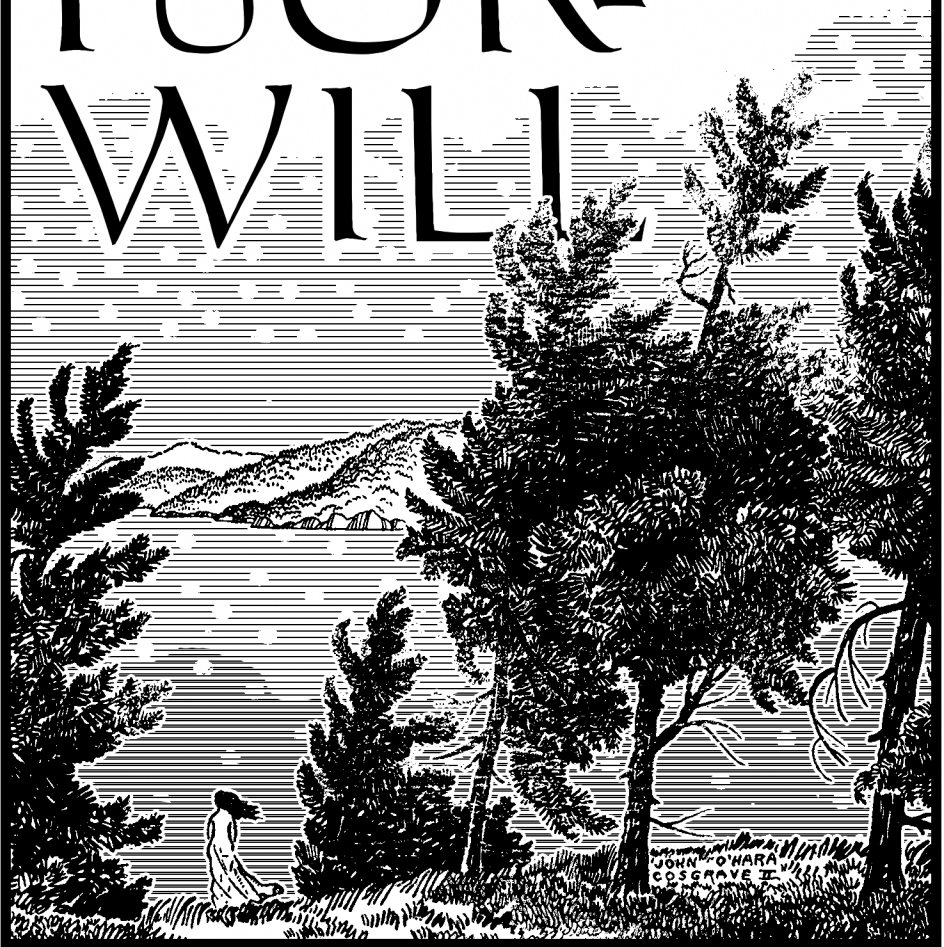


HAWK & WHIP POOR- WILL

*poems of
humanity
& nature*

NEW SERIES

Volume 4, Number 1
Summer 2019



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A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

The global political landscape can be disheartening to watch, as the leaders of countries like the United States and United Kingdom continue to ignore the climate crisis. It may be cliché by this point, but it's true—the planet isn't dying, we are killing it, and the people who hold formal power are complicit. Fortunately, politics isn't the only mechanism through which humanity can effect change. In the right circumstances, poets have as much power as politicians (*pace* Shelley).

Last summer, Daniel Hudon told me* that we have to write poetry to remind people of the world around them. His advice is true now more than ever. We *ought* to write about blooming flowers and chattering cicadas; we *ought* to write about the deaths of those things. We *ought* to show people glacial plains and meadows in equal measure.

Of course, poets are not alone in this endeavor. There are politicians with environmental consciousness; there are scientists who can measure the melting of the world and report back, there are playwrights and painters and graffiti artists, all aware of the existential threat that the climate crisis poses. Moreover, they—and we—are aware of the nuances beneath that existential threat. Yes, we will all die, but there are those who argue rather cynically, *we will all die anyway*, or, *I've only got a decade or so left, it's not my problem*. It is important to understand everything we will lose, before we ultimately lose our lives to drowning, or burning, or choking on fumes.

What we do in this journal is aligned with this larger goal. We capture ephemeral moments—trips with our children, walks in the woods, a noticing of how delicate vines climb man-made monoliths. These poetic remembrances figure into the column of what we stand to lose. A life without the moments our poets chronicle in these pages is a life less beautiful.

