



FROM MOSAICOS

BY
LUCIA FOX

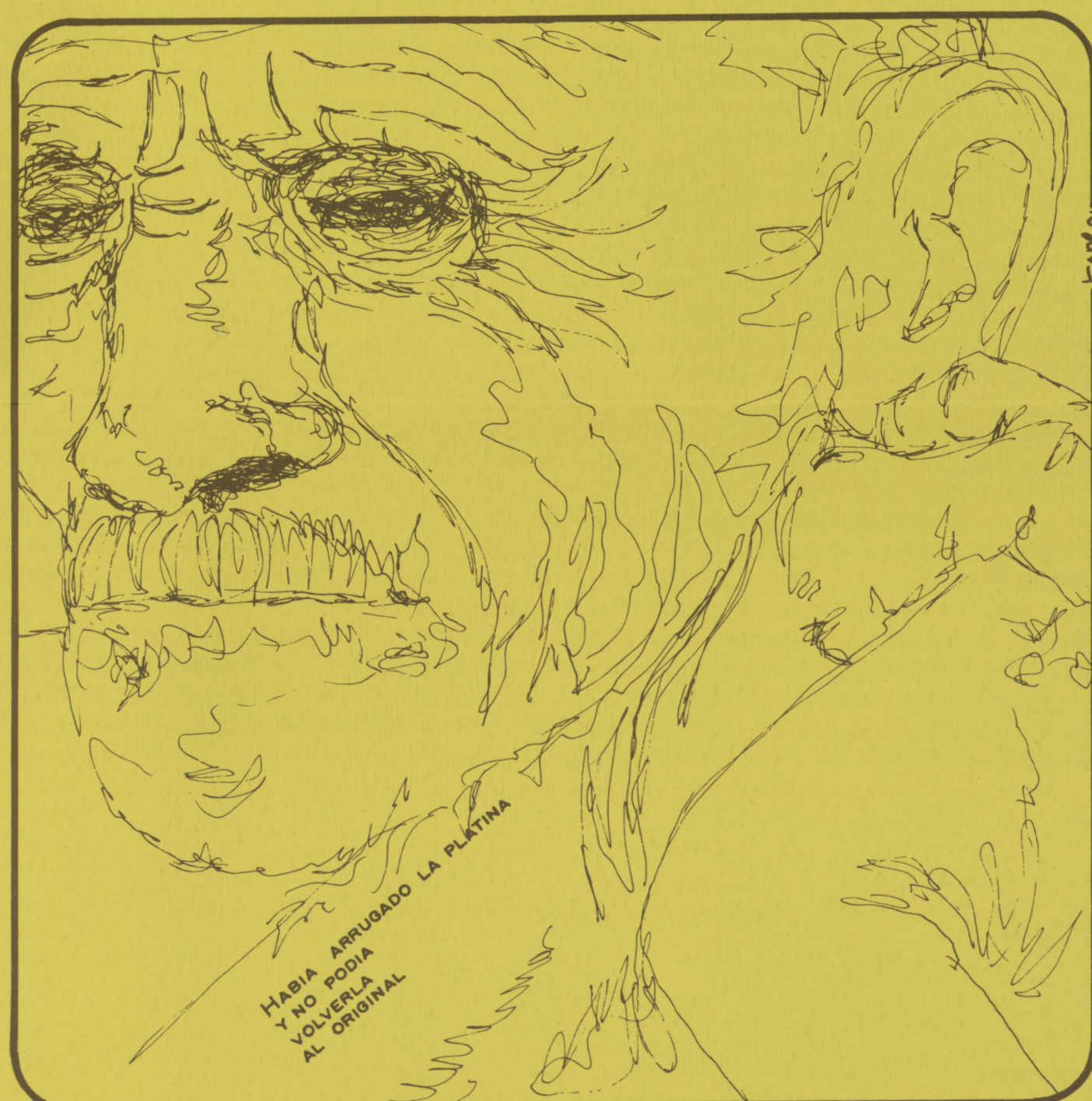
