

*The Wormwood  
Review*

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The Visit

for Robert Frost

The little world of the garden bare,  
Swept by the frost from wall to wall,  
We carry our roots to the cellar's bin  
When, look !, a brown thrush comes to call.

The short day runs on frozen feet,  
Its shadows lengthen out ahead,  
But today a gentleman in brown  
Sings in our hedge, pecks at our bread.

All through the night we hear the surge  
And ebb of wind against the panes,  
Housed in his twigs and straw our guest  
Startles us with his summer strains.

The morning climbs its shrunken arch,  
The sun dial wakes, but the bird is gone  
As if he had told us all he dared  
Of life renewed by the grace of song.

-- James Hearst

Cedar Falls, Iowa



## The Tarnish

*The afternoon failed of its promise and the sun  
Hid in a thicket of clouds on its downward climb,  
The bright day's petals tattered and fell apart  
Lost as a tower clock's voice asleep at its chime.*

*I rocked on my heels, saw the sleet with rowdy hands  
Rumple the tulip bed while a cold wind goaded  
A child at play till she cried, I turned to stare  
At a shallow hill where the topsoil had eroded.*

The small mean faults of the day like blisters broken  
 Rubbed raw, were slow to heal, I felt time's wedge  
 Split need from the order of things, like a farm run  
 down  
 By shabby intentions, a plow with a rusty edge.

*My pride reads omens in mischief, and my hand tosses  
Entrails from stunted dreams in the air as portents,  
I carry my doctor's degree on these occasions  
And speak at length on the tarnish of small losses.*

-- James Hearst

## Wonder

Unmistakably  
Life is a large dark puzzle,  
In the small boys eyes.

-- Camille Yawin

Bowling Green, Ohio



## Dark Justice

Some of us never make out. Some of us.  
Some of us remain seed in darkness for  
ever; insistently foetal; our needs  
and our desires fenceposts against a world  
valid as that to which we each react.  
With ourselves centering universe; yeast  
in surfeit; deaf and dumb growths; we perfect  
hyperbole as when standing, closely,  
in upon a mirror, our large return  
is overstatement true to life as we  
have told it. But, when we have stepped back from  
the glass and, perhaps, a little to the  
side, we soon see how much of what is not  
us there is; and also how too much of  
us has let little into view.

It is  
as Webster says: light is the essential  
condition of vision. Drawn down now in  
the mirror's eye; object from subject turned;  
all that self centeredness eclipsed inspires  
review as that given to the home once  
spring brilliantly arrives.

Let me stay so.  
Let me in simple fee of light, remain  
pebble-proportioned as, indeed, each is  
outside the sunless womb. Out. Let me hold  
out; hold until death -- devouring light --  
in dark justice comes to make blind, entomb.

-- G. C. Oden

New York, New York



## Love Poems: 1

*I raise my hands like black wings and feather my hair:  
There is nothing I can do to make Catherine Wheels  
Or anything, or anyone else beside break you smiles,  
A linger like a pearl between me and the sea  
Waving, spinikers of sun, a wind  
Suddenly up and clean for every coming hour -- not  
At all for more than shadows in the moon's door.*

*The daisies in the window-jar bend to listen  
To his guitar played in the dark, and someone else's  
Head banged up and down for tunes to get you laughing  
On and on, and running out of steam, to say,  
'Oh that was wonderful,' and say 'yes!' with your look  
Long afterward. But what a crazy time it is  
To have you flicker up and down, snow on the surf.*

*Oh, but love is a great thing this way --  
To know I cannot kiss you even a little  
And have a fire spring in you and stay, high,  
Oh high, melt down like a stick of gold, or give you  
A hat with daisies on it, or bring you  
A glass of water with a cherry in it,  
Or pick you up and throw you out the window like a kite.*

*Where does love go moonward from here? No,  
I think it beautiful to play the game,  
To be looney in the window with a daisy in my mouth,  
And look at you like seas, like grass in a wind,  
And high blue breaking out a silken acrobat of gulls --  
And then shrug my feathers, arch the failed clown,  
And sit down in the window, waiting in your eyes!*

