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in this issue

poetry

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"MORGAN"E"

cover

DEAN I. L. CAMPBELL
acknowledgements

To Professors Gray and Gustafson for the interest they showed and the ideas they put forward.

introduction

BE DRUNK

And is sometimes, on the steps of palaces, on the green grass in a ditch, in the dreary solitude of your room, you should wake and find your drunkeness half over or fully gone, ask of wind or wave, of star or bird or clock, ask of all that flies, of all that sighs, moves, sings, or speaks, ask them what time it is; and wind, wave, star, bird, or clock will answer: “It is time to be drunk! To throw off the chains and martyrdom of Time, be drunk; be drunk eternally! With wine, with poetry, or with virtue, as you please.”

—BAUDELAIRE

To be completely enveloped and infused with thought to capture impressions of an instant to communicate and so to share we create, we write

the editor
Imagine a garden of Lenôtre, 
"Correct", ridiculous and charming

Some round points in the middle: some spouts of water 
Straight paths; sylvan in marble; sea gods 
In bronze; here and there, some Venus is displayed; 
Some quincunx, some bowling-greens. 
Cyrus revisited. 
But, some dwarfish roses unweaving a cultured spool 
Some yew-treed triangles 
(An excuse to differ from Cyrus 
An excuse for frivolity)

The moon of a summer's evening 
Filters through the clear 
To the second sabbath of Faust.

A deaf, slow, sweet air of the hunt 
Melancholic at midnight 
The air of the hunt of Tannhauser.

Songs lilt as the tenderness 
Of the senses grasps the timidity of the soul 
In these unions 
Harmoniously out of place in ecstasy. 
Moonlight makes opalines among 
The green shadow of branches 
   — a Watteau dreamed by Raffet —

Irresistible dizziness shakes 
But dawn, humid and pale 
Destroys all that went before 
Nothing — absolutely — as a garden of Lenôtre 
"Correct", ridiculous and charming.
Orestes with sword of vengeance
eye red
silken barb on regal cheek

Clytemnestra
victory on purple rug
shocks to despair
the Choephori

AEGISTHUS

Vengeance is your platform
yet
a muscle would best be borrowed
from the adultress

avenge your father
not the sacred warmth
of a union more divine
than sun to soaken wheat

glut and rot
blood more delicious than your brothers’:
treasure it
the only warmth
your lust not deserving

Paris and Helen
held a flame brighter than the signal
of your murderer’s return,
yet he as well
when blood the light disclosed
regretted abdominal pulls
ending in blushing whimpers of servants

when
the Destructress meets her phallic end
let her cause the infection
of feared Priapus;
let penetration be not as satisfying
(but as hot)
as your limp effort
Orestes
wield your sword
let cries resound in servants’ ears
again
on this your second conception
THE LOVESONG OF THE OLD POSSUM

When harbours dance
with lights from your eyes,
and ships bounce
like your curls
jump with me
into the depths of the
polluted froth
and wash the seaweed
from your dripping thighs
let us float with tears
losing themselves in the filth
swallow the water
and let us sink
to die with the detergent
but
we shall be resurrected

DIALOGUE AT THE CAMEL MARKET

Sholem aleichem
The same to you, Hamet.

I'm sorry to see that it rained in Keirouan
before the president go there.
I hear there was quite a wind too.
Oh? That's too bad.

That camel has open sores . . .
have to slaughter the wretch if no one buys her . . .
A bloody mess to kill a camel, it is.
Because she's got sores they won't take her for meat.
A thousand times ill-fated luck!

We camel dealers are thieves . . . but it serves those who
deal with us right, for my fathers before me have said
"Look ye from the finger nails up".
And my nails are broken, they are.
Ach, so what my nails are dirty and broken and untrimmed
ACH!
Epimetheus (Afterthought) was brother to Prometheus (Forethought). Afterthought married Pandora and it was Pandora who opened the box to let out all the world's evil. But from the box whose lid fell shut after the escape of evil, came a little voice, "Let me out, I'll help you". Pandora hesitated then flung the box open in despair. To her surprise a beautiful white butterfly emerged and flitted about her. The butterfly was called HOPE.
IN PRAISE OF TREES

Spring
A smiling afternoon,
And the air is still.
The dappled trees
Stand proud and poised,
Without a breath,
Waiting, as though
To be photographed.

Summer
Wet early morning,
Air cool and sky blue.
Blustery wind from the north
Blows branches of pine and spruce
To play uproariously in the wind,
Like children jumping in the waves.

Autumn
Soren was happiest in autumn.
It is a religious season.
In the spring, the emergent green
Fastens our gaze on earth. But now, Look!
Hailing the Fall, all the trees are priests
Who lift our eyes to the heavens.
These gentle priests, in summer's night
Seduced by a meretricious moon.
Now vested in death like rainbows
Sing a hymn of riotous color.
Splendor breaks and — oh — spreads all around
'Til earth and heaven are one.
And we are won to praise
The Father of trees and fall,
Of glory and all.