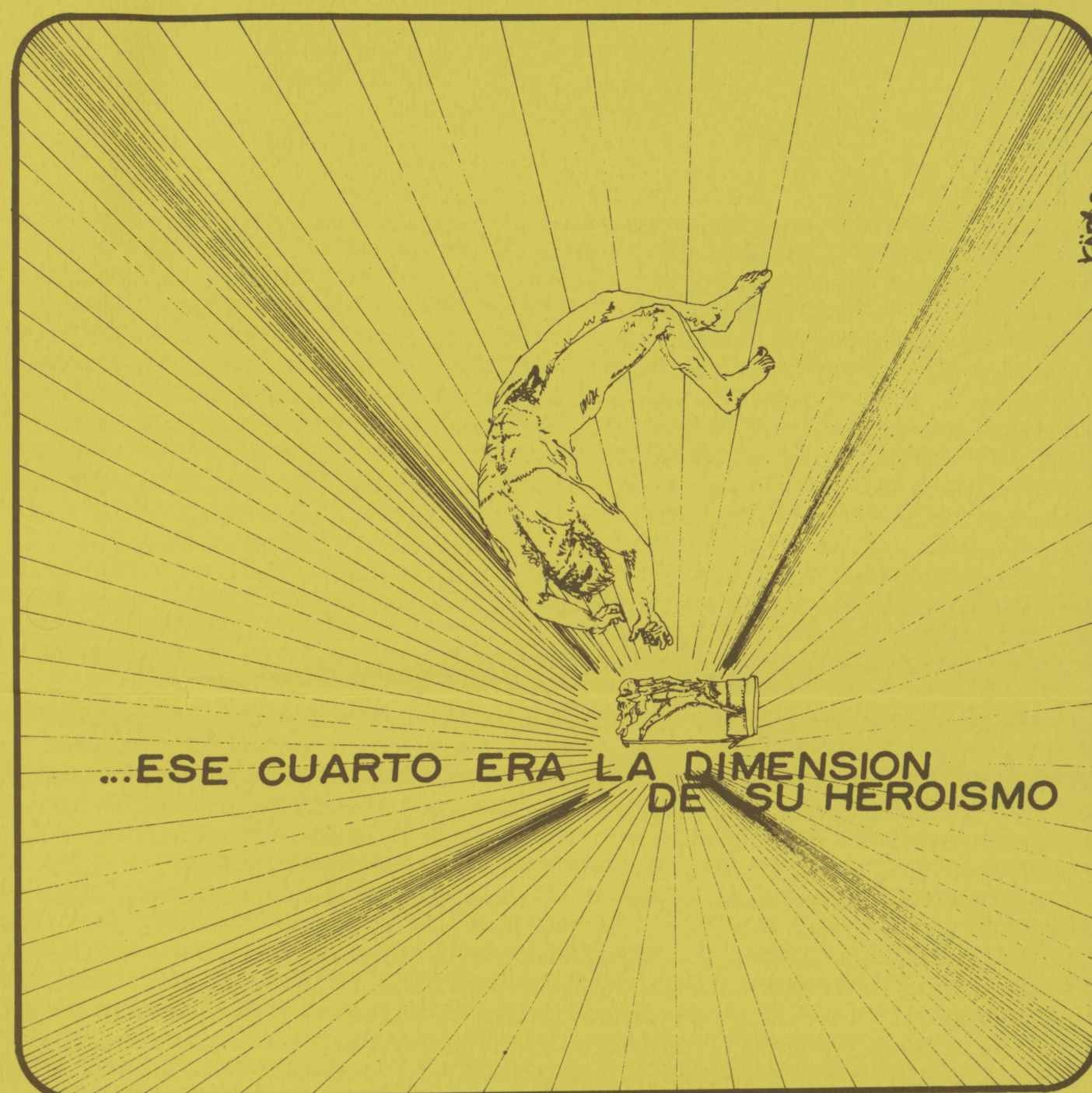
ILLUSTRATIONS
CARLOS PAZ

