the mother of whom snaps.  
Protected?

It lies cold in my dirt-streaked hand.  
Even a mouse with a trap-broken neck  
Deserves proper burial.  
After all, I'd found him under the sink  
Where God spoke to me once.

My hand had removed  
Evil  
Embottled in an empty fifth  
From its hiding place there.  
God had smiled.  
Called me his angel.

Three years later  
Satan, at the foot of my bed  
Told God he had been  
Mistaken.

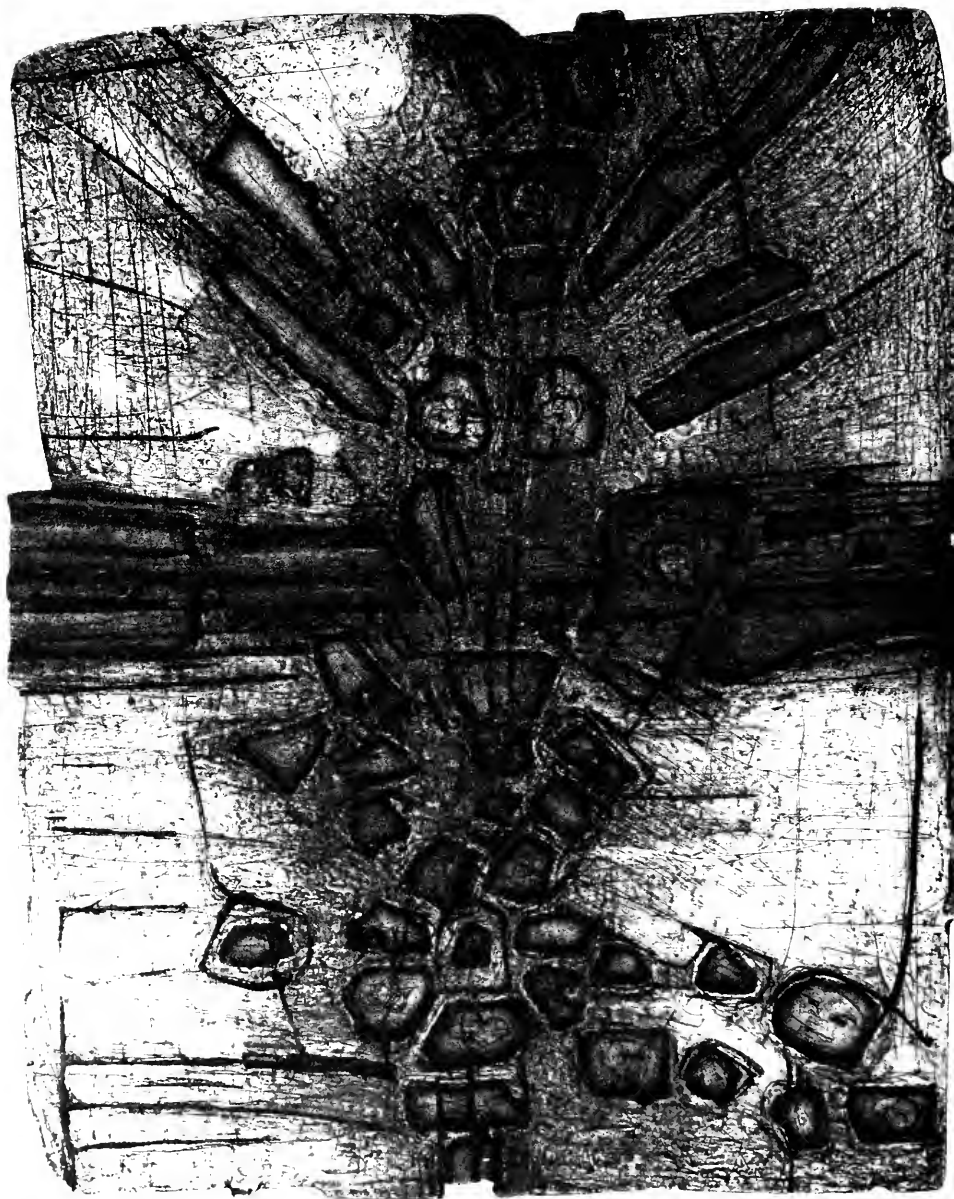
Dried peppers hung  
On a door hinge  
In that kitchen.  
There I raised three children.



