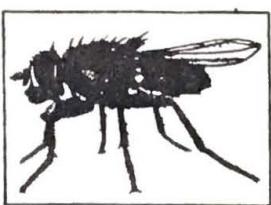
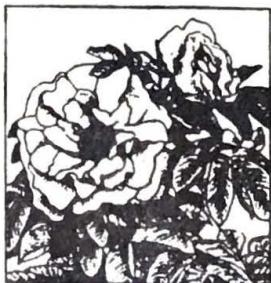
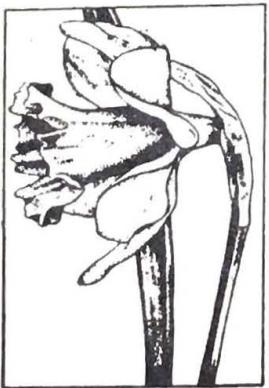
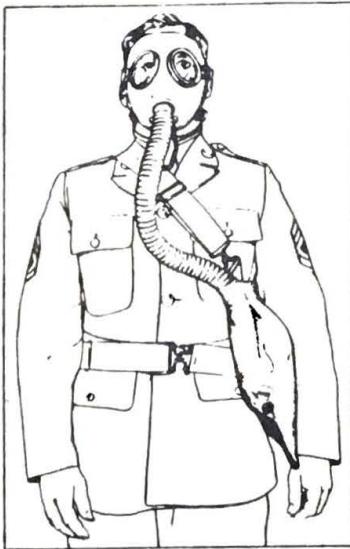
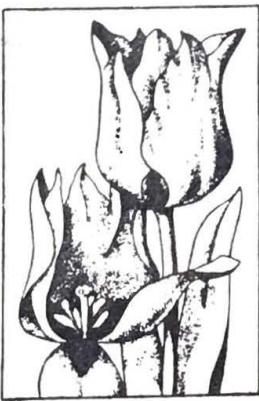
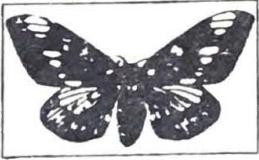
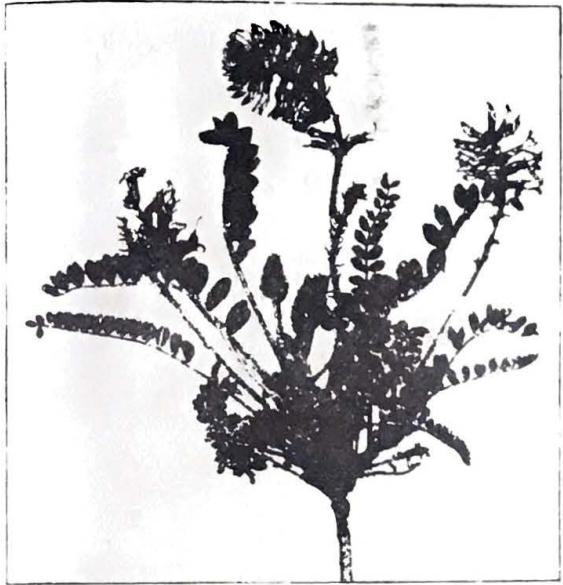


# Journal of NEW JERSEY POETS

\$1

VOL. 1, NO. 1





1. Loco Weed
2. Garden Poppy
3. Pickerel 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

# Journal of \$1 NEW JERSEY POETS

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Three issues of the Journal will be published each year, two open anthology issues devoted to work by present and former residents of New Jersey and one issue devoted to the work of a single poet selected by a panel of advisory editors.  
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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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CONTENTS

Helen Cooper	Mamma Mimma	3
Hanna Fox	Read This	3
Rod Tulloss	The Web	3
Barbara King Sheller	Medicine	4
Penelope Scambly Schott	11/24/74 Pittsburgh 4:45AM	7
Joseph Ceravolo	Death	8
Penny Bihler	Family Silver	9
Jane Somerville	Winds of the Comet	9
Fred Duignan	The Pigeon Man (and the Pigeon Lady)	10
E. diPasquale	Accusation #7	11
Shaun Farragher	Accusation #10	11
James Klein	Dad	12
William J. Higginson	Fat Louie	14
Peter Murphy	Winter at Headquarters Road	15
Madeline Bass	Prayer for My Wife	15
Bill Cooney	The First Country	16
Philip J. Klukoff	Confession to a Priest	17
David Keller	You Two	18
G. M. Donahue	Poem for the Waitress Sue	18
Sheila Cowing	Self-Portrait	19
Sylvia Kramer	Poet in the Classroom	19
Sarita Eisenberger	I Am Ocean	20
Alicia Ostriker	To Leda	20
Steve Pollack	Shadows on my Face	21
George Giaquinto	The Slow-Witted Apple	21
Louis Ginsberg	Tree on My Front Lawn	21
Sandy Beach	Last Letter to a Son	22
Paula B. Cullen	Washington's Teeth	22
Lewis Gardner	Jazz	22
Vera Raynor	In from the Rain-Wild Morning	24
H. A. Maxson	To the Lovers of Female Poets	24
Stephen Dunn	Touch	24
C. L. Hanson	Ripping	25
Geraldine Clinton Little	Afterglow	25
Howard Silver	Poetry Reading	25
Megan Simpson	The Poet	25
Theodore Weiss	Thinking of a Heart Attack	26
Robin Lowenstein	Rain at Night	26
Thulani Nkabinde	How I Grew Up a Shameless Liar	27
Janine Pommy Vega	Dinner with the Family	27
Jeffrey Alan Triggs	Blood	28
Judy Neeld	A Room with Four Rothkos	30
Michael Persiano	Rainbow	30
Herschel Silverman	Air Tune	31
V. B. Halpert	One Story about Making Love	32
M. Deiter Keyishian	At These Corridors of Darkness	33
Alfred Starr Hamilton	Poem That Has Taken into Consideration All the Dangers	34
Roger Stein	Let Me Introduce Myself	34
Notes on Contributors	Moon Song	35
	The Exceptional Child	35
	Chaos	36
	On Reading Genesis 2:22	36
	A Lamp of Sorts	37
	With No Exit	37
	Cicatrix	38
	Drought	39
	Sunset Under Clouds	39
	New Year's Crossing	40
	The Father, The Mother	41
	Let Him Listen	41
	Death Mask of a Girl Drowned in Paris-1895	41
	To John Muir	41
	Play of the Living Water	42
	For Susan	43
	Vanity in All the Wrong Places	44
	Latin Lesson	44
	Arrival	45
	Site	45
	Katydid	46
	Two Women	46

Inside Back Cover

## 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.

## 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



George Giaquinto  
Parsippany

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:

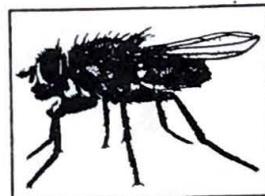
"Hui Shih had many ingenious notions. His writings  
would fill five cadillacs; but his doctrines were  
erroneous. . .

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	Monday, May 10, 11 a.m.
Paul Zimmer	Thursday, July 8, 8 p.m.
James Wright	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.



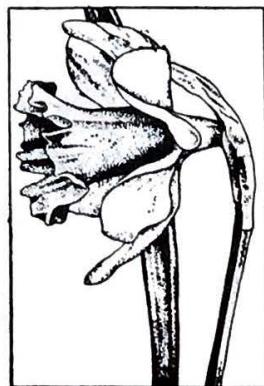
## AT THESE CORNERSTONES OF DARKNESS

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.