--Mark McCloskey

Athens, Ohio



## Love Poems: 2

*I have thought of our coming,  
The wheeling of gold tendrils together  
In a white place, star-circled,  
The moon bleeding the pine's amber,  
And the blue odor of brooks.*

*I have thought of our coming in dreams,  
And the black light of the sea was there,  
My hands passed over the pink shell,  
And touched the sand's violet, smoke  
That pushed the belly then, and legs  
As I crouched down over the embers  
Of the shell, in the dark breeze  
Where magic is, and the sea moves,  
Were moved closer to the sinew  
Till it crushed gold, and I fell back,  
My arms white branches extended out,  
Exquisite pain by the rattling night-grass.*

*I have thought of our coming  
And seen silences in the sea-clouds  
Far away over the water,  
And refracted in the prism of the lost,  
The coiling down sun, me, shaped  
Brokenly, still through the shell blown,  
The pink-rimmed horn in the grove,  
The bent-backward on the pool's rim for sheer  
Joy of that pure echo, alight  
From the whip of my hair in the dark,  
In the sweet touch of the ripples,  
News of our coming to the sea beyond this,  
News of your coming and mine to the brook,  
The odor of amber the wheel of the moon revealed.*

-- Mark McCloskey



## Leonardo Flies Again

When space trackers in Texas first heard the sound  
of ultra-sonic breathing and radar heartbeats from the  
first ship in orbit, they asked: "Is it a lion? Is  
it a monkey? Is it a man?" But I recognized you.

Not as you died -- an exile in a far land -- or when you  
were "also a painter" in your youth in Florence, or  
when you were sketching the tortured bodies of horses  
and men for your lost "Horrors of War."

Rather as you are in your secret notebooks filled with  
sputnik visions, flying centuries ahead on that batlike  
wing you hoped to put into orbit yourself.

Forgive us, Leonardo, for having laughed at your stretched-out,  
batwing hands. At last you have arrived beyond the painting  
and the sculpture and the war machines and waterworks you sold  
to dukes and kings.

It is your breathing and your heartbeat we hear in the new  
space rider, spanning the centuries, leaving behind this  
grave-heavy planet to join the first man on earth who knows  
where we are really going.

## Question

Off shore tonight  
    sea cancers weigh anchor  
                    and fins slash  
the womb of oyster days  
    to come.

                    In the sky  
star clusters wheel  
    over antheaps of light years  
some other radar system  
    is telemetering.



Considering the unemployed  
galactic systems  
waithing to get to work  
and start moving in on the free world,  
should I tear up my rent book  
and turn a few more sheets of paper  
into poems?

## For Lillian On Our 37th Anniversary

Replying to your toothache of the 9th inst., wd say  
my manic-depressive switch is turned off and I can't  
tell which side I am on -- like on a Wednesday when I'm  
down and never know, it seems to me I sound like any  
other people.

And you -- with only one good arm and leg -- have been  
sentenced to ride this rocket around the light bend to  
Vega! But why blame the engine? Maybe it's the tracks  
that are crooked?

Otherwise, everything is O.K. The garbage is put out.  
The plants have been watered. And the cat we haven't  
got is fed.

Anyhow, even an expensive rocket plane got wrecked the  
other day by a dozen irrelevant gulls its engine sucked  
in. So if you did have too good arms and legs and an  
unfractured cerebellum, the going would still be rough.  
Compared to the whole particles who have to make their  
trip without handrails, you have nothing to lose but  
your balance -- and the Great Flying Wallendas themselves  
couldn't keep their high-wire act on the road as long as  
you have

on top of on top of on top of  
The Man Without a Net.

-- Walter Lowenfels

Mays Landing, New Jersey



## Consolation

*He tends to his garden,  
It is beautiful.*

*He tends to his wife,  
She is ugly.*

*He tends to his garden,  
It is beautiful.*

-- Aline Musyl Marks

*Lincoln Park, New Jersey*

## Horses On Other Beaches

*You are forgotten in Samos.  
You do not ride my heart's horses;  
They roam the beaches freely,  
Hungering for the bit.*

*Night breaks into the water,  
Wasting its store of darkness,  
And waves have touched the rocks,  
Leaving a mark of their own.*

*Hear the muffled gallop  
Of horses on other beaches;  
You are forgotten in Samos,  
Who found our sea too small.*

-- Norma McLain Stoop

*Greenwich, Connecticut*



## Worm

No matter what I thought,  
warm at the core a worm,  
thoughtless, kept eating up  
the orb of form.