There the green and white  
Linoleum slanted for  
The back door.  
If I could slide with it  
Into the back yard...

To feel again  
Sand in my shoes  
sand under my nails  
Proper burial  
Resting in peace in  
The rust suede jacket  
That protects small creatures  
Inside its mother of whom snaps.

Lisa Deare



Etching

"Columns"

Lyde Zavaleta Hollander

## On Renoir's "Danse a la Ville"

Two dancers poised in a pointillist's world  
Of amber and mauve and mannered motion  
Present the sense of Lydian measures curled  
Through the air, caressing madame's chignon.  
Regard, Renoir, your lovers laughing swirled  
To September afternoon's perfection.  
For the plastic aesthete this scene seems pearled  
With love's easy lustrous permutation.  
But no gilt frame borders reality's dance hall  
Where lovers reel giddy to riotous sound:  
To dance deftly with discord and not fall  
Is to dance in Love's high space, touching ground:  
When all waltzes end and symphonies cease  
We two illumined will pulse a masterpiece.

John Gillikin

## Lincoln Minster

In old Lindum storied kings with armies  
Spun yarns from myth's blue loom. Halberds  
And jeweled smiles rang praises to God—  
Their imaged avarice swathed in seal furs,  
Bedraggled in rank, millennial ambergris.

Now Lincoln floats cloud-fabled  
When seen or conceived from Steep Hill's base.  
In summer still iron gates conceal  
Their centuried sagas from the crowds and shops  
Linked like lovers on the lane.

But in November the armies are memories  
In stone. And as the hill bends below, becoming  
A valley—becoming impossible, the Minster  
Emerges and martyred tears might soak your shoes.  
Or in the Castle bells angels could descend.

And those to whom Christ's blood flowed  
Like rain from the eaves speak in the silvered  
Spheres of sound. Perhaps like Lady Perpetua  
Who fumbling for a pin to fix her hair and face  
Her God—who died one distant Roman May afternoon,  
You find the face of the sublime  
Red limned in the arena dust.

John Gillikin

## Dreams of Divas in Autumn

Into memory my fey diva floats  
Arranging her blue-black hair in clumps  
Of flames over the pale damp pillow.  
November melts over her warm nakedness, removing  
In the suddenly cold orange  
Light the black lines that slashed  
In the near dawn across her porcelain face.  
She half wakes, stirs, and gropes—toy fingers  
Flutter in the sheets while outside winter  
Stalks striding ancient patient glaciers.  
Exposed her violet eyes might serenade snow tigers  
Snuggled in furred bunches, slumbering beneath  
Pines, lemon trees and frost.

Frigid in the fertile dark  
My fingers fumble for her mind:  
Stars and gas planets must have burned  
Behind those dark slit lids,  
Created tragedies of secrets disclosed,  
Vows dissolving into turbid night—the tryst's end.  
Dreams declare the season's bloodletting  
When the mecca of memory seems most clean and simple.

John Gillikin



Etching

Matt Meyers

## Second Place

### Last Dance (how an old alcoholic died)

old man, sour eyes saw girl dancing  
her feet sluggish, tripped  
the bitter syrup at the bottom of the whiskey glass  
clings to the swirled sides  
her satin shoes.  
hears the whirl and tilt  
an Austrian Waltz,  
push the sound away, shake the head

moths pulled back the curtain  
stage twilight  
burning girl dances on the end  
old man's cigarette  
finger flames, caressed his head  
warmed his eyes  
flutterburn his brow  
steamy hiss flame girl in his ear  
he rests his head on a burning pillow.

Melissa Aderhold

## Bauhaus Sestina

Everything I have I need:  
this chair, this table, this light  
surrounding the silence, in a room  
rented from a Norwegian nag with blue  
hair and a dull, tragic past.  
Spirits rooted in an empty house.