TRANS- LATIONS

The walnut tree is a point of reference,
the nut one analogy less.

That room was the dimension
of his heroism.

He had wrinkled the aluminum foil
and was unable to make it look
the way it was.





Gene Stotts graduated from Kendall School of Design, has worked as an illustrator in New York, and presently tends bar at Lizard's in East Lansing.

rcr

spring 74

contributors



Richard Thomas teaches American Thought and Language at Michigan State. He has been published in several small magazines and has completed a book of poems entitled *Fat Grass*. He is also the editor of an East Lansing mag called *Centering*.



John Konopa just left MSU with an MFA in Graphic Design. He now lives and works on the shore of Lake Michigan at St. Joseph. Some of his woodcuts are presently on display at the Benjamin Gallery in Chicago.



Floyd Butler has been painting and drawing for over forty years. He studied at the Art Students' League in New York and the Meinsinger School of Art in Detroit during the 1940's. For the last thirty years he has lived and worked in Lansing.



John O'Brien will be graduating from MSU with a BA in English this June. The poem in this issue is among those which won first prize in the Creative Writing Contest last spring at Michigan State.



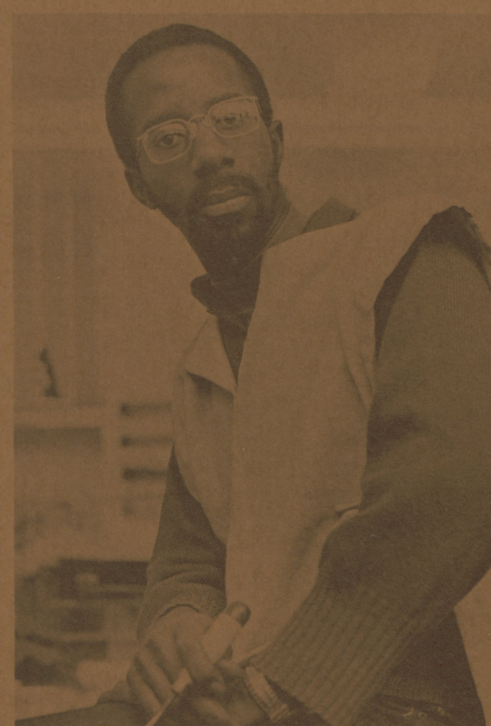
Lucia Fox is an Associate Professor at the Romance Languages Department at MSU. She is also the author of several volumes of poetry including *Preludios Intimos* (Peru), *La Odissea del Pajaro* (Argentina), and *Multiples* (East Lansing).



David Kirkpatrick teaches drawing at Lansing Community College, works as a free lance designer and illustrator, and is beginning work on an MFA at Michigan State.



Deb Casey recently graduated from MSU with a BA in English. Her work has appeared in *Assembling Four* (New York), and won third prize for poetry in last year's Creative Writing Contest at Michigan State.



Will Roberts is completing an MFA in drawing and printmaking at MSU. He is Assistant Director of the MSU Art Bank, and is presently working out the details of a Rotary International Fellowship to study in Nigeria next year.

Steve Crowe is working on an MFA at Bowling Green State University, teaching English, and editing *The Penny Dreadful*.

Wilton David is a friendly, beautiful, crazed artist who lives down in Alexandria, Louisiana. His work has appeared in many small mags as well as several books.

Harley Elliott lives, writes, and paints in Salina, Kansas. His latest book, *All Beautiful And Foolish Souls*, was published last summer from The Crossing Press.

Charles Hartman has lived in Iowa, Texas, New York, St. Louis, and East Lansing. He is presently finishing a Masters in English at Washington University in St. Louis.

Carlos Paz is a Peruvian artist whose illustrations to *Mosiacos* won the "Contest for the Best Illustrations to Poetry," organized at the National University, Federico Villarreal, in Lima, Peru.



Hugh McPeck attended Kendall School of Design and received a BFA from Michigan State with an emphasis in drawing. He has studied at the Art Students' League in New York and recently spent eight months traveling and living in Alaska.

TOMORROW'S FLOWERS SIFTED INTO HER
SOUL AND MOVED THROUGH HIS EYES
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The Bone

It stuck tall and rigid in the ground.
When he breasted bushes into the clearing
it clapped him with weather-whiteness
and a flat glint at the round-knobbed top.
Grass curled at the base,
like hairs round a walrus tusk.
The clearing was soft and green
with the hard white at its center.

