

*Glenna
Congratulations!*

1987

CSPS CONTEST FOR MAY
ANY FORM, ANY SUBJECT CATEGORY
Winners List

First Place: Glenna Holloway, Ill. for "To Gerard Manley Hopkins
on Praising Christ Our Lord"

Runner-up #1 Rose Ann Spaith, OH. Runner-up #2 Glenna Holloway(again!)

106 entries from	31 poets	Total	\$78	Prize: \$39
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Please consult rules regarding I.D. page, fees: 1-3 poems/\$2
and single page limit. Some poems were disqualified on these.

||
Selma D. Calnan
363 S. 5th Ave.
La Puente, CA 91746

CSPS CONTEST FOR NOVEMBER

Spiral
Galaxy & Always Child

Prize-winner: Alice Lowell Gondek, GA for "Alone Now"

Runner-up #1 & 2: Glenna Holloway, IL; Runner-up #3 Lila B. Rohr, IA

Runner-up #4: Diane Stevens, CA

29 poets submitted 79 entries for a total of \$66

Prize: \$33

Reluctant reminder: I will not be chairing past December. My postman will gladly forward your submissions if you have any in mid-air. It has been a busy year for him! I have enjoyed the communication with so many poets and commend the position to any poet who values interaction. Happy Holidays! Selma Calnan

Dear Glenna -

(#31 & #32) ~~(P.S.)~~ The judge had real agonies making this final choices,
I have enjoyed looking over the
shoulders for your special
treats! Best wishes. Selma C

May

30

TO GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS ON PRAISING CHRIST OUR LORD

Master manipulator of soul-sounds and symbols, you
Who translated worn words into exploding experience,
Tongue-tasted, every nerve nicked with knowing,
Showing each timid cell small glimpses
Into fissures of forever-- you who
Managed the majesty of alliteration between man and Maker,
Always making rhyme with, keeping rhythm with earth
And heaven: No other psalmist has come
to snatch swatches of sea and sun and things unknown,
To patch the raveled reverence, or touch those erring
in arrant night, pulling down day, drowning in darkness.
How often can there be a David-kind who transforms
Tarnished tones, the litter of letters, and warped wonder,
Turning all into muse music, lithe as wreathing liana?
You took man's jaded awe to cut holy jewels on jagged Alps,
Polished his paling passion into prisms of lightning light
To reach the core of all that is carnal, and pry open
The spirit-seed, the kestrel-winged kernel!
Each line is patina-patterned with living time,
God-glowing, mellow as old moons, still
Distilled fresh and crisp as the cusp of a new moon.
Faith! Reinforced with fire and shot with steel--
Allusion to Almighty, not illusion--
Every syllable a synonym for prayer.

*Certainly I enjoyed the sense
you so much more of your praise than you
do of mine in a poem*

FIRST
May 81

May

In Apr 20 28

A BOWL OF QUINCE BLOSSOMS

It began cold and slimy to my touch,
a fat gray coil gradually accepting
my warmth and will.

Free of my potter's hands
it surrendered its water slowly
rearranging its molecules,
determined to shrink
but resigned to hold my concept.

Settling grainy-dry on a shelf,
it lusted for light and waited,
its dark hollow surrounded
with continental crust,
a sampling of eons
that started in stars.

Graduate of the first fire,
its apprentice brown
drank deeply of earth's unguents,
cool manganese and copper pigments
flowed over its flaws.

In the final revelation it vibrated
orange to white, healed and ripened
in the last lap of hereditary heat.

Today it came into its own
first flowering
alloyed with pollinated sisters
of the soil.

*what a beautiful concept
this whole poem is!*

May
29

Wonderful splendid writing
your poem! The sort of you can't
go home again, and the nostalgia
thoughts.

