

Winter 1977

The Yellow Magazine

Grand Valley State College. Thomas Jefferson College

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Winter 1977



the yellow
magazine

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EDITORS FOR THIS, THE FOURTH ISSUE OF THE YELLOW
MAGAZINE WERE: ARIEL DAWSON AND ANN EVELYN FILEMYR
SPECIAL THANKS TO THE STUDENT ACTIVITIES ALLOCATION
COMMITTEE FOR HELPING US FUND THIS ISSUE

SUBMISSIONS FOR THE SPRING YELLOW MAGAZINE MAY BE
GIVEN TO THE POETRY RESOURCE CENTER IN LAKE HURON
HALL. DEADLINE WILL BE POSTED IN APRIL.

howling wolf moans the blues
rich tones slide like throaty molasses to the floor
the viscous liquid holds my mind
i stop in its tracks

inside serene
to feel the heartpulse in my knees
listen to the deepness of my breath and forget to listen

outside the promise of mid-winter thaw fades
cold claims vinyl carseats pallid streetlamps
this dutch-reform city

there are no animal poems within miles
john ball park is closed its boarders doze with mange
no wolf howls there no black bear licks greedily
the dark sweet residue

Daryl J. Murphy

Loving the Mountain

nestled in green velvet
silence
touching the mountains heart
like a lover
beauty hurts
it burrows so deeply
into my soul
we crouch in stillness
our breath
the only sound
drinking longer yellow light
and cold green water
we touch
and fall away
in awe

fresh bear scat
tiny crushed alpine flower
chills up my spine
i wonder who
is watching

orange pinewood fire
vast darkness
thin smoke swirls
in the hungry air

lovers
caught in our own
timeless webbing
the burning of our inner wheels
spilling tongues
flame bright eyes
crimson kisses

great mystery
spirit so near
we look in each other
cleansing vision
all love
in loving the mountain.

ann evelyn

raindrops fall
flutenotes
the Great Wind
blows through my flute
i hear the flap
of an eagles wings

Tim Stickle

Butterfly in Rain

your hat is yellow is made
of rice paper there is
a hole in your yellow
hat dear butterfly do not
break before
you reach
home

Billie Hoffman



hands

watchin my hands move along
yr back, yr legs, yr feets
as if detached from my body.
gullies between ribs
between legs
my hands find their way
like salmon at spawing season.
work the muscles,
explore the curves,
discover fiery lines of goosebumps amid
hairy caverns, mountainous folds.
my hands unattached roam about
the familiar terrain
transparent white skin
blue veined/
reddened fingertips

lori eason

at the base of the cliff:
upon the rocks of a hogan
old Navajoes have left
to the wind and sand
upon those rocks
lies, sucked by the sun
a cow with its skull
smashed into its shoulderblades

there are still echoes
from the crash

Suzette Corbit

The Census Taker

Doorbell. Dogs barking. Almost awake he opens the door. "Oh yeh, we got the letter. Come on in." She sits on the couch, a spot lit by the morning sun. The curtains are half open. He sits opposite her, across a low round table littered with beer cans and cigarette butts. She must be someone's grandmother, he thinks, as the questions start. How many? Who? How much? Your neighbors? Cars? Miles? Her pencil scratches down the drowsy answers.

But the questions don't seem to want to stop. She glances at the curtains. Are you hot, he thinks, do you want them closed? More questions. The pencil pokes awkwardly out of her hand. A small droplet of sweat rolls slowly down behind her ear. He spots it spreading down her neck and lingers with his answers.

Her forehead is moist. She must be thinking of deodorant as she asks the same question twice. The answers come slower. "Now wait a minute, I hafta think about that." The sun moves slightly but shade is still an hour away. "Just a few more questions." she says smiling. That's it. The smile. Questions come out through a tight, constant, pleasant smile. An official smile, a smile that turns to salt as her tongue tries to moisten it. Do you want some water? Ask for it. He smiles.

Her eyes on the curtains, the forms, curtains, forms. The pencil growing duller. The questions running out.

It's over. She gathers her papers in quick mechanical motions. Rises. Asks directions to some street he's never heard of. He tells her which turn to take. Thank you. You're welcome.

The inside of her car is like an oven.

Richard Moser

Black Bear

Bears make love to women alone
by the sea

---Robert Bly

Looming up from old dreams, a hundred
black shapes
of honey lovers, of clumsy dancers
in coats that ripple too large,
of peanut beggars who lift paws behind zoo fences.