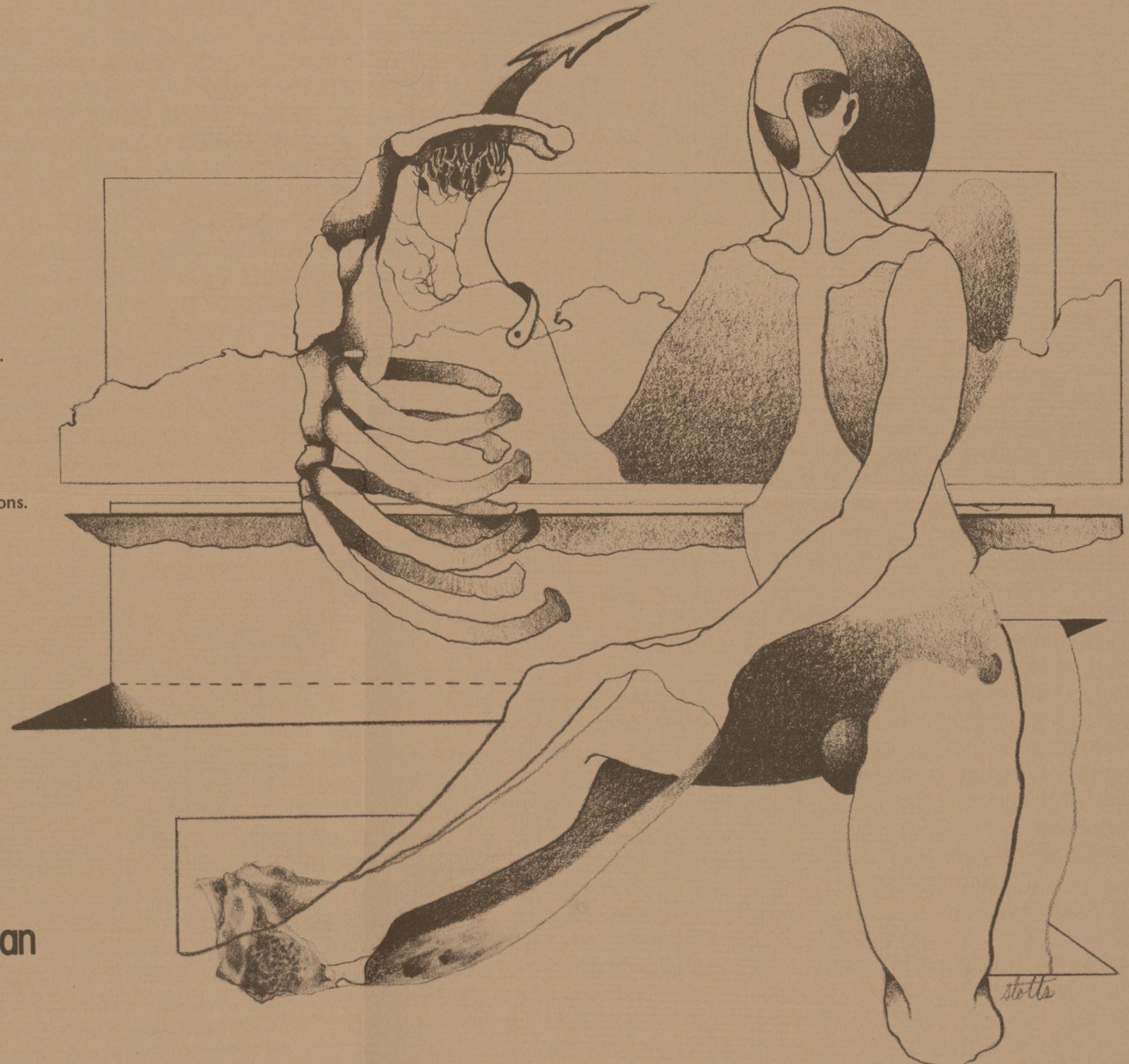
Bones lie. It stood, staked,
and the earth turned round it in his eye.
He shuffled back, but the bushes clutched.
He let the thing take up slack

crept up and stared. This close,
hairline cracks laced its shaft.
No meat clung. The forest nodded on;
a light wind delighted in his clothes.
Behind, away, small brooks wound questions.
The bone marked an exclamation
without a sentence.
No scattered footprints gave it away.
No titter in the bushes gave it away.
No fresh-turned earth, no
lashed-on crosspiece
for a handle.

A heap of ribs came back to connect—
the wind in twigs. A thing
hulking out of the forest to claim it.
Clouds dimming the grass.
Himself, digging for what remains?

He must rise and turn himself
back into the forest, resume.
Through bushes
the bone stares at his back.

