

***ALEMBIC***

Alembic  
The Literary Magazine of  
Providence College  
Volume 52 No. 4  
May 1973  
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## Art Work

Paula Tella  
Ana Margarita Cabrera





*harvest*

*harvest moon orange  
how soon will you rise silver  
eye of the spirits*

*the tide rises with the moon  
are you gathering the mist*

*Gene Gousie*

## *The Long Poem*

I

Trailing out into the evening in the pause  
between seasons, I follow  
the path that leads nowhere—wind—  
whipped like a filament torn  
from the geometry of spiders, broken  
at both ends, ravelling out  
into nothingness.

As trees dissolve  
into roots and branches trailing  
off at both ends, so  
I myself grow hazy  
around the edges and explode  
out into emptiness, dissolving  
into fingers, toes, hair;  
and the outer sphere of consciousness  
swirls  
and mists away into empty space.

II

I walk on.  
There are no obstacles.  
I am possessed of a great longing to invest  
in real-estate.

That is an obstacle.

The weather is generally nice  
though an occasional cloudburst of words  
causes some discomfort.  
On these occasions, I take off my clothes;  
and when the roaring clouds have dispersed—  
having grown ragged at the edges with a corruption  
that abruptly dissolves the storm—  
I spread my clothes out in the ticker-tape  
of their passage  
and the gorgeous, single sun  
soon dries them.



### III

I walk into an inner  
darkness. Ahead, a squadron  
of hands approaches in a formation  
that wavers  
and breaks  
as they dive one  
or severally, clutching  
at the thin wire of my path, they clutch  
at my boots.

And they that grasped at the sharp  
line in the emptiness, are sliced  
clean through.

And those that curled and clamped  
shut on the polished leather,  
I kick away,  
marked with ending  
and the beginning.

And my own crushed hands, stamped  
with the alpha  
and omega of boot-heels.

### IV

I come upon the Island of Crabs—  
land of tiny horrors in jointed blue  
armor or dressed in shells  
cast down by the dying.

They scuttle  
about, leaping to the clacking  
of the fiddler—  
crab.

I walk on and the sun  
becomes a white flame in the sky, beating  
back the tide; and the armies  
of crabs cast themselves down  
to die; the slick blue armor  
baking to red and the sweet blue flesh  
boiling.

And at the last,  
the emptied  
casings crumble at the joints—falling  
to pieces, much  
as the Colossus of Rhodes must have crumbled  
into the sea, and the sea rushing in  
at the joints—  
Ah, Leviathan, crashing into the ocean!

V

When the city is emptied  
and split apart at the joints like a crab  
or hand that has been stepped on,  
and there is a sound in the street  
of driven snow or sand,  
hissing  
or of a hand wandering for the last time over the loved  
dry expanse of thigh  
or belly,  
I remember in August  
at midnight, roaring  
out of Boston on a Grey-  
hound bus—  
    at the beginning of life.

Terrence O'Neill

### *River Song*

Winter streams crack like old plaster  
pieces float downstream  
melting home.

Upstream salmon climb  
vaulting stones  
the sun sparks off wet backs.

Down the pine needled path  
past the hanging gate  
a farmer sits atop his tractor.

His son bends in the sun  
planting corn seeds  
thinking of summer suppers.

I sit on the fence  
listening to the farmers song  
growing in the fields.

Joseph Osborne



Translation of Pequeno Vals  
Vienes, Little Viennese  
Waltz from IX Huida De  
Nueva York (Dos Valses  
Hacia La Civilizacion) Flight  
From New York (Two  
Waltzes Toward Civiliza-  
tion), *La Poeta En Nueva York.*  
*The Poet In New York* by  
Garcia Lorca

In Vienna there are ten girls,  
a shoulder where death sobs  
and a forest of taxidermed pigeons.  
There is a splinter of morning  
in the museum of frost.  
Ay, ay, ay, ay!  
Dance this waltz with your mouth dumb.

This waltz, this waltz, this waltz  
of consent, of death, and of cognac  
that sinks its streaming train in the sea.

I love you, I love you, I love you  
in the big chair with the dead book,  
through the gloomy hallway,  
in the dark attic of the lilly,  
in our bed of the moon  
and in the dance the turtle dreams.  
Ay, ay, ay, ay!  
Dance with the broken waist of this waltz.

