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**Trinity College**  
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

# THE GREAT MAYAN



**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:** A. David Lander; **MANAGING**  
**EDITOR:** John Chatfield; **DESIGN EDITOR:** Richard  
Dean Tuttle; **EDITORIAL BOARD:** Ralph Allen, P.  
Hollenbeck, Lee A. Perron; **BUSINESS MANAGER:**  
H. W. Haslach, Jr.; **FACULTY ADVISOR:** Stephen M.

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## SOLITUDE

Cold evenings know  
I widow-walk the floor,  
and stop to gaze at rust streaks  
fled from outside iron stairs.

They let me hear  
the snare-drum ta-tac  
of somewhere  
broken fans,

and watch with me  
corroded pipes  
descending  
like the carnal rumors  
from above.

Cold evenings  
help define the stain glass glare,  
from zig-zag shots of neon,  
on the yellowed plaster wall.

Sometimes I catch  
my shadow, my black mass dance,  
mute and slowly shifting  
like the roll of dust  
in narrow corridors  
of a brown building.

*Samuel Gould Curtis*

## ICARUS

Unlike the unobtrusive rise  
Of puffballs on a breeze, Icarus,  
Yours was no soft ascent.

At first the ecstasy;  
Realization of a sudden stretch  
Of circumstance.

And then the sun's unspoken dare;  
The sneer that turned  
Your smile scarlet.

A curse broke from your throat  
Like a burning coal;  
Eyes squinted upward.

Wings clapped the wind like blades  
Swung broadside, waved back  
The warnings from below.

Did you notice, Icarus, as you climbed  
The clouds, the perspiration  
Budding in each pore,

Or was every sense set to crack  
The sky's dome, and wrench the mask  
Of fire from the sun?

You could not see  
The slow softening of wax;  
Salt glazed your eyes.

Nor the first feather fall; higher  
You climbed, your sightless gaze  
Clamped to the sun.

Your breast thrust its drumbeat  
At the heat; pain, the narrow rodent,  
Gnawed in your side.

But your sweat anointed body  
Shone like rubbed bronze,  
Your matted hair like tourmaline.

Icarus, those bright beings, hovering  
To stare upward at your ascent —  
Were they eagles or angels?

*A. David Lander*

## HOARSE LEAVES

in yellow spring  
i sit solitaire.  
i coughed first  
in november;  
now, combusting april  
rips her robes; the bodice  
of larval icarus ignites  
into bastard butterflies.  
i only sketch these sprouts  
like vermillioned mammoths  
because i coughed by a north  
navy ocean;  
it waned crustacean warmth,  
and i watch the sun go out  
someday.  
i sit  
watching isometric portraits:  
arteries of spring's samothrace  
with empire toes impact,  
beach-moods with all  
the pregnant grace of breakers,  
sounds of hoarse leaves,  
ancient decades.  
i was a bird toward light;  
now, only dark angels thrust  
their black statuesques  
like paragraphs  
against my bedroom wall.

*Louis A. Renza*

## A SLAIN FOX

Now color overcomes the cough:  
The grey bilge creaking at the river's skin  
Bears the daily flotsam in,  
His luted throat hangs like a web  
A spider cast off.

Heir to ochre spinach, dun seed,  
The labors of waters come to their time:  
Spewn forth, he knew never the lime  
To rocket his vein  
Nor the red pulses plead.

Into that final fugitive posture bent,  
Where the seed and sere of sleep is,  
His body's little sun eclipses  
Both the alpha and omega:  
The pallid hounds sniffed out his scent.

A wet lung lisped, and over the knees clung  
His shy-fingered hands,  
A castle founded in the sands  
And left uncrumpled, save a stain  
After the ebb.

For bells of elegy, a jangle of junked wars,  
The ooze's glory made profound;  
The red sign spilled without a sound  
To make roots whereon the sky is hung  
And eyes as deep as dung,  
O houndish stars.

*Peter Hollenbeck*





## LINES . . .

I hear America sinking —  
her top bananas I hear.

I hear the roars  
and whistles  
of her mills,  
the single soft sound  
of money  
dropped  
into her tills.

I hear her children  
with goals  
unprofitable  
crying,  
reconsidering,  
giving up,  
and going  
to those mills.

I hear the moans  
of her past patriots,  
now vaguely  
remembered  
on the faces  
of bills.

*David Curry*



## DEVOTION

The delicate petit-point of his manner,  
Sampler like.  
Mother never was quite well enough,  
And, then again, the right girl  
Just didn't happen by, but  
All that's past now, or  
Most all.

*Mansfield Kirby Talley, II*

## THE WINE-TASTER

Lines of fine wine  
Soothing my throat,  
Sipping Burgundy and Rhine —  
Ecstatic energy  
Tongue-titillating  
Mouth pursed in thought  
Of Chateaubriand and Pernod —  
Water of France  
Of Flanders,  
Germany, Sweden —  
Sweet aura of heaven  
Thor had no better!  
Tasting,

Sipping,

Rolling

My tongue, glottis aglow  
With wonderful wine.  
Amorous amphorae:  
Colors of the labels  
Table level  
Reds, purples, and whites  
Of wonderful wine.  
Slipping, sliding  
Greased pig wineglass  
Can't catch  
That wonderful wine.  
Arms aloft  
Voices alight  
Ceiling spinning  
Floor uprushing  
As I call for  
Wonderful, wonderful wine.

*H. D. Kisor*

## THE CARPET IS KIND

My tin men can meet  
and love with such sweet  
ardor and leave  
their pasteboard homes to fight  
with such neat  
unknowing of pain, brutal passing;  
endure utter night  
with only a babe's hand  
to break their seal:  
being never ending.  
But they are all  
after all  
just pretending.

*Peter Hollenbeck*

## GIRLS

When the sun tickles their ribbons,  
Girls are softer than boys —  
More tempting than apricots.

Their hair makes a brighter playmate  
For breezes; the cupped puffs under  
The fluff of their sweaters are plumper.

Mohair is happier cuffed  
At their wrists, and their curves  
Curve like palm leaves in wind.

When the moon dilates their emeralds,  
Girls are harder than boys —  
More lubricious than lizards' eyes.

*A. David Lander*



## WINGS

What I worry about is wings  
Black feathered  
Tapered to a green madness  
Distended pinions  
Taut for the abyss of flight.

What I worry about is  
Like the sudden rain  
That blots out the sun  
Barrens the sparse bank  
In the guise of giving life

wings

*Peter V. D. Fish*