OLD HOME, ABANDONED

Still upright but terminally gray,
only bindweed, burdock and teasels claim it.
Vagrant winds cross the porch to worry
the flea market rocker no one's bothered to steal.
The fence has a falling sickness
and my bedroom shutter protests against pocked boards
like Jay's fist on the bathroom door. I wish
I hadn't come. It was easy enough to leave here
back when movies and magazines made us grump
about our cold linoleum, squawking stairs and hot water
enough for only one bath a night. I wouldn't wait
for my turn every fifth night, instead lugged buckets
and dishpans of stove-heated water and poured in
hoarded drops of Christmas scent and softener. I'd soak
and sniff my upright knees and run my hand over my skin
thinking of silk dresses and three-inch heels
until someone, usually my brother Jay,
pounded to get in. And I'd yell out, "You grew up
with nothin' but a two hole! The snakes are gone.
Won't hurt you to re-live the good ol' days.
It'll keep you humble, sport!"
But he'd keep thumping just like the shutter clinging
to its only hinge. Dead leaves scudding across the porch
make me turn to look for Mama's shadow in the hall
tiptoeing on her way to feel my forehead when I was sick.
Almost I can hear cows in the barn and Papa calling.
The swing makes a noise like Sara just before
her asthma attacks. I turn to go, break into a run
for my car. The shutter knocks urgently.
Oh, Jay, you can't come in!

*SECOND!
PLACE!
UNFORGETTABLE!*

THE HUNGER MOON

Summer is sweet on the tongue,
soft on the shoulders as kachina clouds,
unlasting as the corn god's shades of green.

Yesterday when the sun centered on my roof,
the red-tailed hawk reeled round the hot yellow
forcing shut my eyes, tightening his circle
and hurling down his cries on my doorstep.

He is back with the dawn.
Down and down he throws his keening
like splinters of cold.
That hawk is a prophet of the hunger moon--
The time of no more corn, when the deer goes,
making no tracks to a place no man finds.
And before he sleeps, the bear
eats bark and things that crawl.

None of us will starve, not even the hawk.
For me, famine is of the spirit
while the body fuels on dried fare
and sweets that come in jars.
The wings are first to wither,
then the deep singing.

Someday I will follow the hawk. I will climb
past wilding mounds of dead-gold buckwheat.
My foot will rattle shards of ancient lava,
startling a pika into range of beak and talon.
I will face the he-wind
angering in the cinder cones,
prying at broken shadows of the sacred peaks.

There in the secret heights I will master
the proper maintenance of wings.

TRUMPET MAN

It isn't written.

It's never been heard before,
neither the instrument
sheared away from the rest
nor the music he's raveling out of me.

There on the treble periphery
he's making sound and light into one
then blistering the alloy and peeling
solid gold butterflies off the parallax.

I don't know how three ribs and a funnel
can unwind my double helix, gather all
my possibilities in a single premise
beyond jazz or blues or the whole spectrum,
this delicious cruelty, its rhythm
insinuating against thin membranes,
vibrating pink filaments. Contrapuntal wings
he's freed follow him to the cutting edge
of azure, flitter into smoking fragments
then coil back in the bell of his horn
to revel in their experience with fire.

HOPI HOMECOMING

Miles fry under our wheels
and slough off.
The drought is worse than I thought.
Crops are gatherings
of desiccated crones
leaning on each other
rattling last wishes.
The racing shadow in the dry washes
and high basalt roadcuts
is my bus from Cleveland.
I can participate in its cubist image
by holding magazines up to the window
though no one else would notice
the shade of difference I make
in one small square.
Out there the shadow bus is being
its true self, compressing
its length, recoiling
from desert and heat, rising
taller to look back for its lake.

Blue Corn would smile at the analogy--
that smile that begins at the left
of her mouth and leaves a luminous aura
after the rest of her face
has forgotten it. Odds are
she'll be at the bus stop
with the want ads and the appaloosa
instead of the pickup.
Hell, a horse'll feel good
between my legs after steel chairs
and seminar stools. The horse and I
will be in synch before we pass
First Mesa. But how well will I
interface with my Badger Clan?

I'm like this bus-- speeding
a new highway still sticky--
a joint-effort vehicle of alloy
containing other lives besides.
Which one am I? What of the spirit I,
the smoky abstraction the sun reveals?

