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These poems are the result of writing done while a graduate student at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. They are not experiments with meter or rhyme. They are intended to find their own form in the symbiotic relationship between ideas and the necessary rhythms of their expression. They are a record of personal feeling as well as a catalogue of projections to be wrought from the mind of the reader.

POEMS
..

by

Peter Thomas Gianino
..

A Thesis Submitted to
the Faculty of the Graduate School at
The University of North Carolina at Greensboro
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Greensboro
(1972)

Approved by

Fred Chappell
Thesis Adviser

APPROVAL PAGE

This thesis has been approved by the following
committee of the Faculty of the Graduate School at the
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There is a lot to be said for a smile

There is a sound of new wine
to the clear water
and the fish all are drunk
dragons out in the sun
slice the light with their wings
frogs from muddy caves
adopt inscrutable positions
expecting the Buddha

Shout

My wife is taking up all the room
in the space there is
she gathers she is tractless
the sky in Iowa

I am reduced to corners
vortices of the intersection
of every angle of herself
I learned them all to please her

Midwest Nightmare

There is so much sky
in Keokuk Iowa
the spiders work overnight
to preserve what little dignity
and maybe catch a mountain
for the place

Somewhat Jaded

Some morning, some afternoon

I wish I had some jade

Some morning to carve a girl to join the clouds

From the river with cool green eyes

Some afternoon and deep smooth parts

The river smiling like some lake

I could never disturb

Some mornings, some afternoons

Some mornings it was difficult to shoo the clouds
from the river's face
some afternoons
the flies

Occurrence

and all of a sudden where none
had existed before the world had rain
grass growing up
was beaten down

For reasons of his own

Europe spread out

into the thinness of this season's

still-dried **Clouds**

We found a town

the passing of a thousand faces

without sorrow as he left the country

to the sea and gone bird

sought a path

"This time

I'm out for clouds"

he said

For reasons of his own

Enrico spread out
into the thinness of this season's
still-aired fields
He found a dove
fat with lead, shot down, dead.
He left the corn, he left the country
left that sad gone bird
bought a gun
"This time
I'm out for blood"
he said

How Military came to be

Enrico trapped

a blue tailed lizard once

(he used Enrico To Get Laid

and the ransom granted was

a single ENRICO TO GET LAID

'I when ran the headlines

'And ran through his head

'as it bent to kiss hers

on the mouth

out of the throats

so now he's calling wife

(and I might add is

being quite well at it)

How Millinery came to be

Enrico trapped
a blue tailed lizard once
(he used his magic spell)
and the ransom granted was
a single wish
'I wish'
'And done' spake the undone skink
' . . . for all the wishes' wished Enrico
which of course put the little guy
out of business
so now he's selling hats
(and I might add is
doing quite well at it)

Enrico's bird, he said's name

Enrico been to Rock City

He's been to AN URGE

He knows what it's like on a mountain

Enrico in a hole

(o you silly bird)

awake too early for the worm

flew at the moon

in a rage. He explains

'I had an urge'

all that living, Enrico

God.

Enrico? Shit, he ain't happy

Enrico been to Rock City

He's been to Roll

He knows what it's like on a mountain

spent time in a hole

Enrico has hand jive

he's got cool

He's the man collects those dues

Shit, but he ain't happy

he's just tired

All that living, Enrico

Gee.

Voice-over Enrico

Enrico to the microphone

'Say boys and girls

be the first kid on your block

to own

your very own.

Don't wait,

Want.'

Enrico never saw the tiger

Though he'd been to the zoo
and on several occasions
he did see the peestains
on the polarbear's ass
and a masturbating monkey coming
came on his hand with a peanut
in it
but he never saw the tiger

Cold fish gobbled and raw red meat
rent and torn
gorged He'd seen that
and a full grown orangutan
being fed
but he never saw the tiger

Worried obviously
he returned each visit cagily
found one empty and slunk
inside fell into a crouch
he grew a beautiful tail but
Enrico never saw the tiger

Scuppernonged

When toothy

Enrico welcomes no comparison

to gleaming madmen

or other desperate foes

of the order gone

too ordered. Sly Fox

he drinks from screw-top bottles

his grin benumbed

quite sane

all grape

Dripping

Washer and well
the faucet leaks
to the sink
a metronomic backdrop
for this stage in the eye
when nothing passes or rips
into the patterns of rhythm and fits

The stove is leaking electricity
it sticks all over the kitchen

In the brightness of a lightbulb's death
all the songs appear to disappear
fade, be gone.