This noticing and remembering is part of our duty, not as poets, but as members of humankind. May we never cease to note (and talk quite loudly about) the little things. Really, they are not little at all. Let us enjoy these not-so-little things together, dear friends. Until next time.

— Cory Willingham

* “We’ve gotta get people outside”: an interview with Daniel Hudon, online at www.penandanvil.com/hw/5/daniel-hudon-interview

HAWK & WHIPPOORWILL

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Art on the front cover adapted from dustjacket art by John O’Hara Cosgrave II for the 1949 edition of *Dark Trees to the Wind* by Carl Carmer. The illustration on page 13 is by artist Alicia Collura, on Instagram as @aliciadoesnotexist. It is taken from her ongoing series, “My Backyard Birds.”

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.

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ANNA DUPREY

Block Island, October 2003

On a hilltop tangled with brambles,
among towhees and lingering yellow rumps
mosses and poison ivy
you curled like pipe smoke,
a blinding snow squall
and settled on bayberry leaves
like an early frost.

In spring, welcomed by blackberry
and beach plum you flowered
white and sweet, on this island
where once, you swam with your daughter
she dark and sleek, playful as a seal.
Tossed and tumbled by the sea
her long hair gritty with sand
and bits of shell ground fine
as the bones in your ashes.

ANNABELLE BONEBRAKE

Painted Ladies

“They’re about the size of a silver dollar,”
one billion precious anomalies.
How do they share my bland bread-winning
commute? How do they slide
off the slopes of cars without getting smashed?

From the deserts of Mexico
come the painted ladies,
whose bread is flowers.
Like me, all day, following flowers,
and escaping the cold weather.

Like me, coming home, and hoping
to live long enough to make love again.

The rain changes us every year.
Our flowers depend on it.
Better blooms make junctions
between you and I.

We stay delicate, even being flung
down the painted lines as painted ladies.

CONSTANCE WRZESNIEWSKI

Full Moon on a November Night in the Woods of Hickory Run

There's frost on the moon. The night is silvered.
Even the stars shiver, wrapped in shawls of fog.
How eerie the mist. A feathering of ice crystals
clings to shagbark leaves that crunch as I plod
deeper into the stand of once-friendly oaks.

The red fox chills my bones with his raspy bark.
A crack of branch splits the night. A buck leaps
across the path, heightens my fright. The snowy owl
hoots into the sleepless wind that rustles through pines
at the edge of the wood. Gleaming topaz eyes pierce

the tarry shadows. The grey wolf stands erect,
framed by soft sway of evergreens. He inclines his
head towards the moon. In scooping arcs, he howls
his rapacious reply into the chiaroscuro before him.

DON THOMPSON

Trouble in Mind

Loose sand and mud both
trip us up, weary us
and slow us down to a slog.
Trouble's wet or dry, hot or cold.

Grief thickens our tongues,
hope wears thin between our fingers,
long afternoons with nothing to do
keep us busy with regret.

Some troubles prey on us
like hawks, all beak and talons;
others pester us like sparrows,
chattering until we could scream.

ELIZABETH MOURA

Mother

an extract from "Assorted Visions of Winter"

mother at the well
she still thinks birdsong
makes a difference
and older trees understand
more than older people
she lowers her pale bucket
deeper than the bottom
and she doesn't have the strength
to pull it up again

ALI ZNAIDI

Fireflies Sonnet

I'm supposed to think of their sparkles.
I wonder whether to bother to sort or
extract light from these tiny creatures—
in which social theory would this act fit?
Meaning, can you extract light without being
accused of insect exploitation? I'd prefer to
be in a lunatic asylum rather than be accused
of fireflies' exploitation. It's not my fault for
being so concerned with beauty, glamour;
and light; that halo to merge into. Don't forget,
everyone searches for light, except thieves!
So I think I won't be blamed. If you're still
in doubt, just think of all that light extracted
from fireflies, and kept in Capitalist jars...

On the other hand, every tree and reed and bird I see this morning is pressing

Perhaps, *Drimia Maritima*, the self as a subject of investigation has run its course, as has the subject of Jezabel, La Llorona (a.k.a. *Dona Marina*, a.k.a. *La Malinche*), Catherines, the Great and de Medici, as well as *Queen Puabi*, *Lola Ridge*, and *Beatrice*, as avenues of inquiry into the self. On the other hand, every tree and reed and bird I see this morning is pressing itself against the river banks to get its picture taken on the *Yarkon's* glassy surface.