Blue Corn, my love, you write happy
from your mother's Bear Clan.
You too are no longer programmed
by Kachinas. When you dance I know
your eyes are uncloudy beneath the mask.
Most of you belongs to me
but the foot, the drum, are your own.

Can you make any part of me whole?

(91) (B)
2 of 6

CAT-WALK

Her name is Nefertiti, this tabby
asserting ancient wiseness beyond our alley,
suspending
all my substance against the wall in her gaze—
Secret lenses of Alice's looking glass eye-level,
unguarded for an instant— Always I've known
if I moved with dark quick as light
I could descend one of those twin tunnels
when they opened to receive impatient night.

As I entered (did she know?)
the passage vibrated, still hot
with her last wild leap from cellar to bookcase.
My trackless feet swirled faint smells of fennel,
toadflax and humus. Tiny sparks flared,
died deeper in iris mazes of mist and whisper
of small things hiding in crevices. I opened
the first door. Ahead the shafts converged,
a vaulted corridor of oak-bark, leaf-shine, sun-stain.
Joy was magneto rhythm, intense probing prongs
of root-forks and moon-shed. Next, a trophy room
collaged with grasshoppers, shrews, bright wings,
There were hoarded summers, spare willows,
stacks of overgrown trails, adventures
still wrapped in assorted fur and sensuous string.
Convolutions of shapes and sounds
changed and flowed on a weft of black,
approaching, receding, on a vector of velvet.
Green was a flavor and all other eyes a strong scent.
Motion was a prolonged spring, a dive
that never reached water, reversed upward at will.

Deeper was slow cryptic drumming,
a sudden sinewy flash of untame gilt and ebony
lancing through vines and scorched grass
dissolving to jungle dusk.
Another door. A sly stir in a chamber beyond.
A brink, a river noise, a rush of olive and indigo.
At my feet a beetle—
No, a scarab jewel!
And I returned to my place without crossing the Nile.

From Green
Hobby Dog Cat
Collection
Kindred Spirit

beautiful!!

GLENN HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

NFSPS PRIZE POEMS, 1981, all rights returned to author

(91)

A
1 of six

BEFORE A POET KNOWS WHAT SHE IS

Eyes wild and light as a puma's,
breast-buds flowered plump, up-tilted to summer,
opal and nectarine heraldry of Erato in jeans.

Graduation brought three marriage pleas,
bottled forest smells, soft wool and leather
always close, mouths and arms she liked.
New sums to sift at the deep waking.

The suitors spoke hoarsely of apartments
and TV, bed, money, children
and two promised a car of her own.
She ran alone to wrap night around her.

Without secret pages,
too unsure to say how warlock winds
hurried her blood, how river tongues rhymed
with hers and promised more. Too new
to tell how strings and reeds in minor keys
leaned her on shoulders of granite,
closed her eyes with pine breath
while wilderness sinew held her closer.

And her unnamed babies
already lay in an outgrown box
pressing blue gentians from ditches.

GLENNNA HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

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(91) D
4 of 6

TRUMPET MAN

It isn't written.

It's never been heard before,
neither the instrument
sheared away from the rest
nor the music he's raveling out of me.

There on the treble periphery
he's making sound and light into one
then blistering the alloy and peeling
solid gold butterflies off the parallax.

I don't know how three ribs and a funnel
can unwind my double helix, gather all
my possibilities in a single premise
beyond jazz or blues or the whole spectrum,
this delicious cruelty, its rhythm
insinuating against thin membranes,
vibrating pink filaments. Contrapuntal wings
he's freed follow him to the cutting edge
of blue-green, flitter into smoking fragments
then coil back in the bell of his horn
to revel in their experience with fire.

