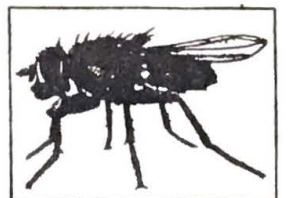
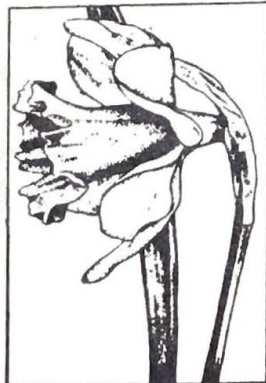
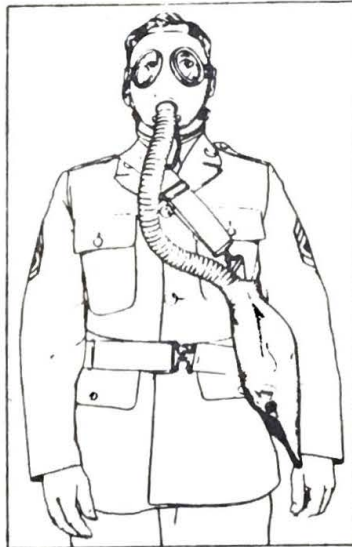
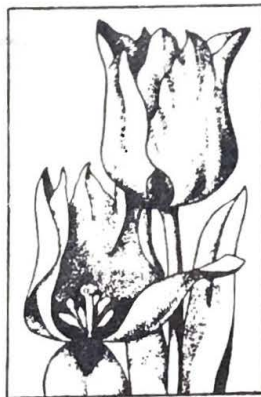
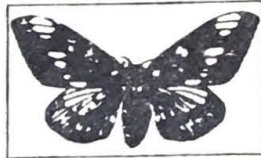
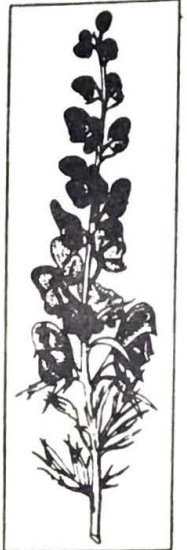
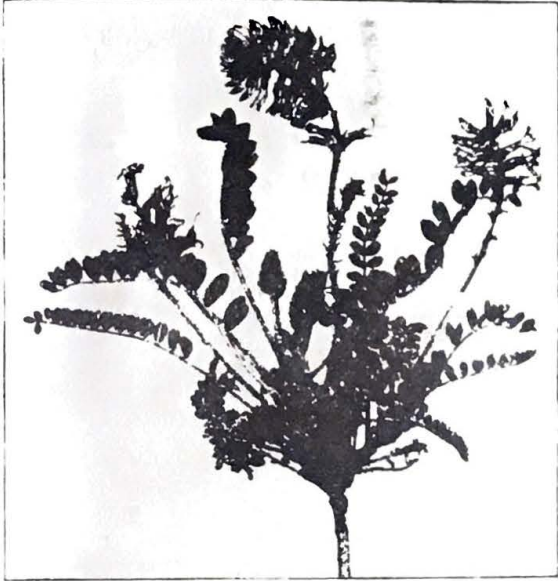


Journal of NEW JERSEY POETS

\$1

VOL. 1, NO. 1





1. Loco Weed
2. Garden Poppy
3. Pickeral Weed
4. Aconite
5. Garden Amaryllis
6. Adult Regal Walnut Moth
7. Tulip
8. Man with Gas Mask
9. Large Flowered Trillium
10. Fringed Gentian
11. Bicolor Narcissus
12. Purple Azalea
13. Japanese Rose
14. Common House Fly

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Submissions of poems and full-length manuscripts are invited. Please enclose a SASE. Writers of accepted poems will receive two copies of the issue in which their work appears.

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RIPPING

When he was sick, the drug
Made fine sheets on his body
Like sandpaper.

A fly screamed,
That walked on his pillow.
Little whispers screamed.

I tell him not to go,
But I can't do anything
The noise of it will be
Intolerable ripping.

Alicia Ostriker
Princeton

POETRY READING

I sat with my head open wide
while the doctors read my brain,
they took a scalpel and cut
a few minor parts out, pasted
some others in, they worked
on me for a long time, I was
anesthetized, I didn't feel
pain, just nakedness,
but no one laughed.

THE POET

He was not a god, but a man. I felt cheated;
I had expected a god. When he spoke his voice
found words slowly, small sounds separated the
large words. His hands knew writing, but not

speaking. They hid in the pockets, made attempts
at explaining words, but always failing, back to
the pockets, out again, they flew across the air
then, embarrassed, they went back to the pockets.

They were out of place, alone, left to scratch
the head, turn pages, and comb the beard. The
eyes, jumping from listener to listener, looking
at the paper, looking at the people, reading the words.

The words: they were what we came to see, once
started they flowed, soared, sometimes exploding,
sometimes slapping faces, fireworks in all their
beauty, cool streams to bathe in, reflections of a mind.