Something desired the sap  
that siphoned through the stem  
and pumped the apple plump.  
It sucked my syllogism.

After worming in  
-- it left a needled hole --  
something small began  
slyly to grow.

What sweet interior  
-- rounded with red --  
on which a creeping creature,  
fattening, fed.

Still the form remained  
perfect as before --  
a thought that just contained  
the worm or error.

-- Harold Witt

Orinda, California



## There's A Moving Of Lips When The Governor Reads

That people in high places so readily relinquish the pleasures  
Of reading -- not necessarily diversified reading just reading --  
In favor of pictorial presentations of complex matters requiring  
Signatures or stamps or seals or official spit of some kind  
No longer shocks. Overtensing is so much a feature of our  
Licksplit lives that little really shocks. Hundreds thousands  
Millions do the agony twist and we ACT with our little dance  
Twist we would so delight in seeing the first lady do in the  
Context of family and world tragiforms panel after panel. So  
Now we watch the governor's lips in fascination with some of  
Us saying THERE I saw his lips move he really read something  
And others of us saying NO he is just nervous and that is why  
His lips quiver. Meanwhile we take pictures some of them  
Developed and printed in ten seconds and some in brilliant  
Colors, and we also take Bromo Seltzer and Bufferin and  
God in small doses, trying to be left without need. But we  
Need. And some of us bleed when we watch the governor's lips  
So hopefully. And our own lips dry and split beyond repair by  
Chapsticks and kisses from virgins titillated by our hair and  
Underarm deoderant and toothpaste and other marks of worth --  
Our own lips seek again the simple milk now contaminated  
Irretrievably it seems by those whose lips moved not only  
Here not only here but elsewhere and not to read or suck or  
Sing but to decide about us for us without us.

-- William Sayres

North Chatham, New York



## Selenio P. Masters

Selenio P. Masters walked the night streets with an aggregate Of instrument players who thumped and tooted more or less softly While he bellowed MAN MATTERS. So he thought; so he said. Oh, Those bellows! Tremendous, they were; so easily he destroyed Sleep. MAN MATTERS MAN MATTERS and out of bed you go! Such a Voice! His shoes were almost destroyed by so much walking without Sleep. MAN MATTERS he bellowed. Oh, those bellows! Through Detroit, Wichita, El Paso, Santa Barbara, Topeka and especially New York City he walked with his aggregate, bellowing, sleepless. MAN MATTERS he bellowed, sending it crashing through the night Streets. Thump thump thump MAN MATTERS blow more or less softly In the night streets without sleep through Sandusky, Syracuse, Hamtramck, Austin, Las Vegas and especially New York City. Oh, Selenio P. Masters walked limping stumbling without sleep with Fewer instrument players than the year before. MAN MATTERS !! Oh, those bellows! He looked up at me through my window at night. MAN MATTERS! I opened my window and dropped him my doubt. Oh, Those bellows! Thump thump thump MAN MATTERS MAN MATTERS. I Closed my window, but his voice crashed through the night streets And through my window. Oh, those bellows! Tremendous, they were. Selenio P. Masters walked sleepless destroying sleep bellowing Through closed windows thump thump thump MAN MATTERS and I Groaned and shook in terror and rushed into the night streets Shouting EXCEPT ME! But my voice was lost in the bellows that Moved towards Scranton, Mobile, Montgomery, Erie and Eugene.