In Vienna there are four mirrors  
where your mouth and its echoes play.  
There is a death for the piano  
that paints the young men blue.  
There are beggars on the roofs.  
There are cool wreaths of tears.  
Ay, ay, ay, ay!  
Dance this waltz that dies in my arms.

Because I love you, I love you, my love,  
in the attic where the children play  
dreaming the old light of Hungary  
through the murmur of the tepid afternoon,  
come sheep and lillies of snow,  
through the dark silence of the forehead.  
Ay, ay, ay, ay!  
Dance this "I'll love you forever" waltz.



In Vienna I will dance with you  
in a disguise that is  
the head of a river.  
Look, I am banks of hyacinths!  
I will leave my mouth inside your legs,  
my soul in photographs and white lillies,  
  
and in the dark waves of your walk, my love  
I want to leave my passion,  
a violin and a grave, and the ribbons of a waltz.

translated by Jane Lunin

### *Cloud Climber*

*(for Cassandra)*

Have you ever climbed a cloud? he queried  
It's not something you can embrace.  
Sipping Black Russians she was still Apollos' Virgin.  
She could see he was a prisoner of the cloud.  
Within the greenness of her eyes,  
Behind the long shadows of the temple,  
She had seen him.  
After she had crossed the cloud,  
Seeing in summers twilight  
Red  
Dissolving into violet  
Into night.  
Behind idols and illusions,  
Behind myths you can feel him.  
He was not new to her,  
She had seen him before,  
Talking in the market place,  
And sailing off to the war,  
But, it was all too much now.  
Finishing her Black Russian she left to pay homage to  
the temple.  
And he went back to climbing clouds.

Willie B. Godin





# Flores

*for Clara Margarita  
and Tanya Margarita*

There are pictures of us  
as little girls somewhere,  
perhaps in an old album  
hidden in the corner of some drawer.  
You,  
your hair in pigtails  
dark as your eyes and my hair;  
and I,  
with the blue of my eyes  
like our matching gingham dresses.  
I told people we were twins  
though you hated being called younger  
and wore your age  
like a medal  
for courage in battle.

Years passed.  
Our families moved apart—  
we grew up through letters  
and summers  
and phone calls on birthdays.  
When you got married  
I went to be your bridesmaid—  
we talked and laughed  
and I helped you with your hair.  
At the church  
your brother's hand was cold on mine  
and people walled around you  
so I couldn't say goodbye.  
The last thing I saw  
was a flash of your green dress.

The daisies had bloomed  
behind my house  
when your baby came;  
it was strange to hold her—  
she moved a lot—my mother  
said I was like that.  
It seemed a game to me—  
like two little girls  
playing with their dolls  
naming their babies  
after the flowers  
and each other.

Ana Margarita Cabrera

*turning point*

tonight i walked the fields where  
the snow was as flashingly white  
as a lost seagull spread across  
the blue city sky.

tonight i came to a turning point  
when the fat burning moon hung above  
the edge of the earth  
and caught me in its octopus rays.

the mothering fields groaned and melted  
with tears for me in my captivity  
but i breathless stood waiting to be taken  
to the other side of nowhere.

do not release me. i danced  
my prayer to that man  
in the moon and we rose  
into the night through rings of color.

Kathleen Mele



*bubbles*

summer rain summer  
rain  
rain rain and rain  
bubbles are rising from ivory soap puddles  
children are playing i am rich  
i have a swimming pool  
and i'm gonna take a bath in my swimming pool . . .

i am not rich i go to the laundromat  
gushing swishing waters full of dirt and sweat  
pour over the floor  
even the great heat dryers with the hottest  
summer sun cannot  
evaporate this flood of bubbles floating full of smells  
floating to the ceiling  
millions of tiny bubbles hitting against cement walls  
popping  
trillions of bubbles exploding at 5 a.m.

Kathleen Mele

## *Bubble Blower: Mouthing the Rainbow*

Marbolized plastic forms  
you. Bubble blower, Creator of reflections  
oscillating shades of all the world's

colors. I use you to fill  
the air  
with smooth bubbles, winding with  
the wind in through to my mind.

Then I drop you from  
my window. I reach for you  
pleading with you to come back.

