Published twice yearly by Oberlin College.

Since this is the final issue of FIELD, we are no longer accepting subscriptions. Single issues $8.00 postpaid. Back issues $12.00 each. Contact us about availability.

FIELD is also available for download from the Os&ls online bookstore at www.Os-ls.com/field.

FIELD is indexed in Humanities International Complete.

Copyright © 2019 by Oberlin College.
ISSN: 0015-0657
CONTENTS

Heather Christie 9  Science Fair
11  Suggested Donation

Erin Malone 12  The Returned
13  Training Exercise

Megan Snyder-Camp 15  White Animals

Susan Rich 16  Fever

Angie Estes 17  Remains

Alicia Rebecca Myers 18  Sauna
19  Hot Horse

G. C. Waldrep 20  Tisbury Poem

Ute von Funcke 21  Algorithm of Eternal Life
translated by Stuart Friebert 22  His Many-Leveled House

Judith Small 23  Envoi

Mark Neely 24  Red Lever
26  Rhizome

Susan Grimm 28  Biscuit-Cutter
29  The Minotaur Room

Laura Judge 30  In That Photo, the Himalayas
32  The Fascist Police Knock at My Door

Benjamín Naka-Hasebe Kingsley 34  Nantucket Sleighride

Dennis Schmitz 35  Ghosts

Jean Valentine 36  Trust
37  Sparrow
Carol Moldaw 38 Plover
Kate Partridge 40 Fanfare for the Dinosaurs, or, The Trumpeter
Per Aage Brandt translated by Thom Satterlee 42 from Blue Skies
Frannie Lindsay 45 August
46 Unction
Richard K. Kent 47 Trying My Hand at Translating Li Bai
Elton Glaser 48 Succession
Sandra McPherson 49 Swimming During Polio
51 Get Back into the Alphabet Box
Margaret Ray 52 Tourist
54 Garden State

***

55 Fifty Poems from Fifty Years
Kaveh Akbar 59 What Seems Like Joy
Margaret Atwood 60 The Woman Who Could Not Live with Her Faulty Heart
Angela Ball 62 Ordinance Survey
Bruce Beasley 63 Red Reed
Linda Bierds 65 Quickly and Fully
Chana Bloch 67 Three Studies for a Head of John the Baptist
Robert Bly 69 August Rain
Marianne Boruch  70  Lament
Traci Brimhall  72  Dear Thanatos,
Ralph Burns  73  Junior High Football, Wingback
Billy Collins  74  Idiomatic
Jane Cooper  75  Olympic Rain Forest
Rita Dove  76  Melencholia I
Russell Edson  77  The Wounded Breakfast
Kathy Fagan  78  Visitation
John Gallaher  79  I Will Sing the Monster to Sleep & He Will Need Me
Beckian Fritz Goldberg  80  I Have Lived Here All My Life
Michael S. Harper  81  Homage to the New World
Janice N. Harrington  82  A Colored Woman Cannot Sing
David Hernandez  83  Moose in Snow
Bob Hicok  84  Team Effort
Brenda Hillman  85  Ellipsis
Christopher Howell  86  Ghosts
Laura Jensen  87  The Moon Rises
Laura Kasischke  88  Landscape with One of the Earthworm’s Ten Hearts
Shirley Kaufman  89  A Japanese Fan
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Philip Levine</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>A Wall in Naples and Nothing More</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jon Loomis</td>
<td>92</td>
<td>Tourists</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Lux</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>There Were Some Summers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amit Majmudar</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>Control+Alt+Delete Ghazal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. S. Merwin</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>One Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharon Olds</td>
<td>97</td>
<td>The Falls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carl Phillips</td>
<td>99</td>
<td>Canoe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catherine Pierce</td>
<td>101</td>
<td>Tunnel Vision</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carol Potter</td>
<td>102</td>
<td>The Good Pig</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kevin Prufer</td>
<td>104</td>
<td>Four Little Conversations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrienne Rich</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>When We Dead Awaken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heather Sellers</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>Witness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betsy Sholl</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>Behind the Saint-Lazare Station</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Simic</td>
<td>110</td>
<td>Eyes Fastened with Pins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David St. John</td>
<td>111</td>
<td>Wedding Preparations in the Country</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Stafford</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>Notice What This Poem Is Not Doing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerald Stern</td>
<td>113</td>
<td>Romania, Romania</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark Strand</td>
<td>114</td>
<td>The Prediction</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur Sze</td>
<td>115</td>
<td>Winter Stars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lee Upton</td>
<td>116</td>
<td>The Imagination of Flowers</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Nancy Willard  118  Saint Pumpkin

C. D. Wright  120  Mons Venus

Charles Wright  121  Looking Outside the Cabin Window, I Remember a Line by Li Po

Franz Wright  122  Alcohol

124  Contributors

129  Index to FIELD, Nos. 91-100
Heather Christle

SCIENCE FAIR

Is it sad that a robin
—in order to be born—

must break that pretty egg? Don’t answer that!

An unanswered question remains whole. I like it when it feels like my brain is being licked by the rough tongue of a stray cat. Should we be afraid to put a cat so near a robin? Imagine we are the small gods of a shoebox, you and I, peering into a diorama of the infinitive, unconjugated scene, our minds steadily generating outcomes sad and not-sad, deadly and otherwise, like we are cycling through pictures in a viewfinder, a stereoptic
snap of a scene
with flatness and

depth, like we are
carrying a scared

bird in our soft
pink mouths, and we

shall neither kill it
nor shall we let it free.
In the morning I drink coffee until I can see a way to love life again. It’s okay, there’s no difference between flying and thinking you’re flying until you land. Somehow I own like six nail clippers and I honestly can’t remember ever buying even one. My sister came to visit and saw them in a small wooden bowl. I heard her laughing in the bathroom. I hope she never dies. There’s no harm in hoping until you land.
The deer are awake. Is one pregnant? If they kept diaries the first entry would read: Was born
Was licked
Tried walking
Then they’d walk away and no second entry would ever exist.
I run the deer’s archive. It’s very light work. Visitors must surrender their belongings. Surrender to me your beautiful shirt.
Erin Malone

THE RETURNED

They've come through the rain
with red leaves stuck to their shoes,
hungry, popping cabinets open

and shaking the cereal boxes.
They eat the last of everything.

They don't wonder
if the fish at the bottom of its blue
graveled bowl is asleep

or dead,
nothing is dead.

Like the insides of teacups
they gleam. Never drowned
or hunted, they have no wounds

on their bodies. They are
where they left off—

So how can we explain our constant longing
to touch, to follow

and kneel at the doors
closed to us? Wanting to know
what can't be told:

Faces pressed to keyholes,
each room a diorama,

the dressers, combs and the
little shells.
TRAINING EXERCISE

Is there no way out
of the mind?  —Sylvia Plath

Bluff over the river, burr
oak, unmarked

burial mound

covered
by a picnic blanket

a girl swinging

and smoke
curling from a side door
of the old museum

This is only    a drill    only

one of a swarm

a charm

In Chagall’s Psalm
a person etched in a tree

a person

in
the sky

a child’s version of a sun
Against fear
the sky
its feathers its heralds

Straw-colored light:
I've got a gun
and my dog
a police officer
shouts
come out—

Under the tree
a paper plate
abandoned
moon

Hidden so long
in another realm
someone
in the dark museum
believes
the dog
lunges
Megan Snyder-Camp

WHITE ANIMALS

staring down into the dead animal being able
to look as long as you want the opened body
clouded eye whatever the leg was last trying to do
the expanse of it watery extra the body
mistaken for background how thick the smell
I used to follow when I worked for the city
finding the dead stuffed into tree trunks pinned to walls
the animals that had been used I wrote it all down
then poured straight bleach onto my hands
all my pants had a fine white speckle below the knee
as though I came from the mountains I believed I had
no smell myself they had us wear uniforms and not smoke in the car
all my innovations have been gently archived
the animals die differently now
less open the animals are not alone
the land on which they are dying is bigger
and more of a platform
Susan Rich

FEVER

The world closed up around her
like a tangerine and she was the pith,
pasted on sticky sheets, the hours extending
into empty corridors of miracles that would never arrive. Medicine on her bed table,
a teacup of ice cream, and then a black and white television rolled in for the occasion, like a trophy she had won.

Is this what the rest of her life would be like—
days conspiring against her,
apricot groves just a little out of reach?

She’d lie awake until 3 AM when she would unhook her mind from the waves of curtains and begin the Byzantine task of recalling everything she knew: how to tie laces, cook scrambled eggs, compose in blue. What was life and what would it cost her? In the year 2000 she would be forty years old.

She would have boyfriends, collie dogs,
a musk-scented cottage, and her own country. But she’d rather sleep with the trees!

Or maybe there’d be more—

She would turn over, watch snow slide off the roof, her eyes primed on the next future...
REMAINS

I can never remember whether
the saying goes “All roads lead
to Rome” or “All roads lead to
home,” although if all roads do
lead to Rome, it makes sense that the road
to home would too, especially since
Romans built their roads on top of
older roads—the words street and strada, Latin
for roadway, come from
strata, layers—in the same way that
graves in the Old Jewish Cemetery
in Prague were stacked on top
of each other for centuries: as many as
twelve layers separated only
by a new heap
of soil. The Cinema Alberto Sordi
in Rome, suspended down into
the excavation site of medieval and
ancient ruins going back to the fourth
and fifth centuries—an extensive
network of shops, houses, streets—is wrapped
in windows: before the lights dim
and the show begins, moviegoers
can watch two thousand years
of history while Muscadet in
the Pays Nantais region of France ages
in subterranean glass-lined
tanks sur lie so that the wine
stays in contact with the dead
yeast cells for a fuller, richer
finish. Rising from ground that holds
a body, the headstone bears
its name as if it were staking some miner’s
claim. The French have a word
for the descriptive text left in place
of art that has been
stolen: fantôme, left like the tracks
of my father in new-fallen
snow or the lines of a poem heaped
one on top of another.
Alicia Rebecca Myers

SAUNA

I have a son
hot coal in the chest
cannonade at dusk

he calls the barn a *neigh house*
I christen every chamber for its sound
even the space between holding him and making
light of shadow
*hum tick*

I call the sauna *hiss box*
dry heat awakening some willingness
to be content
a lariat
have you ever taken outside burning
into dream
I'm talking cupping very real fires

I cool his mac & cheese
through steam
he sprints into the *hush room*
HOT HORSE

The guidebook said to look for an orange box. We strolled through Tivoli Park, past the pond, past the mansion guarded by its four cast iron dogs. Story goes their sculptor shot himself for forgetting their tongues. I, for one, will never forget my tongue. I take it everywhere I go. I wanted a fast horse, wanted to play karst to some fierce muscled Lipizzan, to ingest, via burger, gait’s tracery. We queued up inside the kiosk. You recused yourself from gloppy nacho condiment. I handled a bun big as a moon, the meat thin and tough and smeared with ajvar. My ring against the former runner glimmered. How to say this? Like a castle of gristle. Lake effect in the gut. My love for you the inverse of the trapped feeling. I later read about the man who climbed atop the roof of his dead father’s car as thieves sped it away, and thought: Yes. He held on ferociously. A herd of grief moving through him. This is how I cling to memory. The trees: just blurs. We met Tomaž by Dragon Bridge for dinner. In the only photo I have of us he’s wearing a checkered Polo shirt. “To your honeymoon,” he said, then sang the praises of the marinated horse steak. I ordered one. This was hours after Hot Horse, two years before he died. There are boxes and there are boxes. I’ll keep welcoming wildness inside me.
I am less than one altar—slightly less, a bit chipped away, perhaps, in a quake or a storm or from daily use. The solemn trees march branch in branch, green flames late for their oratorio. Being less than one altar I am not the one assigned to bear the lantern, which travels in the grasp of the Master Scar. O Master Scar, bring me a little milk, a little honey, a mirror of reasonable dimensions, that I may examine my deficiencies. The Watchers’ faces rearrange themselves into X’s and O’s. They are always pregnant, never giving birth. Startled psalms levitate at the firing of some large gun. I who am less than one altar scrape the freshly-torn blades of grass from my boots. It is Vespers and I would believe anything death might say to me, from his little alcove with its prayer veil and carousel.
At the sea the fishermen

tired, rocking
in rotting boats

they've been waiting, waiting
long days and nights

knotting and loosening knots
in their stinking nets

dreaming of
the return of death

waiting in vain

he will not anchor in
the bight of those living forever

the rudder raised to strike
his eyes flaming wheels

Charon in his empty ferry

the fishermen throw him
their last copper coins
HIS MANY-LEVELED HOUSE

(for the poet Abba Kovner)

Of stone, thinly ground like glass
the single window in the house
layered of loam and shame
timeless creation of the guiltless one

there’s no door to enter from outside
just a crack for casting words

blind children feel their way outside
into a world of broken silence

night’s searchlights extinguished
with the speed of light, shoulders shrugging

banished like the barking of dogs to
the iron cages of history’s distance

at petrified tables benumbed
faces break bread as before

the coffins of the dead on his shoulders
he carries them from room to room

past walls without pictures
to bed them down in warming hope

in front of his house, growing
the husks of the just

filled with seeds of wheat
for the sparrows of Vilna

translated by Stuart Friebert
Because the dog was dying, when her owner brought her to say goodbye
right away he stood up from his desk and started toward the truck parked at the roadside windows open to the air
but already she had made her way towards him as far as she was able down from the truck to the stone steps of the farmhouse where she sat holding up her paw curled in that way she had as if cradling a phone against her body, folding a receiver awkwardly into herself as people used to do waiting for the words the knowing touch behind the ears to begin
I used to want to be Walt Whitman
now I just want an answer
to the email sent six days ago
my best poems are fifteen years in the past
best sex best drunken afternoons
shirtless in the sweltering grass
nearly Buddhist in my attention
free from the specter
of lawn care and fatty livers
free to tarry as the universe
blew its smog into my lungs
I skipped aboard a wheezing bus
your lipstick on my teeth
the old fart at the wheel
some indecent age
I would never turn
and April’s fingernails
screeched against the sliding
windows as we rattled
down Green where Billy the Bum
lay in his magnificently soiled parka
on the sidewalk outside Busey Bank
once my father saw him fill
an entire shopping cart with pineapples

when we shouted our feelings
through these narrow openings

the emergency exit
daring me
RHIZOME

Spraying small streams of poison on the

my son interrupts me with his reading

homework another outsider kid in trouble

creeping Charlie says the neighbor

a beautiful system of darkness

like a cancer he says my son

hits himself in the face for forgetting

his math book he hugs me fiercely

when he goes off to school I choose my words

knowing they might be the last I ever say to him

which is I guess a kind of blessing

spring is too heavy here laden with pollen
and vapor
political signs
jabbed into lawns
O air

lift us this morning
above our suffering
I wouldn’t want a tree but a lake though it gives no shade
though it’s noisy and likes to take, all century grabbing
the land and exting/vexing/exiting the shore. Yesterday
swiping a bird under but letting the snake like a king carry
its struggling fish to the rock. Sometimes plock the stone.
The long trail of grief like a hissing wake, like a whistling
hose. Anaesthesia. And then back to the middle again.
The green wells up from the black. Expecting the body’s
hair to stand up at every little thing. And then as if the
seat belt gives way—first the vicious thrust then the flying
away at speed, the head finally unscrewed so we can be topped up with longing. I have spread the misery
butter over every last thing. The rubber trick knives
dallying, the real ones breaking the skin. They’re so
far away with the doors shut, the crickets drilling in.
THE MINOTAUR ROOM

“This ancient legend inspired Daniel Rassmusson, New York artist, to paint key scenes for 178 feet along the sparkling new ‘tea room’ at Halle’s... in soft grays and whites on five walls up to 14 feet high.”