-- William Sayres



I

thats not your face  
it was mine for awhile  
give it back  
you stole it

youll regret it  
because you stole an already stolen face  
I took it from somebody else  
and when he demanded it back I laughed in his  
and told him he had stolen the face I had taken from him

somebody will steal your stolen face from you

look at it this way  
somebodys got to be the first one to give the face back  
no I dont know how far its going to have to go back before it reaches  
its rightful owner

for all I know he might not recognize it  
and even if he did he might not want it if he had learned how to get  
along without it

which is why it mightve been stolen in the first place  
because the owner mightve wanted to learn how to get along without  
a face

but hes got to be given the chance of seeing he could have it back if  
he wanted to

so he can really know he doesnt need it  
youve got to give a faceless man the choice of regaining a face or  
living without it for

because he might take his face back because he wouldnt want to  
deprive you of your chance for facelessness

you see theres really only one face to go around  
when its maker saw what he had done he realized his error and never  
made a second face at all  
and trying to right his error he made the rest of men a mass of thi  
since he knew by this way each man would have the passing experienc  
of a face



but somewhere the man whom the face fits perfectly  
and although he might take it back if it were offered to him  
he might turn around and hand his face to its maker  
and this possible event is something we shouldnt take the chance of  
missing  
because then we should all have the chance of forgiving the maker  
his error

but our very forgiveness might be revenge  
and in his fury the maker might dash the face down and break it  
into a thousand pieces  
and you never know what form our vanity would take then  
we might be condemned to searching for the pieces so as to be able to  
fit the face together again  
and nobody would be able to tell us from the other four-footed animals

thats why the man I stole the face from finally stopped asking for  
it back

and it wont be long before I stop asking you  
I wouldnt feel right if I became an animal again  
its better to be a faceless human than an animal with a face  
for facelessness is your perfect reflection of another humans  
imperfect reflection

## II

have you ever seen a man break a face across his knee like a slat  
and then walk along his neighbors street swinging each half of the  
broken face in either hand so itll dry faster

if you watch him youll see him finally go up to a beggar and say  
listen youll make a lot more money if you hold half of this face  
in one hand and half in the other  
that way the passerby will feel twice as sorry for you  
you can also tell them youre trying to raise money enough to mend a  
broken face  
notice Ive hollowed out the backs of these halves so theyll each hold  
plenty of coins or bills  
and the empty eyesocket is convenient for stable grasping  
like a lot of people I know you have no face so this ought to come  
in handy

but make sure you keep it in your hands for begging  
it wont do you any good if you put it on your head  
Id give it back to the man I stole it from but I obviously wouldnt  
recognize him now



### III

dont worry about your face  
its not yours anyhow

what about the babys face you ask  
well you say the baby looks like you or her or the grandparents or  
whatever  
or it looks like nobody you know at all

obviously the baby is a master thief  
it goes around stealing all kinds of faces

I know I said theres really only one face  
thats true  
because that one face gets twisted this way and that  
so what the baby really does is steal a face from somebody  
and then when somebody else comes along and steals the babys face  
the baby manages to steal it again after its been snatched  
from several other heads

### IV

the actor as you can probably already tell is a baby  
the actor more than anybody else would like to make his stolen  
face a success

something permanent  
he guards his theft ceaselessly  
he plays with his stolen face  
he croons to it  
he experiments making it black or yellow or white  
he lectures it  
he makes love to it  
he makes hate to it  
he tries to amuse it with games  
all because if someone manages to steal it from him then the face  
will remember where it had such a wonderful time and will  
get rid of its new captor and make its way back to the actor  
but face has no memory



## V

*all of us one time or another think were just face for awhile  
just as we are now*

*I know theres a head behind me  
but the head itself has no face  
I have only face  
the head behind is faces shadow*

*and then suddenly theres a longing for gods sake wont somebody come  
along and steal face  
so that its shadowhead will come into its own again in all its  
featureless splendor*

*to be brave as the man who broke face across his knee into two halves  
but not pieces  
we dare not face the wrath of faces maker*

## VI

*even the dead mans face is stolen*

## VII

*stealing face is the only theft not punished by law*

## VIII

*god you know is faceless*

*the maker of face mustve been jealous of god and decided to make  
something you could hide behind by weeping on it and  
laughing on it and cruelling on it and pitying on it and  
hating on it and begging on it  
you could put all these things out there on face and hide behind  
and everybody never would know who you really were because they  
would want to steal your face but the facemaker didnt know  
about that till after he had made the error of face  
perfectly for one man*