The wind feeling  
my cry, halts your drop  
raises you until you land  
on my window sill;

a prodigal  
waiting for me to use  
you again.

Gary Bortolot



## *Sneaky Pete*

Bored (or unskilled)  
with canvas  
the artist seeks new medias.  
He tapes his own expiring breath,  
laying almost unconscious  
in Central Park.  
He follows people  
where ever they may go,  
to shops, to movies, to houses.  
He sends up weather balloons,  
not to see where the wind blows  
but to astound the crowd  
with an offering to the clouds.

Communication unachieved,  
a new media must be found  
to satisfy the artist—  
it is himself!

He binds himself with raw  
electric wires,  
lighting up his spine.  
He begs spectators  
to spit upon the wires,  
but no one will.  
Then, escaping like a Houdini  
he takes a freshly polished musket  
and shoots himself  
in the leg.

Gary Bortolot

## *the road*

Somewhere along the road he forgot, watching the stones in the road, kicking the pebbles before him, eyes down and just a little ahead.

Afternoons the road is hot, dusty, and one forgets the lantern at one's forehead, blinding and right there—always right there.

Right there under the stars as well, almost asleep but going farther and farther away from now, so that the road narrows and shortens.

He moves, straight ahead, slowly and surely—surely, because the road looks familiar, and though he could not say why this is so, he is at the same time quite certain this is the way the road is supposed to look, that the familiarity is just another sign (the others being forgotten by now, but surely they had been) that this is indeed the proper road.

The darkness does not frighten him. He is guided by the light of the same moon, for he is certain it is the same moon, though he has never looked at it for fear of losing the road. It is indeed the same moon, and the road is just as familiar in the partial darkness.

Now it is that road which moves, no longer the man, and always the same piece of road. And the lantern hangs there, where the nights grow short as the road.

When the nights are short he doesn't sleep. He is tired from not sleeping, but never stops for fear of falling asleep and losing the road.

A total stranger, though there is no such one, in passing would see the glint in the eyes of the man, and would know that he no longer even remembers that he ever forgot.

## *the tree*

You do not feel and you do not tell the shadow of a tree by the ground over which it casts itself.

Look closely and see that the shadow of the tree is the very ground at its base and the shadow continues, or rather springs up from, underground. It is all shadow below, all material shadow.

The man who uproots a tree from the ground notices that there is no shadow in the dirt that is shaken loose from the roots, and as he walks away the area just beneath his eyes begins to darken a little.



## *Through the Pavement*

The rain in April  
sure made the grass grow.  
There were little girls in  
red boots with plaid shirts  
sailing their lunch boxes in the gutter.  
Crack! baseball in the backyard,  
as the grad campaigns for a suitable  
present for his accomplishments.  
We have cleared the stones away.  
We have begun to see the plants come up.  
A convertible wheeled into the Village  
as the pretzel man told the old streetwalker  
a lily had grown up through the pavement  
down on forty-second street.

Kevin Pettit

## *Share This: Blazing*

This spring has awakened in me such desire;  
the greenness of all things . . .

I would gather into my arms all the broken  
oaks and dress them  
blazing. I would make

all things green and swaying. Oh  
Love, I would take you  
thrust you into the center of all

color; make you know the terrible  
sweet greenness. Share this: trembling.

Gypsy-dancing after dusk bound winter.

Patricia Slonina

## *Giver of Cardinals*

Such a delicious bed  
of daffodils  
yellow and white  
in the Jamestown sun  
nodding quiet secrets  
to one another  
in the last hours  
of the long afternoon.

I think of you  
living by the ocean  
in your warm house  
with such fine wine  
and a ghost of Wyeth;

see you settled  
in your tall chair  
solemn and gentle  
smiling at my preference  
for tea with milk.

In the morning, you tell me  
there comes a cardinal  
to feed at the window,  
a flash of red  
like the tulips in the garden  
or the last streak of sunset.

I told you once  
how much I love birches  
flaming with October  
or naked in December.  
Months later, you gave me  
the picture—a winding  
birch bordered road  
I wanted to follow.

Perhaps one summer afternoon  
I will visit you again  
and we can talk like old friends  
that no distance can estrange,

no ocean you ever lead me to  
will fill my arms  
the way this absence does.

Patricia Slonina