Charles O. Hartman



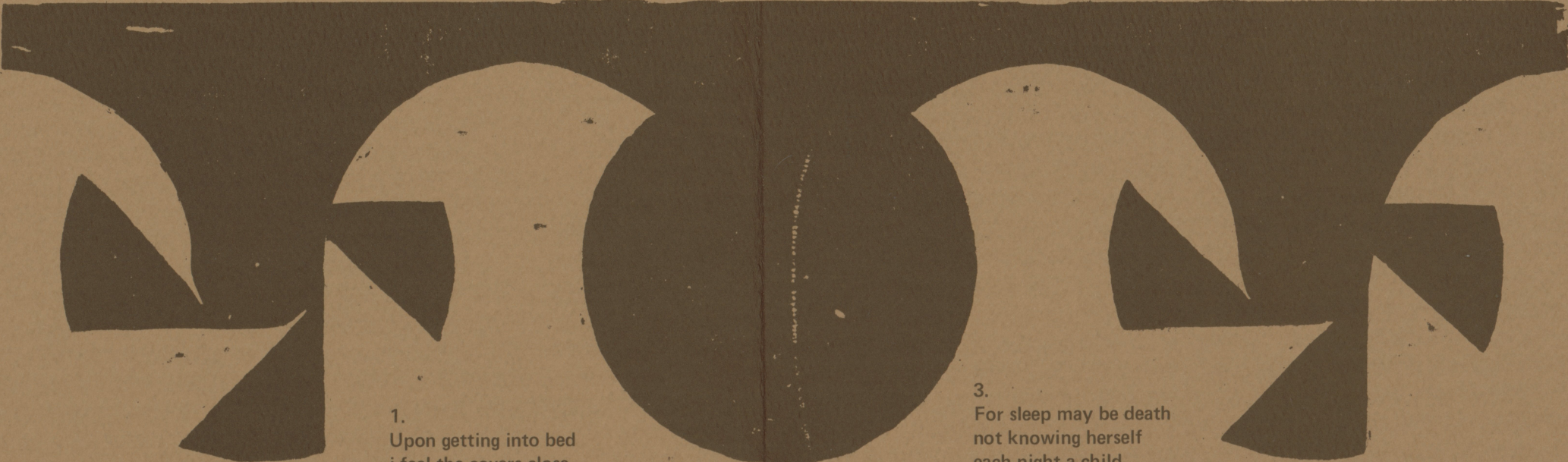
Lee Ann

Lee Ann,
your black humming
hair
and wine slick
face; young
sponge breasts
I plied between two fingers;
lipping eyes,
grenadine
on the green moon leather carseat,
where are you?
we are old.

Ah, Lee Ann,
when my wife splits
or dies,
and the kids are gone to school forever,
I'll swim to you
through stars and comets
to South Carolina or California,
and we'll melt
our skins around, burn
old time
on the ghost-green leather,
O Lee Ann, Lee Ann Shafer—
Scheffer?
I never remember.