the facemaker knew he had made an error because he instantly felt  
that the man with face was hiding from the facemaker behind it  
because in that instant facemaker knew he had been jealous of  
himself  
knew in fact he was god who had become jealous of himself because  
he could no longer bear knowing everything so that he had to  
make face on a man so that god wouldnt be able to see everything  
and that at least man could hide from  
but god knew he had made an error by having one man appear not to  
need god because the man needed expression  
and god shrank in all dimensions before the expression of no need  
for gods on the mans face  
but god could not in his mercy after refusing to make another face  
destroy the face he had  
made  
because then the rest of men seeing the face wanted the hidden feeling  
the no need for god feeling  
and god could not deprive them

gods mercy will cease only if we forgive him by the act of the man  
whom face fits returning face to god  
an event we want to see and dont want to see

so that man lives in the tension of having face and having no face  
lives tense between the desire to forgive god and have face broken  
into innumerable fragments so that in enormous vanity he will  
become an animal altogether gods again in his search to fit all  
the pieces of face together which he will never be able to do  
and the desire to keep stealing face so that at intervals he can at  
least show no need for god

## IX

one man whom face does not fit will one day hold on to face and not  
let it be stolen from him  
and this will be his psalm

I am altogether hidden before the lord  
I am courageous in knowing the lord cannot know me for I have by  
the lords hand grown beyond the lord  
I am more than the son and more than the father because I disown  
featureless splendor



I am finally man because I will make face for each man like unto no  
other

we will hide forever from the almighty  
god will not know we have moved into him  
and god shall be the face outside looking into our window  
and he will wonder where we have gone

-- Gil Orlovitz

New York, New York

### Lyric

for L. O.

Wake me, before you go,  
with the hand of your heart  
that the moment at my throat  
be swallowed by mine eye

in the deepest pit of pulse  
that, as I give back your hand,  
I know your heart sleeps full  
of me undemanding.

Love holds most, then, at the slip  
of parting when, open-handed,  
I cry out in your sleeping heart --  
knowing I must wake you before  
you come again to my sleep.

-- Gil Orlovitz



February 6, 1962

'Perhaps if you know something about me you will be able to view this poem in the proper perspective. I am a fifteen year old suburban teen-ager and this is my first attempt at magazine publication. The ideas expressed in this poem were developed when I was thirteen years old, but the actual writing of it did not occur until this summer. Since the age of thirteen I have written over forty poems that help to express the 'I' in 'I Am Searching.' However, the enclosed poem seems to be the only one of any value....'

## I Am Searching

I am searching  
For the truth  
I am searching  
To find out who and what I really am  
To find the real religion and the real right and the real wrong  
To find out why mankind always wants more of everything  
To find the real beauty of life  
To find the secret of nature and creation  
To find God  
To find the answer to eternal life  
To find out if Darwin was really right  
To find out why Little Orphan Annie doesn't have eyeballs  
To find out why sometimes I'm oversexed and sometimes I'm frigid  
To find out why I can't paint like Michaelangelo

I want to find out the answers to all my questions  
Only there aren't any answers  
And sometimes I can't even state the questions  
But I am still searching  
To discover love -- if it exists inside me at all  
To discover all the knowledge in the world  
I am searching for the day when suddenly  
'Poof' and I understand everything and anything  
For a boy who will think of me as a woman not as a friend  
For a real friend  
For complete happiness  
For peace  
It just seems that I will never find what I am searching for  
I don't know if it really matters  
Just searching seems to be of importance



I am searching  
To find all my hidden talents laying under a rock somewhere  
To find that Pond of Thoreau's  
To find the "Iceman" and really dig what O'Neill is saying  
I am searching for an understanding of mankind  
A philosophy of life  
A way of life  
A true belief in a true religion  
I am searching for an answer to Freud and Khrushchev  
For a beautiful green field garnished in sun yellow  
Daffodils where I can just sit down and look at the sky  
And fall in love with the whole world and  
Really dig everything and everyone with unselfish love -- real love  
I am looking for the impossible

I am searching for Heaven and Hell  
And my soul -- if I have one (I am also searching for the answer  
to that)

I am searching for the day when everyone will  
Give up their pipe dreams and look at themselves naked  
(I am searching for the end of the world!)