GLENNA HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

National Federation of State Poetry Societies PRIZE POEMS
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TRUMPET MIN

so level in their experience with fire.
open coil pack in the belly of the port
of pine-dear, Elspet into smokekind firesame
skipscold pink flisswedges. Goufesbanegy wind
unisonated adviser. pink memphise
thus definition cringle, if a lippin
beyond jazz or prose or the more specific
by possessilifies in a sindje bromaise
say thining the gounds gixx, rather sit
i don't know how you twice ride and funnel
solid long purfexifia off the bestializ.
upon plissining the stoffy and bellied
to a wimmed sound sun ridge into one
here on the people beriberry
not the music pe'stavelling out to us
paper sawa grow the leaf
brighter the inscument
if a never need hessing before,
it isn't willpen.

35

END OF AN ERA: THE BALLAD OF BALEFUL BAY

*Not place
not see*

At the Great Auk Inn at Keelsontown,
 The old salts' toast the warlock winds,
 Then tell their tales of love and sails
 And watch the birds dive down.

The sea composed their threnodies
 For a green-eyed girl, Maureen,
 A clipper ship, the Petrel,
 And a captain caught between.

Their portraits hang above the bar;
 Men stare at hers and talk of him.
 The frames are carved from the Petrel's spar,
 Her binnacle brass as trim.

His name was Jason Wesley Woods;
 He owned that sailing ship.
 He ran her tight and record-fast,
 Her hold packed full of goods.

His name was soft like a sleeping surf
 But his will was anchor strong.
 Maureen was afraid of his fancy tongue
 And his eyes when he looked too long.

cont.

She fled, but he caught and kissed her well.

"I've vowed to be rich," he said.

"I'll ply every port from here to hell,

But I must have you in my bed.

"You'll see a new world on your wedding trip,

You'll get a new feel in your feet.

You'll learn the ship with your ears and your nails

as you lean from the Petrel's rails.

"Her teakwood is smooth and her ribs are sound,

And she's soaked with a salt-spice smell.

We'll take you and wake you to things unbelieved

By folks who are tied to the ground.

"I'll teach you to handle both her and the crew,

To respond to the wings of the sea

With rhythm as heathen, caresses as light;

I'll teach you to love only me."

Perfumed spindrift pervaded her head,

His images, promises, touch.

The heat of his flesh was against her cheek;

She caught herself hearing too much.

She wrenched from his arms and tried to unspell

Them both, harshly chastened her heart,

For her mind was as fixed as a buoy bell,

Long before a boy hastened her heart.

cont.

She forced her gaze where a wave came to break,
For this was no boy, but a man—
As tall and sure as his Petrel's masts;
She was swamped like a skiff in his wake.

"Oh, sailor, you're already married to spume;
Go back to your termagant love.
Your pale ocean eyes and your nimbus hair
I'd never be willing to share.

"Take your ripe words far away from here;
She owns you, brain and beard.
Why, even the taste of your kiss concurs,
Your thoughts at the wheel are hers!"

He laughed, "The ocean's part god, part nymph,
Most scornful of mortal blades
Who waste their sighing fantasies
On any but live young maids."

She frowned, so he said, "It's my livelihood!
There's much to both love and hate.
Whatever I am is completely yours;
I'll be a dependable mate.

"I'll even drop anchor for good some day;
I'll build you a house wherever you say."
He poured out his heart and his gold-filled purse,
A song and a classical verse.

But rigid she stood and he raised her chin.
"Still jealous of water?" he smiled.
"Of course. If not husband , then bastard son.
And you'll never forsake your kin."

He turned her squarely to protest,
"What makes you think I can't cut free?
Unlike some men, I'm not obsessed—
Until I encountered your sorcery."

"How many heads have you beguiled
With pirate's mouth and mahogany chest?"
er
"Far few/than you with the lift
Of your lip and the up-tilt of your breast!"

"Oh sailor, go follow the farthest tern,
My father invented your creed.
He lured my mother out there where she died.
I know all about your breed.

"And sister, mistress, mother, nymph,
She'll claim you quarry yet.
She'll pull you down on her altar rocks
Where skulls like yours are set.

"With sequin flash and coral beads
She'll weave your mossy shroud.
And blazon your bones with turtle dung,
And crown your grave with weeds.

"You'd bring me squid and a stillborn child
With your nets and sails to mend;
Serpent horizons of swallowed stars,
But my cage would never bend.