F. Richard Thomas





Sleep

for C.G. Jung

1.
Upon getting into bed
i feel the covers close
around me

and i watch the dark
open in patterns

i ask myself if i
want to do this

2.
Sleep buoys up my body
like a boat at a dock
when the waves rise

melting ridges of
the unconscious

i ask myself if i
want to do this

3.
For sleep may be death
not knowing herself
each night a child
of death

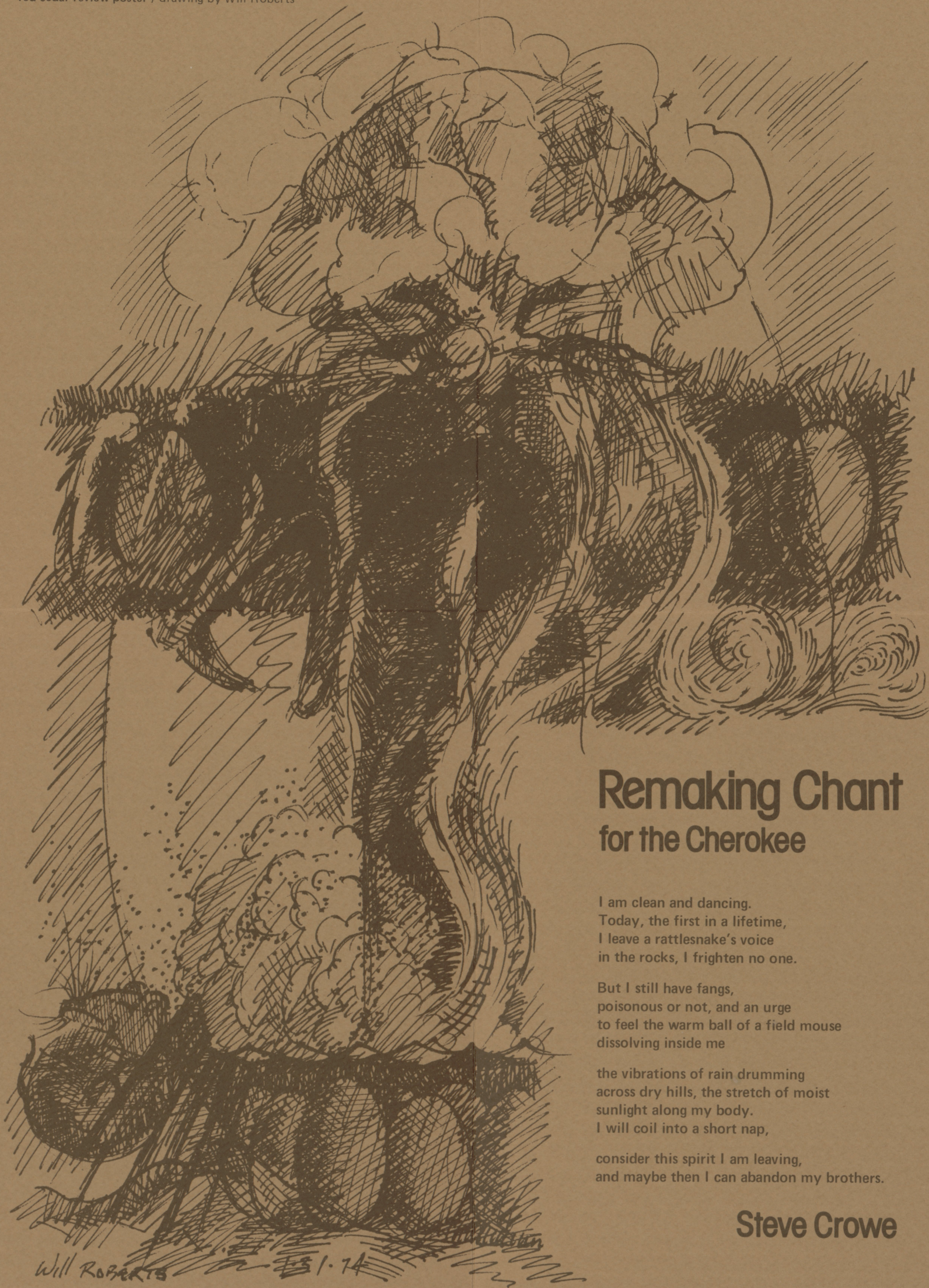
the sinking

when the dock
the dream disappears

and even the sails
know the touch of
the waters

John F. O'Brien





Remaking Chant for the Cherokee

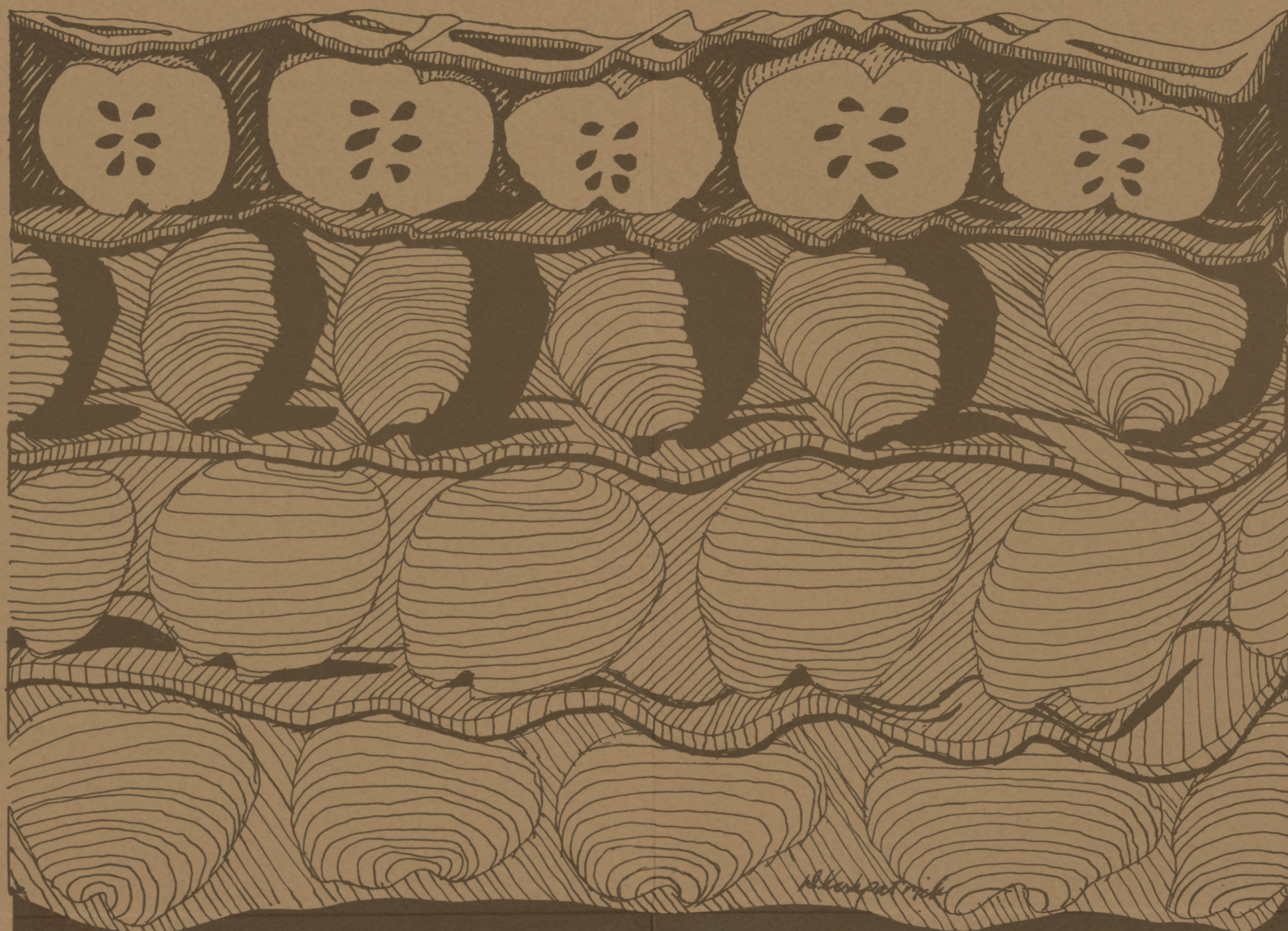
I am clean and dancing.
Today, the first in a lifetime,
I leave a rattlesnake's voice
in the rocks, I frighten no one.

But I still have fangs,
poisonous or not, and an urge
to feel the warm ball of a field mouse
dissolving inside me

the vibrations of rain drumming
across dry hills, the stretch of moist
sunlight along my body.
I will coil into a short nap,

consider this spirit I am leaving,
and maybe then I can abandon my brothers.

Steve Crowe



One Way of Disposing of Rotten Fruit In Winter

