




**Coraddi**



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# **Coraddi**

**The Magazine of the Arts at UNCG**

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Coraddi was established in March of 1897 as a literary quarterly of the State Normal and Industrial College. When the Normal became the North Carolina College for Women in 1919, the State Normal Magazine became the Coraddi. The name Coraddi is a combination of the first letters of the three literary societies that edited it: Cor for Cornelian, Ad for Adelphina, and Di for Dikeian. Previous issues of the Coraddi and of the State Normal Magazine can still be found in the tower of the Walter Clinton Jackson Library at UNCG.

Cover: **Lori Lorion:** *Woman Dancing; 1993*, monoprint

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Robert Carter: *Reclined Nude Study*, charcoal on paper



**Haiku 2x**  
Heidi Czerwiec

rain smashes into  
concrete like crazy flowers—  
tendrils climb from the

bright drops—the glimmer  
of alchemy in your eyes—  
sun from a bruised sky



**Smithereens (For David)**

Warren K. Humphrey

The stench of birds shearing  
Flesh from my bones  
Made me gag;  
I heaved dry,  
Nothing to show for my effort.  
Lying deserted  
In the pitiless sun,  
Picturing Caribbean beaches  
And dark lustrous tans;  
I cooked slowly,  
No one to take me  
From the oven.  
Bubbling and burning,  
Feeling myself meticulously  
Cleaned by scavenger's beaks;  
I envisioned  
Cement shoes pulling  
Through the cool gurgle  
Of deepening water,  
Oddly refreshing.  
I felt I would explode.  
With that, the breath  
Was sucked out;  
Blown blue,  
Like ever widening sky.

## The Island, Summer of 1938

Aina Gerner-Mathisen

Newly-wed, windblown, they dock at the husband's island.  
Solveig shivers, "I didn't know it'd be this cold."  
The scissors of terns cross granite boulders.  
Her husband's grip insistent on her arm, she insists on exploration.  
Thrift, wild strawberries and grass edge the beach.  
The sudden blue of bluebells surprises her by the well.  
It's hard not to pick them, but touch is enough.  
Nights, a fragrance of pink draw her from the bedroom  
to cracks and stones, through washed-out shadows  
of juniper and pine. Someone's told her honeysuckle's everywhere  
if only you look close enough. The feel of moss  
is coarse against her hand. It's easier to cry in the dark.  
She takes to getting up early, dresses downstairs  
before he comes down. He nods when she brings him his toast  
that she never knows how much he wants done.  
After breakfast, she's quickly out the door,  
goes down to the beach. She fills her apron  
with seaweed and mussels, dumps it all  
in cracks and hollow hills. "It'll be earth soon enough,"  
she nods to the wagtail flying to and fro her nest under the house.  
Her husband passes with a rusty saw, an ax.  
She watches blue veins bulge in his throat  
when he struggles with the trees, the ever-multiplying aspen.  
Day by day, the sun grows higher in the sky.  
Midsummer Eve, she first sees the glowworms,  
sparks from the bonfire turned to life in the grass.  
Her husband drags log after sea-washed log up to the flames.  
The aspen won't light. There's still too much sap.  
She can't see his face behind the smoke,  
but she knows the hard line of his mouth.  
Solveig sees the first blow days before it happens.

She makes sure the toast is golden brown,  
the coffee barely steaming, but his fist  
is rock-hard and fast when it hits.  
Saturdays she rows to the mainland for milk.  
Solveig's sister Astrid and her mother-in-law welcome her visits,  
*but Solveig's of few words these days, they've told neighbors.*  
This Saturday, she rolls up her sleeves, pulls her dress  
over her thighs. The bruises are already purple.  
Astrid sees her out with seedlings and nasturtium seeds,  
her mother-in-law with peony bulbs and edelweiss.  
Crossing the fjord, she doesn't scream. Wind can't listen.  
Back home, she bends low over hollow hills,  
stuffs crevices with newspapers,  
generations of dropping from the outhouse.  
Her husband's eyes burn on her back.  
She gathers wilted foxgloves in her arms.  
*Digitalis, she thinks, good for even the human heart.*

