

HAWK & WHIP POOR- WILL



poems of man & nature

HAWK & WHIPPOORWILL

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"WE'VE GOTTA GET PEOPLE OUTSIDE": visit www.penandanvil.com/hw/5 to read this issue's online-only feature, an interview with Daniel Hudon, poet, educator, and author of <i>Brief Eulogies for Lost Animals</i> .	

Illustrations on 8, 11, 25 and back cover by Cat Dossett. Art on the front cover is from *The Earthly Paradise* by William Morris, 1870.

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR



Our little magazine has a rich history. *H&W* was founded in 1960 by the multiply accomplished writer and editor August Derleth, and ran strong for several years. A little less than a decade ago, a group of Boston-based writers and editors picked it up and dusted it off, breathing life back into Augie's old project. After four issues, their revival waned, as these things do; but now, in 2018, another group of Bostonians has revived *H&W* again. Flush with summery optimism, we can say we intend to keep it running this time. This relaunch issue is characterized by that intention, and by our concentrated effort to connect the present with the past. When we first began to work on this issue, we found a sizeable backlog of submissions—mostly poems from the faraway year of 2011. The contents we present here, then, comprise poems that came to us over a period of seven years.

We are pleased to say that our long slumber has left us revitalized, not lethargic. This year is particularly auspicious because 2018 marks the 40th anniversary of the August Derleth Society, a group founded by Richard Fawcett (father of our current contributor Melissa Tantaquidgeon Zobel; we're now officially intergenerational). It seems then that there has never been a better time for *Hawk & Whippoorwill* to return, strong as it once was (I dare say) and aimed to be ever-improving. If I may be permitted the indulgence, I'd like to end this note and welcome you to the issue by answering a question Keats once posed, to wit: "When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake"? Today, we shall awake. Today the sun shone especially early on our eyes.

— Cory Willingham

Hawk & Whippoorwill is a publication of PEN & ANVIL PRESS. The original *H&W* was edited by August Derleth between 1960-3; this "new series" carries on the title with the permission of April Derleth of Arkham House. This issue edited by Cory Willingham, with the assistance of Zachary Bos.

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ABAGAIL PETERSEN

No. 6 (Violet, Green and Red)

oil on canvas: Rothko, 1951

My father points at mountains,
measuring his wilderness.

Like any good daughter,
I tighten, a skinned rabbit, strained
knuckles against rope,
and rush to meet the rock

faithfully,
catching the man
as a raven
gathers misaimed
words.

Abby, your skin is a season.

Open, scar.

There's nothing

left to fall once we make the top.

I wait, violet in the east,
for my father to turn

and tell his sun

that it's bright and cold
sit closer,

take my gloves,
take my hand,

can you imagine living

over a waterfall?

in just
moments—

listen.

ABHAY K.

Mustang

A piece of moon rests on the earth
baked for centuries

Shadows of yak herds crawl
like ants on a blinding canvas of snow

seeking ever receding meadows
—the brooks of life

The last yak herder of Dhe
silently follows them into oblivion.

JESS CONWAY

Here in the High Desert

I-40 passersby see red mesas.
Ombre-veined arms of earth roll by,
a flipbook.
But we are the ones moving,
missing petroglyphs
while surfing FM stations.

The viewfinders of our cameras
steal still images.
But we are the ones moving,
missing the endless string
of imperfection, in Navajo rugs we bag
at gas station trading posts.

We spill sunflower seeds and sow no wildflowers.
We are the ones moving,
a montage of past and present, here
in the high desert.

DAVID CRAVENS

from Twelvemile Creek

the river was full of otters then
 and the air with the drumming of grouse
 the scream of panthers
 and bear ambled down from the forest
 to gorge in bygone mussel beds
some hundred years before that
 Antoine du Pratz scouted this river
 and everyday saw bison
 (a hundred head or better)
 dusting for fleas in the sandbars
 ivory-billed woodpeckers, elk
 and countless carolina parakeets
 brilliant colors flashing in sun
in seventeen sixty-four
 Jean-Bernard Bossu moored his boat
 where this river meets the Mississippi
 but he could not sleep
 for the clamor of swans, cranes, and geese
 and the thunderous din of pigeons
 (eclipsing the sun in flocks stretching miles)
but by eighteen nineteen just a few bison
 still roamed the Belleview Valley
 from which the St Francis draws forth
 as most had been harried south

where the river pooled in the swamps
and by eighteen thirty-eight
scarcely left were these
but the hills were yet full of wolves
(a pair of their ears bore a two-dollar bounty)
and turkey flocked in such numbers
that when settlers sowed seed
the birds would often devour the kernels
before they could even be covered