Nothing else.

Stopped for a Redlight 4 A. M.

And I am waiting for the revelation in the streetsigns
in swept alleys (the wind yowls and tries to run or hide)
in the shaking stolen faces lifted and cloned
splayed across the screen
And I am waiting for a rewrite

The History of Man

revised ed.
where what is was could be
different from what is was, now
when nothing's different and always has been
the very same
And so I am tired of waiting
finished my coffee
bought a pack of cigarettes
turned in the wind toward home

Greeneville, a flat place

Y'know I miss the fat
 purple mountains
 living here there is no end
 to day nor rest
 for the lurking moon
 at night the spread of trees
 in wide and empty gesture
 is too low to throne the stars
 too thin to hold my skating gaze

In the Philly Bus Terminal

1
On this stage with all the exits numbered
they have the marble floor
three cockwalking
bad black dudes
a liquid ripple triple-crested undulation
smoothed across the waiting room
proving it by me
in the Philly Bus Terminal

2
You can only dodge and kill
so much time reading gate numbers
before their faces come out after you
All your partners waiting to leave
just like you are on a Sunday night
and of course it's raining

Baggaged and slumped down
rows of plastic seats
red white grey red white grey
red white grey red white grey
thin black soldiers
dowager processed mammies
whose fingers lift burning cigarettes
to faces spitting smoke, waiting
for fat silver Greyhounds
on a Sunday night
and of course it had to be raining

For Mrs. Mary Fisher

Clear Evidence

Entirely natural

to grow

each from itself discarded

and whatever is left each

time as an ocean

fills the shells

with the sound

it has always made

For Mrs. Henry Please

We met you six weeks
three nights ago and tonight
you sing in your imitant Siamese
and skitter across the rug
like water over a heated pan:
Dark and light and fur
reflected pirouettes you affect rampant stands
you abuse as they befit you
only in grace
we can scarcely ever remember
something so familiar
as you are.

Eastern Shore

Where smooth Lynn Beach elides
with pebble crust at Point-of-Pines
I arrive at this dance:
Terns' swirl quick turns settle back
to balance on the wet lip,
incessant Atlantic tongues sing-song
while gulls wheel and whoop.

Mayday

Young girls are drawn
to meadows of violet and clover
and there left to dream
while creatures gather to dance in the air.
White horses paw the ground.

Married awhile and it's 2:00 A.M.

Now she wants the next to the last
cigarette. I was going to smoke it
and have the other later
touch my fingers along her arm, her body
her own
though sometimes to share before we sleep
and wake to find one night
less than before

Pony Ride

see the horses
in a circle horses
six horses--fastened there
dreaming in the pose of prance
on the southern slope of France
dreaming the mare's sweet flanks
the sleekwood stallion's stance

Springgame

The sun slid across
flabbergasted
in the sky a lump of softening butter
In another form the dandelion
has greyed and feathered
puffing out its seed
What I knew to remember
to hold to gullet
is gone this early spring
The stab of my toe stubs
against the earth
leaving a faint depression
in the weeds

Enough of the Legendary Venus

The few who had heard
came and were enough
loud enough long enough
there was no empty moment
I had to cross to fill the space
waiting on the mothlight porch
the holes in my sneakers peeked
across on a level with my eyes
leaned against redbrick white
pillars holding house to ground
burnt siena branches carried full
spring loads of leaves
the night opened in patterns between them
regular as stars

Have printed on a well distributed matchbook series:

Money. Cats.

You raise in your own Home in your Spare time.

In Demand. Needed Immediately for vivisectional
research

into 6th Sense Parapsychology.

Send No money.

Send name and address

Phone number

N. B.
for our (Any and all words and digits
credit
staff pertaining to an identity you possess)

Instructions:

To any who write return;

a ball of amber wax

two cut hairs

and a peacock feather with the eye

missing.

By registered mail on the final day of the lunar cycle

Include no bones,

Accept no substitutes!

A Dog's Life

Three o'clock simply proclaimed
pointed in the dog's ears
accustomed to the drone of flies
He gathered four legs in a shrug
wriggled off a damp girdle from collar to tail
moved circumspectly
and lowered himself again
graceful in angles to meet the light
slivering through the fat shade
warm on the root of an oak