Most of all, I am searching for life  
To live it -- to love it -- to understand it  
I am searching for someone to take the love I have to give  
And to love me in return  
I am searching for the end of space -- there must be an end somewhere  
I am searching for six million dead Jews in the ruins of Auschwitz  
I am searching for our lost civilization

I am searching for a road map to Paradise  
And for Alice's wonderland and the house on Pooh's corner  
I am searching for an obscene word to be printed in the "N.Y. Times"  
I am searching for my lost childhood  
I am searching for my teen-age years that never were  
I am searching for an answer to what happens when I die  
And what will be happening here when I'm gone  
I am searching for an understanding of  
Ginsbergs "Howl" and Ferlinghetti's "Her"  
And for Kerouac's road where I can meet people who too are searching  
And are screaming for help, help, help  
I am searching for a place where no one will bother me  
For Alexander Graham Bell so that I can kill him for inventing the  
telephone



For the men who made the A-bomb and the  
H-bomb and fallout

I am searching for Governor Rockefeller who is hiding in his  
Fallout shelter somewhere wearing a "sane" button  
For all the mistakes of mankind so that I may obliterate them  
and give everyone eternal peace

But most of all I am searching not for others' but for my own  
good

I am searching for an identity

A soul

A self

I am searching for myself.

-- Marian Schwager

Teaneck, New Jersey

### Hard Luck Story

I reached to  
strike a light  
but a time-bomb  
interfered and  
no one since  
has even so  
much as mentioned  
my name.

-- Charles Shaw

New York, New York



## **Salted With A Special Salt**

*Saltines are salted*

*With a special salt,  
(Sugar lumps are wrapped in gold;  
Little cakes and bonbons*

*Come in accordion-pleated cups,  
Like the dance skirts in Saturday class)  
Salted, wrapped, and maybe pleated  
From father's banquets in mirrored rooms,  
Long tables under waltz-light chandeliers,  
Cloths of snow and golden chairs,  
Waiters in red coats or green.*

*Saltines are salted*

*With a special salt  
When they appear  
On the dining-room table next morning,  
From a father out into a night of banquets,  
In a long room floating smoke in blue scarves,  
Words shining with the silver.  
He remembered,  
Brought his banquet to morning me,  
And what will be on the table today:  
A party-wrapped sugar lump,  
A pleated cup with a bonbon,  
Or a cake with a candy flower?  
Saltine is surest,  
Saltine special salted.*

**-- Emilie Glen**

*New York, New York*



## The Balloon Burst By A Pin

A scientist says: What kind of pin was used? And what was the weight and diameter of the balloon?

A poet says: What I heard and saw was merely the nightmare of an invisible insect, an insect on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

A business man says: I haven't got time for such nonsense; let me out of this place!

A child of four years says: Ha! Ha! Wheeeee!

An old man of ninety says: I have seen this happen before; I enjoy it each time. Ha! Ha! How exciting!

In the meanwhile, a filthy, homeless Foxhound has been standing among these spectators, his hungry eyes roving from one person to another as they spoke and pointed at the balloon. Suddenly, after a heedful pause, the dog leaped to the strips of rubber on the sidewalk, sniffed them cautiously, wagged his tail curiously, and eyed once again the wonder-stricken spectators, then trotted across the street to the next crowd of people.

- - Frederick Jones

Hope, Arkansas

## Angels On The Brain

The Angel

that darting, graceful, infinite thing  
who is half-child,  
part butterfly,  
ferocious dove  
and likes to sing.

-- Matthew Hochberg

Brooklyn, New York



## A Taste Of The Lady

Truly you have hot lips and a terrible tongue,  
Bold to hold, to enfold, worth ten tons of gold.  
Eyes too pornographic for pictures or print.  
They match the speed of the tiger with their sudden, sexual ferocity.  
They shatter more completely my tired old, false old, oaken reserve,  
sister,

Than the lightning completely shatters an oak.  
More graceful than the tiger springs, oh sister!  
And ears to breathe into, easily wooed and won  
With such electricity and to bite and chew and nibble,  
Easily won by such machinery. A nose that delights to inhale  
pleasure,

Have it distilled inwith and return pleasure taken  
As pleasure given. A neck for worship  
Which also delights in the sacrifice of tooth and tongue.