This is an excerpt. Please visit the *Hawk & Whippoorwill* webpage to read
the full version of this poem: www.penandanvil.com/hw/5.



love-in-a-mist

ERIN COUGHLIN HOLLOWELL

One Grain

Under the haphazard arches of alder
the creek makes its own broken music.

Low light catches, like dream fish
that rise to meet raindrops,

and I am shadows unskined.
If only I could fade further

at this boundary between bankruptcy
and blooming. Empty the glass

of myself into the water that now
bubbles over stones and steps brown

in pools before stuttering towards
the tide. I might carry one grain

of sand a million years, a message
over a hundred miles, to the sea.

Would that then disperse this apparatus
I call god, so divided from the music
that began this wondering?

GEORGE KOROLOG

Three Dimensions

what shallow
ground the
dwelling world
our flat patina
life on the plane
the moonless sea
beneath things,
whirl in vortex
break to the surface
illuminated
pleading for wings
above things,
drift on the high current
lofty wondering
how to breathe
in the deep
surface things,
move safely
ignorant of height
or depth
scurrying predictably
from side to side
ectoplasm,
sheltered in
indifference
devoid of pain
flattened by the
absence of joy.

LAVINIA KUMAR

Three Cows in Quito

Three black and white cows,
bullocks up close, graze in front
of the three peaks of Pichincha,
one volcano eager to erupt
famous for its hot temper
named *Guagua*, “child”—
in 1999 last exploded
long before these calves
were born to eat grass, tethered
between fence, agave cactus,
and the white stone house,
till three shots in the night
told of quick conversion
to new life
on a hot grill.



forget-me-not

HILARY SALLICK

City Garden

I pulled up long ropes of vines
I cut the earth with the shovel's blade

Then like a child I found things
and arrayed them
pine cones oyster shells acorns

feathers flagstones
in bright clean lines

I made places a here a there
a design to walk
among the violets and wild geraniums
that grew everywhere in a tangle

Soon I grew aware of a smell
wafting from the densely leaved
hydrangea darkness where an animal
might shelter

and from an open window the sound
of a woman sobbing or laughing
arose and went on a long time

FRANK IZAGUIRRE

Leaf Litter Toad

come
look where I'm pointing
by the trail
between those two bushes
hiding in the leaf litter

careful
no sudden moves
we might scare it

still no?
stand in front of me
follow my finger
it's watching us too
barely breathing

that leaf
with eyes
do you see it?

JENNIFER COLLINS

Modern Tears

I softly assure her again
that cats are meant
to be afraid of water,
but perhaps her tail is tired
or especially dusty today,
for she drags it still, languidly
along the top of the bathwater,
slowing it to rest beside my knee,
watching me
with soft bronze eyes.

I ignore her,
allow her to watch
me as she likes,
for this is the time of day
I worship at,
lounging in water
with a stranger's words
to daydream me out of worry,
damp fingerprints occasionally
marking my progress at page corners.

I drip fake tears into my tired eyes
when they begin to strain or sting,
my glasses never having followed me
into the bath,
and I watch the cat's eyes
gleaming,
no need for false tears.

They track my hands,
whitened with soap,
and I try to keep the lather
away from her still drifting tail.
I remember not ever needing
fake tears or extra moisture.
I remember simply crying,
quiet and innocent tears,
when my eyes had dried
past comfort.
I remember not being afraid
to cry, for myself, for others.

The cat's eyes set wetly on me,
moist without fear or regret,
and I wonder that I'm so afraid to show
eyes such as hers,
beautiful and moist and expressive
and wet with thought,
and interpretation,
eyes that welcome emotion.

I drip from the bathtub
as her tail follows
the water level down,
and I carry away from her
my book of daydreams,
my towel of modesty, my fake tears;
I tell myself as I dry
that tomorrow I might
try to remember
how to not be afraid to cry.