And for every white dove with a brown tail,
there is a black dove with a white, and
for every white duck with black banded wings
there is a black dove with white wings.
And on the river the Egyptian ducks
have yielded to the cranes, and the *shel dag*
have given their name to a military operation,
but I still love to watch them rise above
the water's surface, hover, then dive.

And the world is creaking into November,
the most beautiful month of all, with the acorn caps
ample and empty, the pomegranate seeds
entering the house of red, the anona ripe as a pricked heart,
the pumpkins, belly up and at rest in the fields,
their withered vines releasing,

and the kale—for I am coming from the garden—
the kale as lacy and eager to please
as a woman who doesn't understand
how beautiful she is. And on the bench the old man
I greet every morning, and the old woman
with the dyed black hair and the red lipstick
in a color I could never manage to pull off.
I study her all the time, because I know,
dear Drimia Maritima, one day soon it will be me.

SASSAN TABATABAI

Janevaran

حيوانات, *Persian*: “animals”

the ponderous whale
not ponderous to the whale
weightless in water

* * *

revealed to the bee
what's been hidden from the man
secret to honey

* * *

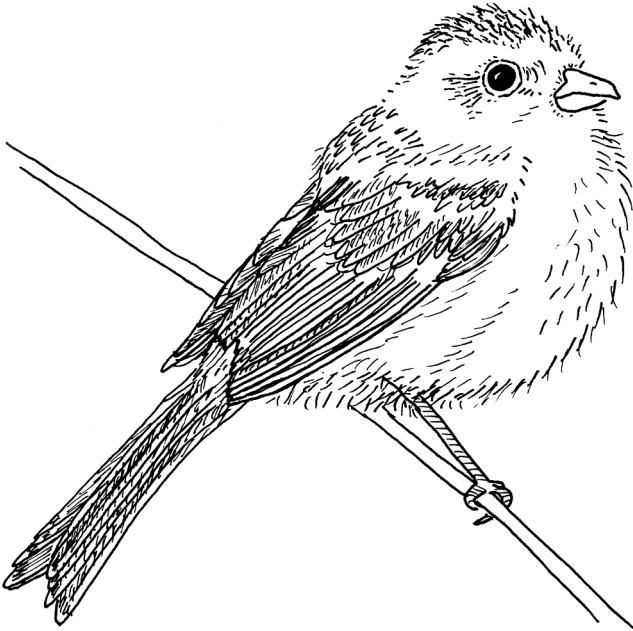
the blind earthen worm
overjoyed by the cool mud
knows nothing of silk

* * *

in the garden green
the nightingale sings its song
the red rose blushes

FIELD

SPARROW



· CALL:

absolutely twitterpated

· DISTINGUISHING FEATURES:

smallness, excessive fluff, ubiquity

· EVOKES:

low budget disney princess

ROBIN RAY

Lost at Sea

In paradise, they don't auction the stars
like they used to;
there's hardly anyone left to raise
a numbered paddle.

Absentee bids are null and void.

*Mistakes, always unfashionable in the
gamble.*

The mid-Atlantic cracks open to swallow
an errant skiff, diurnal emissions of
scorn spat by a hurricane.

The fishermen lament the bullion they'll
no longer savor:
mutton biryani from the clay ovens
at Arsalan Kolkata,
sea urchin sashimi from the kitchen
at Jungsik Seoul,
shrimp ceviche courtesy of the chef
at Le Cinq Paris.

The tides mourn the defeated sky, death of
her rainbows, death of solitude.

Ghosts of Spanish galleons prance in the
liquid carpet, cannons blasting afield.

The ocean's heartbeat pounds from the
depths, a rhythmic chant the Yorùbá
of Côte d'Ivoire recognize as
ku ile, ku ile,
welcome home, welcome home.

Best into the Void

Nothing is beyond recovery.
See how a large army of ants,
crossing by a rafter through pale days
and white nights along the edges of armistice.
This act leaves a very deep dig below the mind.
I am learning to dream again.
I am learning to sleep silently.
These small months are shaped
according to their indifferent voices,
drifting in a considerate bliss.
The new settlers pay the arrears.
For the watershed and dams
that are boundaries than this ephemeral,
that are altars, or the channels
temporarily at East Bug,
where lands are assorted in astute,
or stitched up for sale,
the daddies stop resisting
and refusing the need
for having parley.
The pique remains as piquant.
As long as the bumblers
emerge mostly in white robes,
the contest of will or conjunction
is brought to a loosely bounded siting.
I end my share of this light.
My distance is shortened by ten months.
I am your content on this space, shuttled.
I am artichoke, hiding behind the afterglow.