**Black Currants**  
Aina Gerner-Mathisen

Grandma and I  
pick berries  
for jam

Tiny mirrors  
stitched on her shirt  
sparkle with her moves

She smiles wide,  
the bush thick  
under her fingers

Black suns  
shine purple  
in her palm

*Look, she says,  
twenty years ago  
a seedling*

*planted  
when you  
were born*

*And these bushes  
for Ma, myself,  
your mother*

Bleeding berries  
coloring  
our mouths,

we carry basket  
after basket  
to the kitchen

The jam  
must last  
the spring

The rowan trees  
show  
it'll be cold

*Imagine Ma and me  
stirring  
on the farm*

She lifts my chin  
*You look like her,  
by God, you do*

*The eyes, the hair,  
her in you  
through me*

Bending close  
I see  
my face

reflected  
over  
and again

The berries  
shine  
in the baskets

She grins  
*Girl,  
we're immortal!*

## Writing Letters

Warren Rochelle

the man writes the woman letters,  
sometimes at his keyboard,  
more often at his kitchen table,  
bent over paper, his favorite pen in hand,  
thinking: mind, heart, arm, wrist, hands, fingers, blood, ink,  
as he carefully shapes each letter just so;  
round, clear, clean,  
and as carefully he selects each word,  
as if he were plucking roses;  
he ponders the sentences, the paragraphs,  
how will they seem to her? what sounds will she hear in her head?  
what meanings will she give his words?  
he licks the stamp, another rose,  
and sticks it upside down (someone once told him it was a code,  
a symbol in some philatelic language of love)  
he prints her name, address,  
(or he carries it into the office to type)  
not trusting his script to the mailman,  
wanting to be sure the letter will go into only her hands;  
he imagines the mailman scooping the letter up and  
dropping it into a sack, into a pile, sending it down a conveyor belt  
to another pile, through a machine,  
in and out of strange hands,  
or sometimes he imagines the letter in the air, a white bird, a leaf  
riding the wind, a tiny magic carpet doing loops in the sky,  
until the letter lands on her open palm  
and her fingers close around it, open it,  
and pull out the sheets, exposing his words to light.  
he wonders if the ink will have faded or if the paper will be torn,  
or catch fire when sun-touched,  
and will she sit down right there and read every word

aloud to herself, her lips, her tongue shaping the sounds  
as carefully as he wrote them;  
he wonders if she will even open the letter  
when she gets it (he knows his heart,  
it is her heart he doubts, questions)  
will the envelope carrying both their names,  
the upside down stamp, drop from her hands,  
like a fallen leaf, a dead bird,  
into the trash: empty cat food cans,  
junk mail, greasy bits of plastic, curling and twisting,  
or will she read it over and over  
and then put the letter away, a keepsake of his heart?  
the man wonders what the woman's face will be like  
when she reads the letter: open, light-filled, happy?  
or dour, chagrined, vexed with each stroke,  
each crossed t, dotted i?  
the man wonders  
at his kitchen table,  
as he writes the next letter.



Bobby Gold: *Pigs*, pencil on paper



## **Fireflies in July**

Joy Beshears

It's our anniversary.  
You take me to a house  
Under construction:  
Only a framework of sticks  
And planks to walk on,  
A cement foundation with mud  
Creeping up like ivy  
Holding on with tiny pinkies.  
The moon casts plaid shadows  
On our balancing bodies;  
Lends us light for our adventure.  
We are explorers tonight.  
Our feet stick to each 2x4  
Like capable blue lizards.  
We pull our bodies up on a partial deck,  
The wood ending in uneven lengths,  
A big box of loose matches.  
I look up in the swell  
Of towering pines to minute explosions.  
One million thoughtful gifts:  
We are an island in a sea of fireflies,  
Our own tribe of flames.

## Ralph Connelly Sits Another Evening

Lorrin Harvey

He sits in the old chair, leaning back,  
waiting for the clouds to take shapes,  
as they did when he was young.  
He feels the wasps of time,  
like the ones burrowing into the old barn,  
a stain of red is all that's left from his father's paint.  
His boots have left soft shuffles in the dust.

