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NIGHT

what is good
takes time
like the peace ridden old man
like death

like life days hold out
till the last
dawn to grey, black
waiting

I wait like a beggar
for specks of light
on your still face
which move with the wind

Michael James Paul

A WOMAN

ooo but your ugliness
sparks a hand to it
your face soft and boned
deep I lie in curled up

it is
your leprosy strong dirt
in my eyes leprosy
in my needed
mesa down
down love

Michael James Paul

long as Im here
letmesay git
yr young feet outof
the fireplace
green timbre
dont burn good

git me a bottle o'wine
hum or be silent
and we mellow

Michael James Paul

Smith Hill Fish Market—Providence
October 22, 1971

A one-room restaurant wedged by city
traffic missing the sign:
FISH and CHIPS 75 cents.

Can you hear the grind of urban
renewal, Benny?
Your tatoos and your smile
aren't heroic enough
and the grease old
Emma wipes from the tables
Benny

is your sweat, your vinegar
Benny-Chfist
Taste it now. The steel ball
swinging, demolishing your fish and chips.

I'm sorry Benny, gee
they tasted good
that day I ate in your cemetery,
catsup dripping from my mouth.

Paul McNeil

Gypsy Moth

After all, it's the memory of our dead fruit trees
which, before you even fly,
makes me crush you underfoot.

Your nomadic feeding
disrupts those of us
who crawl New England,
and eats the gold,
caterpillar,
from your cocoon.

Paul McNeil

Inmate

Was it one of the inmates
I spoke to in the dean's office today?
Inmates, who otherwise perform a neat disappear-
a neat disappearing act
entombed within the hospital walls.

The inmate, she said:
"They think I'm crazy or something."
She was looking for a job teaching art
"I'll teach either art or music, it
doesn't really matter, they have a music
department here don't they?"

was asked to please, stop singing, please,
or we can't help you, miss.

She told me she worked in a scullery before,
and adjusting her broken glasses, sang
"my Saviour come to me".

I looked at her stringless violin, her rosary,
and wondering why, I
straightjacketed her with my eyes.

Paul McNeil

I know you wanted to push me
to where you could not see me
or smell my boots;
wet leather. White
cat hair on my jacket,
crooked knee socks—all
these irk you
now. I was quiet before,
but now travel
against the grain of your impression.

Pamela Sterling

Galway Kinnell in Pawtucket

First comes the building. The Pawtucket Public Library has lofty Corinthian capitals, a fullsome chandelier over the central circulation desk area, and two overweight pillars flanking the poet's microphone. It does not seem the ideal place for a poet to read. Will he be tempted, you wonder, to begin shaking those pillars and pronounce glorious doom on all these works?

Then come the people. Surely they are not all Philistines. And they come in such numbers; the poet's own mother, we are told, hardly expected fifty. They down the Irish coffee like manifest destiny. They greet near and far friends with a sort of wild surmise. And they fix on the best chairs, if they are wise, early. Yes, there are the nice little old ladies and middleaged businessmen who have never seen a poem alive. The furtive and skeletal types are the young poets; you see hairy and squinting teenagers, professorial professors, even Department Chairmen; and of course all the ministers and acolytes of Pawtucket's Tricentennial Celebration. It does not seem a great crowd. Probably there's no such thing.

The poet himself is tall, darkhaired for his fifty-odd years. He has returned to the state of his birth and the city of his growing up. The prophet in his own country? Can this really be the man who conspired with Robert Bly in the early sixties to create a theory and practice of subjective imagery? Here in Pawtucket? And his friendliness rises to the occasion like bread. Standing behind the mike now, he tells a little about himself and what it feels like to stare into faces he hasn't seen in thirty years. It's ghostly: the seats and aisles and balconies in front and behind him are full of the old ghosts and the brand new ones.

He is moved by all this, scared in fact, and begins reading. There is a "First Song," composed thirty years before . . .