The apples we were storing on the porch spoiled when winter warmed too much, so I strewed the whole boxful into the ridge of snow over the flowerbed alongside the fence. The apples sank in white dusty tunnels into the drift down to an older, settled storm. Now it's colder again, and the rotten juice and mushy flesh have stiffened and lie in the round caves of the hard, shrivelled skins. More snow blows over the mound; sun and cold nights will give them jackets of glaze, slowly they will descend onto the earth, all winter the browning apples will pulse in the snow.

H.H. Nelson

Psychopathia Sexualis

My god I said
but this is strange.
My garter belt was up
around my neck
and my wig had fallen off;
my handkerchief collection lay
like sleeping birds
around the room

as I read on page 164
of sudden genitals in dense
park shrubbery.
The mirrors were all steamed up.
Farther on young gentlemen
were loving up black boots
and penetrating unsuspecting bustles
on the thoroughfare.

My god I said this seems to be
the story of my life
and right away I was ashamed
of all the little oddities I kept around
and lept up on my wife.
Sex I said I want some sex right now
I said and give it to me straight
I think I love you more
than you will ever know

and I tore my garter belt
to shreds. But she just laid there
naked in her bobby sox
and blew pink bubbles in my ear.
Her freckles burned like acid
and the braces on her teeth were
shining cruelly in the dark.

Harley Elliott