—The Cleveland Memory Project

The coat and how it adapts. Camel-khaki, waterproof, some brass-like buttons sewn on. Trench. Classic. No warfare expected. No grenade loops or pockets for maps. But then the man dropped down amid the club sandwiches and heavy waitress trays, before Rasmusson’s bull tossing a laurel-leaf boy with his horns. Oh, the things that are sharp, that invade. He lay on the carpet. My sister rolled her coat, slipped it under his head as he shook, a little vomit slipping out. When he looked again over the edge into consciousness, returned to the classic panels, the dark blue maze where men and women of the city awaited sacrifice, my sister retrieved her coat, wrapped herself in an armor of gabardine for the long ride home. The elevator took us down. Outside the push and sharp of traffic. We were still threading our way through, volunteering the bus fare. At home puzzling our way around edges and corners, easing onto the couch where a spring gnawed its way through.
IN THAT PHOTO, THE HIMALAYAS

rise and curl like an ocean wave, like opportunity. The trekkers are misguided.

I think of you, great-great grandmother I never knew, whose husband served the British Crown

in India, whose sons ran away from military school for reasons I can’t fathom,

of you buried halfway up the Himalayas. I have no love for you, only curiosity

for what moved you. You took a last step surrounded by blue or gray,

or white, peaks that inspired or shamed, and you must have been cold.

You’d arrived in India in 1860, after a Bengal unit defied the British.

The sepoy mutinied, refusing to shoot a rifle, the Enfield,

because tearing open its cartridges greased with cow and pig fat

required teeth. A rebellion that altered history. Even yours.

I suspect you didn’t know of Fanny Bullock Workman as you climbed to your death.

She scaled the Karakoram in 1906, reaching Pinnacle Peak with her husband,
a woman’s record at the time,
and without freeze-dried food,

pitons or carabiners.
She seemed immune to altitude sickness

and unaware of her children in London,
driven only by ambition, a mountain herself.

I wonder where you lie,
if you are frozen and intact,

if, somehow, you could be resuscitated,
like someone drowned whose

heartbeat hovers near the living,
if you might reveal

what drew you to the mountains,
what infinitesimal seismic shifts

put you in a place so grand
and still that history almost escapes you.
FASCIST POLICE KNOCK AT MY DOOR

You heard I harbor
an underground
newspaper?
Put those guns down
please?

By free press
I meant complimentary ironing.

Have you been here
to my store? The Fold?
Come in!

Yes we stitch everything!
Paisley tartan gingham plaid.
Mostly cotton but no muslins
this year.

I never said censorship.
I said sensor chips
sewn inside seams
to prevent theft.

Look at my clothes.

Military is the rage.

This here touch
such a pretty smockstika
so hip this dress so loose
and retroish.
For your handsome selves
Muscle Leanies
to show off
those pecs.

Surely you have mistresses?

Please put the guns down.

I love brands like Noose and Nation.
  Silver zippers like train tracks.

You are the Fashion Police
  arresting in your new uniforms.
Benjamín Naka-Hasebe Kingsley

NANTUCKET SLEIGHRIDE

When you harpoon a whale, it bucks harder than a freight train off rails. It dives down deep as it can go, and takes your boat with it—fast—and that’s the “sleigh ride”: that last fighting gasp of leviathan through the sea.
—Browning Tyler, grandson of a Nantucket whaler, 81 yrs old

You know the whale metaphor. You know all about the beaten horse. Write this off as just another dead animal poem. Or, dying, know that my people weren’t neatly arked by America two by two, white boys named Noah harpooned our asses, by the tens by the thousands, collared our necks with barbs and slugged lead into our heads when we bucked, they dove in after our oil and the good fat of our plains, from Sea to Shining Sea. Now here we all are, a tangle of corpses together we crabs in a clawed bucket list: cross off every otherkind and colony—colonize the crevice between my brown lungs, cremate me in ashy anonymity before I surface, I breathe, I war.
GHOSTS

By ghost I mean a scrap of Beethoven or Pachabel’s “Canon” reduced to a phone’s ring-tone—a kind of musical acid-reflux.

***

Memory is disjunctive—it’s quoted speech, little damns. It will send favorite clothing to Goodwill then drive to buy it back.

***

In real life, Maria Callas suffered like the Tosca I’d take out,

three discs to an opera, scratched, the emotions so used that there was little music left. Only eighteen, hearing the pain but not the art of using it—when I tried to sing

only the Italian of it, intercepting, ghosting over her lover’s reply—

whose voice was it?
Our great-aunt Frances's look was trust.
Her love like an old mare
leaning over the half-door
of her half-empty stall

When she was dying in the thin gray hospital
her beautiful eyes closed
her little lick of her dry mouth—
SPARROW

What do I want here
Who am I here for —It seems
—to write to you God,
help me how, your eye is on the sparrow and
I'd die if it is not.

Sparrow my baby died of an abortion.
I nearly died. They drove me
in a car and brought me back.

My whole life I love you Sparrow,
my whole life—
With high-pitched steady beeps, like a back-hoe backing up,
the plover screeched its alarm, warning us off as we drew near
to float our towels to the sand and bayonet the umbrella's point in deep. Jim came on the nest when he put down the basket. Four eggs, protected by driftwood and a row of little rocks.

Facing the sea, we half-watched the paddle game he played with Sarah. Where was Arthur? Kindly leaving us to ourselves to talk of whatever: the cost of life, of art, what to let go, what keep. Olivia, you boast, channels everything—rage, fear, grief—into wall-scale drawings precise as etchings:

no need (for now) for shrinks. The plover had calmed down, the buffer our excess stuff created around her earning us
if not trust, then a muted truce
and suspension of disbelief.

Behind us, sand dunes, bluffs;
before us, a late mid-summer sun,

the kelp-flocked shimmering sea:
a moment unguarded, prelapsarian—

or so it seems when I look back,
casting about for telltale signs.
Kate Partridge

FANFARE FOR THE DINOSAURS, OR, THE TRUMPETER

Agnes Martin, Untitled (Innocence)

As if I had done a thing to deserve it—this delight
—the afternoon air is
filled, not only with the usual clatter of mountain spring
—the paving trucks dragging
their stomachs along the newly-milled curb like seals heading up
the beach, the nickel hail flipping across the aluminum
porch’s broad sun hat—but
with the blowing of a young trumpeter who, by afternoon,
has already worn right through
someone in the house and finds herself rehearsing in the yard.

Nothing is ejected from my walls—not railroad spikes, antlers
found prone, stone fragments printed
with fossilized ferns. For Agnes, innocence is six pale bars.
Even in the film, she is
herself canvassed in stripes. Perhaps a profession is a more
serious aesthetic commitment than I realized. Note:
in a coat resembling a
pile of rugs, the one woman in the English royal trumpet
corps. Some things are not worth it.
This trumpeter has no particular location to speak
of—not like the next-door Post-it entreat ing us to please
return the rake. She knows three
entire songs, including a fanfare. I am hoping it
provides a general good,
as it has already done for me. Nearby is the hillside
where people standing between two rocks can project their sounds in
perfect acoustic balance,
that old-root longing for a world designed with our bodies in mind,
and just below are the footprints of dinosaurs who hiked straight up the hill’s face. Touching them
did not make them seem more real. They remained, in my mind, like some-
thing reprinted from a textbook
image, too precise with their curving toes to be so antique.
The trumpeter forever
returns to her calling card—the theme from Jurassic Park.

This is not an adventure park, unless you count the ducks who
like to leave their enclosure
and take to the sidewalk in protest. They are insecure or
unsecured. The trumpeter,
maybe, is seeding us all with little bulbs of rebellion,

the music entering our habits like misplaced grenades. That
balloon you’ve forgotten that
pops at the top of the staircase in the night. No one’s measured
stripes fall outside the range of
the comets. The white horse, the trumpet are just the first signs.
another being jumps into your lap
and purrs, and its eyes show how far
it is between question and answer, and
between two conscious beings, cat and
philologist, while the soft fur shows
how the distance is traveled in a flash
(baudelaire)

* 

today I wrote nothing,
I wrote, and that was true,
until it happened; life cannot
be described by one still living
and afterwards it’s a little too late
(a problem of biography)

* 

the frost is biting, and likewise
the longing, its teeth are long
and sharp, my skin is thin,
a cat jumps up and scratches
a bloody strip of love from
the palm of my hand: the night’s writ

* 

if someone dies of rage after having met the state,
heard its laughter, seen its face under appropriate
head covering, and if someone then chooses to
express oneself by bursting into a conflagration
of genuinely flaming anger, a kind of metaphor
performed with literal precision, if someone acts
this way and departs the world in such a manner,
then the fire sputters on as a condition of rage with many bearers, who in turn will go and meet the state, now with death in their hand, to return the torch (to where it came from)

* 

the snow black from grease and enterprise, people lifeless and ready to be picked up from the sidewalk, a sight for worn-out gods, who long ago grew aged and terribly seedy, that’s what the world is like now, in a corresponding condition, what you find yourself resembling is yourself, until you start to resemble something else (ecce homo et mundus)

* 

morning air, a certain cheerfulness from the bushes, reality is the possible, which includes drowsy and still happy animals and people, moved by the light and the smell of life and what follows from it: something, already quite a lot

* 

the cat jumps up on the table and says: it’s now, well it’s always now, isn’t it, I suggest, no explains the fine philosopher, it’s only now now, because I require you to pet me and feed me according to my body’s imperative clock without reference to yesterday or tomorrow or other absurdities, which you must have picked up in school, not life, for here the law of death applies: love now, there is at all a chance to do so (carpe diem)
the notion of moving in step while resigning everything is inescapable no matter how much you cower and spit

the ice is melting, and I saw a red bird, so today I'll only use very few negations

tomorrow I won't use any metaphors either, given how short and pictureless life is, it's best to just show your passport and leave fingerprints, this counts for identity, then everyone will be happy, in fact delighted, so we open our arms to each other, and guess what that entails, great joy, despite literalness and despair

I call when you come it gives me a feeling of being complicit

I call for you over and over in my soundless soul

translated by Thom Satterlee
How I have taken for granted
the galaxies of crickets
the black dog resting
her head on the ample moon
these nights
laying their calm blankets out
to forget me
UNCTION

At last you became less sick
skin feverless hummingbird pulse

as fewer visitors
lay their palms against your cheek

as your sleep turned back into
the Saturday weather of meadows

and your thirst a mountain brook’s
bright March trickle

as the words you had loved
darted forth like the musicless gray

of moths over the evening wind

and your hands the caves
in which mine still burrowed

gave up the last of their comfort
and grew cool for the night
TRYING MY HAND AT TRANSLATING LI BAI

A bright moon, of course, appears almost immediately in the sky of the page. Azure peaks soon join it, mist wafting in and among them.

Then, somewhere deep along one of the narrow trails there and barely visible, a recluse lifts a hand to give a wave just as he turns to disappear.
Elton Glaser

SUCCESSION

Was Joseph, in the Jesus tales,
Just a beard, a mere convenience?
When her belly began to swell, Mary
Needed another angel, and found instead
This man standing in the sawdust,
No questions asked—and what answer
In the end would make sense anyway?
And so, like the donkey she rode
To Bethlehem and back, he soon steps
Forever out of the story. For what use
Is any father once his son comes
Into his own, in a house where there's only
Room enough for one god at a time?
When the normal man in midlife sighs, assents to sell his fleamarket doll whose eyes he loved to make blink,

when our Taiwanese new citizen laughs telling me he delivers mail to a clothesline of American bras,

when the blind art professor adopts a cat that must be silky and specifically ebony,

when the junior high bully shows his teacher why he acts out mean: under his lifted shirt, three nipples...

when I’m hit in the spine by a lime on my way to baste the steelhead, and in the breast by a bag of the harder candy bars, nougat and nuts, we bought to sweeten the frightening kids, when my longest-living friend’s entire news she couldn’t speak consisted of “this,” when I surmised that meant the soul escaping from her hopeless daughter,

during the fruitless pumping on the swimmer’s back, the way you empty, one push at a time, an air mattress to pack away, the lifeguard plum-slick and smelling burnt, then I dove through chlorine, a thin blade filleting a trout, got out, slathered coconut on small thighs, looked up at the high springboard’s terminus, from which, once winter’s harbor
is drained, you might see all that is left of one soggy squirrel...