More than a dozen times he has
roamed the corners of my yard, reared up, charged.
Sometimes I save the children, often myself,
but always I wake
with sweat warm on my palms, fear rising off the bed.

Alone in the woods.
Copper country, my shoes turn rusty after an hour.
A wrong turn, I go deeper
but never reach the lake, although it rises
twice through trees and I smell the waves.

Coming out a branch cracks. His black head
sinks in the brush. Fur rises on my neck
and I stir, waking. A stick, three stones, my knife.
I stammer upwind past all the burned out tree stumps,
past his prints in the mud.

Long winters he sleeps. In spring
I stand at the edge and wait.
He growls, I step closer. A shadow rears up.
So we face each other
hand to paw, our breath heaving.
It is not easy to keep him inside my skin.

Judith Minty

In the Presence of Mothers

1.

Squall lines, laboring
roll one on the other
out from the island.
Nightmares
out of depths and old drownings,
they rise
with crooning winds,
watery arms.
The breasts of them
weigh against our bones.

2.

Cradled
at the shore's arm,
we fold into the sweet
breath of her hum
and dream
through flashes of light. Her fury
rocks us.

3.

Madonna of the stable,
open the sky to a star
so that we may kneel in the confession box
and cross ourselves with prism points.
Infants become saviors
in their first taste of milk.

4.

At the harbor's barn
our sea-mare
shudders in her stall, flanks
quivering, mast to belly.
Again, la mer
calls this horse.
Obedient child, break loose
your reins, ride high over waves, rise
in the trail of her hair.

5.

Black into light and back,
the sun rises and falls in its tedium.
But the delicate stars,
they nurse us
along the moon's yellow path
into hard arms, new openings.

6.

Lovely seasons.
After rain, snow
sails down in tiny boats.
Silence of cold, a falling
of tears. Still
arms lift out of ice:
the sorrow of it,
the loss.

7.

Back and back, past all
hard rocks and caves, down
into the loam of her skin.
She stirs under the sea
and we enter the way we came,
crying, through cold
to the inner place,
the long warmth of the woman.

Judith Minty

.....from The Root Cellar

alone she rests in
the cellar
stayed there once two
weeks straight
without combing her hair
rolling in the dirt her skin
turned silver she decided
she was an onion curled
up her knees to her chest
and rolled her fingernails
fell off she ate them
her armpits grew hair
she licked it
menstrual blood trickled her thighs
she cupped her hands and drank

Ariel Dawson

Crescendo/Histories

walk faster. pace the room so he'll watch. your leg is porous, feels his eye and tucks itself beneath the rug. back and forth, dizzy in leg fury--hello I'll smile at you but I hear you've got a lover and I want to maim her.

a puzzle. one hundred and one domesticated dogs left at number thirty-three--the Dalmatian's body not yet connected--when the family had to fly--TWA--my you're such a pretty little girl. how old is she--only four? what do you like little girl? I think I like to fuck.

the black boys are coming, the black boys are coming. they don't want your wallet, they don't want your guitar, they don't want revenge on your middle class parent. listen--they're calling you baby, they're calling you honey, they're calling you tits.

he still watches across the room. he doesn't want you, but it's the way you move, he likes the frenzy of it. he's got a map of you, he carries it in a back pocket, memorizing the terrain. you laugh but are misfortunate, it's on the map. someone asks you where you'll be going in June, you say you are hitch-hiking east and they ooh and aah the independence of it.

he wasn't listening. run and unlock the screen door, the black boys know.

Ariel Dawson

nightwatch

preoccupied,

i flip from channel to channel

and realize that this is no way to
start a new beginning.

in front of old stoneface again and again

somemore the sonofabitch is the worse

kind of leach.

maybe ohmaybeoh

ifohifoh i could drag my last

honest emotion to the window winter would

would find time for

for the vertical hold of the

year it has frozen deep in the hard core of downtown.

the lights are brown turned tan in the

early morning. i roll about on the

soft give of your verandina

listen for cars, stare red eyed into
your mirror,

think castrating thoughts of anger, jealousy
involvement lost interdependence
and think castrating thoughts of

loveohlove listening to the

light light fall white as you against the ground.

Bill Macklin

what do ya mean? by tryin' to get outta
writin' me down. I DON'T CARE
how tired you are
all ya did today--all you're doin' tomorrow
DAMMIT when a poem comes along
baby don't yawn

Holly Cara

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