KRISTINE WILLIAMS

Daedalus

He must have been reminded
by the smell of the sea. Turning
a corner and there,
inexplicable,
just a whiff, rising to meet him:
seaweed-rank, brine,
that memory. Such staggering
sorrow, the next
breath tearing its
way out of lungs
suddenly airless, hands
clutching for anything solid
as the world tilted,
coming up to meet his
knees. Passersby, careless,
going on, eddying around
him. Those fingers,
scarred by years of the
business of invention, picking
up splinters that would fester
for a week before being
expelled, so deep.
But not deeper than
the knowing: there was no way
to stop that moment
of ecstatic, dizzying flight
and sudden, terrible
tumbling down.

LENORE ROWNTREE

Blowdown

Teepee of fallen black spruce
oregon grape picked clean
one bare stalk signals
the end of this—this
—oh, you know, when two
or three people get under
the covers of golden maple
scattered on the forest floor,
and lichen the colour of mint julep
makes us walk the forest in stiletto heels
naked, singing *La Bohème*
loudly and huskily, bawling
our way into the neighbour's dreams,
setting the crows into a scolding frenzy
because we leveled the trees,
slaughtered those under the covers
and left only one option
but to jitterbug on out
naked, in stiletto high heels,
so we can pick each other clean
in a teepee of fallen black spruce.

MICHAEL DAY

Dunlin at Sunset

Turning on their dime-sized
brains, a hundred dunlin clap
cleanly off the mud and seize
the air. They flip and flash from

dark to white—flexibly rigid,
tightly flung—the snap of blinds.
Precision tailors, they split-rip
and scissor the blue afternoon

off the back of the valley sky.
Flip again unfurling a tape
to measure the sun's long rays.
Flip again rolling out the

bolts of silk. Now flash and
start calling out color, shade,
tone, and hue. They are whir
and treadle, spool and bobbin,

sewing a pair of pink and gray
pajamas. The sleeves and legs
reach forever, and the tired
flock is relieved when a honking

vee of geese arrives to do
the ironing. Back on the mud,
the dunlin fold their scissors
across their backs, and

polish their needles. Some
become proud tonight and stand
on one leg. Even the earth is
slowing its momentum to linger.

And all the young fish in the
marsh pond school are kissing
the air, flapping their little
fins as fast as they can.

KATHRYN PETERSON

DNA

Rain brings forth the scent of the soil
and the knowledge that you are me.
I know you, I feel it.

Enemy, family, brother, lover,
somewhere, sometime, we shared
bread, or sweat, or ancestors.

Us, we, they, them,
just as colors look better against a gray sky
we complement one another.

Rain carries feral memories,
swirls them around stones,
and paints rings to bind us.

DANIAL SHARIAT

Grandma's Kiwis

In the northern city of Tonekabon,
there's a vineyard, where
my *madarbozorg*, grandmother,
grows kiwis.

They were so juicy
plucked, peeled, eaten,
so enjoyably sour,
It's been a while.

But I'm sure they were

Now when I eat kiwifruit,
from the store, not pulled from
family vine,
I say: "Next year in Shahsavar!"

I've been saying it
so many years.

MARY BUCHINGER

Old Wasp Nest

conical and crisp, suspended from the beech tree
—abandoned? It's early spring, the warmth of the sun
essential and burgeoning; the breeze, lined with coolness.

The nest, sturdily applied, extends and twirls the grey of
the small branches holding it; a bit ragged at the bottom,
here and there flaps come undone, but still, for being what
it is—fibers from dead wood and plant stems mixed

with wasp saliva—how tenacious and substantial to be
here in April, no leaves on the trees anymore or yet.
Old mother of aging children. To extricate this nest

from its twining, and shake, however gently,
always, even long after it's sure to be empty,
the worry of what might wake.