When Dr. Sanfilippo immunized my right rear rose, I bent the needle. That's when Aunt Ruth with her oil paints, and the neighbor boy, the chemist's son, sat frozen with polio on the hot cement by the pool.
GET BACK INTO THE ALPHABET BOX

Return inside now, and stack your alphabet, goldenrod on piglet, cornflower on goose-gray cube.

A letter once learned seems stable; build them up a bit, campanile of syllables.

“Sit up straight”—as if the blocks had parents. Then, the first skywriting that you’ll read.

Preoccupation with the mess of precocious lyric slang.

Magpie, mat your nest in a black walnut crown.

Roll stiff edges to soft undersides. Redact.

You may also sweep a whole set away one hard day: let belles lettres scatter.

A sudden dandelion tickles the iron horse across its nose.

For those of you with friends, your playground sweetens with grass-stem, bubblegum. Spell squirrel’s tail, turtle’s neck, angora’s eye. Oriole-orange. Drum-numb.

Align, pile, topple. Your a.k.a.’s recoverable, like abc passing through the mouth’s door. Sitting on the school chairs of the teeth.

Listening to the absent French W.

A V migrates over. You throw a bouncer at it. An outlaw letter that thought itself alone.

All because the storm glowers, a big gray dog.

No, it’s Mother, she’s unwritten, and not a toy.
Margaret Ray

TOURIST

The great trouble in human life is that looking and eating are two different operations.
—Simone Weil

She wants to eat god, so she goes to the museum. She wants to gum the wrist of the baby in the paintings, especially when he is depicted as simply a mini adult. She goes by the book, the one in her backpack, and though she says Greek to herself quietly, over and over, Greek, Greek, here in this northern city on a river nowhere near the Mediterranean, she wants to sink her teeth into the folds of white marble robe wrapped around the headless female figure. She wants for resistance, wants to stuff the hard consonants of this foreign language into her mouth.

She goes to the cheese shop and looks, goes to the butcher shop and looks at the meats as they glisten and hang, wants for transitive verb and object without interposing preposition, so she goes to the cathedral to eat the organ, goes to the river to consume the architectural leftovers of ancient commerce, wants to eat the word architecture, she wants to taste the briny smell of the hulls and the damp bodies of the people in the bus wants to dry her tongue on the felt of the seats wants to click her teeth against the shiny red pole she hangs onto, standing, while the bus jerks all the bodies around corners. She wants to bite down on the thick coins in her pocket, carry them pinned
between molars, taste all the hands, 
the hotel room key-card would fit 
in her closed mouth, propping out her cheeks 
like the x-ray bite-plate panel at the dentist. 
When she meets her dark-haired host she 
takes his hand, raises it to her lips.
GARDEN STATE

The world smells green & wet & today I am in a postlapsarian good mood as I meander by the Raritan canal (local feedwaters: Stony Brook & Shipetaukin Creeks), no longer moving in a deadly torpor like a winter fly, but thinking once again (the warming weather) about sex in a good way, how all those smells you’re supposed to be ashamed of or wash away smell good once you know a thing or two, & it’s finally humid enough, this second day after the rains, it is spring in New Jersey, I itch my eyes freely & blink down on gnats that seem determined to die in my field of so-close-I-can’t-see-them, & people are out, look at all their beautiful bodies, so many ankles & knees, clicking whizz of bike wheels, car exhaust hanging in the thick air, helmets pressing sweaty hair to sticky foreheads, a racket of motors on the other side of these trees, early evening: the light just now is furtive, holy, this is no prologue but the thing itself, the mud & the grease & the grass & the wet asphalt on one of those steaming, streaming, sunlit evenings after a week of rain that brought out the frogs to cover the road up the hill. There they were. No one knew where they were going.
FIFTY POEMS FROM FIFTY YEARS
In 1969, when FIELD was founded by a group of junior faculty from Oberlin, nobody could have imagined that the magazine would last for fifty years. Poetry journals tend to be ephemeral, especially when they’re staffed almost entirely by volunteers and supported by a shoestring budget. Changes in taste, an unpredictable literary landscape, and shifting staffing patterns all conspire against longevity. It’s harder still to foresee whether a publication will find an audience, or that that audience will remain engaged.

Nevertheless, we persisted. Our mission was, quite simply, to present the very best work we could find, without regard to literary fashion or reputation, led by our collective sense of merit. Some well-known poets submitted to FIELD for years before we accepted their work, and we appreciated their gracious tenacity. Conversely, we were always excited when a poet unknown to us sent poems fresh and original enough for us to take right away, at the beginning of what sometimes developed into a distinguished career. The magazine has thrived because of the hundreds of poets who have entrusted us with their work. And we’re equally grateful for the loyalty of readers who have responded enthusiastically and thoughtfully to what they’ve found in our pages.

The poems that follow are intended to represent the range and variety of the work we’ve published over fifty years. They do not purport to be the “best” poems from FIELD—that would be beyond our ability to judge, as well as contrary to the egalitarian impulse that has always guided our editorial process. Nor have we had room to include any of the exceptional long poems (such as Larry Levis’s “Linnets,” Adrienne Rich’s “Cartographies of Silence,” or Michael Harper’s “Ruth’s Blues”) that we’re proud to have featured. We also reluctantly made the decision not to include translations: we could easily have assembled a similar group of fifty distinguished translations, but that would expand the issue to unwieldy proportions. Finally, we are not including here any of the poets represented by new work earlier in the issue, though a number of them have been regular contributors.
As we suggested earlier, FIELD has been a labor of love. It would not have been possible without the contributions of the many other editors, business managers, and student interns who have participated along the way. To all of them, many thanks.

David Young
David Walker
WHAT SEEMS LIKE JOY

how much history is enough history before we can agree to flee our daycares to wash everything away and start over leaving laptops to be lost in the wet along with housecats and Christ’s own mother even a lobster climbs away from its shell a few times a life but every time I open my eyes I find I am still inside myself each epiphany dull and familiar oh now I am barefoot oh now I am lighting the wrong end of a cigarette I just want to be shaken new like a flag whipping away its dust want to pull out each of my teeth and replace them with jewels I’m told what seems like joy is often joy that the soul lives in the throat plinking like a copper bell I’ve been so young for so long it’s all starting to jumble together joy jeweling copper its plink a throat sometimes I feel beautiful and near dying like a feather on an arrow shot through a neck other times I feel tasked only with my own soreness like a scab on the roof of a mouth my father believed in gardens delighting at burying each thing in its potential for growth some years the soil was so hard the water seeped down slower than the green seeped up still he’d say if you’re not happy in your own yard you won’t be happy anywhere I’ve never had a yard but I’ve had apartments where water pipes burst above my head where I’ve scrubbed a lover’s blood from the kitchen tile such cleaning takes so long you expect there to be confetti at the end what we’ll need in the next life toothpaste party hats and animal bones every day people charge out of this world squealing so long human behavior! goodbye acres of germless chrome! it seems gaudy for them to be so cavalier with their bliss while I’m still here lurching into my labor hanging by my hair from the roof of a chapel churchlight thickening around me or wandering into the woods to pull apart eggshells emptying them in the dirt then sewing them back together to dry in the sun

(from FIELD #95)
I do not mean the symbol of love, a candy shape to decorate cakes with, the heart that is supposed to belong or break;

I mean this lump of muscle that contracts like a flayed biceps, purple-blue, with its skin of suet, its skin of gristle, this isolate, this caved hermit, unshelled turtle, this one lungful of blood, no happy plateful.

All hearts float in their own deep oceans of no light, wetblack and glimmering, their four mouths gulping like fish. Hearts are said to pound: this is to be expected, the heart’s regular struggle against being drowned.

But most hearts say, I want, I want, I want, I want. My heart is more duplicitous, though no twin as I once thought. It says, I want, I don’t want, I want, and then a pause. It forces me to listen,

and at night it is the infra-red third eye that remains open while the other two are sleeping but refuses to say what it has seen.
It is a constant pestering
in my ears, a caught moth, limping drum,
a child’s fist beating
itself against the bedsprings:
I want, I don’t want.
How can one live with such a heart?

Long ago I gave up singing
to it, it will never be satisfied or lulled.
One night I will say to it:
Heart, be still,
and it will.

(from FIELD #18)
What a county owns: Caves, the first and last of nothing; rocks that rolled downhill once, and stuck.

A boy compelled to walk at night and look through strangers’ windows, a “peeping tom” whose mother tries to stop him with her own body.

A fourteen-year-old girl who after her baby is born begins to count the barbs in wire so she won’t kill the small one who’s here to eat her heart.

She remembers a car ride past a row of flickering slender trees. “Poplars, for a wind break,” her mother said. The car went on and on and didn’t stop.

Where are all of them? No one’s looking, not the dark’s greased wheels, the pond’s musty inverted tent, the woods’ leaves drowning in leaves, a dry ocean, not the bleached grasses, the paths stumbling downhill, the trotting animals, the bare hand strewing feed, the salt block’s gleaming skull next to the trough, the gate that hangs on its hinge, caught in the act of closing and opening.

(from FIELD #60)
RED REED

Nothing exists except atoms and emptiness.
—Democritus

Look within
these words to the rough,
yellowing grain of the page
that herds them on all sides, and drives
hard in-between each letter:
sinkhole of the u, the locked
cavity in the head of each e . . .

Everything insubstantial—

Like words, atoms
are mostly empty:
the nucleus
the proportion of an apple
in a baseball field, with the rest
of the stadium
all but vacant . . .

Look beyond the page to your hand,
so limp, so powerless there,
a hooked birthmark, maybe, under the thumb,
or a wedding ring wedged in the heat-swollen flesh—

And again, beyond words, to the room,
say a white string
hanging beside a bare 60-watt bulb,
or a day sliced by venetian blinds
into dogwood and cracked porch column, pink
woodwasps nagging at the peeled white paint.
It keeps
growing particular: what this
ink would have you witness—
Mayday and mayfly, catalpa,
folded beach umbrellas
lined, like gravemarkers; by the sea.

Look down at this page, look hard,
until you can notice
nothing
but your own gaze,
and give up what that gaze can’t reach:
the pale green lines on this white pad
in Ohio, in 1992, in May,
the sweetgum’s green through the window,
or whatever image of green
you recall as you read this
and forget
as you do
the pounding under your ribs,
the insuck of air
that keeps drying the rough grain of your tongue—
or the reddish
reeds on a creek bank, here,
now, through this window, the ones
you read, homonyms, or real
reeds, thick-rooted in mud, that swarm
greenflies the moment you part them—

(from FIELD #49)
Not foam at all. Certainly
not froth. Just a web of viscid gel
palate to muzzle. A squint. A gape. Now and then,
a rush of high-toned howls, sharp, then diminishing.

And where the candlelight offers its own web,
a woman reads of this illness—
one spark of germ, then the brain
like a scarlet skullcap—of the cure she will carry,
those specks of red medulla dictating sound,
flecked, injected, day after day,
two grams of rabid animal brain
flickering through her bloodworks.

Not fury at all. A nudge.
She had carried cold stones down the side-path,
for the licking, the swollen tongue. And out
from a break in the hedgerow, from the nest of
string and balsa, that tongue, nudging a hangnail.

She gathers her gloves,
little kerchief of biscuits and plums.
It is dawn on the roadway to Paris. Already

the chemists are working: all across the room,
suspended from threads in cotton-topped vials,
the daubs of drying medulla wait,
row after row, tiny nerve hooks for hearing, the curl
of the muzzle, used now for madness
turned back on itself—ten-day, five-day, one-day,
to the strongest, far off in a corner,
so plump they might still cup the impulse for sound.
Like glass-harps, she thinks, then takes the injection,
quickly and fully, as she takes the grief,
the little fear, then the joy of human wonder.
Perhaps I will hear as you did—
for these days, the lost animal sounds.
But she does not, of course—just wind
and her shoes in the wheel ruts,
the sluice of bitten plums.

(from FIELD #37)
Three Studies for a Head of John the Baptist

1

His beard spreads in front of him
as if in the bath, the little
hairs crinkled.

It’s a copper tray, embossed
with palm trees and turtledoves,
polished to a high gloss.

The head sits off-center,
a beaker among
the heaped oranges.
So this is what it feels like.
Coolness; oriental spices. His eyes
look around, curious,
as the flutes tune up.

2

At the corner, as the sun cut,
I held my head in my hands.

It was heavy,
like a bag of groceries
I shift from one hip to the other.

I wanted to set it down somewhere,

a windowsill,

a doorway, a low brick step

where it could flash its carved grin all day for the children.
The elegance
of the sharpened knife—it’s not
the head that imagines it

but the back of the neck
that must carry such a stone
on its bent stalk,

that cannot speak,

gray-green, unbelieving.

(from FIELD #22)
After a month and a half without rain, at last, in late August, darkness comes at three in the afternoon, a cheerful thunder begins, and at last the rain. I set a glass out on a table to measure the rain, and suddenly buoyant and affectionate go indoors to find my children. They are upstairs, playing quietly alone in their doll-filled rooms, hanging pictures, thoughtfully moving “the small things that make them happy” from one side of the room to another. I feel triumphant, without need of money, far from the grave. I walk over the grass, watching the soaked chairs, and the cooled towels, and sit down on my stoop, dragging a chair out with me. The rain deepens. It rolls off the porch roof, making a great puddle near me. The bubbles slide toward the puddle edge, are crowded, and disappear. The black earth turns blacker, it absorbs the rain needles without a sound. The sky is low, everything silent, as when parents are angry.... What has failed and been forgiven—the leaves from last year unable to go on, lying near the foundation, dry under the porch, retreat farther into the shadow, they give off a faint hum, as of birds’ eggs, or the tail of a dog.

The older we get the more we fail, but the more we fail the more we feel a part of the dead straw of the universe, the corners of barns with cowdung twenty years old, the chairs fallen back on their heads in deserted houses, the belts left hanging over the chairback after the bachelor has died in the ambulance on the way to the city, these objects also belong to us, they ride us as the child holding on to the dog’s fur, these appear in our dreams, they are more and more near us, coming in slowly from the wainscoting, they make our trunks heavy, accumulating between trips, they lie against the ship’s side, and will nudge the hole open that lets the water in at last.