Even the plants growing around this house  
seem dramatic, flawed by too much sunlight  
or aphids. I imagine the landscape needs  
these sad plants, just as I need to hear traffic driving past  
my window, late at night, people filtering from barrooms  
in town—The Pow Wow Lounge, Déjà Vu, The Blue

Note—from the halo of blue  
smoke, in cars drifting beneath traffic lights—  
the signals flashing red—back to dark houses,  
the insistent ring of a still room,  
where they sit and suppose that even the dead need  
rest, to listen to Bach and pass

a bottle, until the night slips past  
unkissed lips into the body as light  
as the breath I once blew  
into a woman's ear, telling her what I needed  
was impossible. This house  
is possible, its white rooms

like generic dreams. There is no excess, no room  
for change, no shelter from moonlight  
blushing through blinds, a brightness almost surpassing



birth's first light. I call this life-style Bauhaus,  
everything with its purpose, a blue-  
print of exact surprises. I feel the need

to build something extravagant, something unneeded;  
or else to walk out under streetlights  
that fill the night—as if it were the room  
I was born in, the blue-  
black walls of myth—to pass  
absolution to the stars, the gentle row of houses.

Jim Zola

## The Unknown World, Bear Island, 1991

Hiding  
from a brutal sun,  
we watch a human  
chain move down the shore,  
the breaking waves.  
We joke—a new age  
baptism. This  
is our paradise,  
the water free  
of jelly fish,  
the evening's ghostcrab  
slapstick. I do not  
hear the hysterical  
mother tell how  
her ten year old son  
disappeared  
into the sea,  
telling anyone  
who would listen,  
he could not swim. Later,  
when I grab you  
by the arm, too hard,  
because you are  
entranced by nature's  
dependability,  
you know I cannot  
hold you. You cry  
until you notice  
the rising moon,  
a warning of storms  
we can only

imagine. They do  
not find the boy,  
not with helicopters,  
fishing boats, prayers  
cast wide. When we leave,  
his family is still  
holding hands  
with the night's sudden  
dark. The ferry's  
engine lulls you.  
When you wake, all  
will be forgiven.

Jim Zola

## Whatever You Do, Do It All for the Glory

The talk is that she's ruined.

Her belly is swollen and pinkish

She walks high and proud though.

I always liked her,

Her hair was stained looking

Like she dragged it through a yard of rust.

Long time ago she taught me how to pee standing up.

She lifted her dress and thrust her pelvis forward

(Her bones poking through the skin so much it made my waist hurt)

A pee line like that of a boy flowed forth

And I thought of warm lakes in winter mornings

As a dense fog curled from the cold earth where her urine settled.

We watched real quiet like we were watching something sacred.

When she got older she lived alone,

wore combat boots when it rained

and invited out-of-state tag men over for

fresh wine and some scrambled eggs.

No, that woman was no more ruined than pine boards

Just a good-timing woman

Who got caught

And didn't care.

Carol Jean Dearing

## Sucking on a Root

Otis stared into the sunset  
Using a Magnolia leaf to fan his face.  
“That’s the color of yer hair Sylvie.” He pointed  
to the very core.  
Sylvie nodded and went back to cracking beans  
    Her head full of unnecessary thoughts and ideas.  
Thirteen year cicadas  
Buzzed and burred in the pines  
Way up above.  
“They have rats up in palm trees in California.”  
Sylvie nodded again  
“We have these damn locusts—I can’t decide  
which is worse. All day. All night.”  
    He turned back to the sunset knowing  
    good and damn well which was worse.

