

ENTER MY HOUSE
COPY TWO

STUDENT RESEARCH PAPER
VERTICAL FILE

Enter My House

*Non
Circulating*

These poems were written during the fall of 1974 by students at The Evergreen State College, in a seminar, Toward Expression in Poetry. I have included a poem of my own which seems to belong with theirs.

— W. B.

LOOKING FOR MAGIC

The cool morning fog breathes into my window,
 I rise like a star and look out to the city below.
 Down on the Sound low tide brings seabirds in,
 their fluttering and spinning motions.
 I hear their cries, distant lovelike calls,
 nestled in between the pulse of traffic passing.
 Why is it they stay in this lonesome grey city,
 dip and peck in the slick black mud, feed on worms
 and sewage.
 They stay for me.
 I will take them home when I go, I have promised
 them that.

Another day breaks,
 like an egg fallen,
 the yoke, delicate golden fetus,
 splattered across my face,
 if I was younger, we could begin again.

Wild cats call to me over California mountains,
 Rounded, smooth, plump, as a great woman nearing
 her time.
 They say they are going to the ocean;
 Will I cross, and go too?

Venusian lady who smiles on fishes

— Ben Colodzin

Deep plumb purple bruises,
aching behind the eyes,
I hide them with a shake of my head.
Your words callous and biting like dogs at me,
You, to whom all my hats fall,
My love falls also.
I am not a mad woman.

Who am I that I behave so quietly in the midst of this
glistening rain?
It soaks through pages of the scrapbook, the reds run-
ning into the blues,
blending the scent of a dozen pressed flowers into
faded photographs.
Who am I that I behave so quietly?
I fly into the dance of rebirth.

I am looking for Magic.
Don't tell me it's not there, I've heard the explanations.
I already KNOW the visions are eye tricks
already KNOW all about the electric particles
KNOW how they misfire against the back of my skull.
KNOW about your used revelations, your religion.
Your holiness won't do me any good, I am looking for
Magic.
You should understand, I sense it, in the fog, in the
water, in the dunes,
in some animals, in my mother, in the boy who reads
tea leaves,
In the delicate co-incidences of my life.
My father wore a slice of potato on a string around
his big thick Irish neck,
when it shriveled and turned black it had absorbed
the disease and evil of self.
I am looking for the magic that will work for me.

— Molly Wright

QUETZALCOATL

I evoked you
through my
silken threads
as you
sprang forth
upon the cloth

Bursting with
radiance
rising from
the past

You evoked me
under your spell
as you pulled
the colors
from my hands
and emerged

— *Karen Porter*

DANE'S VISIT

I am wary of Dane,
for he could kill a man
and without deception,
he's sitting on my couch.

Feeling his ribs,
reaching his hand up under the breastbone,
tearing the larynx,
pushing aside the intestines,
cutting the anus,

gutted in my living room!
the blood spreads quickly over the floor,
many shades of red;
with the skin folded back
the open cavity cools,
while fingers stiffen.

I am wary of Dane,
for he could kill a man
and without deception,
A foreigner's mind.

Making unconceived motions,
flexing his arms,
staring blank eyes,
all he has is his body,
veined and strong,
to keep his self-moving.

Unhindered with a reflective mind —
soundings into the future sea
totally impossible.

He has come to visit

I am wary of Dane,
for he could kill a man
and without deception.
He has killed bears.

Frying the liver,
warming his hands in the fire,
night has already fallen.
Hovering over the bear,
the skinning goes slowly,

his eyes strain.
removing the paws from the bone
unnervingly human fingers appear,
their hands clasping
(the hands are like ours)
flittering in the firelight.

Kinship is the feeling.

Still, I am wary of Dane;
for he could kill a man
and without deception.

— Jeffery Mezorach

THE POWER

In the end I have only myself
The leaves, the people, the memories
I collect
will all fall away

Even now I am growing simpler,
interested only in the creases of my hands
and the sky stretched over me

I have friends
and a lover
and a blurred image of God
and when we are together
I tell myself it is enough

But this evening,
alone,
watching the water shiver,
I feel a sound,
a power,
moving the ripples

— Tom Sleigh

THE WATERS

The waters glide
in mockery
through my fingers
They are undammed pain
They are the sea in my blood
They are a stunning fact
and will not yield.

In August when you go
I will watch the ship
in its spermy wake
I will not wave
or be bitter
I will only whisper,
It is nothing,
it is water

— *Tom Sleigh*

RHAPSODY IN A SINKING CANOE

Fill my sail, oh bastard wind!
the day is lost and night rushes forth
like a Persian bull. Fill my sail
at once! deliver my skiff
to the sandy beach — ah! the smell
of cheap perfume and laughter
between the sailor and the drunk barmaid.
The smell of rot in ancient boats.

“What will become of me?”
my canoe laments.

II
The vigor of a turbulent day is lost
in despair, the beauty of a shipwreck
is lost in the prospect of death
(whose voices are these among the waves
singing of gold and pretty mermaids?)
Oh rotted wood! oh rended sail! listen — the singing
of sailors long-drunk in their capsized boat,
the pausing of feet along the ocean floor.

“And what will become of me?”
my canoe laments.

— *Fisayo Gesinde*

POEM

At my desk with pen
It is gone
The sense of purpose
Felt in the dark
Is gone.

At my desk with pen
Where is the knowledge
Knowledge of self
Felt in the dark.