(from FIELD #8)
Marianne Boruch

LAMENT

At Safeway, on ice, the octopus—
great bulbous purple head
folded over, arms too many
and haphazard, pulled up like someone needed
to sweep the gleaming case right now.
Among tidy shrimp
and yawning tuna, it’s the sideshow
freak, a thing
stopped and falling through
everything it was, past
strange to terrible to odd, dark star
between sun and moon though
the sky’s all wrong, neither
day or night,
this cool fluorescence.

How old is he? I ask the kid
behind the counter, who shrugs, who
half-smiles. I look for the eye buried
in the blue-green folds. So many
eons in there. So many years
like shifting color turned to charm
the eternal underwater where it might
be asleep like that, or simply pretending—
Awful eerie sea life morgue...

But what if I claimed
the body? What if I took it and kept
walking, crossing the dismal
parking lot, its weight against me, dear
tangle of arms in its
paper shroud. What if I stood then
and fumbled with the keys, and gave it
to the darkness
filling the old back seat.
And blessed it twice, the second time
too long and endless
as water. What then—
And who would I be. And where
would I drive.

(from FIELD #51)
DEAR THANATOS,

I did what you told me to, 
wore antlers and the mask, danced

in the untilled field, but the promised 
ladder never dropped from the sky.

In the burned house strays ate bats 
on the attic floor, and trotted out 

into the dark with wings in their mouths. 
I found the wedding dress unharmed, 

my baby teeth sewn to the cuff. 
There’s a deer in the woman, a moth

in the chimney, a mote in God’s one good eye. 
The fire is on the table now, the bear is in 

the cradle now, and the baby is gone. 
She’s the box of bones under the bed, 

the stitches in your lip, the moon and the hollow in the geode, in peaches heavy with June.

If I enter the river I must learn how to swim. 
If a wolf’s ribs are bigger than a man’s,

and if the dead float, then I am the witch’s second heart, and I am the sea in the boat.

(from FIELD #86)
On the bus I didn’t care we’d lost by huge numbers.
I wondered how I looked running midfield
mad across chalk and Johnson grass.
That bus carries me still. Nobody talks, everybody talks.
Through sage and deep bewildering hay, past Holstein
shapes staring back, stars abandoning wet ground,
silos leaning too close to barns, cars
in fields deeply overtaken, wind glossing
engine, torn seats, radio waves floating
through time, wild onion, mesquite so dry
I hear it crack. Someone’s uncle waits
in his Ford Falcon like logic. We dance
beyond our likeness, bright holes, and consequence;
night rolls past and blinds open;
the way back and the way forward walks across
the drifting day, enough the same
that we forget, first the names of things, then things,
then the motion of time glancing everywhere at once.

(from FIELD #85)
It is a big question to pose so early in the morning
or “in the light woven by birds,”
as the Estonians say,
but still I must ask what is my place in life?
my “seat on the invisible train,”
as they say in Hungary.
I mean why am I just sitting here
in a lawn chair listening to a thrush,
“the little entertainer of the woods,”
as the Swiss call him,
while out there in the world
mobs of people are rushing over bridges
in and out of the cities.
Vegetables grow heavy in their fields,
clouds fly across the “face of the earth,”
as we call it in English,
and sometimes rockets lift off in the distance—
and I mean that quite literally,
“from the top of the table” as the Portuguese have it,
real rockets rising from the horizon,
or “the big line,” if you’re an Australian,
leaving behind rich gowns of exhaust smoke,
long, smooth trajectories,
and always the ocean below,
“the water machine,” as the islanders put it—
everything taking place right on schedule,
“by the clock of the devil,”
as our grandparents were fond of saying.
And here I sit with my shirt off,
the dog at my side, daydreaming—
“juggling balls of cotton,” as they like to say in France.
I left the shutter open, the camera
flooded with light, the negatives
were abstract and damp as the undersides of leaves.

So much greenish light, I had never
imagined a transfusion of so much tenderness.

Why can't it all be printed? How can I stand here
holding in one hand a fossil fern, in the other
a colored guide from the Sierra Club?

Travel isn't originality. I
left the shutter open.

What I need is a new medium, one that will register
the weight of air on our shoulders, then
how slowly a few hours passed,

one that will show
the print of your heels that morning on the spongy forest floor,
there, not there.

(from FIELD #58)
Dazzled by the mere contemplation of the pentagram, the dodecahedron that most “noble of solids,” I am like a horseman without a horse, practicing vertigo, new feet balancing earth.

Compass, ruler cannot govern the ecstasy of sight—a corner abruptly turned onto the spectacle of a Metzgerei, on the chopping block a hare, skinned, still congealing, sketched in fifteen minutes before it can stiffen.

How is it possible the hand moves before it thinks? And feels muscle’s slick resistance against bone, how then drape on the white interface of skin, replenish fur until all’s intact again, plumped and dry....

O this country is a brutal place for a gentleman—raw under the brushed furs and the heart clenched so long the merest warmth would incinerate.

How I shiver for the sun!

(from FIELD #40)
THE WOUNDED BREAKFAST

A huge shoe mounts up from the horizon, squealing and grinding forward on small wheels, even as a man sitting to breakfast on his veranda is suddenly engulfed in a great shadow almost the size of the night.

He looks up and sees a huge shoe ponderously mounting out of the earth. Up in the unlaced ankle-part an old woman stands at a helm behind the great tongue curled forward; the thick laces dragging like ships' rope on the ground as the huge thing squeals and grinds forward; children everywhere, they look from the shoelace holes, they crowd about the old woman, even as she pilots this huge shoe over the earth...

Soon the huge shoe is descending the opposite horizon, a monstrous snail squealing and grinding into the earth...

The man turns to his breakfast again, but sees it's been wounded, the yolk of one of his eggs is bleeding...

(from FIELD #18)
An hour before dusk on a Tuesday, mid-November—sunstruck clouds with winter in them, beeches, sycamores, white with it too. Blue sky. Also an aroma of blue sky, bell-clear, hard as a river in your lungs, which is why you're breathless again, grateful, as if it were the banks of the Seine you strolled on and not the mastodon back of the Midwest, gray unraiseable thing like a childhood slept through, and past. On the horizon now a kind of golden gate of sunset. To visit means to both comfort and afflict, through neither lasts long. That charm of finches lifting from a ditch can surprise you with a sound like horselips, and paddle toward the trees beautifully, small, brown, forgettable as seeds, but they, too, must sing on earth unto the bitter death—

(from FIELD #66)
John Gallaher

I WILL SING THE MONSTER TO SLEEP & HE WILL NEED ME

In the realm of wrong answers, someone always has the radio on.

Someone is eating, and someone walking about the room, in the dim café which ends in a distant range of snowcapped mountains.

There are vanishing people meeting at the diving board off the window sill, and a cloud pierced by windows.

There are a lot of things you don’t get to decide.

At first, the evenings were filled with stories, music, or both, with a beige floor shaded here and there with red.

And then the children are walking across the gravel in the dark. Always little footsteps in any manner of realms.

And they quiver like the moon.

Let’s look for them awhile, and see what we find beside the intimidating tower at the summit of the gently rising square.

There will be water in this pool soon. And we’ll know what happiness is. There’s time, and figures moving among the arches.

We’ll take some questions now, they’ll say. Please raise your hand.

(from FIELD #76)
I HAVE LIVED HERE ALL MY LIFE

No, I don’t understand my country:
so quiet, grassy, full of ruminant animals,
low light, the thinned volumes of trees.
The chickens dizzy on nectar. I said I’ll
go crazy living. Bells walk down
the highway there—I never knew

I was so faithful as a child and kept it all
and believed the first things I saw,
little bell-herder at dusk. Look,

the moon is lost eating and thinking.
And the past needs somewhere to go.

The past isn’t big like a world but small
like the Urals, like Hungary—
smaller—barely wide enough
to keep the buzzard of my right ear
from the doe of my left...

You know in America they
won’t let me write like this.

The child on the highway
shoots the child in the yard.

I don’t understand the night here,
the crickets’ tower where the rope
won’t stop swinging,
dictators, dictators everywhere:
Everything must leave me.

Because the moon is in my face the birds go blind.

(from FIELD #52)
HOMAGE TO THE NEW WORLD

Surrounded by scientists in a faculty house, the trees wet with hot rain, grass thickening under the trees, welcomers come, ones and twos, gifts of shoe horns, soap, combs, half a subscription to the courier, some news about changing plates, the nearest market, how to pick up the trash, a gallon of milk twice a week, ok?

On the third day here, a friend came in the night to announce a phone call and a message, and heard the shell go in and the rifle cocking, our next-door animal vet neighbor, and cried out “don’t shoot,” and walked away to remember the phone and the message, the crickets, and the rifle cocking, grass and hot rain.

I write in the night air of the music of Coltrane, the disc of his voice in this contralto heart, my wife; so what! Kind of Blue, these fatherless whites come to consciousness with a history of the gun—the New World, if misery had a voice, would be a rifle cocking.

for Agnes & Ed Brandabur

(from FIELD #5)
A COLORED WOMAN CANNOT SING

of metallic hydrogen, amethyst
or anemone, turtle shells beside
an empty bed, or broken diadems.

A colored woman cannot sing
of Hassidim, the salt-rimed stones of Antioch,
how the Aegean tastes of sperm, and a sturgeon
squeezes black garnets from its rectum.

A colored woman cannot sing of I-beams
or derailleurs, the impact of microwaves
on Southern dialect, Froebel blocks,
or the smell of milk on your mother’s nipple.

A colored woman cannot sing of tangerine
juice spilling on the ankle of a white girl,
tangerine mist on a white ankle. A colored
woman cannot sing of standing stones,
why dark matter in the galactic halo must
by nonbaryonic, or even hum The Marseillaise.

A colored woman cannot sing
of pilgrims casting garlands into the Ganges,
one hundred red spiders dancing on a gray web,
or Nanjing and seven heads bobbing in a greasy pool.

A colored woman cannot sing
of minuets and manatees, the flutter of moths
on an infant’s tongue, nutmegs and milagros,
or black tulips buried in a field of snow.

(from FIELD #65)
MOOSE IN SNOW

A moose is born, his legs
unfold and wobble
beneath the weight of himself.
He grows, roams the fields, his antlers
sprout into empty hands.
Then the sky drops
snow, a meadow
fills with whiteness
the moose trudges through,
his breath in the Montana air
cobwebbing. A man
raises his camera
and the moose materializes
in the blood light of his darkroom.
A painter finds the photo
and squeezes out
titanium white, burnt umber,
works the brushes until
he has the snow-stippled coat
just right, and the visible eye
looks like the night
standing behind a peephole.
There are reproductions, rollers
spin in a print shop
and it's moose moose moose
descending on itself. One man
buys one, hangs it
with a frame in his sunny office
where his patients come
troubled, medicated, and I
explain to him this heaviness
pulling down the length
of my body, scalp
to soles, cells and all.

(from FIELD #84)
Everyone at the same time if everyone at the same time looked up from coffee looked up from crotch looked up if everyone at night at dawn at lunch looked up at the black at the blue morsel sky at the congress of clouds of stars looked up from needle from packets of buzzing from the wedding of dollars if everyone in Queens in Wembley if everyone in my head if everyone looked up from electroshock from drift if everyone threw back the appetite of the eyes threw back the village of the head the persistence of the skull if everyone thought I am the vanishing point I am the frontal lobe of wind if everyone stood and raised their wings and tuned their orchestra if the census stood the tens of stood the billions of stood the Earth would move the circle would move the spinning would move if everyone at the same time opened their mouth let the wolf of their uvula go the rivers would stare at us again would return to our faces the expressions they carried away to the ocean to bury in the ocean to save in case we ever came back.

(from FIELD #74)
Birthday. Another year gets up
and walks away. Later
a few guests will appear

beside the pleased chrysanthemums,
the family silver.
Now in this tall afternoon light

I think of “The White Girl,”
that painting by Whistler,
how she stands well-dressed on a rug

with a bear’s head,
her gown and his teeth the same color,
and she doesn’t seem

to know where she is,
that the bear will snarl forever under her.
That is youth.

Its opposite is to look down.
Things withdraw into themselves
so well: a chair or two

left out in the snow,
that flock of birds turning like a huge page
white, nothing, white, nothing, white.

(from FIELD #25)
Christopher Howell

GHOSTS

They are like doors you suspect behind you, or something extra dark in a corner of the darkness when you’re up late by a window wondering how much time each moment might contain, or if your hands aren’t more like wings in denial.

Tinnitus may be their language, a kind of laughter-laced ringing, the sea’s voice in a shell: every time you listen there it is, so close, a freezing thin longing in every grey room of a house deep in what you might imagine is that ancient wood where the giant wanders his giant sadness and the wicked witch weeps for children who will never bother her again.

Where when you open the door there’s a wall or an empty field listening hard, as though it knew you.

(from FIELD #82)
The moon rises,
a queen on horseback
exiting a crowded wood.
You pick at your face and mumble,
tired of standing.
Couples hang together,
dance four-legged like a horse.
Sometimes they falter,
fall on knees and hands,
burying their faces in grass.
Next comes the snow you dreamed of:
paper-thin wide wafers
with the glitter of sugar, large,
*large*, glassy patterns,
and the money, half-dollars
filling the pockets of your robe.
You dream of finding Hemingway’s
Lost Suitcase, high in a closet
at the top of a secondary schoolhouse,
and your bicycle, useless
as the hen that towed it,
dead as a stone.
In the grass your feet and bottom
prickle numb.
You carry yourself
home in a wagon
like a farmer’s sack.
Whether empty or full
you look back. Just lifting
your glittering eyes above the tailgate
you see the dreamers, still dancing,
fallen like stone.

(from FIELD #19)
LANDSCAPE WITH ONE OF THE EARTHWORM’S TEN HEARTS

and also a small boy with a golden crossbow,
and a white rabbit full of arrows.
Also snow. And the sky, of course, the color
of a gently stirred winter soup.

