

शोध पत्र THE JHI

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The Poem

It's just around the corner,
maybe up the stair,
hiding in the cracks of board,
wall or glass;
inside the black pool of water
on the rotting porch.
Maybe not in the house
or even in the chain
locking the back gate.
It could be haunting
the silence of a wet,
dusky forest;
the steam rising
from pale fields
after a summer storm;
the wind that mourns
through the trees;
the faceless stones
in the creek bed;
the wounded rabbit
in a winter wood
who never made it home.
It's her unborn,
stuck in the birth canal,
unable to budge.
It's the poem that
demands to be written,
but is always just beyond
my furious reach.

Steve Powers

The South And Nightmares

Red mud

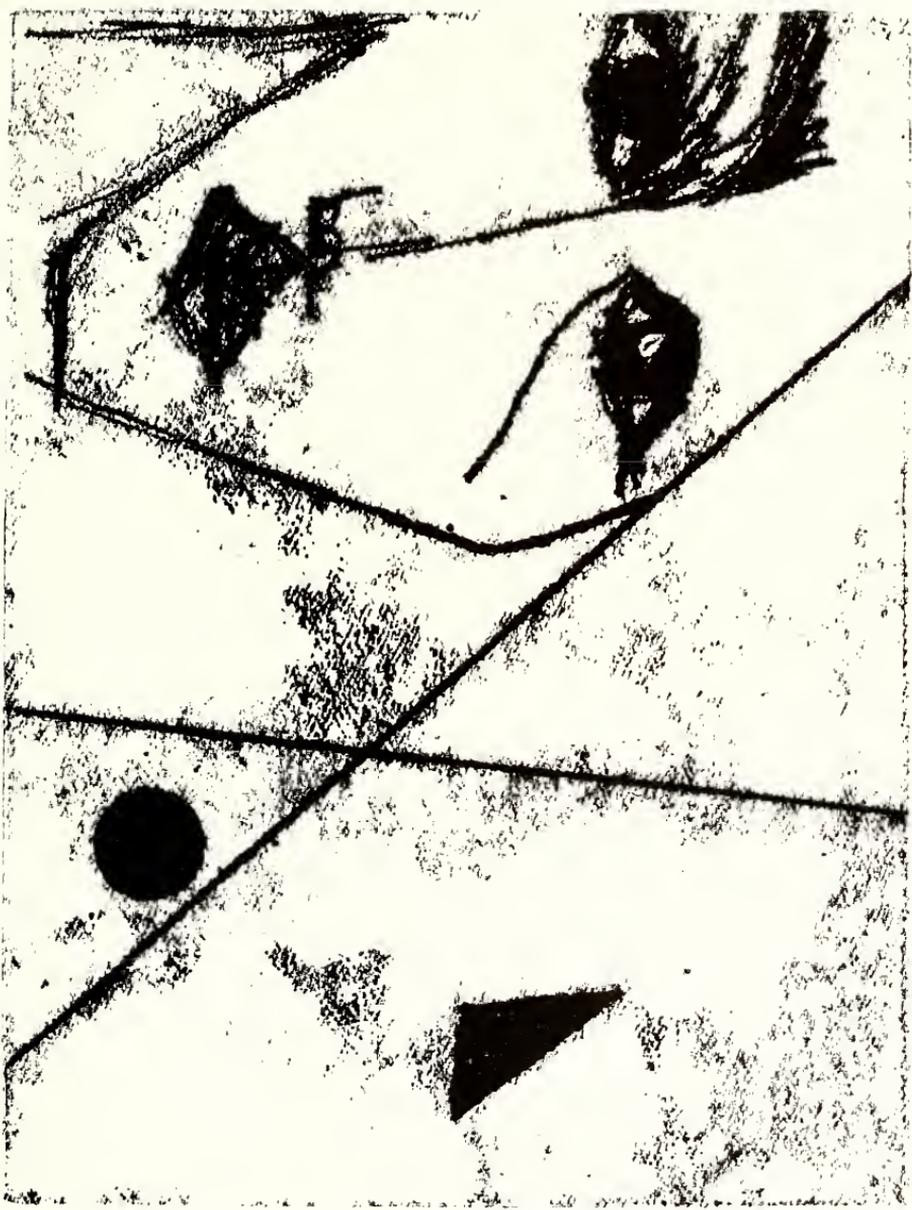
Black dirt

Tobacco and bootleg whiskey

Pine scrub

Draped in Kudzu

Copper-heads



Steve Powers

Greek Tatoo

Melting crescent
rotted rose
color scar
my Greek tatoo
a grease burn
in tender white flesh
across the back
of my right hand
dripped with Pollock
permanence
American caste mark
vaguely shaped like
a saxophone run-over
by a steam-roller
my constant reminder
despite poetic
illusion or
academic delusions
I am a fry-cook
who sweats into rich
people's food
the closest I get to Paris
is cooking french fries
and when the Muses call
they want onion rings to go