She'd died bitter, said all she wanted was one day alive  
without him.  
He tried to hold her hand, but she  
jerked it free.  
He had stood outside, hip jutting against the white porch rail  
watching the sun set past clouds mute in their uniformity,  
and the tree whispered silence he didn't want to hear.  
He'd known so many by name, to only  
trace the letters on stone  
church hat held in hands the color and texture of tobacco leaves.

He tries to remember to put the tractor in the barn when it rains.

He shells peanuts  
scattering husks about him like so many offerings.  
The wind will come later in the evening  
to sweep them away.

He'd worked on tractors, fitting parts,  
eased a lamb from its mother,  
But he had been unable to touch her . . .  
His voice had turned rough like his hands,  
and their eyes no longer met.

The tree he knows  
should probably be cut  
before the winter gales blow its skeleton top into the house.  
The boughs creak in the wind,  
it is a conversation they often have.  
The shells from the nuts drop lightly at his feet.

From the harvest stubbled field, crows flee.

After dinner he should feed the cows,  
or were they sold last spring at the fair?  
He hears them lowing in further fields.  
He cannot tell so much between habit and reality,  
and flakes off bits of paint with his thick nails.

At night he mentally probes his joints and flesh  
for that rough pearl his body surely is crafting.  
Now headlights flash through his window at night  
throwing the branches into the room,  
a shadowy game of pick-up-stix.

Past the moon the clouds are passing, passing,  
the wind has come to sweep the shells away.

## Hope for the Turtles

Curtis Walker

When I was six  
and Jimmy was eight,  
I found him one morning out in the barn  
with a turtle  
a fork  
and a hacksaw

he said  
he was just wondering  
how a turtle would look  
without that big shell to drag him down.  
Maybe he'd be quicker,  
sly and slippery  
He wanted to find out  
if there was any hope for the turtles.

Now I'm forty-six  
and he's forty-eight  
and now he has a beard  
and carries a pipe  
and he never mentions it  
to a soul except me,  
but at night he stays up  
wearing surgical gloves,  
still trying  
to set free the turtles.

**Untitled**  
Curtis Walker

Don't call me  
to say  
what you're having  
for dinner.  
Please don't call me  
At all.



Lori A. Lorion: *The Forest*, 1993, line etching and aquatint

## The Cheater Mark Guard

The old man sharpened his eyes. "You're a cheater,  
Mark, you know how to cheat."

I nodded a smile to him and he to me.

I can't teach the merging parallelity of Brunelleschi;

it would take too long and there's no profit.

I can't show a perfect trueness on any edged and planed board,  
but I can see the curve and check, and the quirk and warp.

We call that crown. Crowns go up for settling.

God's planks.

Doesn't that make them perfect?

Each timber moves and sways, bends and flexes

in deep warm distresses,

and when put together, through time and weather, to form a shelter,

they sing a fabled hum,

with a gentle creak,

like a lumbering arthritic reach

to shield and merge with the pulsated breath

from flabel winged crickets in moonlit nests.

Houses breathe low and hollow.

They are not perfect.

I take crooked boards, and with a scribed fit,

join one to another.

But there is the critical eye which I must dodge.

The observer watches me with God.

I set half the mistake to one side, and divide the other,

whether out of plumb, or not level, or with a little bow,

or a soft, gentle crown and natural settle,

I cheat

to fool the watcher, the looker, the sayer, the payer,

so they find no way to form definition

of mistakes in perfect boards.

**Untitled**  
Evan Smith

Air thick, honeysuckled enough to build a breeze. Birds snatch mulberrys which litter the sidewalk, fat with rainwater, stain shoes crimson & blue. There's a lady who hangs dozens of potted plants on her porch, above stuffed furniture, benches and a brown picnic table. In her yard are white painted tires with dirt and flowers rounded in them. The next yard is three Dobermans and across the street—a small dog chained in the grass alley—a lab mix.