I am the inert figure behind the barren apple tree.
The one who wonders for what purpose
the real world was created. I ruin everything by being in it, while one
of the earthworm’s hearts, deep in the ground, fills up the rest
of the landscape with longing, and fiery collisions, and caves
full of credit cards and catalogues. You can tell

I hear it, too, by the look on my face:
That inaudible thumping insisting without believing
one is enough is enough is enough.
When I hold a chicken over the gas
to singe the blunt ends of feathers
sticking from legs and wings, the random
hairs, the loose flap dangling
over the broken neck, fat
crackles and the bumps in the skin
burn black. I pluck the singed hairs
one by one. It takes me an hour
to clean two chickens.

This morning at the bus stop I saw
a woman fan herself with a paper fan.
It had a cherry tree and a tiny
snow-covered Mt. Fuji painted on it.
The sun was so hot we could barely
breathe. I watched her climb slowly
up the mountain. The air got thinner.
When she wriggled her toes in her sandals,
she could feel the snow.
She wiped some of it on her cheek.

I need a Japanese fan in my kitchen.
I need a little wind to get me
from place to place.
When I tell you about the snow
my words are small origami birds
with the meanings inside.
I want you to unfold them
and look at them under the light.

The wings of this chicken
have sharp little elbows.
I have to unfold them
and flatten them over the flame.
I think of my father with his words gone, regarding his hands. The weight of his waxy fingers. I could see he was trying to lift them, trying to remember what to do. When I held his dead hand in my hand he seemed to be holding me. The blue flame hisses when the fat melts and jumps into orange. One tip of a red-hot finger over Mt. Fuji.

(from FIELD #32)
There is more, there's the perfect blue of sky, there's a window, and hanging from the sill what could be garments of green cloth. Or perhaps they're rugs? Where is everyone? you ask. Someone must live in this house, for this wall surely belongs to a house, why else would there be washing on a day of such perfect sky? You assume that everyone is free to take in the beach, to leisurely stroll the strand, weather permitting, to leave shoes and socks on a towel even here in a city famous for petty crime. For Thomas Jones, not the singer the ladies threw knickers and room keys at, but the Welsh painter, it was light unblurring a surface until the light became the object itself the way these words or any others can't. I'm doing my feeble best to entrance you without a broad palette of the colors which can make a thing like nothing else, make it come alive with the grubby texture all actual things possess after the wind and weather batter them the way all my years battered my tongue and teeth until whatever I say comes out sounding inaccurate, wrong, ugly. Yes, ugly, the way a wall becomes after whoever was meant to be kept out or kept in has been transformed perfectly into the light and dust that collect constantly on each object in a living world.

(from FIELD #81)
The Pilgrims landed here in 1620, camped five weeks, then sailed off to Plymouth—the first tourists. Month of rain,

no wonder they left—dune grass dragged, the sea pitched and pale. Month of rain. Each day I zip my body on again,

feed the neighborhood cat outside, under the eaves (everything drips—picnic table, cedar trees, someone's yellow shirt abandoned on the line). There is no country more profoundly dreary, Thoreau said, after his long walk—tip of the continent's curly tail, nothing to eat but salt-cod and beans. Narrow country. Country of rain. Out in the garden, the dead sunflowers shudder and lean—black bones of August, a nuthatch picks at their drooped heads. Like them, when we're dead we're not really dead—or so the Book of Terrible Promises promises. In two months the seals come back to Herring Cove, haul out on the beach—a dozen thick-furred yams. The sand eels come back, the coots, the humpback whales—fluke silhouettes
in the green distance. But not us—
we’re off to the afterlife in our white suits,
to sip our cocktails of light. Remember

that country? we’ll say. Country of rain,
where the living tend their small fires.
Nice place to visit. Nice place,

except for the weather, the people, the food…

(from FIELD #60)
THREE WERE SOME SUMMERS

There were some summers
like this: The blue barn steaming,
some cowbirds dozing with their heads
on each other’s shoulders, the electric fences
humming low in the mid-August heat. . . .
So calm the slow sweat existing
in half-fictive memory: a boy
wandering from house, to hayloft, to coop,
past a dump where a saddle rots
on a sawhorse, through the still forest
of a cornfield, to a pasture talking to himself
or the bored, baleful Holsteins nodding
beneath the round shade of catalpa, the boy
walking his trail toward the brook
in a deep but mediocre gully,
through skunk cabbage and popweed,
down sandbanks (a descending
quarter-acre Sahara), the boy wandering,
thinking nothing, thinking: Sweatbox,
sweatbox, the boy on his way
toward a minnow whose slight beard
tells the subtleties of the current, holding there,
in water cold enough to break your ankles.

(from FIELD #22)
CONTROL+ALT+DELETE GHAZAL

Remember everything and you remember nothing.
Paper and pixel teach us to remember nothing.

The dead archive themselves online. No one is watching.
What will the unborn do? Remember nothing.

So many strings around so many fingers—
Our hands, choked midnight blue, remember nothing.

The botanist slides out his field guide. *These are called...forget-me-nots.*
We Sharpie nametags for our lovers, who remember nothing.

Burn all the drives and archives. Set the histories to music.
God knows what we’ll retrieve. Or does God, too, remember nothing?

(from FIELD #83)
ONE TIME

When I was a child being taken home from the circus very late in the rumble seat of the old car in which I had never ridden and my head was afloat in the lap of a woman whom now I would think of as young who then was fragrant strange and hard to believe as Christmas who went on agreeing in a low voice about how late it was and I could watch her breath flying away into the cold night overhead in which the naked stars were circling as we turned away from the river and came up along the dark cliff into our own echoes that wheeled us under the black leafless branches here it was already morning and a figure whom I have known only bent with age was taking the cows out in his sure youth onto the untouched frost of the lanes and his burly son my neighbor was an infant and the woods furred the ridge all the way down to the white fields with their pencilled walls the one cowbell rang cold and bright before him and crows called across the blank pastures and early shadows

(from FIELD #49)
He reached out
a long arm
and grasped the hem of my undershirt.
It seemed to happen slowly, almost
casually,
the small child floating away
from the shore of the river, the father angling
an elegant arm out and hooking
the tail-tip of her undershirt
just before she enters the vector
that sucks to the center and hurtles to the head
of the falls. We were in a river in the air,
a celestial river—I did not know
they hated each other, yet, and the current
whisked my feet up gently off the bottom, I
began to make my own way
away from the family, and my father stretched
a shapely lean arm and plucked me
back. I don’t know if the falls was
Yosemite or Bridalveil
or Nevada, but I could have been
their middle child who died. I would have
bobbed to the middle and been rushed to the curved
edge of the world. And then, in a braid of
whitewater or of crushive air
gone down to the roar. It shocks me how glad
I am her mouth did not fill with water,
her heart stop
mid-falls
in shock, her shin-bone tibia radius
fibula crack, I love her little
skull, I cherish it, I caress it
with my palm. And I love that young father
who easily slowly snatched her back
to her place, dead center in that family.
No one would have sung of them. They would have died unknown—and they would have preferred that, but my sperm king fished me back, and gave me to my mother to strip and towel-dry, to burnish.

(from FIELD #47)
The brow of a man who, when he takes to his own another’s body, means somewhere also I would like to help.

The lake a compass,

The way what’s missing can go unnoticed beside what’s there,

until we notice: these were his arms, now raised, now dropped,

lifting.

Slight pockings, like the chips that give

historically more character to marble retrieved after long burial,

bust of the emperor Hadrian in that period just past the death, on purpose, of his boy favorite.

Lilies,
lilies.

Watch, he said; and bringing the paddle

up, vertical, leaving only the blade submerged —stilling the blade—

he dragged the water: we were turning....

Lost,

as a thing can be, beyond all calling of it back—none, anymore,

calling— It seemed related to what I’d heard

about cars, ice, steer always into the skid’s direction—

those lessons where to have learned means nothing next to having had

to apply. I want forgiveness to be as easy as the gestures for it, it isn’t, is it?

(from FIELD #64)
As in, the sky constricts. As in, a seagull’s overhead and then suddenly it’s not, though it is. All the senses short-sheeted. The distant car horn,

then six steps later the hollered rebuke. The soft brush against your legs maybe fern, maybe fingers-through-the-manhole-cover. Who could say.

Your mind is a dog with a rodent in its teeth, a rodent named Car Wreck, a rodent named Tumor, a rodent named What Have You Done to Stop the Shootings?

You celebrate the streaks: Twenty-Two Days of Actually Seeing Contrails. Three-Plus Weeks of Grapefruit Awareness. Then the inevitable closing in, the whiting out, the low hum that covers the plash of a kayak oar into the bay. What oar? What kayak? What bay? You’re afloat, but buoyed on your own disasters, legless because what use are legs in dread’s waters? On the shore someone has poured you a lemonade.

You’ve paddled back. You’re drinking it. You’re smiling and saying words like incumbent and coleslaw and Harper Lee, as the sweet drink spills down through your bodiless body, elegant machinery, remarkable scaffold that holds nothing now but your pounding, pigheaded heart.

(from FIELD #94)
Carol Potter

THE GOOD PIG

Might have been the books we read as children, our confusion about human protocol. Who calls whom.

What to do now, etc. All those animals dressed in human clothes. The kid with the animal snout and beaver teeth, fur all over his body but dressed in blue overalls. Droopy donkey and humming fat bear. Everybody chatting one to the other. Bad bunny; jealous bear sister. Maybe it was the chamomile in B. Potter’s books. Something about McGregor. We picked up some odd ideas. About getting caught under the flower pot. Losing your shoes.

Leaving your coat behind on the fence. One reasonable lesson after the other and everything ending well. Don’t lie down in that bed. Don’t eat that porridge. Don’t knock on that door.

In the story, supper gets delivered to the table. You were bad and you were almost eaten but there you are at last in the little burrow with the fires burning. A bit of fur missing.

Some shame. Mother, however, seems to have forgiven you.
Or let’s say, your house blown down,  
but the wolf’s in the pot. Everybody huddling  
in the smartest pig’s house. The good pig.  
And out the window Thomas the Train passing by.  

Smile on his face. Always pleasant.  
Some furry hands waving from the windows.

(from FIELD #90)
Kevin Prufer

FOUR LITTLE CONVERSATIONS

What's in that pot? Lamb stew with carrots and potatoes. What's in that other pot? That other pot is empty. And this one here? And that one there? Empty, empty. And what's in the refrigerator? Perishables. Perishables? Things that wilt and die. And what's in the drawer? The knives I use to slice the perishables.

Is it bleeding? It's just a little cut. Is it bleeding bad? No, not really. I just nicked myself with the knife. You should hold it under cold water. You should cover it in gauze or paper towel. Do you have any alcohol? Do you have any Neosporin cream? You should wrap a sheet around it. You should tie it off at the joint so the bleeding stops.

Thank you Lord for this food we're about to eat. Has the bleeding stopped? And thank you Lord for our friends who love us. I can see a little spot there, on the gauze. And thank you, also, for the many kindnesses of the day. It's like a lamb's red eye opening. It's like a perishable unfolding its petals. You'll scare the children.

It was a very good stew. Thank you. Is there more? No. And how is your cut? The bleeding's stopped. And the knife? Safe in its drawer. And the perishables? Asleep in the crispers. And the perishables? All tucked away in the crispers. And the perishables? They are dreaming and happy. And the children? As I said, they're asleep.

(from FIELD #84)
Adrienne Rich

WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN

for Elise Young

1.
Trying to tell you how
the anatomy of the park
through stained panes, the way
guerillas are advancing
through minefields, the trash
burning endlessly in the dump
to return to heaven like a stain—
everything outside our skins is an image
of this affliction:
stones on my table, carried by hand
from scenes I trusted
souvenirs of what I once described
as happiness
everything outside my skin
speaks of the fault that sends me limping
even the scars of my decisions
even the sun-blaze in the mica-vein
even you, fellow-creature, sister
sitting across from me, dark with love,
working like me to pick apart
working with me to remake
this trailing knitted thing, this cloth of darkness,
this woman’s garment, trying to save the skein.

2.
The fact of being separate
enters your livelihood like a piece of furniture
—a chest of seventeenth-century wood
from somewhere in the North.
It has a huge lock shaped like a woman’s head
but the key has not been found.
In the compartments are other keys
to lost doors, an eye of glass.
Slowly you begin to add
things of your own.
The chest contains the room.
You come and go reflected in its panels
your presence is made actual.
You give up keeping track of anniversaries
you begin to write in your diaries
more honestly than ever.

3.
The lovely landscape of southern Ohio
betrayed by strip-mining, the
thick gold band on the adulterer’s finger
the blurred whispers of the offshore pirate station
the miseries older men discover in themselves
when the wounds of childhood have scarred over
are causes for hesitation.
Here in the matrix of need and anger, the
disproof of all we thought possible
failures of medication
doubts of each other’s existence
—tell it over and over, the words
get thick with unmeaning—
yet never have we been closer to the truth
of the lies we were living, listen to me:
the faithfulness I can imagine would be a weed
flowering in tar, a blue energy piercing
the massed atoms of a bedrock disbelief.

(from FIELD #5)
Slick, cryptic: I swam
toward my father certain
to get there. *Come on,*
he said, one hand
a flag, the other *yes.*
He leaned against dark water,
took another step back.
How does water work?
The parts of me I couldn’t
see were most of me.
I swam to him and away
and away and away
from the warm beach, his face
a sunset of thrill, tease, and no.
I never reached him, never.

Once in the city I lie down
alone to see something other
than the cathedral of childhood,
the cage of strokes made by
always moving toward the one
moving away. Under my skin
I see the two of us in perfect liquid
suspension, so much more than
close enough. And the blue
strands, the river inside
me, the stones
I saved and still save to mark
my walk into this life, terra clarity,
with an aisle of mystery
and his shadow and his dust.