Richard E. Malmberg

A Pet For Life

Everyone wants to own a pretty dog.

Everyone wants to own a pretty girl.

Heel, dog.

Heel, girl.

Sit, dog.

Sit, girl.

Rollover, dog.

Roll, girl.

Robin C. Cochran

IDS 101

What shall I do with them?
These sixteen young faces,
Force-fed on victims and tragedy,
Gorged on distinctions of curious merit.
Here and near and far away,
Anxious about everything except their names,
They hide and disguise their youthful certainty
That they know more than I have forgotten.
The beginning is to accept
That they may have lived as fully as I,
But what is private and mysterious to me
Seems to them an open book.
But their books open only to color pictures,
Caricatures of life drawn by others,
That suggest the evils that men have done
As open choices for us all to follow.
The ending must be to nurture their souls,
buried under tons of ratiocination,
To plead that beauty in their world awaiting
May lie in the secrets of things unknown.



Brad Chance

Lois Haas

Words Reneged Upon

You said it then
And take it back now
The purpose behind past murmurings and present apologies is futile
Only I am the one planting the purposeless hope,
Watching it bloom into big, overgrown jaundiced sunflowers
Sprung from rocky soil
Love never grows like poinsettias in a greenhouse
Only as tacky dimestore, dust-covered, plastic-promise sunflowers
I plant those flowers in an appropriately cheap vase
And adorn your love in the vapid manner from which it sprang.



Gene Cline



Merry Moore Winnett

Dear Frances

Frances calls me from her grave.
Telling me to stretch my brain
into proportion.
Not average.
Not normal.
Not right.
Mine.
The gray outline
of her moss-eaten skull
produces fresh cells
for me to devour.
Not male, but female.
Not white, but black.
Frances calls me.
I dig deep ditches in my
flesh to engulf her last name.
I dig a well in my brain's
backyard to secure the rage.
I farm the soil that leads
into feminine disaster.
Frances Farmer calls me.
I live her sanely insane need.
Sorry world, I'm just a woman.
An unyielding statistic.
A farmer's horse in drag.

Robin C. Cochran

Watch

She goes out at midnight
To the street where your house
Dominates the sky.
She waits at the yellow door of silence.
The house is closed like the night.
The shutters are like your eyes
So she watches them
And rubs her breasts.
The trees are hard as your hands,
The windows vacant as your mouth,
The handles fire as your touch.
So she watches the house
Push solitude into morning.

At the top of the hill she cuts the engine
And glides, the driveway
Gentle as your hand on her thigh.
She waits at the yellow door of desire
Pretends your children are hers,
Asleep in the cold breast of a bed.
The trees, hard as a hand,
The fence, solid as a lie,
The door, locked against the night
And quick intruders.
She watches the house
Push solitude into morning.

Janice Lynch



John Mottern



Gene Cline

Steve Rubinstein

Serenity Beyond the Stream

Sunlight finds its way
through the trees
down a trail beneath a bridge
to the point it's needed most,
Illuminating stream
it guides the way
for many leaves,
They float downstream
caught in the rush
of water to its final push.
Spinning as they glide
past fallen twigs
leaves twist and dive
across smooth rocks,
Animals and I, we choose to watch
and to admire
feeling not the least compelled
to wonder where the leaves all go
Sitting quite content
on a step
in the heart of a city.

Daughters

Like squall lines —
gray mist curtains below,
puffed clouds above, and then
 pale light —
moving in unmeasured steps
one way and then another
churning the sea;
You watch them from a distance
moving down the beam
across the stern and then
 gone;
they are only little things,
no need to be alarmed
unless they gather across your
 heading
and catch the wind.