A couple walks towards me. In the sky are a few muted stars—red Mars is a dot of anger near the moon, waiting to drop. The couple passes and I want to tell them of the sailor who jumped out of his boat, on the horizon, to scoop feta cheese out of the moon—who fell in love with him rising fast to steal him from earth. He was a merchant. He fell. I want to tell them how beautiful he was—the shape of his nose, his forearms—how she made it easier for him than any of the others anchored on the horizon. I grab my knife in my left pants pocket, my wrist barely inside, and pass.



## Fences

Evan Smith

I've lived near by picket  
fences, iron fences, stone walls,  
brick walls, chicken wire, & chain-links.

White wooden fences with fresh paint  
look like a wall—strong, bold. They enclose.  
Tall, rough wood ones—tan or dark brown—  
look soft, but are sturdy, simply  
separate—not enclose or push out,  
but divide. Stone walls are as if the house  
and town were built well afterwards—  
as if ordained by the rocks. Stones care  
nothing for town or house. Brick walls  
are a house that wants to be a road.  
Confused—longing. Leftover bricks  
wandered from the house, but did not venture  
into the street. They do nothing  
but brood. Chicken wire keeps in animals.  
It laughs, teases—made mostly of air—  
but works, sweats as much as anything.  
Chain-links do not enclose at all.  
They push out—keep out. The town  
and road put chain-link up to keep  
it far away from the house. The house  
is not safe from the town. The town  
is safe from the house.



Robert Carter: *Seated Nude Study*, charcoal on paper

## Untitled

Elizabeth A. Schools

I would be the one  
to fall off the porch  
and scrape my shin on the cement step,  
right in front of him.  
I wasn't really drunk,  
I just don't walk well in heels.  
But it was nice when we went to the memorial park  
and he climbed the huge pedestal  
of the general on horseback,  
to find they were hollow.  
And we walked in the woods  
and beside the cemetery,  
behind the chain-link fence.  
He would come over late, after work,  
climbing in my window a few times,  
because it was amusing.  
He doesn't always like me,  
but still comes around sometimes.

## Strange Hours

Jim Zola

*Most of the beauties of travel are due  
to the strange hours we keep to see them.*

—William Carlos Williams

1.

I draw a line in the cool brown dirt,  
dirt fertilized by rotting figs,  
crabapples, the blood of centuries,  
and cross it and draw another line  
and cross it and draw a third.  
So begins my life-long  
journey to solitude.

2.

A singing toad makes me think of sleep. Love spent, I explain  
how my father couldn't sing a lick, but sang,  
opening my mouth wide to demonstrate. Reincarnation  
was my father's soothing bandage. At dinner we took turns  
choosing—horse, willow, loon—then gave a reason. Between bites  
we changed our minds. Tonight your deep breath is song  
against my neck, the heart's ovation too quick to forget.

3.

Here is the first shore, the blue tongue  
where birds have no names and others  
write their names in the wet night sand.  
One morning you are gone.  
The wind makes it impossible to follow.  
Everywhere I see signs of winter.  
Here and here and here.

4.

Sunk to this level, assume you like it, assume  
the world is your movie titled "sublime,"  
that the ticking of heat pipes is music  
you believe in, that the night is cool and almost  
quiet if you ignore the too close snare  
of semis leaving behind a highway  
of mystery, a whirlwind of feathers.

5.

I would make my peace laughing in a stranger's throat,  
a believer. What is simple is believable.  
I once believed that all I saw was a movie, that my eyes  
were cameras, that I could edit with a blink. Every stranger  
was a saboteur, every woman a lover, a traitor.  
Christ in leather, subtitled, foreign. Somewhere  
there's a classic, unfinished. Lost Weekend, this life.

6.

You say Eskimo pick lice from their lovers' hair.  
To prove our love we suffer at strange hours. A slow moon  
rises over the roof of a factory. Someone calls  
from the loom of streetlights, drunk, happy. I think of Kandinsky  
—A Landscape With Two Poplars, 1912. Squinting,  
I see trees beside a road leading to town or away.  
Even if I were born there, I would be foreign.

7.

What's left? Maybe some trees  
on a hillside, or the dense flour  
of deepest sleep, there where the world  
is turned inside out, to go along  
dying and singing, and to baptize  
the darkness with warm and damp hands  
that smell of cigarettes.