(from FIELD #94)
BEHIND THE SAINT-LAZARE STATION

After the photo by Henri Cartier-Bresson

Every day, seventh period, we'd look at the photo over the teacher's desk, till the word RAILOWSKY on that station wall started a whole year of fake Polish, perfected by a boy we called Joe Needs-A-Whiskey. I can still see him posed under the principal's glare: open shirt, greased hair, a sullen Elvis. But in art class, bent over his sketch pad, a softer Joe appeared, face slack, losing itself in concentration, the way the photographer must have forgotten himself, lingering at the station for a perfect moment—which he caught as a man ran through the rain-flooded lot and leaped off a prone ladder, the water doubling him in a sort of pas de deux, which probably the man himself never saw, as if our best moments occur almost without us. An argument I first heard from Joe, whistling Doo Wop through his teeth beside me at the table, quick-sketching across the page, hardly looking at his hands. The photo was snapped like that, as if from inside, the photographer swept up in the man's run along the ladder, the water repeating his leap, dancers in the poster taking off with it across the station wall. How'd you do that? I'd ask Joe, after a swirling hand and some off-key "Earth Angel" became a wine bottle and pears.
on folds of cloth. "Trust yourself," he’d grin. But wasn’t the world one big betrayal? Didn’t something always go wrong between my measured lines and erasure smears? Still, I’d linger in art class long after the bell, not knowing why, never expecting those moments to last—Joe squinting over my sketches for a shadow or line to like, taking my stiff hand in his, scent of nicotine and graphite, as we moved ouiji-like across the page. English, math—anywhere outside that room, I could follow the rules, get somewhere. But there was Joe. There was this photo saying, What’s a straight line? What’s time? At the top of the ladder, we just kept climbing, Joe riding my hand all over the paper, across state lines. Girlchek, he’d say, we need a whiskey, and he’d draw till we were loose and giddy, as if we’d drunk whatever he put in my hand.

(from FIELD #50)
How much death works
no one knows what a long
day he puts in, the little
wife always alone
ironing death's laundry
the beautiful daughters
setting death's supper table
the neighbors playing
pinochle in the backyard
or just sitting on the steps
drinking beer, death
meanwhile in a strange
part of town looking for
no one in particular
someone with a bad cough
but the address somehow wrong
even death can't figure it out
among all the locked doors
and the rain beginning to fall
long windy night ahead
and death with not even a newspaper
to cover his head, with not even
a dime to call the one pining away
undressing slowly so slowly
and stretching naked
on death's side of the bed.

(from FIELD #11)
This is a poem like a suitcase
Packed with flour. The baker eloping
With his lover insists on making his own wedding
Cake. Or, the mime in whiteface penciling his brows.
The white marble tombstone that Jude
Left blank, save
For the star more like a man’s hand with the fingers
Spread than any star. In other words,
What is bleak is a table covered with snow, & the man
Beside it sipping coffee on his terrace
With a woman who is pale with anger pointing a pistol out
Across the blank, white lawn. Now the boy in whiteface
Delivers his bouquet: Cold lilies perhaps,
But more likely he tosses the limbs of a drama onto the terrace,
Or a few Chinese roses, & the promise of despair
Is as reliable as winter. As a suitcase spilling on the stairs.
The cake! Those squibs of icing,
Those stars squeezed from the nozzle of a paper cone
Onto these broad fields of cake.
The sorry stone admits that something’s gone. Or someone.
Someone like you. Like the little man & woman riding
The cake. Close the suitcase. Go back down the snowy stairs.

(from FIELD #13)
NOTICE WHAT THIS POEM IS NOT DOING

The light along the hills in the morning comes down slowly, naming the trees white, then coasting the ground for stones to nominate.

Notice what this poem is not doing.

A house, a house, a barn, the old quarry, where the river shrugs—how much of this place is yours?

Notice what this poem is not doing.

Every person gone has taken a stone to hold, and catch the sun. The carving says, “Not here, but called away.”

Notice what this poem is not doing.

The sun, the earth, the sky, all wait. The crows and redbirds talk. The light along the hills has come, has found you.

Notice what this poem has not done.

(from FIELD #13)
I stand like some country crow across the street
from the Romanian Synagogue on Rivington Street
singing songs about Moldavia and Bukovina.
I am a walking violin, screeching
a little at the heights, vibrating a little
at the depths, plucking sadly on my rubber guts.
It's only music that saves me. Otherwise
I would be keeping the skulls forever, otherwise
I would be pulling red feathers from my bloody neck.
It's only music, otherwise I would be white
with anger or giving in to hatred
or turning back to logic and religion—
the Brahms Concerto, hills and valleys of gold,
the mighty Kreutzer, rubies piled over rubies,
a little Bartók, a little ancient Bach—
but more for the thin white tablecloths under the trees
than for Goga and his Christians,
and more for the red petticoats and the cold wine and the garlic
than the railroad station and the submachine guns,
and more for the little turn on Orchard Street
and the life of sweetness and more for the godly Spanish
and the godly Chinese lined up for morning prayers,
and much much more for the leather jackets on sticks
and the quiet smoke
and plush fire escapes,
and much much more for the silk scarves in the windows
and the cars in the streets
and the dirty invisible stars—
Yehudi Menuhin
wandering through the hemlocks,
Jascha Heifetz
bending down over the tables,
the great Stern himself
dragging his heart from one ruined soul to another.

(from FIELD #29)
That night the moon drifted over the pond, turning the water to milk, and under the boughs of the trees, the blue trees, a young woman walked, and for an instant the future came to her:

rain falling on her husband’s grave, rain falling on the lawns of her children, her own mouth filling with cold air, strangers moving into her house,

a man in her room writing a poem, the moon drifting into it, a woman strolling under its trees, thinking of death, thinking of him thinking of her, and the wind rising and taking the moon and leaving the paper dark.

(from FIELD #2)
You will never forget corpses wrapped in flames—at dusk, you watched a congregation of crows gather in the orchard and sway on branches; in the dawn light, a rabbit moves and stops, moves and stops along the grass; and as you pull a newspaper out of a box, glance at the headlines, you feel the dew on grass as the gleam of fading stars: yesterday you met a body shop owner whose father was arrested, imprisoned, and tortured in Chile, heard how men were scalded to death in boiling water; and, as the angle of sunlight shifts, you feel a seasonal tilt into winter with its expanse of stars—candles flickering down the Ganges, where you light a candle on a leaf and set it flickering, downstream, into darkness—dozens of tiny flames flickering into darkness—then you gaze at fires erupting along the shore.

(from FIELD #94)
Perennial snow on the mountain, 
dragon’s blood sedum, fever dew.  
They are doing what  
their kind do: crying,  
Enter me I don’t care.  
As if the world turns  
its lips around them  
just as some of us will do  
for some others. He’s rich,  
the man who watches the woman  
raking around a plaster chicken. And  
the woman, they say, is not quite  
right. Making a plaster chicken at home  
is all it looks like to him.  

In the morning the mist appears to break  
the garden’s ornamental bridge  
as if someone cannot walk back  
that way again.  
In the stories of childhood,  
those that make us happy,  
someone is always caught  
for good. She can’t go back either.  
That’s justice: Someone else says  
No. The world won’t love you enough.  
We might believe all this  
but there is so much tenderness  
in even that woman  
raking around a chicken.  

When the man slides open the glass  
doors, he walks to her. They stand quietly  
as if waiting  
for a story some flowers might tell  
when they are very tired and about  
to blow over the lawn.  
Some of them believe there is
no snow and that it is a burden
only they can bear—to be beautiful.
For others, they do what they can:
The woman’s hand is muscular and moving,
and the man, he has, he has
some lovely spotted money he waves
into all that racket
inside the woman’s head.

(from FIELD #34)
Somebody’s in there.
Somebody’s sealed himself up
in this round room,
this hassock upholstered in rind,
this padded cell.
He believes if nothing unbinds him
he’ll live forever.

Like our first room
it is dark and crowded.
Hunger knows no tongue
to tell it.
Water is glad there.
In this room with two navels
somebody wants to be born again.

So I unlock the pumpkin.
I carve out the lid
from which the stem raises
a dry handle on a damp world.
Lifting, I pull away
wet webs, vines on which hang
the flat tears of the pumpkin,

like fingernails or the currency
of bats. How the seeds shine,
as if water had put out
hundreds of lanterns.
Hundreds of eyes in the windless wood
gaze peacefully past me,
hacking the thickets,
and now a white dew beads the blade.
Has the saint surrendered
himself to his beard?
Has his beard taken root in his cell?

Saint Pumpkin, pray for me,
because when I looked for you, I found nothing,
because unsealed and unkempt, your tomb rots,
because I gave you a false face
and a light of my own making.

(from FIELD #22)
The train makes frightening time. Passengers dream their shirts undone.
It screams toward the lake. The salt box houses shake their contents at a morning long as windows.
In a few minutes we can see the black dog asleep in the marigolds, the widow on her three-pronged cane poling to the convenience store; the first shift jawing around at the coffee machine. For now we drowse in a closet of light. Absently pull at the hair under our gown. Jostle a hanger from a uniform. The old place where we were born raises a rambunctious new clan.
We are the single women: we work to support our cars. We come home to a good robe, a loofah for the backbone.
It’s a short walk to the water from the tracks.
No one mans the caboose. Whatever the weather, the pulp mills smell like bodies rotting in rain.
If we put our foot in childhood’s shoe, the smell stays the same. Who could count the animals we’ve swerved to avoid or particles of sand scrubbed from our cracks.
Just sharing a smoke at the store before we punch in, driving along the shore with the sun and radio waves makes us want to kiss our arms and let the wind at our underwear while the rooms we left to the cat turn optical. The train slackens beyond traces of its scream. Passengers let up their shade, missing the lake.

(from FIELD #39)
LOOKING OUTSIDE THE CABIN WINDOW,
I REMEMBER A LINE BY LI PO

The river winds through the wilderness,
Li Po said
    of another place and another time.
It does so here as well, sliding its cargo of dragon scales
To gutter under the snuff
    of marsh willow and tamarack.

Mid-morning, Montana high country,
Jack snipe poised on the scarred fence post,
Pond water stilled and smoothed out,
Swallows dog-fighting under the fast-moving storm clouds.

Expectantly empty, green as a pocket, the meadow waits
For the wind to rise and fill it,
    first with a dark hand
Then with the rain’s loose silver
A second time and a third
    as the day doles out its hours.

Sunlight reloads and ricochets off the window glass.
Behind the cloud scuts,
    inside the blue aorta of the sky,
The River of Heaven flows
With its barge of stars,
    waiting for darkness and a place to shine.

We who would see beyond seeing
    see only language, that burning field.

(from FIELD #41)
Franz Wright

ALCOHOL

You do look a little ill.

But we can do something about that, now.

Can’t we.

The fact is you’re a shocking wreck.

Do you hear me.

You aren’t all alone.

And you could use some help today, packing in the dark, boarding buses north, putting the seat back and grinning with terror flowing over your legs through your fingers and hair. . .

I was always waiting, always here.

Know anyone else who can say that.

My advice to you is think of her for what she is: one more name cut in the scar of your tongue.

What was it you said, “To rather be harmed than harm, is not abject.”

Please.

Can we be leaving now.
We like bus trips, remember. Together

we could watch these winter fields slip past, and never care again,

think of it.

I don’t have to be anywhere.

(from FIELD #31)
CONTRIBUTORS

KAVEH AKBAR's first full-length collection is Calling a Wolf a Wolf (2017). He teaches at Purdue University.

MARGARET ATWOOD is most widely known for her fiction, but she is also a prolific poet who appeared often in the early decades of FIELD.

ANGELA BALL’s most recent book is Talking Pillow (2017). She directs the Center for Writers at the University of Southern Mississippi.

BRUCE BEASLEY is the author of eight collections of poems, most recently All Soul Parts Returned (2017), Theophobia (2012), and The Corpse Flower: New and Selected Poems (2007).

LINDA BIERDS, a MacArthur Fellow, has published nine books of poems, including Roget's Illusion (2014) and Flight: New and Selected Poems (2008). She teaches at the University of Washington.

CHANA BLOCH was the author of six books of poems, most recently The Moon Is Almost Full, published shortly after her death in 2017.

ROBERT BLY, as a poet, translator, and editor, had a profound effect on the development of American poetry and poetics from the 1960s onward. His Collected Poems is just out from Norton.

MARIANNE BORUCH's many books of poems include Eventually One Dreams the Real Thing (2016) and Cadaver, Speak (2014). She has appeared frequently in FIELD, both as a poet and as a contributor of stellar essays to our symposia.

PER AAGE BRANDT's poems come from the first in what is a tetralogy of poetry books collected under the general title Weather Reports, published in Danish in 2018. THOM SATTERLEE’s second collection of Brandt’s poetry, If I Were a Suicide Bomber & Other Verses (Open Letter, 2017), was recently longlisted for the National Translation Award.

TRACI BRIMHALL's books include Saudade (2017) and Our Lady of the Ruins (2012). She teaches at Kansas State University.


BILLY COLLINS, author of twelve collections of poems, was Poet Laureate of the United States from 2001 to 2003.


HEATHER CHRISTLE is the author of four poetry collections, most recently Heliopause (Wesleyan, 2015).


RUSSELL EDSON published his singular prose poems regularly in FIELD throughout our first three decades, and
was the subject of our symposium in 2015, shortly after his death in 2014.


KATHY FAGAN’s latest collection is *Milkweed* (2017). She directs the creative writing program at Ohio State University.

JOHN GALLAHER’s poetry collections include, most recently, *In a Landscape* (2014). His *Brand New Spacesuit* is due out from BOA in 2020.

ELTON GLASER has published eight full-length collections of poetry, most recently two books in 2013, *Translations from the Flesh* (Pittsburgh) and *The Law of Falling Bodies* (Arkansas).


SUSAN GRIMM is the author of *Lake Erie Blue* (BkMk Press, 2004); she’s also won the Hayden Carruth Poetry Prize and the inaugural Copper Nickel Poetry Prize.


DAVID HERNANDEZ’s books of poetry include *Dear, Sincerely* (2016), *Hoodwinked* (2011), and *Always Danger* (2006). He teaches at California State University, Long Beach.

BOB HICOK, who has appeared often in FIELD, is the author of *Sex & Love &* (2016), *Elegy Owed* (2014), and *This Clumsy Living* (2007), among other volumes.


CHRISTOPHER HOWELL’s eleventh poetry collection, *Love’s Last Number*, was published by Milkweed Editions in 2017. He teaches in the MFA program at Eastern Washington University.