"You talk about flowers and gems down deep,
All mine if I'll be your bride.
It's slimy sand and chains of kelp,
Shell-cuts on my shins in the tide.

"You offer rats, hardtack and rust,
A drunken lamp, a creaking floor,
The hidden claws of the lurking reef,
And that green eternal door.

"Your frothy gifts have the stink of bait
Too long in the trough in the sun.
The hook is plain, I know the price;
Good Captain, I can wait!

"I'll wait for a man with bags of seed
For the sureness of the earth.
Where salt from sweat and not from spray
Weighs up a good man's worth."

Maureen stayed long on the fog-struck beach
With fringes of foam round her knees,
While staring for years at each square-rigged ship
Slipping in on the morning breeze.

Her hope reached the depth of her scuttled pride.

But one day the Petrel returned.

The barque lowered sails, her captain waved,

The crew scrambled over the side.

None ever heard of an owner named Woods.

She was bought from a Captain Quayle.

Then one man remembered a rumor about

A master who vanished— a gale—

Maureen kept on swimming beyond the shoal,

Her eyes on a distant gull

Skimming and circling quicksilver patrol

Over a half sunken hull.

The ale is strong at the Great Auk Inn

Like it was when canvas was king.

The years wash back if you close your eyes

And listen to figureheads sing.

The old sea dogs squint out at the bay

Each dusk when the water looks brown,

Then tell their tales of love and sails

And watch the birds dive down.

Powerful import
rhythm is catching as
that of a波浪 should be
intense sustained to the
end, sufficient for a long
time. Good craftsmanship
Joy July

*Special mention
3rd HM*

TORERO

Incarnadine dawn came before Santos slept.

Day of the corrida!

A dark mountain sprouting stiff red and yellow flowers
and reverberating thunder waited behind his lids. Always
he must strike lightning into a certain crater
between the damp ridges before thunder passed him through.

Early to the rites of preparation, steeping
in the vow to avenge his brother Miguel.

Early and long before the Virgin.

Hot laughter with his comrades, fear cased in brocade,
superstition buried in colors of scorn.

He had even looked at his bulls and learned
one was kin to the hooking horn-wise brute
who routed Miguel's soul with a splintered bayonet.

Last notes of La Virgen de la Macarena flared from trumpets,
eddied through his heated head, followed by shrill corkscrews
pulling the cuadrillas into the circle of ferret eyes.

A thousand prisms on his shoulders ignited.

The circle hailed his name, caressed it. Something—
treble breeze pitched to the trumpets perhaps—
hissed his name.

The two flashing semaphores flanking him

were silent, fierce-smiling their aficionado faces.
His name wound back in the bell of a horn or the wind's mouth.
The musicians played with too much pathos today;
it was better when they blasted, ponderous and bawdy,
like pompous heralds of Caesar.

"Dios, we have a gale," growled an assistant,
"we will have to drown the capes!"
The wind examined the folded colors, the hair of men and horses.
"Please, Santos, don't work so close,"
his banderillero pleaded, "don't get bull blood
on your belly. You're here, it is enough."
Layers of eyes probed Santos's pores;
the wind stuttered his name.
"They'll get their money's worth," was all he said.

Santos did not hear hoofs pulverizing sand,
sounds of the watered cape, the oles.
His bull was a mountain, an armed freight train,
blood-mate to Miguel's damaged and devious one.
Santos heard only wind instruments deciding his dance,
heard distilled energy humming his mind like wires,
then the racking thrust of his will arcing the ring, entering
the pic, bracing it against picador temptation to twist
and steal the best of his bull.
A trilling time jam, a man unhorsed,
then he heard the blessing, the God-lonely bugle
retiring the picadors, trailing the man-animal cry
of all who live awhile in the center of the centrifuge.

He placed his own banderillas, planted them close,
claimed only shallow blood and hide enough to hold.
Santos watched the adorned idol raised from a Minoan frieze
size the arena, bobbing yellow bouquets against his blackness,
already knowing there was talent without latent flaws,
already certain this bull would not covet the quarter
where he quenched his horn in a picador's horse.