## Estevanico's Tale

Jim Zola

I was your secret weapon, darker than a month  
of moonless nights. Those we met along the way  
trusted me or feared the legends. They said the fire  
within was more than berry red. You let me walk  
shoulder to shoulder, let me become your intermediary.  
You learned to scramble naked through the new world  
bramble, to breathe vespers through autumn's mud. I lost  
sight of the spirits, demanding wide-hipped women  
and turquoise so plentiful it had to be buried.  
When they did me in, my secret ran red in black dirt  
to the roots of plants so newly christened.

## The Other Alphabet

Jim Zola

If spoken behind a hollow wood door,  
or from the other side of glass,  
consider it discounted coup. Mumbled,  
the sounds remain, the way the highway rents  
darkness, and dogs howl beastly harmonies,  
while I stew in my sweet loneliness.

What I need to say is between us,  
like speaking underwater, or from within  
the reassuring grip of sleep, like one  
who remembers before they could speak.  
I stick to the things I know, the cliché  
of silence, that never ending alphabet.

When I say stone, I mean passion,  
what can't be said.  
Ca-ca. My son's first words.  
Later he sent his grandmother's hand  
to her mouth with a single "damn-it".  
And so began his long drive to shock.

Though we hit our peak at seventeen, the smell  
lingers. Crows across the street caw-caw  
all morning, all afternoon they are chased  
by sparrows, elm to walnut. The dog  
circles and sets, bothered by sore hips.  
When he finally sleeps, all four legs work

little steps against air. He thinks the world  
is right. The crows haven't a clue. My son  
learns new taboos, daily, gems as precious  
to him as sea pebbles that dazzle wet,  
but dry a sad grey. I listen  
to his hushed curse, to the dog's

sleeping whimper. I put pebbles  
in my mouth and begin to speak.



Lori A. Lorion: *Masks*, 1993, aquatint monograph



## Calendar of Upcoming Arts Events

### Poetry and Fiction Readings

- March 1 Lee Smith, Alumni House, 8 pm  
March 18 Alston Russell and Tom Saya, St. Mary's House, 8:30pm  
March 24 Marly Swick, Faculty Center, 8 pm  
March 31 Stephen Dobyns, Faculty Center, 8 pm  
April 7 Joanna Scott, Faculty Center, 8pm  
April 15 Juliana Baggott and Tammy Hale, St. Mary's House, 8:30pm  
April 22 Quinn Dalton and Julie Funderburk, St. Mary's House, 8:30pm  
April 28 Seamus Heaney, Faculty Center, 8pm

### Dance

- March 17-19 Improv Concert, HHP Dance Theater, 8 pm  
March 20 High Risk Benefit, HHP Dance Theater, 8 pm  
March 30-April 2 Graduate Thesis, HHP Dance Theater, 8 pm  
April 13-16 Faculty Concert, HHP Dance Theater, 8 pm  
April 28-30 Senior Thesis, HHP Dance Theater, 8 pm  
May 1 End of Semester Showing, HHP Dance Theater, 3pm

### Visual Arts

- February 25-March 18 Non-juried Graduate Show, McIver Gallery  
March 13-April 24 Senior Juried Show, Weatherspoon Gallery

### Film

- March 22 *Sugarbaby* (German), McNutt Building, Room 11, 7:15 pm  
April 13 *Moscow Doesn't Believe in Tears* (Russian), McNutt Building,  
Room 11, 7:15 pm  
April 19 *Metropolis* (German), McNutt Building, Room 11, 7:15 pm

### Coraddi

- March 17 Visual Art Contest Deadline  
April 27 Coraddi Gallery Show Reception, Sharpe-McIver Gallery

## About the Judge

Christine Garren

Christine Garren received her BA degree and her MFA in creative writing from The University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Her poems have appeared in *Blue Pitcher*, *The Greensboro Review*, *TriQuarterly*, *Shenandoah*, and other journals. Her first book of poems, *Afterworld*, was published in 1993 by the University of Chicago Press. It was a finalist for the 1992-93 Los Angeles Times Book Award.



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