LAURA JENSEN appeared many times in the early decades of FIELD. Her books include *Shelter* (1985), *Memory* (1982), and *Bad Boats* (1977).

LAURA JUDGE’s poems have appeared in *Barrow Street, Meridian, Cimarron Review, Mississippi Review*, and elsewhere.

LAURA KASISCHKE, who teaches at the University of Michigan, is a poet and novelist. Her books of poems include, most recently, *Where Now* (2017) and *Space, in Chains* (2011), which won the National Book Critics Circle Award.
SHIRLEY KAUFMAN, an American-Israeli poet and translator, was the author of many books, including Ezekiel’s Wheels (2009), Threshold (2003), and Roots in the Air: New and Selected Poems (1996).

RICHARD K. KENT teaches art history at Franklin & Marshall College in Pennsylvania.

BENJAMÍN NAKA-HASEBE KINGSBLEY’S debut collection, Not Your Mama’s Melting Pot (Backwaters Press, 2018), was selected by Bob Hicok. His next collection, Colonize Me, is forthcoming with Saturnalia (2019), followed by Demos (Milkweed Editions, 2020).

PHILIP LEVINE served as Poet Laureate of the United States from 2011 to 2012. Winner of many honors including the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award, he was the subject of a FIELD symposium in 2009.

FRANNIE LINDSAY’s collections of poems include If Mercy (2016), Our Vanishing (2014), and Mayweed (2010). She lives in Belmont, Massachusetts.


THOMAS LUX’s many books include To the Left of Time (2016), God Particles (2008), and The Cradle Place (2004). He taught at Sarah Lawrence College and the Georgia Institute of Technology for many years before his death in 2017.

AMIT MAJMUDAR is a medical doctor, novelist, and poet, author most recently of Dothead (2016) and Heaven and Earth (2011). In 2015 he was named the first Poet Laureate of Ohio.

ERIN MALONE’s two poetry collections are Hover and a chapbook, What Sound Does It Make. Her work has appeared in journals such as Beloit Poetry Journal, Cimarron Review, West Branch, and Verse Daily. She is editor of Poetry Northwest.

SANDRA MCPHERSON’s 21st poetry collection, Quicksilver, Cougars, and Quartz, will be published by Salmon Poetry Press in 2019. She has poems forthcoming in Iowa Review and AGNI, and has retired from 23 years of teaching at the University of California at Davis.

W. S. MERWIN is a giant of American poetry and translation, having published over 50 books since 1952 and won countless awards and honors. He was the subject of a FIELD symposium in 1997, and served as US Poet Laureate from 2010 to 2011.


ALICIA REBECCA MYERS has published a chapbook, My Seaborgium (Brain Mill Press, 2016), as well as poems in Gulf Coast, jubilat, and Best New Poets 2015. She teaches at Wells College.

MARK NEELY’s Beasts of the Hill won the 2011 FIELD Poetry Prize: Oberlin College Press also published his Dirty Bomb in 2015.

SHARON OLDS’ books of poems include, most recently, Odes (2016) and
Stag’s Leap (2012). Her numerous honors include the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Critics Circle Award, and the T. S. Eliot Prize.

KATE PARTRIDGE is the author of Ends of the Earth (University of Alaska Press, 2017). She is a graduate fellow at the University of Southern California, where she is pursuing a PhD in creative writing and literature.

CARL PHILLIPS is the author of over a dozen books of poetry, including Wild Is the Wind (2018), Reconnaissance (2015), and Silverchest (2013). He teaches at Washington University in St. Louis.


KEVIN PRUFER has appeared often in FIELD. His many books include How He Loved Them (2018), Churches (2014), In a Beautiful Country (2011), and National Anthem (2008).

MARGARET RAY is currently a poetry MFA student at Warren Wilson College. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in The Gettysburg Review, Rattle, American Literary Review, and elsewhere. She teaches in New Jersey.

ADRIENNE RICH was one of the essential American poets and essayists in the second half of the 20th century. She was the subject of a FIELD symposium in 2007. Her many honors included the Bollingen Prize, the National Book Award, and a MacArthur Fellowship.

SUSAN RICH is the author of four books of poems, most recently Cloud Pharmacy (White Pine). Her work has been published in all fifty states in journals such as Alaska Quarterly Review, Harvard Review, and New England Review. She lives in Seattle.

DENNIS SCHMITZ’S ninth and most recent book of poems is Animism (Oberlin College Press, 2014). He lives in Oakland, California.

HEATHER SELLERS’ books include The Boys I Borrow (2007), Drinking Girls and Their Dresses (2002), and You Don’t Look Like Anyone I Know (2011), a memoir.

BETSY SHOLL has published eight collections of poems, most recently Otherwise Unseeable (2014). House of Sparrows: New and Selected Poems is out this spring from Wisconsin.

CHARLES SIMIC, the subject of our symposium in FIELD #99, has appeared here ever since our second issue. He served as US Poet Laureate in 2007-08.

JUDITH SMALL’s Second Tongue won the 2017 Brighthorse Prize and is forthcoming from Brighthorse Books.

MEGAN SNYDER-CAMP is the author of The Gunnywolf (Bear Star, 2016), Wintering (Tupelo, 2016), and The Forest of Sure Things (Tupelo, 2010).

DAVID ST. JOHN has published more than a dozen books, including most recently The Auroras (2012), The

WILLIAM STAFFORD appeared regularly in FIELD from our very first issue onward, and was the subject of our symposium in 1989. He served as US Poet Laureate in 1970-71, and died in 1993.

GERALD STERN’s most recent books include Galaxy Love (2017), Divine Nothingness (2014), and In Beauty Bright (2012). We published a symposium on his work in FIELD #89.

MARK STRAND’s many honors included the Bollingen Prize, the Wallace Stevens Award, and service as US Poet Laureate in 1990-91. His Collected Poems was published shortly before his death in 2014.

ARTHUR SZE’s nine books of poetry include Compass Rose (2014), The Ginko Light (2009), and Quipu (2005); his latest, Sight Lines, is out from Copper Canyon this spring.

LEE UPTON’s books of poetry include Bottle the Bottles the Bottles the Bottles (2015) and Undid in the Land of Undone (2007). She is also a fiction writer, literary critic, and essayist, and teaches at Lafayette College.

JEAN VALENTINE, the subject of our symposium in 2005, “is retired from teaching, still loves FIELD, still loves poetry, lives in NYC.”

UTE VON FUNCKE, who wrote plays for children before turning to poetry in 2004, has published four collections, most recently den rissen der zeit (2018). STUART FRIEBERT’s translation of her selected poems, Between Question & Answer, appeared from Pinyon this fall.

G. C. WALDREP’s most recent books are feast gently (Tupelo, 2018) and a long poem, Testament (BOA Editions, 2015). He teaches at Bucknell University and edits West Branch.

NANCY WILLARD was a prolific writer of poetry, fiction, and essays for children and adults. She contributed regularly to FIELD, and was the subject of our symposium in 2017.

C. D. WRIGHT published over a dozen volumes, including ShallCross (2016), Rising, Falling, Hovering (2008), and Steal Away: New and Selected Poems (2002). She was the subject of our 2016 symposium.

CHARLES WRIGHT’s many awards include the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award, the Bollingen Prize, and the Ruth Lilly Poetry Prize. He served as US Poet Laureate in 2014-15.

FRANZ WRIGHT began publishing poems and translations in FIELD while he was still an Oberlin student, and continued to do so throughout his career. He won the Pulitzer for Walking to Martha’s Vineyard (2003); his other books include Kindertotenwald (2011) and F (2013).
INDEX TO FIELD, Nos. 91-100
Fall 2014-Spring 2019

ABEL, KIRSTEN
Canal Street 97:68
Harbor Island 97:69

ABELS, SCOTT
A Quiet Pond 92:11

ADAIL, ALLISON
When Horses Turn Down the Road 98:35

AKBAR, KAVEH
What Seems Like Joy 95:64

ALEXANDER, PAMELA
Fire and Water (essay) 95:23
Review-Essay: Launching the Lifeboat (Wayne Miller, Post-) 96:90
Review-Essay: Poodle Tails and Empty Chairs (Adam Giannelli, Tremulous Hinge) 98:62

ALL, KAZIM
Review-Essay: But the Darkness (Tuvia Ruebner, In the Illuminated Dark: Selected Poems) 92:80
Review-Essay: The World We Together (Chris Martin, The Falling Down Dance) 94:84
On “Crescent” (essay) 95:32
Review-Essay: Everything Is in the Language (Layli Long Soldier, Whereas) 96:79

ALLMAN, JOHN
How Far 92:51
This 92:52
Password 92:53

ALTER, DAN
Gates 92:44
Ode to the Idea of France 96:13

AMOROSI, RAY
An Aging Farmer on a Clear Night 92:54
Sparta 98:33

ANSEL, TALVikki
16 Stanzas in February 98:18

ATKINSON, JENNIFER
Star Calendar 97:58

BAKER, DAVID
Early May 98:52

BALL, ANGELA
Society for the Ladies of the House 96:31

BEASLEY, BRUCE
Revised Catechism 92:60
Report to the Provost on the Progress of My Leave 92:62
Confessedly 96:41
By the Road of By and By 96:42
Inordinate Fondness 99:84

BIEGELSON, DANIEL
We Move in Abundance 98:16
We Live in an Unknown Sea 98:17

BLAUNER, LAURIE
Medical Marvel 91:88

BLAXTER, TAM
Stillness in the passenger seat after the impact 93:50
Having left by the back door 93:51
Back 93:52

BLOCH, CHANA
Cancer Ward 96:25
Yom Asal, Yom Basal 96:26

BLUNK, JONATHAN
While C. K. Williams Reads Tsvetaeva 99:95
Roadkill 99:96

BOBROWSKI, JOHANNES
Pike Season 92:19
Experience 92:20
Encounter 92:21
Bird’s Nest 92:22
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CRAMER, STEVEN</td>
<td>You Want That</td>
<td>96:32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CRUZ, CYNTHIA</td>
<td>Guidebooks for the Dead (I)</td>
<td>93:41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Guidebooks for the Dead (II)</td>
<td>93:42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Fragment: Pollen</td>
<td>96:24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DE DADELSEN, JEAN-PAUL</td>
<td>Alsatian Suite</td>
<td>91:51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Women of the Plain: IV</td>
<td>91:52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEBELJAK, ALES</td>
<td>Smugglers</td>
<td>91:72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>At Home</td>
<td>91:73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Festival Hall</td>
<td>91:74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DILLOF, FAY</td>
<td>Bath Song</td>
<td>91:47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Middle Age</td>
<td>91:49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUPREE, ALEX</td>
<td>Once I Made Up My Mind</td>
<td>96:61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EIMERS, NANCY</td>
<td>Man on a Stoop</td>
<td>91:55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Greek Girl with Doves</td>
<td>91:56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Photo of 50 Mannequins Posed in Front of</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>the County Court House in Las Vegas,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Nevada, Before the 1953 “Atomic Annie”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Nuclear Test</td>
<td>97:92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Photo of Unnumbered Mannequins Piled</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>in Front of the County Court House in</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Las Vegas, Nevada, After the 1953 “Atomic</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Annie” Nuclear Test</td>
<td>97:93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ESTES, ANGIE</td>
<td>Lieu de Moxie-Mémoire</td>
<td>93:76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Nebbiolo</td>
<td>93:77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lieu de Living Mémoire</td>
<td>97:95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Remains</td>
<td>100:17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Lee Sharkey, Walking Backwards)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Satellites</td>
<td>99:78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Evidence of the Making Process</td>
<td>99:80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAY-LEBLANC, GIBSON</td>
<td>High Forest State Marginal</td>
<td>92:26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Letter</td>
<td>92:27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FISCHER, B. K.</td>
<td>Some Strange Conjunction (essay)</td>
<td>93:26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FORHAN, CHRIS</td>
<td>This Page Won’t Load</td>
<td>93:74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FUNKHAUSER, ERICA</td>
<td>Æfen</td>
<td>94:44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GALLAHER, JOHN</td>
<td>Why It’s Important We Not Talk Too Much</td>
<td>91:45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>About How Long Ago the Past Was</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>So Are We to Laugh or What (essay)</td>
<td>93:11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Each Thing Going On Is Several Things</td>
<td>96:58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Going On</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Other Things That Happened on the Day</td>
<td>96:60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>My Mother Died</td>
<td>99:114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Two Gods in Aspic</td>
<td>99:115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GAMBITO, SARAH</td>
<td>Cento</td>
<td>96:10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Love Song</td>
<td>96:12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GILBERT, SANDRA M.</td>
<td>Gauguin, “The Meal (The Bananas)”</td>
<td>92:58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Jacob Lawrence’s “They Were Very Poor”</td>
<td>92:59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GINGERICH, CHARITY</td>
<td>Somewhere in September,</td>
<td>97:43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLASER, ELTON</td>
<td>Death Wish</td>
<td>92:24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ghost Variations</td>
<td>97:70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mercury in the Tall Degrees</td>
<td>97:72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Have a Nice Day</td>
<td>99:82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Succession</td>
<td>100:48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOLD, ELIZABETH</td>
<td>A Child’s Guide to the Icebergs</td>
<td>93:35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Dementia</td>
<td>93:36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOODKIN, KATHY</td>
<td>Moving Day</td>
<td>97:52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOODMAN, JENNY</td>
<td>Tough and Tender: The Speaker as Mentor</td>
<td>95:11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>in “Falling Beasts” (essay)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOTTSCHALL, KARIN</td>
<td>Poem with Lines from My Mother’s Dream</td>
<td>94:50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Journal</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GREEN, SARAH
Who Is the Stream? (essay) 97:28

GRIMM, SUSAN
Biscuit-Cutter 100:28
The Minotaur Room 100:29

HALEBSKY, JUDY
Warrant 92:41
Public Record 92:42

HARRISON, DESALES
Horizon Keep (essay) 91:34

HARVEY, MIKKO
Vial 95:75

HAUG, JAMES
[First it didn’t sound...]
Wood Came Down the River 95:48
The Turkey Ideal 95:49