Autobiography of a Wolf

Nunik muks. I am born a wolf.
My grandmother calls me Morning Star
Because I dance into the dawn
With a smiling false face
That seems to love the morning
When I should prefer the night
Like the other wolf children

Yo kisk wuski kisuusq tohkit. One day a new Sun awakens.
I wince at its brightness
Growling with bared teeth
Along with the rest
of the young wolves
Because it challenges
The old familiar sky

Nuwáhtám. I am concerned.
I tell my grandmother
I am afraid our world
Will never be the same
But the elder shrugs and says
Things may turn out fine
We must wait and see

Nupáhô. I wait.
Many moons pass
And my old grandmother
Passes on her final gifts
Including giving me

The new name of Ôsowunáw
Which means the flower on the corn plant

Numisôtam nuwisuwôk wáskák. I consider my new name.
Yet I can only guess at its full meaning
Until I find an old text
That says Ôsowunáw
Is also the word for Change
And I recall my grandmother's words
On the day that new Sun first appeared

Iyo Nutáputôtam wuci nuwisuwôk. Now, I am thankful
for my name.

I raise my arms to the sky and say
Thank you for the things that are forever
Thank you for the things that change
Thank you for the chance to greet each day
Thank you for the strength of our wolf family
Which continues to howl and sing with one voice

Nutáh yumwáyi. My heart is full.
Until another new Sun appears and then another
And the sky becomes crowded
Causing the wolves to growl
And one young wolf tells me
I am afraid our world will never be the same
I am afraid we will lose ourselves

Numako nihtowôk wuci nucáyhs. I offer my elder's lesson.
Things may turn out fine.
We must wait and see
But the young wolf growls at the bright sky
And others snarl and snap at one another

Until the spirits of the ancestors enter their dreams
To remind them that they have seen all this before

Muks kucáhsháyuwókun mucimáhtiyá.

Our wolf family endures forever.

SUSAN EDWARDS RICHMOND

Snowy

I've heard the barred owls' lovers'
quarrels night after night, but never seen

white feathers rifling the misty blue.
In the runaway static of hail, of sleet,

Caution—heart freezes before road.
Stark familiar, who haunts by absence,

nothing is truer than white
against white, where edges

don't blur but become
the other. Sometimes I fear

I have looked right at it
without seeing. Shadows cross

and the eyes fool us, great
white wings rise or do not

rise from a white plain, the figure
repeating itself in blank relief.

How long will it take?
How many near misses?

How many lonely stands
knee deep in the drifts?

Fled before summer's balm, featherwork
once etched across a bright field.

Long past winter
the snowy's after-image stays.



kiss-me-over-the-garden-gate

LEONORE HILDEBRANDT

Tinnitus

all day I listen
for the absence of it

a metallic ring
uncalled for and tenacious
accents beat their tone and timbre

sore against the wall
sore against my ear

a tin field
an abandoned mine
hungry insects running with history's pulse—
who we are going to be

gregarious locusts whisper and click in the dark
while someone is chanting
verily verily

in truth
all day I listen to an absence

MICHAEL STUTZ

Midsummer Threnody

Wide winds. Raging,
distant winds—it's all
an augury of some mythic
and soon-to-be
September wind.

* * *

The earth spun swiftly
and here midsummer's
point has come, that one
moment where beyond

is only golden
mellow light, a soft
glimmer and the sulk
of summer-almost-gone:

The fat cicada
perches on the step,
brow raised,
wings combed back,
a soldier in his dawn.

CRYSTAL HOFFMAN

The Nature of Garbage

near the Crusader Sea Castle, Lebanon

We went to the beach at Saida
to get rid of our wedding
rings. Slipped them off our swollen
knuckles and thought, *why not*
the fingers too? I ran a fish knife
through her thumb bone. It felt right.
So we sliced our left hands clean off.
The water swirled our blood, spelled
our names, *for our children, no?*
Sea turtles took our fingers in their beaks
to bury in Sour instead of eggs.

We came back to toss perfume bottles.
They shattered and sliced schools of fish. We ate
the ones that washed up against our feet,
used shards to dig out our toe nails, puss spilling
from the nubs. We returned every day.

Garbage, yes, garbage, she snorted as
her nose dropped in her palm.
The only thing on her face one lip to half speak.
We have no home to go home to and no legs
to get us there. We sit. Stumps of us, polluted
by clean air and pulsing of current. We redden.
Having nothing left to throw becomes too much
to bear. And only then we understand
how it all happened. We hated being us.