## Greeting

Death has no last name.  
Nor face to find and mangle,  
Or throat to poison and strangle.  
Head to kick  
And break with brick.  
Or chest to shoot and knife,  
No friend to betray him or wife.  
So goodbye to books  
And pipe  
And custard  
Hello O Death you bastard.

-- Matthew Hochberg



## The Voyeur As A Dreamer

I dreamed I climbed a tree  
in a leafy green garden  
and of course what I saw  
through a nearby window was  
a naked girl looking out into distance  
across whose belly and thighs the soft  
white curtains blew  
wishing they were my trembling hands  
wishing oh so badly they were my lips  
whispering over her skin,  
and I pitied the poor gauzy curtains  
that wished they were my hands  
and lips and of course  
in my dream this girl became possible,  
moving her hips slowly from side to side  
in a beginning dance the music of which  
blued her eyes and softly  
awakening  
they (her eyes, blue with  
music) found me, tortured and erect,  
hungry and hot and full,  
and still swaying gently she opened  
her lips from a small smile  
into a round kiss and blew  
over me a shower of white  
blossoms.

-- E. Hale Chatfield

New Brunswick, New Jersey



## Winter Among The Indian Hills

Point Lobos and the Coast of Sur  
are now green flanked though Winter  
in this country has laid its cover ...  
And from my window gazing upon these bleak hills  
which lift up naked in the Winter sun...  
without trees and only sage and rock, a nude dun... to give them  
beauty.  
I am mindful of the Sur sea rocking bleakly upon its granite shore,  
and I hear in the silence of this,  
my forbidding country,  
the pulse of an ocean's power extending to the sweep  
of these hills, these ranges, these sage plateaus  
where I, the watcher, weep ...  
while winds and Winter assail the stoic and silent  
Indian Hills.

-- Wendell B. Anderson

Ranches of Taos, New Mexico

## HOW WE TRAPPED THE WOLVES

I was just playing  
with the dog, baying  
as a boy will,  
when he turned tail  
and let out a wail  
and ran over the hill.

Then I on all fours  
went to my chores,  
and never got up.  
My family sighed  
and reckoned that I'd  
turned to a pup.



But, child to some other  
than my own mother  
or my own sire,  
I howled about lunar  
disturbances sooner  
than lack of fire

when I was left  
cold and bereft  
outside at night;  
and, gnawing a bone  
in time of alone,  
considered my plight.

Then the dog came back  
one night with a pack  
of wolves, six or eight;  
and I knew that my time  
was long past its prime  
for playing it straight.

Thus my liaison  
carried them on  
dead into danger --  
out of the cold  
into the fold,  
the trap, the manger.

Then the quick bullet  
skittered the pullet  
and murdered one duck  
before the wolves lay  
dead in the hay.  
Such was my luck

that father or mother  
stayed the other,  
withheld their fire;  
something, they said  
later, they read  
of my desire...



and as they led  
each other to bed,  
they left ajar  
the door, and I  
crept in, to lie  
with the bone of a star.

-- Edsel Ford

Rogers, Arkansas

### The Virtue Of Speed

Time has buried us  
Before our time.

As running boys we sped  
Across the gravel schoolyard  
With such free and faultless strides  
Our legs snapped up tightly  
Against us from behind.  
Speed was good  
When cinders flew before  
And rolled so much under foot  
That only our speed  
Kept us from skinning  
Shin and shank and palms  
In the sharp and bitter gravel.  
And once across the yard  
We landed in the soft grass  
Where delight at shooting dust  
Became a cool and easy bounce  
In deep green.

But there were always those  
Who came behind --  
Not whirling speedsters  
But gallant boys whom no one loved.  
They came jogging up,  
Their large chests heaving,  
Their noses underlined by red,  
Their eyes -- with tears of strain  
Squeezing in the corners --



Bright with the expectation  
Of joining our games.

But they were too slow;  
Youth respects only speed.  
We left them standing in the grass  
Amazed at their own lack of virtue.  
(Somehow we were not ashamed!)