HEMAU, GISELA
Singing Lesson 95:57
The Time Has Come 95:58

HERNANDEZ, DAVID
Figures 92:46
Made in California 97:85

HICOK, BOB
All together, on three 95:70
America: a primer 98:9
Faith 98:10
Two sides of a coin 98:11

HINRICHSEN, DENNIS
[trance state] 99:92
[swallow] 99:93

HOGUE, CYNTHIA
After the War There Was No Food 94:41
The Lost Private 94:42
The Trees of a Life (essay) 97:16
Wing 97:78
Bees 97:79
To Hide a Child 99:56

HOLBERT, JACKSON
James Madison 98:51

HOWELL, CHRISTOPHER
Author, Author 91:54
Another Crossing 92:47
Looking Glass Edge 92:48
Turnpike & Flow 92:49
Winter Companion 94:60

HUFFMAN, JANE
Double Sonnet 98:42

HURLEY, MICHAEL
Tiresias Sees More 96:27
St. Francis’ Last Day 96:28

HUTTON, SUSAN
Historical Markers 94:33
Latitudes 94:34

IRWIN, MARK
Events miniaturized, but always present 93:39
Dissolving Parable 98:20
Open 98:21

JACKSON, BEN
One River 95:93

JACQMIN, HILARY S.
Atomograd 93:81

JOHNSON, MARILYN
Authorized (essay) 99:39

JOHNSON, VANESSA COUTO
Render Billow 95:85

JONES, EVE
Poem in the Shape of an Eye 99:63
Looking Up 99:63

JOURNEY, ANNA
Fried Chicken Prom Corsage: Ode to My Thirsties 92:37

JUAREZ, ANDREW
Stairmaster 91:44

JUDGE, LAURA
In That Photo, the Himalayas 100:30
The Fascist Police Knock at My Door 100:32

KASCHOCK, KIRSTEN
Circle of Fifths 7 95:79
Circle of Fifths 9 95:80
Circle of Fifths 10 95:81

KASISCHKE, LAURA
Brighter Is Not Necessarily Better (essay) 95:19
KENT, RICHARD K.
Writing the World and One's Place in It (essay) 91:16
Trying My Hand at Translating Li Bai 100:47

KIESSELBACH, DORE
Eating Stars (essay) 97:21
Disappearance 97:66

KINGSLEY, BENJAMÍN
NAKA-HASEBE
Nantucket Sleghride 100:34

KOZAK, ROBIN
Incest 94:31

KRIEG, BRANDON
Beyond the Useful Life 94:28
Coat 97:53
Reed 97:54

KROLOW, KARL
A Sentence 93:48
We're Living Faster 93:49

KWASNÝ, MELISSA
Where Outside the Body Is the Soul Today 94:58

LAWLESS, DANIEL
Vine 95:59

LEIGHT, PETER
Reunion of the Class of the Past 95:72
New This Season 99:111

LEITHAUSER, HAILEY
Slow Danger 93:44
Midnight 93:45

LINDSAY, FRANNIE
Revelation 92:7
To Heartache 92:8
August 100:45
Unction 100:46

LIU, TIMOTHY
The Unsaid 92:36

LOOMIS, JON
Consider the Ostrich (essay) 93:31
The Mansion of Happiness 93:70
If I Come Back 93:71
At the Lake House 95:88
Imaginary Friends 95:89

LORSUNG, ÉIREANN
Dungeness Apartment 92:28
Aldgate 92:29

LOUIE, DIANE
Visiting Gertrude Stein in Père-Lachaise 98:43
Set in Motion 98:44

LUCAS, DAVE
Gawain at the Green Chapel 92:50

LUX, THOMAS
Attila the Hun Meets Pope Leo I 92:14
Praisegod Barebones 92:15

LYONS, ELIZABETH
At the Liberty Diner, I Stop Reading Lear 99:88
Love Letter from the Casket-Maker 99:89

MACARI, ANNE MARIE
March Snow 99:97
Hospital 99:98
Bow Down 99:99

MACLAY, SARAH
Night Text 91:63
Circle 91:64
Before Us 99:90

MAJER, GERALD
Luisa Casati, Fountain Dress (1921) 91:89

MAJMUDAR, AMIT
Ode to a Jellyfish 94:43

MALBOEUF, JENNIE
First Mirror 98:28

MALONE, ERIN
Testament 92:55
April 92:56
The Returned 100:12
Training Exercise 100:13

MARCHANT, FRED
E pluribus animus 96:17

MARTIN, DIANE K.
Muse Rebellion 91:62
Two Bits 98:12

MASTALER, JASON
Fourth of July, McMurdo Station, Antarctica 97:57
MAZUR, GAIL
Fluent at Their Task
(essay) 91:13
MCGOOKEY, KATHLEEN
Star-Crossed 97:67
MCGRIFF, MICHAEL
Wig 98:13
MCLEOD, OWEN
Mother Tongue 95:65
MCPherson, SandRA
Hoh 95:90
Imprint 95:92
Hematological 96:40
Runneth Over 98:50
Swimming During Polio 100:49
Get Back into the Alphabet Box 100:51
METRES, PHILIP
The Bubble 91:76
Dream 91:78
MILLER, WAYNE
Two Sisters 97:50
After the Miscarriage 97:51
MLINKO, ANGE
Unfolding “Winter Fly” (essay) 99:50
MOFFETT, ROSALIE
from Nervous System 96:33
MOLDAW, CAROL
Plover 100:38
MOSELEY, LAUREN
Cyclops 96:46
MOSES, EMANUEL
Forgive Them 94:29
Your Shadow 94:30
MULVEY, BERN
Found One Morning on the Way to Work 97:84
MURAWSKI, ELISABETH
Chicago Morning 91:70
Merrily, Merrily 91:71
Capitol 93:65
A Catastrophe of Violins 93:66
Moment, Logan Square 96:52
Number 156 98:30
Hopkins’ Room 98:32
MYERS, ALICIA REBECCA
Sauna 100:18

Hot Horse 100:19

NEELY, MARK
Intelligent Design 96:19
The Economy Stupid 96:20
Red Lever 100:24
Rhizome 100:26

NEELY, NICK
In a White Jewelry Gift Box 92:23

NUERNBERGER, KATHRYN
It’s Like She Loves Us and Like She Hates Us 94:63

NURKIN, ANDREW
Beauty for Beginners (i) 91:60
Beauty for Beginners (ii) 91:61

NURKSE, D.
The Commands 91:41
The Bowl 91:43
The Surety 93:58
Penmanship 96:35
A Country of Strangers 96:36

O’KEEFE, TIMOTHY
Quadrilateral: Linkboy 97:60
Quadrilateral: Nebula 97:61
Quadrilateral: Reliction 97:62

OKRENT, JOHN
The Trouble with Describing the Winter Sky 97:64

OLDS, SHARON
On a First Reading of “Our Dust” (essay) 95:28

OLIVER, CAROLYN
Dead Reckoning 99:64
Geography Lessons 99:65

PANKEY, ERIC
Honeymoon at the Pine Crest Motor Hotel and Cabins 97:44
The Arrival 97:45

PARTRIDGE, KATE
Fanfare for the Dinosaurs, or, The Trumpeter 100:40

PHILLIPS, CARL
On Heaney’s “Postscript” (essay) 91:31
PIERCE, CATHERINE
Tunnel Vision 94:7
Poem for Makeout Point 94:8
We Live in the Most Exquisite Terrarium 99:61
Enough 99:62
POPA, MAYA CATHERINE
Date, 2005 92:9
The End of the World Has Been Cancelled 92:10
After a Long Separation, Nothing Can Be Separate 96:47
POTTER, CAROL
Déjà-vu, or How We Got Out of the Swamp 96:7
A Common Misperception 96:9
Anaconda 99:109
The Hairs on Your Head Are Numbered 99:110
POWELL, LYNN
Duet for Ecclesiastes and Dutch Weather 93:59
PRINE, ALISON
Midlife 96:18
PRUFER, KEVIN
Blueberry 97:39
RAEBER, KUNO
Rome 91:81
RAMSPECK, DOUG
Chicago 97:75
RAY, MARGARET
At a Distance 96:29
Show/Tell 96:30
Tourist 100:52
Garden State 100:54
READ, ANDREA
The Blue Hills 94:22
What the Wooden Duck Says to Me at Night When I Can't Sleep 94:23
Origin of Speech 99:58
Love Inside the Snow Globe 99:60
RECTOR, BILL
The Pressure Cooker Bomb 94:20
Under the Surface 94:21
Conversation with a Poem 99:94
RICH, SUSAN
Fever 100:16
RIGBY, KAREN
Letter to Hieronymus Bosch 94:27
To Marion Cotillard on Her 2008 Oscar Dress 97:94
RITVO, MAX
Uncle Needle 95:43
December 29 95:44
RIVARD, DAVID
In the City of Discreet Adventures (essay) 99:32
ROBBINS, RICHARD
Documentary Film 94:13
Old Mission School 94:14
ROGERS, ELIZABETH LINDSEY
Lost Exit Interview 94:45
ROSENBERG, DAN
A Space Telescope Tilted at Us 95:60
Delilah We Will Not Be for Him 95:61
ROSS, SAM
Attendant 97:48
Pro Tem 97:49
RYBICKI, JOHN
Stay Alive 95:68
SAMYN, MARY ANN
Things Now Remind Us of Things Then 93:53
Understanding and Doing 93:54
Better Already (3) 93:55
The Sky at Home 97:46
Unto Himself 97:47
Seven Deer on a Ridge 99:73
Visionary 99:74
SANDS, AIMÉE
The longer we stay the deeper the knowledge 98:23
Verge 98:24
SANTIAGO, CHRIS
Hele in C 95:54
Unfinished Poem 95:55
SAVAGE, ELIZABETH
Review-Essay: Mystery Is Belief (Cynthia Hogue, Revenance) 92:84
THOMAS, ROBERT
Sonnet with Backpack and
Jack 98:38
Sonnet with Mozart and
Bear 98:39

THOMPSON, MARY JO
Digestion 91:85
Currently Showing 91:87

THORBURN, MATTHEW
Each Night We Wandered 99:75
Until You Never 99:77

TIERNEY, BRIAN
Flags on the Moon 96:63
Coda with a Corpse Floating
in the Patapsco 96:65

ULKU, ALPAY
Faust 91:67
Building It 91:68

UPTON, LEE
Counting Russell Edson
(essay) 93:20
We Heard a Fly Buzz When We
Died (essay) 97:11
Why Am I Not Invited to Your
Party? 98:7
The Sunflower 98:8

VAICIUÑAITĖ, JUDITA
Extravaganza 91:66

VALENTINE, JEAN
Trust 100:36
Sparrow 100:37

WAGENAAR, MARK
The Nameless City 93:84
Nocturne with Fitted
Absences 93:86

Heat Wave (Poem for Novica
Tadic Perhaps) 98:40
The Flight of the
Astronomers 98:41

WALDREP, G. C.
Lyme Vector (I) 93:40
Tisbury Poem 100:20

WALKER, DAVID
Review-Essay: Body and Soul
(Marianne Boruch, Cadaver,
Speak) 92:94

WARDROP, DANEEN
as he goes 96:53

WASSERBOEHR, JEFF
Tea with Milk 98:29

WATSON, ELLEN DORÉ
Revel 96:23

WEAVER, AFAA MICHAEL
Spirit Boxing 93:72
Freight Train Returns from the
Hospital 93:73

WEICL, BRUCE
On Paradox and Beauty
(essay) 99:26

WEISS, CAIT
Calabasas 93:37
The Prophets 93:38

WHITE, MIKE
Angel 96:50
Pigeon 96:51

WEIGL, BRUCE
The ER 95:47

WILKINSON, MARCO
Review-Essay: Where My Body
First Enters (Brian Teare, The
Empty Form Goes All the Way to
Heaven) 96:84

WILLIAMS, KENNY
Neighborhood 94:10
Cadaver in a Landscape 94:11

WRIGHT, CHARLES
How I Failed 92:30
Homecoming II 92:30
“Get in Line Brother If You
Want to Go Home” 92:30
Charlie in the Magic
Factory 99:30

137
WRÓBLEWSKI, GRZEGORZ
[I Gathered Everyone] 99:106
Metamorphosis 99:107
XI XI
Ichirō 93:67
YOUNG, DAVID
Review-Essay: Listening to the Silent Generation (Mark Strand, Collected Poems) 92:66
Review-Essay: Rereading Tranströmer (Bright Scythe: Selected Poems by Tomas Tranströmer, translated by Patty Crane) 94:74
ZWEIG, MARTHA
Bill & Coo 91:69
FIELD and the other publishing efforts of Oberlin College Press receive financial support from the Friends of Oberlin College Press. In a time of increasingly scarce resources, we are particularly grateful to these individuals for their continuing support of our mission. We invite others to join the Press in our efforts on behalf of contemporary poetry. Friends at the Supporter level receive a free subscription to FIELD. Friends at the Sponsor, Patron, and Benefactor levels receive copies of all our new publications. Contributions are tax-deductible to the full extent allowable by law. To learn more about joining the Friends, please contact our Managing Editor, Marco Wilkinson.

**Benefactors and Patrons:** George Berry and Wendy Romeo, Anne Marie Macari, Nina Nyhart, David Walker, David Young and Georgia Newman

**Sponsors:** Barbara Florini, Judy Karasik, Kurt Olsson, Tom and Mary Van Nortwick, Diane Vreuls and Stuart Friebert

**Supporters:** Lisa Aaron and Peter Schmidt, Anonymous (2), Marianne Boruch, Peter Buchman and Jolene Hjerleid, Michael Chitwood, Angie Estes, Carol Ganzel, Ben Jones and Tanya Rosen-Jones, Martha Moody, Carl Phillips, Elaine Scott, Susan Terris, Charles Wright

$1000 and more: **Benefactor**  
$500-$999: **Patron**  
$250-$499: **Sponsor**  
$100-$249: **Supporter**

Our appreciation also to the following donors: Sarah Maclay, Fred Marchant, Ann and Alfred McKay, and Mary Ann Samyn.

The Press also receives essential operating support from Oberlin College.