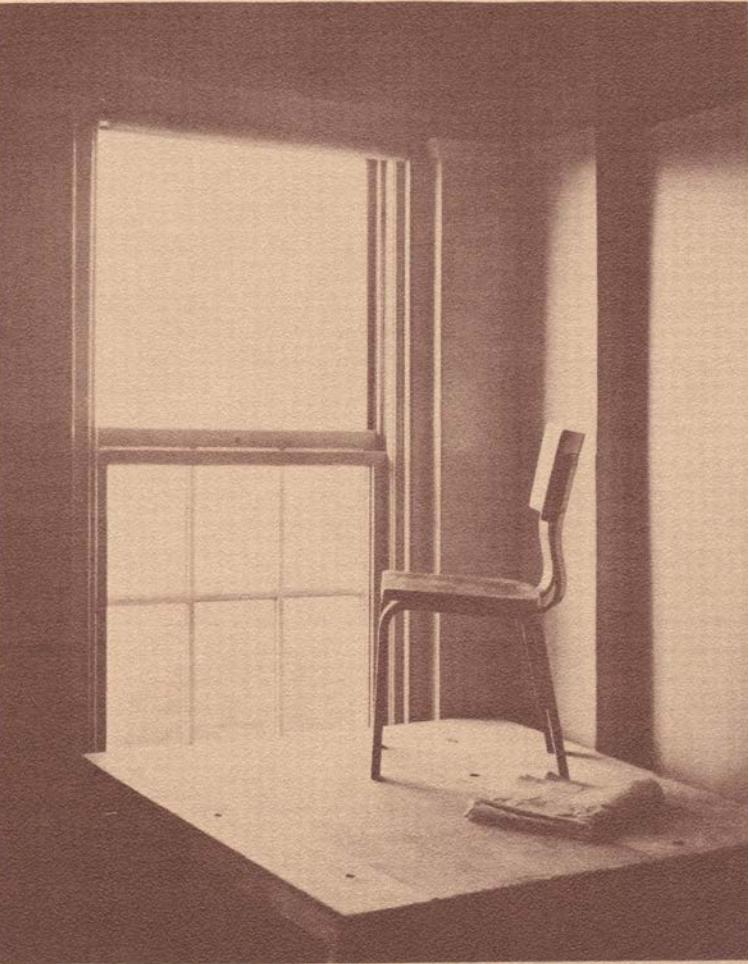
the poem itself as ghost? If the audience claps for this one, the clapping is invisible. Forward ten years for another voice from the past. But somehow there is more than the past now; there is presence. "The Porcupine" is here: a strange eye, another vision finds him in the tree and hears the rifle-crack and sees the body falling, thudding off branches. Quills shudder at our feet. A voice fades out. The room turns colder: the presence comes on in earnest, a white bear takes on its Arctic bulk even as its life drips out, its stomachs torn by the hunter's bait of whalefat and sharpened bone. We become the victorious hunter and we wrap ourselves inside the gutted bear for shelter finally and sleep. And we dream that *we* are the hunted bear in reality . . . until mercifully the cold backs off and the voice fades out. The last poem is about birth. The poet sees his son down the impossible canal. The room is a quiet storm of water and blood. Then the conventional sound of approval as he finishes.

Afterwards come the critical cliches painting their faces. It's visceral stuff all right. Real gutsy. Umbilical and uterine vision! He must be a Major Poet! Well, maybe and maybe not. Maybe it's better to write a major poem than be called a Major Poet. If there's a difference . . .

It would be better to keep our mouths shut. But the unspoken cliches can hurt as much. And anything seems preferable to the fearful silence. You could try dwelling on the words alone. Repeat the phrases, remember something about the porcupine resembling man in seven ways, he "shits on the run" and "climbs trees with his tail." The other five? Why don't many of the words come back? Why is it easier to recall the tone, the rhythm and loudness of the voice? The specialness of the whole occasion. The car floats home, a steel spook in the dark.

Eliot said, "The human mind can only bear so much reality."

Edward Mc Crorie



RUDY'S CHAIR

RUDY KAZOODY
SLOWLY
SQUEEZES SUN DROPS
SUDDENLY
THEY FALL UPON THE
TIMES
F L O A T I N G
UPON THE GRAIN
OF WOOD

ALEX, WAS IT GINSBERG
OUT THE WINDOW

—THAT GLARE!

OR WAS IT THE
SATIN—INTENSITY OF

MAURICE, CHER AMIGO

john marcucci '72

The Party at the Sanscrit Teacher's House

They are blown about
like dead autumn leaves.
Always something new attracts them.
Novelties they devour
like starving rodents
finding a crust of bread.
Then they scurry off
searching for more.
The crumbs they leave behind
are for birds and flies.
They are forgotten.

They have been rich and cultured
For a dozen generations.

I must get out of here.
I toss my poems into their fireplace
I smash my violin against a wall
I impale my famous paintings
on their white picket fence
I throw my fine black tuxedo
over the fence into their orchid-garden.

I run,
and the sun sheds new light,
new life
on my poverty.

Terry O'Neil

directions to maine

kinetic physics—
highway as road, i mean

line velocity vector
variables speed & direct
ion to move well along
warps of gravity and humours

where you're coming from
where you are
where you're going
where you're coming from is
always where you are
stationary up to 26 units per
sec. diminishing in value or
importance as the value of where
you're going increases enough
horseshit rt. 1 brings theory
to its knees reduces hitch hiking
to gunshots & voodoo get a map
ask around

Way McDonald

why am i looking at eyes now?
i dont know zukofsky's "eye",
except as all senses, point
of meeting, where we are & know
other things to be,

see the trees feel the slippery
back of this fish see the trees
feel the slippery backs of these
trees

brown is the color of my eye, is (according
to whom?) the color of philosophy, i sd. my eye
was born in the dead of winter, brought
out into the sun when i was two mo. old to thaw
out my diapers, didn't get feeling into
i sd. my eye, my limbs til midsummer is brown

it's the theory of a blackman,
 see the trees,

that some delicate part,
 feel the slippery back of this fish

in the vision of man,
 ula la la see the trees
was lost, feel the slippery backs of these trees
in the freezing caves of europe.