Winter
In the deserted city of dead trees,
Mourned by fallen leaves,
A black crow stands sentinel
Over the repressed life.
A pall of dirty snow cowers bone cold,
Down, away from an ubiquitous sky,
Which would wail if it could,
As it slips into the night only to vanish.
Wait! The trees sleep on a secret.
Life's trumpet will alarm them into spring.
Now in their end is their beginning.
I SPEAK OF LAST THINGS

like inclosing
  (love)
  in a letter
the Indian Paintbox . . .
  leaving only the colour
. . . (orange)
  flat and crushed
  violent . . once

HAIKU

customs of lonely silences
  following progressions of time
  broken by the loons flight
THE MUSIC!
I LIKE HER. SHE FITS
THE MUSIC

William Carlos Williams

mad lover you
   come full moons high
   and the dance begins

witches howl, withered
witch I laughed yesterday a
thousand brooms swept
the night clean, leaving

a trail of ashes
   a trace of her incense
—Black Cat

And I came unto
   the night, so sang
   the witch while

the cocks crowed
   and gazed at myself
   in the glass      unbelieving

A dance of madness
   like whirling lovers
   kaleidoscopic
emptying herself
   on you
leaving everything
   with you
except

Scream warlock
   the winds are howling
   around your pointed
ears
   and you don't give
   a damn
Livid smile
   and firelight slashes blood across her —
Quickened voice
   and violins sing their siren song —
And hands
   that lithely play their restless game —
And hair
   that roughly sneers at wind and rain:

All cry to be loved, but no —
a gypsy's heart is in the wagon wheel
and the warmth of stagnant love must never feel —
the wheel goes round and calls my gypsy every turn.
INCONGRUITY

A man crying is an ache
    in the heart of another
who watches
    the pains from repression,
so long in control,
    lachrymator release;
a man crying is a sore
    to be left and remembered—
a scarmark
    to niggle and worry
the tissues intact—
    still present at death—
a man crying is in fright
    at the strength of his passion
released from
    the source of his coldness,
the heart of the sadist
    supposed he was;
a man crying is in love
    with the object he hates,
or despises
    the thing that he loves:
in confusion and pain
    because of his tears:
the trademarks
    of life.

desperate now
    to regain
    a gain
    again
    (i write)
no— once only
too often
to trust?
    when emotions' motion
    sweeps
away    (like dust under the rug to be found by the maid ?)
no trust
when they'll change at a glance
    (fickle emotions — fickle friends — damn !)
and chill inside a body warm
sorrow? from me?
"let me be happy, just somehow happy"
. . . and (i) forget that another cries
    the same
ivory arch
    in the dark light
arcing from a flowing forming flesh
to features
    moulded
    quivering
    distorted
    in distention
grace
to be normalized with a snap
(a word, a sound, open lips)

a vibrant union
    growing
entire entities now start pressing
    slowly starting
    writhe
    and moan
    and more

to salty stuff
    packing harder every blow
    a brief pause in between each flow
and again, to soak the shore
and force its fluid subtly to the mark
of last high tide - beyond?

no anguish
when the moon says 'none - away'
we stand
    cold air drying
    leaves whitened skin
feel the ocean pull from out beyond our hands
    (nothing to hold - no purchase left)
the tide has lost its pressure and its drive
and left its marking -
    new line of crusty salted sand

we'll walk the beach many more
and cross the high tide mark
from that night
    the ocean
will drift too high again, and
give us flight in freezing brine
to flame too hot for chemistry

but till then we can glide
(a noiseless flight)
no effort, energy to lose
—just skill to catch each updraft
    to push us higher than the clouds that threaten
—just skill - Wordsworth's 'Tintern'
    (memory living full as parent sense)
—just skill in love
    while we wait
    for the tide

to swell its undefined whole
to throb
    pulsating
while we grip in agony of waiting
    for the foam

our feet are cold
    (sand cools in drying)
but it's coming from below
seeping now
    and rising
    swelling
    slowly faster
soon to cover in its chilling warmth -
    contact
SKETCHES

A gallop of horses
A start of rabbits
A splutter of sparrows.

An anger of squirrels
A lick of puppies
A damn of flies.

A glitter of snakes
A giggle of girls
A poem of swallows.