— Susan Southwick

ELD INLET

Bay of stretched gray water
occasional birds, ripples,
odd lonely calls.

Red tipped salal on shore
where deer once came
to meet seals,
on cold foggy mornings,
But I have frightened them with
My coming,
And now they know other secret places.

Circles of insects mate and bounce
making grooves and depths of gray
in the water surface.
Two small brown birds
feed on the narrow sand
leaving prints of their yellow beaks —

To disappear at the tide's approach,
rusty strip of algae
infringing edge
that seeps among rocks and clams in its retreat.

Seagulls come to break their faded shells
and the mournful howling of a lost dog
echoes against the strange glow of autumn.

I sit quietly; the world comes alive.

— Jan Neuhauser

SEASON

The rainy season has begun;
Branches hold small pears of rain
And reconciliation will not come.

Are you right now in your grey house
Set back in yellow fields raked bare?
Is all the gentleness undone?
Are you not there; can I remember right?
Or did we dream each other, come
Between rough folds inside some rainy night?

I think that I should come to hate
Past bright and brittle days, the light
Then so insistent through the panes

— Better these impoverished trees, this hiding mist,
The sodden meadows and the rains, the subtle fist.

— *Kathy Burger*

ZAK

Looking in the horse's mouth
Zak laughs at the ears laid flat
Head against the barreled ribs
Hears the slow blood circling inside

Stones in the hoof
Stones in the hoof

How old's this damp donkey
Due for glue —
Fat round arse opening
Long tail rising
Blind in one eye, beast?

Manure everywhere . . .

We hop the closed gate
And go eat inside.

* * * * *

Zak made a drum
From a willow hoop
Bent round in boiled water
With deerskin stretched across
A drum, to sing with

Stones in the hoof
Stones in the hoof

A horse spliced to the blue
Shadows of deer
Stock-still beneath the silver willow

We run from the cruel dinner
And drink from a bowl of light
The stars!

* * * * *

The dance is on a thorny rainbow
Where dancers eat the hearts of deer

* * * * *

Elegance on the back of a horse
Is my song at a gallop
Through the tangle
Where tangible shadows behind me
Obscure the way before me
Scraping the furrowed bark of trees

* * * * *

Heavy headed
Black hair pulled tight
In a slick black knot
Zak beats the drum
To shake the leaves!

Stones in the hoof
Stones in the hoof

A song shaped to the furious night
A smallness under the animal moon
A dream curved to a drum!

— *John Glade Wittmayer*

THE PALM WINE SELLER

Has the girl not come ? O my son,
crane your neck through the west window
and look for the stone-colored gourd.
Stare well into the foot-worn path
and search among the woven grass
for her intricate beads — that wine girl
with silent music in her limbs. Look
between roots for delicate feet,
among the leaves for virgin breasts.

Perhaps, yesterday, our greeting
was cold, or why has she not come
today ? Your silence may frighten
her, (how I wish you were not tied
of tongue!) or was it my eagerness
that hurt ? I, a blind old man talking
of beauty I cannot see ? Perhaps
one august day she will understand
that beauty felt, not seen, is best.

II

Has the girl not come ? O my son,
open your ears to the laughing wind
and open them to little sounds
from the creek. Listen among the fish
for a possible human cry,
O, listen to the chatting birds
and hear what the latest rumour is.
And if you hear a cry in the wind,
touch your hand to my closer ear.

Perhaps she has gone to live in town
deceived by the ease of modern ways,
(was it a man, some handsome lover
that promised her a better life ?)
that now we must live without her laugh!
But what do I know ? A deaf old man
talking of sounds I do not hear!
If you hear a cry in the wind,
touch your hand to my closer ear.

— *Fisayo Gesinde*

THE INDIAN

Sometimes in a garage
Among twisting exhaust pipes
 he is found,
His arms plunged in a black motor's parts,
The animal of old disemboweled,
The rubberized snaking spark plug wires
Bound like veins into a neck he grips,
With grease spotted and smeared —

And which appears in a glistening braid
In the queue on back of his head
The stiff tail of hunting hair
That is dry and partly gray.
When he looks up, his eyes
Are suddenly Eskimo, yellowish,
With the seal in them, the elk

And serpent imposed in their depth
That he met with and worshipped then.

At times in this Texas town
It is a joke or odd, when the dogs
That some scent in him draws, howl
Till he throws them the meat,
Or kicks them off so they cower,
Crouch back at a distance from his feet,
Quiet, waiting to be called.

The farmers watch with a kind of awe
Their dogs sitting there at his garage,
Not too near him but not far;
Nor could a rock break
The intentness of their bodies.

— *William Burford*

LAST WISH
FOR A PAST LIFE

I go when he is not home,
stand in the coldness
and sniff
to see if my smell still lingers.

I look through the cupboards
to see what he is eating.
They are no longer cluttered.

The red kitchen rug,
the only color left
startled me.

The absence of my things.

The cats run wild now,
up from the ravines
to drop rats and snakes
on the porch when he is home.

I have gone from that house.

— Jan Neuhauser

JEFF

friend, enter my house.
you have come with the evening,
i greet you.
bring the smell of rain.
your boots stamp sodden leaves on our floor,
leave them.
bring the smell of trout,
water runs from your arms in rivers to the ground.
leave them.
bring the smell of night,
your tears nest in your eyes, bright and grand,
leave them.
soup is on the table, the plates gleam.
friend, enter my house.
clap your hands and laugh.

— Tina Hoggett

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