William Burris



Sister

The day
they found her
no one breathed

Screen doors
far off
slammed
and bounced off the
door frames
like they couldn't decide.

That dumb old mutt
that lives down the street
barked
and chased horseflies
around
like a thousands toils;
in the half-light
dust
 floated
and sparkled
like fool's gold.

I remember how the
sun looked
just then;
it made me think about
the fluid-soaked coals
in Daddy's barbeque;
that deep orange-red
I feel it inside sometimes
she must have, too.

I kept right on looking at
that sun
my eyes started hurting
and that orange-red
stood out in a hundred-
thousand spots
rolling around like
balls
that that crazy dog
would chase after
because I couldn't look
at her.

After a while
that sun just went out
like it got dropped in a
bucket of water.
I waited for the steam to rise,
but it never did.

That dumb old dog
started yapping again and
chasing the fireflies
that glowed like
airborne
cigarette butts.
in that soft, waving field
the moonlight spilled like
milk on a bowl of Wheaties.
no one breathed.

That dog gave up on the bugs
and snuffed at the blanket
that was as puckered and pursed
as the lips of the men
that stood around it.

They said the rope broke
before she had a chance
and the ground broke
her fall
but the way I see it
she just broke a promise;
they won't let you into heaven
with a broken neck.
It's like when Uncle Frank
rented that car
and cracked it up on
Interstate 60,
like he said:
there'll be

hell

to pay.

One Act, At Night, Before Sleep

We have lost the night
And this evening
And this moment —
We are bleeding
We shall not last out our lives
Since you have vanished
Like the shipwrecked survivors
Of the North Atlantic
Who cling to the highest object
In the water
Which is only someone else's
Head. So low, we cling
To keep the freezing
From our blood.

We are obligated, having
Seen these sheets turn red
As the sky in morning —
Seeing the redness below me —
It seems we are obliged
Whether we bleed
Or simply die.

I remember the sheets
When you were sixteen:
The brightness of your blood;
The way your tears
Glimmered against the darkness.
Should we not abandon the dream
Of blood
For the night?

The stains have not
Washed out of my sleep
And the night is cold
Without the hollow of your body.

And what does it make
Our love —
The sores of your past
And the wounds of our bodies
And the pain of time?

At night now it seems
To be nothing more than the
Lapping of water at the shore
The moon at dawn
Forces the gravity of our need.

And your blood now
Turns the sheet black,
The morning grey,
My eyes blind.

I have learned the lesson
Of love —
I never look back
I keep my tracks in my pocket.

Your dreams then are forgotten?
Are we the past?

I do not dream.
I don't look back —
The past is a demon
With red eyes.

And how will it be then
With your mother
Always in your side —
You walk with the greyness
Of the dying —
The streets are harsh
And unfamiliar
As foreign stations reached during rain.

That is it — so why
Must I lie awake here
These long nights
Going into long years
Approaching a long silence?
If I am afraid
Your arms aren't enough.

The wind, my love, has come
To topple you
Like the small catastrophes
Of young boys
Flying kites.

The night above all is my terror
And I am torn
By the silence of the dark
Your form on the pillow is mine
Nothing else.

So you kill your dreams
For the comfort of a hard body
Which expulses you —
Like a baby from the womb.
Before you drown.

The solitude terrifies me
The silence of my own reflection.
The emptiness of rooms.
The uncovered bed.
The wind is a dark cover
For my criès.

The wind, my love, has come
To topple you
Like the small catastrophes
Of young boys
Flying kites.

Janice Lynch



John Mottern



John Mottern

**Put Pepper In The Radiator
This Time For Marcian**

Put crying in your socks
The children we won't have are sleeping in their beds —
It's not the parting but the hour.

The last four birds of winter crawl up the sky.
Like blemishes of ink on paper,
What's worth writing in January?
Words won't keep you here.

The humidity of departure crazes me.
My skin is wet with your last touch.
In one room we suffocate.
Locked like doors to sadness.
I can't breathe here
Or breathe where you are not.

Absence becomes asymmetrical with longing.
I know your voice will not change —
The women you touch will have my tongue.
I sleep without dreaming.

It is only this:
You pass through the gate
I falter with desire.

Things die in this climate.
Your body does not feel the same
And mine will not
When you are gone.
Only your hand stays on my face.

I've memorized you.
Put crying in my bed,
It's not the parting but the hour.

Janice Lynch