Way McDonald

on your way up to vinalhaven you stopped in here with your big dog, jesse james, & ran this place for a night & a day. you got us to lift the corn & dig the clams. you made apple sauce & chokeberry jam, candied apples. you wanted entertainment & we got out the guitar, got out the old songs of losing at love, which bored the hell out of you, got out the poems, but by then you were getting out your sleeping bag & feeding the dog, & you were asleep by the time we'd gotten into doing skits, & then we had given up & went to sleep ourselves.

i was first up. got a fire going. your dog showed up at the door, & i let him into the room where you slept on the floor, hoping he'd get you up, which he did, & you started making breakfast & cleaning up. you mixed some rice with a couple of cans of mushroom soup, got me to haul water from the quarry pool, & had everything laid out on the table when i got back. we woke the rest of them, & we all sat down to eat.

you had to see the shore, which had been in heavy fog when you got here the night before. the two of us walked down the dirt road in the rain. i showed you where we swam in the quarry, showed you the rope that we swung out on the skim along the water, & wished it had been a better day so that we could have jumped in together. but you were just getting over a cold & i was coming down with one.

down on the shore we looked under the seaweed for lobsters, where a guy i knew had found nine of them the week before. gathered driftwood & came back. you left for the island around ten o'clock.

Way MacDonald

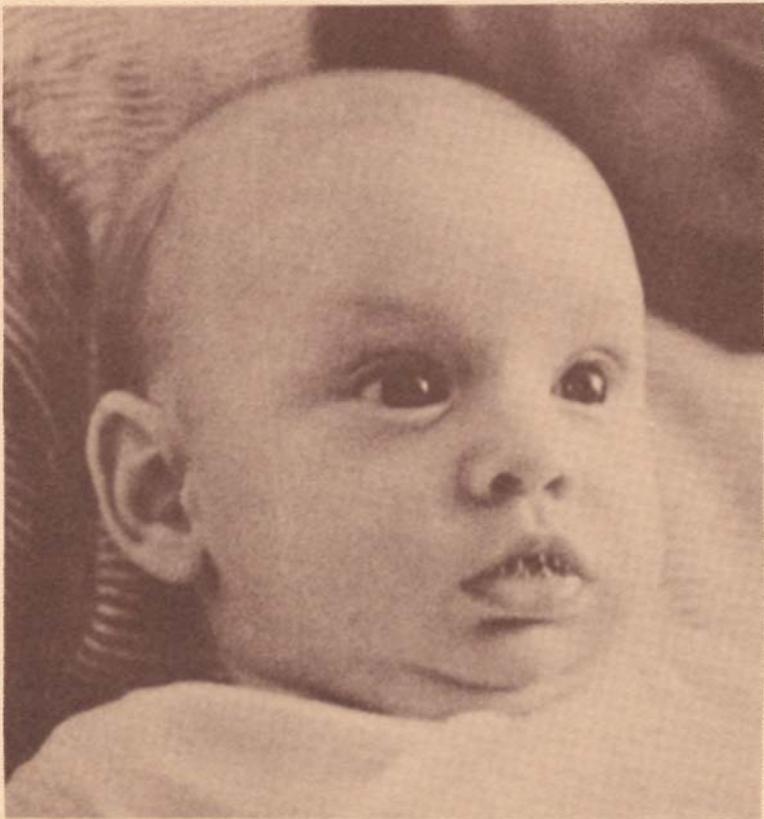
Stephen Daddyless

Walking everybody's head's down,
Except for ones like the stiff-backed priest
 with book-eyes, trying to look not trying.
I cried for that stiff-backed priest!
The warmest he is is flippantly booky.
Is Jesus warm?

Everyone has a german shepard.
They are not warm.
They feel like factories—
Power presses,
Precision parts in perfect operation,
That stamp out crucifixes,
Like fists slamming tables
 to pound a point across.

Sex if it lasted longer
That would be it
If she'd quit bitching and feeling cold
It kills the feeling.
Strange the ones who love you
You won't love back.
And the ones you want to you can't,
So you settle for one of the ones who love you
 to be warmer than being alone.

Charles O'Neil Jr.



When I look at You
I feel like a new baby must,
all giggly and uncoordinated,
when with clear eyes he stares up
at the bird lightly bobbing on rubber thread;
bright
like the bright-perfect colors
of a fairy-tale cottage;
calm
like an empty, calm Nantucket beach
filled with the ocean flowing,
breathing like the chest of Abraham.

Charles O'Neil Jr.