He saw him suddenly a handsome pander, tantalizing,
parading— saw himself the same, the two of them
in irresistible collusion, peddlers
of a nebulous puzzle, some dark matching piece
for the small jagged niche behind the ferret eyes.

Santos took the sword and muleta for the last act, the faena.
Wind snatched the cardinal cloth, exposed his hiding,
but this toro chose greatness. Waited. Shared.
The pase de la muerte fed the rising circle of fever,
flared the ferret eyes. Santos designed a new pass:
Slow ballet of cerise wing and silver pivot—celebration,
black muscle mass, turning, winding wide
to spare his partner's spine. The pimping wind bared him,
bored into a brief shimmering hate for Miguel
and his curving tricks to crimp his bulls' backs.
The wind gasped, held its breath, puffed away thought,
gusted between passes, reeled around the circle gone hoarse.

Let no ears or tail be taken from this bull;
if the other ubiquitous beast wished to bestow trophies,
nothing less than a trident of horns

and the point of his maleness would do. Again Santos heard his name; the bull smeared by, redding his spangles, honing his primal senses on horn, the memory of it stored in his scars, stench, bone-rattling sideswipe.

And the bovine voice of another avenger.

For all his years of bulls only Santos spoke, his fluent muleta commanding the charges, punishing the pale-hearted, persuading the worthy ones of their chances to paint their eager points, telling them at length to bow their heads for the offering, the ritual communion.

Veronicas ago Santos would have laughed.

Or called it a prank of weariness or wind.

Did Miguel's bull declare aloud his name?

Santos spat dust from his mouth. He must not succumb to overawe. This was el toro de bandera every true bullfighter hoped for— measuring the man, rationing his rage, keeping his courage and form to the end. The matador could do no less.

Nostrils and eyes streaming grit, he sculpted the short cape, made it vault, caress, made it flow. Signs shredded off the walls; he defied the blowing, moving to the brass song in his brain.

Perfect parones, spinning, people-thunder, levitating.

Pase de pecho. Perfect. Bull dancer and minotaur.

Time reverted then raced back. Stumbled. Coiled.

Santos sighted down his sword.

A bull to take recibiendo— the ultimate tribute and risk,
waiting like a figurine, committed to that stand, waiting
for the deified charge to sink the espada,
holding down the triangle head with serge on a stick,
leading it past his sledging chest, trying to remember
the kill would be for Miguel.

The cloth swung forward, beckoned.

The bull came. Santos leaned over the horn with a name cry,
rescued his lungs by a sequin, feet still as stones.

A flawless execution

except steel and bone collided; the blade bowed and sprang
out of its hot sheath, out of crazed thunder.

The withered flower patch bloomed with new crimson;
the bull mastered desperate legs, stilled
his flailing tongue on the taint in his mouth.

Santos refused to heed his wrist, the shrieked advice
to descabelllo. He retrieved his sword, cursing.

The centrifuge screamed and silenced unheard;
the air churned rabioso. He made himself calm
in his bowl of sweat and whiplash chill.

"We will have total perfection, eh, Diablo?"

A bugle played in his head, an aviso.

The bull summoned him,
waiting like his bronze kind on the parapet,

posing his invitation low and silent.

Sun-flashes along the edge of the estoque, rolling images, icons of the Virgin, faces of his brother, el toro his brother. Santos moved to the blossoming spot, light with new speed. A bright swatch of last Sunday's poster of Miguel spiraled into the matador's eyes.

Triumphant horn raised and steel drove down, compounding the arch. Santos heard the wind, heard them fall together, heard time unhinge.

Emotional import.
Good description of Bull fight.
Interest maintained throughout.
Judge, Joyce Hemmings

CSPS MONTHLY CONTESTS - June, 1986

Winner: Nancy E. James, PA
for "Labyrinth".

1st Runner-up: Martha Bosworth, CA
2nd Runner-up: Glenna Holloway, IL

80 poems, 29 poets, \$31.00 prize