Carol Jean Dearing

Down Dark the Tree he glared with Eyes on Mark–  
to Boundless Earth, which Winds swept Hard-Clean, and Shook–  
and Spiraled, Fast-Full-Gripping the Stilled Branch-Bark–  
Night scattered Fierce, Feathers framed his Piercéd Look.  
All yielded Forest Kingdom, the Flying Bird-King,  
who rendered faint the Calls of Men and Beast–  
a single Soul, beating Life with worn Wing,  
breathing Alone, Raging to share the Feast.  
With beak he Craves to crush the Feast of Day,  
and Hold it High in Tar Talons Twisted closed–  
and though I run in Light man’s Worldly Way,  
while he Ruled the Moon’s Passage, I merely dozed.  
False-fevered, Man Ignores his golden Gift to live,  
that only Nature’s knowing Grace can give.

Amy French

## Oenone to Paris

Why did you say before you left that you  
Had learned of me all that you wished to know?  
You knew that I was common months ago,  
And only wore at best a dress of blue,  
Some buttons made of artificial gold,  
These ordinary pumps, and rarely sheer  
Stockings to celebrate the turning year.  
I need an aspirin. My eyes are old.

She will be lovely, she will stretch her thin  
Eyelids across her shallow veinless eyes  
And leave you far from dawn. Her moistened hair  
Will wash the nights across you and begin  
To frost beautifully. She will despise  
A baby. That is what she will not bear.

James Wright

(Reprinted from *Coraddi*, Spring 1952.)



Etching

Matt Meyers



Defining Faith, Asylum Lake, Michigan

Driving to work I see two people ice fishing.  
That the lake is frozen deep is based on faith.  
All week, perched on lawn chairs around a cookstove  
used more for warmth than brewing, they ignore this  
endless casting of cars, settled in the silence  
of father and son. You believe if we say  
the right words, whatever they may be, that nothing  
in the world will harm us. My grandmother swore  
blood fed to a black hen cured fever. Blood  
from the left arm. Just before the fever breaks  
you can reach into the mouth and pull out vowels  
belonging to the dead. Once I made love  
while in the throes of influenza,  
and felt my body float to the ceiling.  
From there, passion appeared akimbo, all limbs  
and ignorance. And when it was over,  
my body resisted reunion. Sleep  
is a kind of faith we return to. By dusk,  
I hear footsteps outside and watch the fishermen  
slump back from the lake, having caught enough  
of nothing. There's frost on the window, my breath.  
You wait in another room, wait to try words  
again, to shake out harm's way one more time.

Jim Zola

## A Few Words About Fred Chappell, the Judge of the Spring 1992 Poetry Contest

A profile of Fred Chappell in the Winter 1985 *Coraddi* observed that "Chappell's presence on the faculty of the MFA Writing Program here at UNCG is one reason for that program's national reputation." Today, that claim is more true than ever, as Chappell's name is known and respected among literary magazine editors and writing professors across the nation, and his work is reprinted in textbooks and anthologies of contemporary literature. The prize-winning author of over 14 volumes of fiction and poetry, Mr. Chappell still teaches fiction and poetry workshops and literature classes at UNCG.

Fred Chappell was born in 1936 in Canton, a small town in the mountains of Western North Carolina. He received his B.A. and M.A. from Duke University and completed his first novel, *It is Time, Lord* (Atheneum, 1963), which was followed by *The Inkling* (1965), *Dagon* (1968), and *The Gaudy Place* (1973). In 1971, *Dagon* was awarded the prestigious *Prix de Meilleur des Lettres Etrangers* by the French Academy. Throughout the 1970's and 80's, Chappell's literary energies turned more to poetry, evidenced by such collections and book-length works as *The World Between the Eyes* (1971), *River: A Poem* (1975), *Earthsleep* (1980), and *Midquest* (1981). 1985 saw the publication of *Castle Tzingal*, a sequence of "verse arias" which Chappell likened to a "chamber opera," and which, despite its unfashionable form, won its author the Bollingen Prize in Poetry from Yale University Library. His novel *I Am One of Your Forever* appeared that year and was followed by the novel *Brighten the Corner Where You Are* and the poetry collection *First and Last Words* in 1989. *The Fred Chappell Reader*, a massive collection of poetry, short stories and novel excerpts (St. Martins', 1987, and still in print) remains an excellent introduction to his work. His most recent publication is the short story collection *More Shapes Than One* (St. Martins', 1991).





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