A one of hawk.
the gate creak pries the night apart

gathering, the whisper confuses
slumbrous breathings with
the velvet exhalations of the night.

heaped shaggily
chunky chains
in coin-shaped armour,
unguarded,
the loving dragons sleep.

staff-stood and lantern-lit,
you crept and watched them:

terrible claws embraced,
claw softened in mutual clasp.

you wonder how, loving, they fought to death —
and dying, how they loved until the death.

a castle is a sometimes-place;
in summer, with the plum-tree moat;
the silver smell of the moss-walled ballroom.
from the sole hot stones
watch the dragons curl and roar
while dart the tiny, native fishes
in the secret pool, hidden by the swinging shade.
hear the slanting sheets
spilling in the mouths of demons
one by every door; they guard and watch evermore.

a castle is an echo, a whisper;
a silent archive, bearing marks of only the times
that were; the times heaped up upon the old, damp floor.
if I could stand and watch again,
watch the rain spew past my door,
would I still hear the dragon's roar?
**WENDY ROBBINS**

**PRAYER**

Heart
flutters and
body
evaporates

mind
swings dizzily
searching for
tree tops

air
and open
spaces

thought
unshackled
encompasses
Heaven

---

**SUSAN FARGY**

When the last footstep is fading with your sighs
and the driver's horse is turning back
cause the detour sign is up,
al the nannys on the block are making tea
for Master Nigel and his cane
and the little man who sells roses
has left the faded petals for the birds —
even the street sweeper has passed you by.

---

**REINER BUSSE**

**FAITH**

Across the world
Thousands of Babels
point the way-up.
Minarets, steeples,
The bulbs of St. Basil's
Missiles
Seeking to leave the earth
By the motive power
of a congregation.
In one fist she clutched a black umbrella. Tucked securely under the other arm was a large covered earthenware jug. She was hatless, and her neck-length dark brown hair curled slightly in tendrils at her nape, because of the drizzling mist. She wore knee-length black boots, and a beige trenchcoat, belted tightly at the waist and with snaps holding the skirt shut.

Breaking the rhythm of her step, she turned up the walk of a large brownstone house, and closed her umbrella. She went up the steps and used a key from her pocket to open the front door. Once inside, she hurried upstairs to an enclosed passage, at the end of which burned a single bare lightbulb. Two men wrapped in blankets lounged outside one of the doors. They looked up and straightened as she approached.

"Evening, Elan," one, a tall good-looking blond, greeted her. She put down the jug and umbrella, pulled off her boots, and began to unfasten her coat. She wore nothing else. As she handed her coat to the blond, the other gestured to the jug.

"It's done, then?" he said.

"Yes."

The blond, having carefully placed her coat atop the pile on the floor dipped a tea-cup into a basin of oil which stood on a hotplate. Elan stepped onto a rubber mat beside the hotplate and lifted her hair out of the way while he poured oil on her body.

"No trouble, eh?" said the other man.

"No. Not from David. He was good." She pursed her lips, thinking of tales of previous cowardice. Stretching her hands over the hotplate and flexing her tapering fingers, she looked down at the blond, who squatted as he rubbed oil on her long legs. "Put the jug on the hotplate a couple of minutes, Clive. It's probably solid by now. The weather's bloody awful."

He obeyed her, then poured a second cup of oil over her shoulders. She sighed, shaking her hair loose; she felt the extraordinary tension of the past hours easing as his large, strong hands massaged her shoulders, then her ribs. She leaned against him for a moment as his hands moved to her hips, then regained her balance and stood with her feet apart as he smeared more thick warm oil on her thighs.
low moan rose from the watchers, and it became a cry of exultation as the two turned and faced them. Malcolm passed the jug to the nearest couple and it went around the circle.

Elan watched him. David, the last king, had been fifty-six, and she had known only older lovers. Malcolm was twenty-eight, picked so the seven year cycles of birth and reign would coincide, thwarting the double chance of sacrifice. He had a young, powerful, muscled body; and she felt her overwrought nerves tense again. But first she had to complete the spoken ceremony.

"Tonight we have crowned a new king and High Priest. Our last King went willingly to the sacrifice, and his blood has blessed the ceremony. Though we are few today, and not powerful — the last of our kings to rule over all England was known as Richard the Third — our strength is lifted by the spirit of he whom we have sacrificed tonight and he whom we have crowned. For, as the Ancient Rite says . . ."

Malcolm watched Elan as she spoke. She was young to be a High Priestess. Of course, it was natural for her — her mother had held the same position years ago — but still it was excitingly unusual. He did not doubt that someday she would be Witch-Queen of all the covens in England. She was beautiful with a lovely face, and a firm, smooth body, and she was, he knew, highly sexed. He grew impatient along with the others for the final act of the ceremony: the passionate, symbol-ridden copulation of the Priestess and King; and then the return to the orgiastic worship her entrance had interrupted.

Elan turned to face him chanting the ancient words of the fertility rite. In an easy movement each grasped the goblets of wine and candles which were held up to them. They moved the candles in a series of identical gestures. The darting light cast eerie shadows of giant, writhing figures on the wall. There was a low whimpering from the watchers. Then, facing each other, they drank, exchanged winecups, and drank again. Their bodies shone. The light flickered on Elan's breast, rising and falling in quick, fluttery movements. She pressed her hands to her thighs, then his. Suddenly she looked up with a bold glance and bit her lip. Sliding fluidly backwards onto the table, she grasped his clenched hand and pulled him down with her. The Coven witnessed the sacred mating of the Priest and Priestess.

Elan left the house at dawn. Cold and tired, she walked down the street, the empty jug under her arm.

The facts of this story are as true and complete as it is possible for one to know and reveal.
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