The Slow Worms

She kept an old piece of carpet over
the compost and when you lifted it
the pipework recoiled into intestinal
heat. Longated potentates graved ceramic
silvers upon the molded potato, among
ash heavings they forthcame to ingest hummus—
crumb. When musics branched in this might of eye,
unlooking faces were named: asker
blet slayworm slew slorry or slow cripple.
Retained as a ghost word: properly slawerm,
or from schleichen, to creep, from soi-distant
slaha the smiter. The sky blanked and
singleleggedly down herepaths they
wended the stews past madameve's.
This was not blindness to be in coil with,
coiting in a wood of desire, the intercourse
in their case of long duration, breath held head
for sense where surged the risk-averse
photophobe, beakerfolk of darkfold,
uroboreous urndead, pitdwellers spoking
through their sleep-crowned masks
upearthing the groundwound, viewing
where pigs had colonized distant hills
in the way the light is a stone that comes
apart, insurreptile glottus of molehill—
hole, nostrilled flute of the sorepoint they smelt
of sleep through eating out the edges of time,
the leaves were inns from the cold where time
sifted the raingodsent clouds swift between

clearings even without the night-crying
shrews that grubbed where onions bulbed and moles
degraded underlawn, where coldcocked worms
sophistically browsed upon henbane and sludged
in-death splendours, pleached the crepe pathway
within leg of loveamour and duskrain
evedammed the blackbird-crowned sky at ringing of
decadend until in raindusk they strayed
themselves askew in forms grosser than
huge, plumping with stained tactility.
Then she moved house again, and they stayed.

TOM BAILEY

early crocuses

i.

this morning, i encountered
the first crocuses of spring.
this felt (somehow) significant.

i made a note to tell you
this, though i hardly know
if they'll last, if they'll

be here tomorrow or
the next day, if they'll
make it through the snow.

and of course i wonder
if the plasticized oceans
are more deserving

of attention, if the spring
can mean anything, now
that the starlings are gone.

i made a note to tell you
this, though i hardly know
if they'll last, and i hardly

know if you'll care that much
for the first, small crocuses
of spring, after all.

ii.

note: my crocuses have
made it through the snow.
i check in on them each morning
where they rally beneath the beech
trees, tall and leafless still, after winter.

my crocuses have made it through the
night, have weathered hoarfrost, ice.
they glitter, now, with sunlight,
with a voice that whispers
through the cold, we grow.

KATHERINE HOLMES

How a Vine Staves Off Eviction

One inevitable day the landlord
will decide that the time has come

to pull the rug out from under
a vagrant vine-man's feet.

He'll slide down from where he stands,
a man-effigy of tree topiary from his spine,

excessive vine shot upright into
a lifesize leaf-attired scarecrow

king, green and disputed, astride
branchtops in a Dionysian diadem,

Adam-alone, stitched in spring and
making his peaceable wingy speech

all the swank swarming season and
the limb-extended gesticulation:

lo, I will be with you until I am
Beaujolais-bloodshot, crimson-cloaked

then in the storm-tatters and gashes
of summerless lamentation. And a

stick-figure antenna, all wired-up and
wraith-white in winter, to appear again.

Though anyone at the feathery fir can
prophesy with angel-strength the pulling

down of spring sculpture. Some vines
can't be kept from another ascent.