But now that speed  
Seems not such a virtue,  
We wonder about the big-chested boys  
Who were slow afoot,  
And we would like to see them  
Come thumping up and look at us  
As though we had just come  
Sprinting across the yard.  
We would like to ask them  
To let us join their game.  
But we went too fast for them.  
We'll have to wait  
Twelve years after death  
For them to catch up  
So we can ask them.

-- Robert Lewis Weeks

Eau Claire, Wisconsin

### Heaven Was A Dream I Had

When I awoke my father smiled;  
I had come home  
from a personal round-about  
to smell his world again.

His eyes were red; he knew I knew  
that this return  
was a chance to repeat goodbyes  
before the final stop.

And I look back in silence now;  
his time-slashed face  
turns alone in his private night,  
but I can't touch his cheek.

-- Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Mass.



## **In The Manner Of E. A. Robinson**

*She may be seen when poets read  
In prestige places such as Yale;  
A lady in her fossil weeds,  
Victorian-pale.*

*Her preference is the mature:  
Gray-templed, formal and serene.  
She is disturbed by the obscure  
Or the obscene,*

*For Georgian yet is her milieu,  
Nostalgic as her reticule;  
The sneering snouts of our day  
Are not her school.*

*So, Flora in her floral hat  
Snubs "la Galette" again this season.  
It's not genteel enough, and that  
Is ample reason.*

### **inscription**

*at times my  
verses burn in  
defiance of the  
civilized*

*whoever has  
heard bones  
snap or voices  
twist*

*knows  
what  
i  
mean*

**-- Hans Juergensen**

*Tampa, Florida*



## Way Laid In The Kitchen (as it were)

Wun does not sleep  
with a m(an) wun  
luves  
    h i m.

And luv and liv  
and do not be so  
    cozee  
with yr( ) hus  
bundand chil  
drenand howskee  
ping!

Letmetouchyouinyours out.

A m(an) can (luv me!)  
luv and be true  
for ever andever to  
onetwothreefour and  
may be more.

Luv is free (luv me!)  
wun mustnt be s(h)  
elfish with wuns bodee.

Now wont (she-we-me)  
wun seek wuns (luv me!)  
under lying meaning?

-- Sonia Topper Weller

Storrs, Connecticut



## The Phoenix And The Owl

Once in an age the phoenix burns,  
but wisdom whispers in the owl  
that owlsh ashes -- though they yearn --  
resuscitate no newer fowl.

-- W. Arthur Boggs

Oswego, Oregon

## Point Of Separation

In almost dusk  
apple blossoms incandesce.

Above, a squirrel  
long is sceptical of my stillness  
before his electric descent to grass  
that is green nearly unto blue  
in the half light, now,  
where he is joined by another,  
and together they dig as if this hour  
were not forever but wanted transplanting.

Each word that I thus give up to spring  
leaves more room to let your absence in,  
until I cannot speak.

"I shall be dressed in blue," you said.  
I wait for you.

--Roland Flint

Minneapolis, Minn.

For our seventh issue we have scheduled several parodies that seem quite appropriate. Contributors, so far, are: Carl Larsen, Phyllis Onstott Arone, Charles H. Jerred, Gary Elder, and Laurence Mintz. We are interested in receiving more parodies for this issue.



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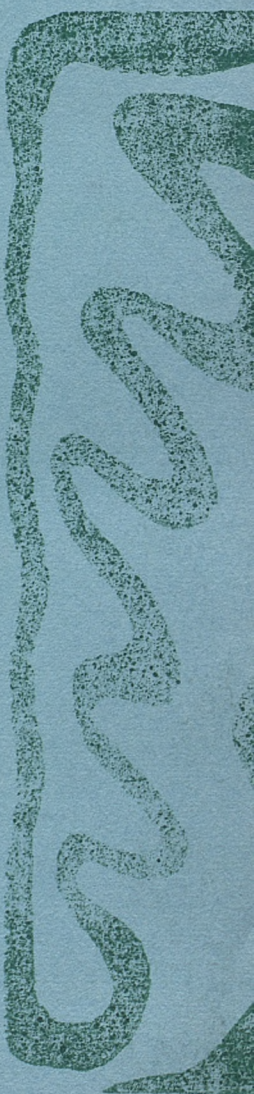
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