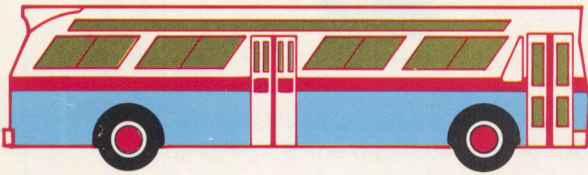


# POETRY



# ON THE BUSES

Adam

Think of the summer rain  
Or seedpearls of the mist;  
Seeing the beaded leaf,  
Try to remember me.  
From far away  
I send my blessing out  
To circle the great globe.  
It shall reach you yet.



POET: ANTHONY HECHT / ARTIST: BRUCE CAR

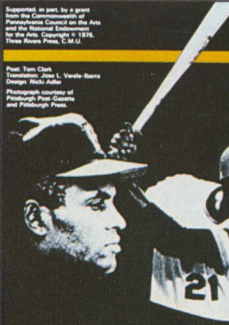
SPRING

Hawks  
killed winter  
this year.  
  
Today two struck  
from the sky  
deep into my woods  
  
Above  
the barn  
they wheel,  
  
talons empty,  
and winter  
lies dying on the hillside.



POET: ROGER BOWER / ARTIST: ALVIN DUN

Poet: Roger Bower  
Artist: Alvin Dunbar  
Supported, in part, by a grant  
from the Commonwealth of  
Pennsylvania Council on the Arts  
and the National Endowment  
for the Arts, Chicago, IL 1977  
Third Avenue Press, C.M.U.



won't forget  
his nervous  
habit of  
rearing his  
head back  
on his neck  
like a  
proud horse



Clemente (1934-1972)

no olvidaré  
su nerviosa  
costumbre de  
alzar la  
cabeza muy  
alta  
como un  
caballo de raza



Supported, in part, by a grant  
from the Commonwealth of  
Pennsylvania Council on the Arts  
and the National Endowment  
for the Arts, Chicago, IL 1976,  
Third Avenue Press, C.M.U.

Poet: Tom Clark  
Translator: Jose L. Varela-Ibarra  
Designer: Nicki Adler  
Photograph courtesy of  
Pennsylvania Council on the Arts  
and the National Endowment  
for the Arts

POET: TOM CLARK / ARTIST: NICKI ADLER / TRANSLATION: JOSE L. VARELA-IBARRA



Opulence

Nothing is so magnificent  
As the full mind, stored with summers,  
With age approaching,  
The sun standing over the horizon,  
Wonders yet unknown, love not refusing,  
The world all a visionary  
Guess, unspent clarity.

Poet: Richard Eberhart  
Artist: Philip Pearlstein  
From: OPULENCE  
From: Collected Poems 1920-1979  
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Doubleday/Garden City  
Supported, in part, by a grant  
from the Commonwealth of  
Pennsylvania Council on the Arts  
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Third Avenue Press, C.M.U.

POET: RICHARD EBERHART / ARTIST: PHILIP PEARLSTEIN



March Night down by the River

Small brown frogs  
frozen in river mud all winter,  
are pushing their bellies up  
to where the moon is in April.  
They use all of their elastic bodies  
to move the mud beneath them;  
squeezing their eyes out into the air.  
The hundreds of 'peeping' sounds you hear  
are the brown voice of the mud  
gently giving up little pieces of itself.

Poet: Kathleen Sewalk  
Artist: John Hein  
Supported, in part, by a grant  
from the Commonwealth of  
Pennsylvania Council on the Arts  
and the National Endowment  
for the Arts, Chicago, IL 1977  
Third Avenue Press, C.M.U.

POET: KATHLEEN SEWALK / ARTIST: JOHN HEIN