Some New & Recommended Reading

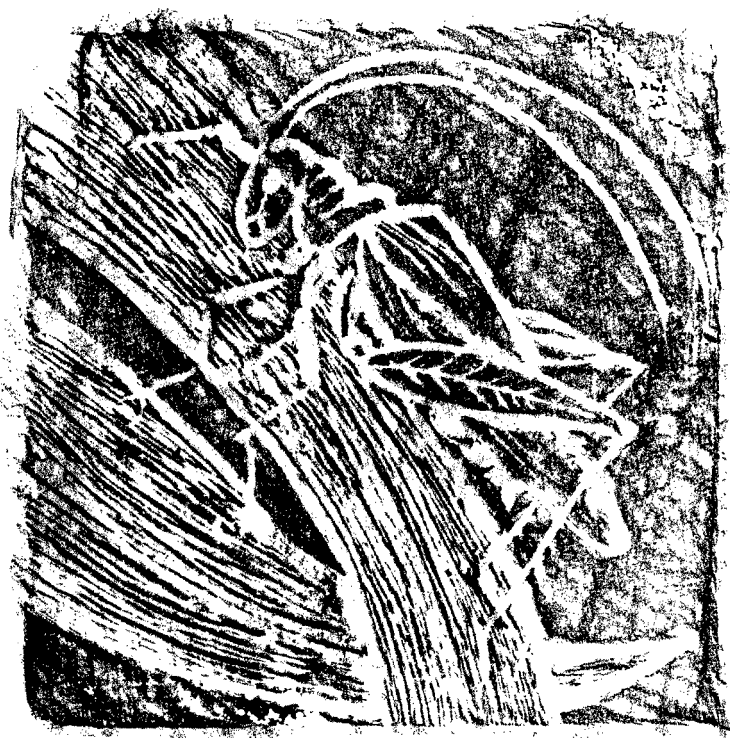
☛ Sophie Cunningham's essay collection *City of Trees* is more than a walk in the woods, raising questions of how society should respond to the threats of deforestation, ecological disruption, and climate change. (An eloquent review by Johanna Leggatt appears online in the May 2019 issue of *Australian Book Review*.) Text Publishing, 2019: \$24.95

☛ In "Oh, No, Not Knotweed!", Henry Grabar commits more than 4,000 words telling the story of the Great British Knotweed Panic, from the history of the plant's introduction to Western horticulture, its introduction in the British Isles and the United States, and the environmental and economic devastation the plant has wrought where it has been introduced, despite the best efforts of homeowners and scientists. Published on *Slate.com* in May 2019. (Note: persons interested in doing their part to mitigate the damage of this vegetal invasion might call up the folks at Blue Hill at Stone Barns, a restaurant in Tarrytown, NY where knotweed is a featured seasonal dish on the menu.)

☛ *Wilderness: A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska*, the first book by the American artist Rockwell Kent, describes the seven months he spent living with his nine-year-old son on Fox Island in Alaska. Surrounded by lonely wilds in an outsize landscape, the two chink their cabin walls with moss; chop wood for the winter; and climb peaks to stand "in wonder looking down and out over a smooth green floor of sea and a fairyland of mountains, peaks and gorges." Several editions are available; we had our hands most recently on a reprint edition sold through Amazon's in-house Createspace fulfillment platform. Though this edition is a facsimile of the richly illustrated 1930 Modern Library printing, the cover art chosen by the reprint publisher is from Kent's travels in Tierra del Fuego; so goes editorial sloppiness in the modern era. Pathfinder Books, 2017: \$12.95. (In August 2018, Sarah Laskow returned to this little-known classic for *Atlas Obscura*.)

☛ In *Mountains Piled Upon Mountains: Appalachian Nature Writing in the Anthropocene*, editor Jessica Cory gathers essays, poetry, histories, and fiction which variously celebrate nature and landscape, and express concern with overdevelopment, extractive energy industries, and climate crisis. Cory's introduction provides a valuable overview of the nature writing tradition in the Appalachian region, and urges readers to consider this volume "in light of what the Anthropocene might mean for ourselves, our communities, and our world." West Virginia University Press, 2019: \$22.62.

Find more recommendations online at www.penandavil.com/bw/7



*“The grasshopper cries forever. Our ears are filled
with the dry rustling of leaves. All night the
sharp tin sound of grasshoppers possesses us.”*

– Joy Davidman, 1915 – 1960

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, using paper and graphite pencils to make rubbings of low-relief bronze tiles created by local artist Nancy Webb. The tiles had been set into the station’s mezzanine floor in 1981 as part of the T’s “Arts on the Line” initiative. Each features one of a dozen different species of plant or animal indigenous to Alewife reservation, the largest intact wetlands in Cambridge. The image here—depicting some species or other of grasshopper in the *Melanoplus* genus—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 can learn more about her work at www.nancywebbstudio.com.



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 CONSTANCE WRZESNIEWSKI
 ALI ZNAIDI

*“When winter’s
 cloud cover
 vanishes, the
 naked planet
 lies exposed to
 marvels.”*

*The heated summer
 air, ground under cold
 northern air, becomes
 lenticular, shaped like
 a lentil or lens. When
 the very air is a lens,
 how the mind ignites!
 We live among high
 heaps of mirages,
 among pickets and
 pilings and stacks of
 waving light. We live
 in a hall of mirrors
 rimmed by a horizon
 holey and warped.”*

*// from the essay “Mirages” by
 Annie Dillard, as appears in
 the collection Teaching a Stone
 to Talk, published in 1982*



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