George Giaquinto
Parsippany

AFTERGLOW

You roll away into the louver-light,
Lying still.
You reach for a cigarette,
Then lean back,
Smoking calmly, silently
The only moving thing
Is the red ash-tip
Gliding slowly through the shadows.
I grow distant,
Like an animal
Lying in a thicket,
Watching.
Watching.
Slowly, the python-darkness
squeezes around me,
Trying to swallow me whole.
You don't stir.
I wonder what snakes
Are twisting in your head.

Steve Pollack
Madison



11/21/74---PITTSBURGH---4:45 AM

Howard Johnson motel
half asleep it's snowing
sick gut and feel like hell
drinkin sodas from machine
reading Chuang Tzu:

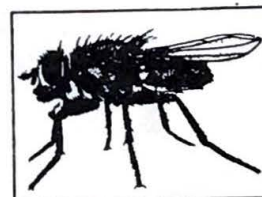
"Hui Shih had many ingenious notions. His writings
would fill five cadillacs; but his doctrines were
erroneous. . .

There are feathers in an egg.
A fowl has three feet. . .

The eye does not see. . .

A white dog is black."

I believe I am locked
in a room for a weekend,
or a case of root bear, or
snow
piling up outside



Rod Tulloss
Lawrenceville

BICENTENNIAL POETRY READINGS

at the

COUNTY COLLEGE OF MORRIS

Student/Community Center Auditorium
Route 10 & Center Grove Road
Randolph Township, NJ 07801
(201) 361-5000

Mekeel McBride &
Stephen Dobyns
Paul Zimmer
James Wright

Monday, May 10, 11 a.m.
Thursday, July 8, 8 p.m.
Thursday, September 30, 8 p.m.

ONE STORY ABOUT MAKING LOVE

I was thinking of
the candle and the candle's end
when you took your place at the table.
Of what to do when the words fail,
as they most surely will.
I was thinking
so many people walk up to me
and tell me they're dead,
though they're just describing their afternoons.
I wondered if you know
what I was thinking.
You had the black dress on
and through the candelabra
I could see the sad turn of your mouth.
I was thinking of ways
to keep the light going, of fires
larger than the house.
But when we spoke, remember? We spoke
about the passing of the food,
how the crumbs seem to collect on my side?

And nothing terrible happened that night,
and nothing since.
The candle I was thinking about
is simply gone, and the drippings gone,
scraped out of the holder.
The lights go out when we blow them out
or turn them off. Only what's been felt
remains: that black dress on the floor,
your skin and the drift of my hands.



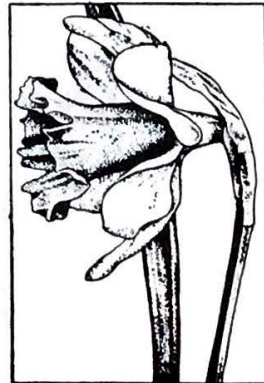
AT THESE CORNERSTONES OF DARKNESS

we pivot and move on, having caught
a glimpse, maybe, of a woman
with sequins in her hair
chaste and commonplace
as the evening with its faint hesitations
of hope

we follow her down a street
we're old enough to know
is not a path, what we are hoping for
is a flower bursting through sidewalk
or bursting out of our mouths
as speech, some cataclysm
of matter or spirit

here in our livingrooms
here where the lamps
with their broken switches hunch their shoulders
we look for a room, say,
with the brilliant maybe
of moonlight
and one night or another
we find it, and sit down in it,
and the woman with sequins
puts her cold arms around us

this is not love
this is the evening come down
to remind us it's a bitch
to live in this world,
so we turn once again and walk away
tempted always
to just flick on the lights
as everyone else does
and sit down and die
in our chairs



POEM THAT HAS TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION
ALL THE DANGERS

The name you find the the telephone book
and decide to love, the local calls
person-to-person, the intimacy
you try to create through those magic words
of our time The police who trace you
to a phone booth were you explain
the principle of The Chosen, one name
out of thousands, the random connection
of voices through a thin wire, the perverts
whose heavy breathing give your quiet insistence
a bad name

The difficulty of convincing the police
you're as normal as any man who meets
a woman by chance at a party
falls in luck or love, how through fucking
or touching your small talk
becomes private, a liberation
of all that's taut and closed How all this
could have been hastened if she
would have understood common sense
is the enemy of all beauty, would have said
I understand, I've been waiting here
all my life

LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF

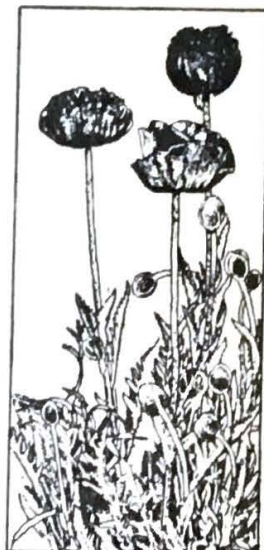
I am the lost son
of an amnesiac, prowling
between day and night, a swirl of
wind and flesh and fur.

Or I am that amnesiac
whose son is lost,
the man who is always missing
when you awake.

I've been picking my teeth in your attic.
I've been in your backyard
carrying my own shadow.
You've made me up.
I'm real.

Whoever you are,
one day you will recognize in me
something of yourself.
One of us will start to disappear.

Until then, I'm the ambush that awaits you
behind each declaration of love.
The man whose hiding place
you know by heart.



Stephen Dunn
Absecon