ELENA BOTTS

Cultural Productions

if you were to be on the hill, or if you were to see—
there is a ghost ship moored not far from here—
it is tethered by a strand of wind,
weighted by the dawn of the world,
which is tomorrow. maybe i will see you there
and all the ones i knew before
though no time could keep us there,
hours still somewhere in your heart
which, like a strange unlikely realm
lingers on in the dry
winter. the world does not thaw
just for you—
we are not moved by any particular breeze
there is a light on just beyond these naked trees
do not name it mine, do not name it yours
as it comes on and then goes

Some New & Recommended Reading

1. *Travel Writing and the Natural World, 1768-1840* by Paul Smethurst, from Palgrave MacMillan (2012). \$85.00. A collection of travel writing beginning with Captain Cook's Pacific voyages and continuing through one of the most well-traveled eras in world history.

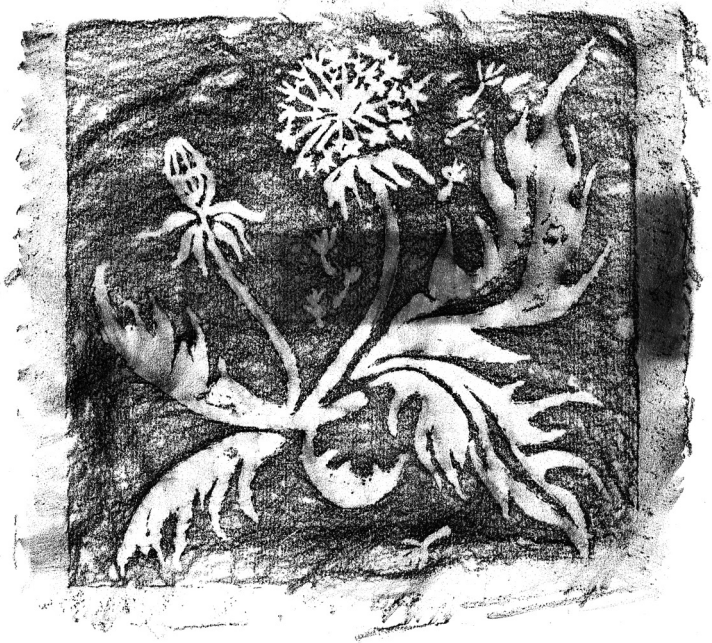
2. *The Best American Science and Nature Writing 2012*, edited by Dan Ariely and Tim Folger, from Mariner Books (2012). \$9.94. A collection of the premier contemporary America science and nature writing. Guest-edited by Duke University professor and writer Dan Ariely.

3. *Wild Urban Plants of the Northeast* by Peter Del Tredici, from Cornell Univ. Press (2012). \$29.95. An illustrated field guide to wild plants found in urban areas of the northeastern United States. Biological and environmental information of each plant is accompanied by full-color photographs.

4. *Under the Rock: The Poetry of a Place* by Benjamin Myers, from Elliott & Thompson (2018). \$18.57. Examines the natural, literary, and historical history of Scout Rock, a crag in Mytholmroyd in West Yorkshire, UK, that Ted Hughes once called his "spiritual midwife."

5. *The Overstory: A Novel* by Richard Powers, from Norton (2018). \$18.27. Nine strangers and an attempt to save the last of an old-growth forest, untouched by human hands. Includes topics of activism and resistance.

PLEASE VISIT the *Hawk & Whippoorwill* webpage for this issue to find more editors' recommendations: www.penandanvasil.com/hw/5.



Taraxacum officinale

The MBTA agent was bewildered to find members of the *H&W* editorial staff sprawled on the floor of the Alewife station on the Red Line. We were there, Nora Delaney and I, with paper and graphite pencils, to make rubbings of low-relief bronze tiles created by local artist Nancy Webb. The tiles, a hundred of which had been set into the station's mezzanine floor in 1981 as part of the T's "Arts on the Line" initiative, each feature one of a dozen different species of plant or animal indigenous to the marsh-and-meadow Alewife reservation, the largest intact wetlands in Cambridge. The image above (a mallard) began as one of these rubbings, before being scanned and cleaned-up in photo-editing software.

We thank Ms. Webb for her kind permission to publish these images in print and online. Readers may enjoy learning more about her work at www.nancywebbstudio.com.

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ELENA BOTTS

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MELISSA TANTAQUIDGEON ZOBEL

KRISTINE WILLIAMS



love-lies-bleeding



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