

# ONLY AS FAR AS BROOKLYN

Maurice Kenny

GOOD GAY POETS  
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MOUTH OF THE DRAGON  
MUSTANG REVIEW  
"POETRY WALL"  
SMUDGE ON THE WINDOW

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## Introduction

Santayana calls the religious impulse "piety toward the sources of one's being." This is what I felt in "The Hawk" from Maurice Kenny's first book, *Dead Letters Sent*, which I bought some years ago. It is what I feel now in his current work. What makes a man an artist is in those creative entities which he himself has become. Kenny's themes, his subjects, his references are not mere lists of poetical or fashionable things, but rather have become an integral part of the man himself and are a part of his own identity. This is the difference between being a prose writer, a proselytizer, a journalist, and being a poet. His publishing, editing, criticism and organizational talents are second to Kenny's poetry and I think that is as it should be, and is the best praise I can think of for anyone who needs it. I think Maurice is beyond that need for praise since he has always been his own man in and out of art. It is, rather, that, on more than one level, he is the kind of man whom we, the rest of us, need.

Kirby Congdon

FOR

QUINO

LARRY

MIKE

BILLY

APACHE

CHUCK

RANDY

MANI

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## Boys

(Vision)

the hawk flew  
to the crazy mountain  
plums grew large and red  
stained hands and teeth

the crazy mountain shivered  
smoke rose from the rocks  
the crazy mountain moved,  
called hawk, hawk  
catch me in your talons

red plums fell to the grass  
the hawk told me to go home  
they told me I had dreamed  
on the crazy mountain  
in the time of falling plums

hawk,  
I must remember this story  
to tell the young boys  
fishing in the creek

## Standing Strong

night blood  
hung in willows  
long for tears

tradition moved moon  
into black night  
old blood streaked heaven  
willows too gentle for the cold

rivers red  
in Ishi country  
rock red  
burnt by no sun  
that gave fire  
to the mountain  
and robes to cover  
snowed plains  
where willows  
seldom leave  
safe streams  
and coyotes  
that sleep in noon shade

rain put out the night  
and gave willows  
new morning

## I Shall Not Write Of Love

morning's bare shore,  
sea plums have no flesh

I shall marry  
grow cruel with winter,  
dry crisp like chicory  
that hangs above the fire

cats never leave the apartment;  
the maid comes on Monday;  
the library's usually open

not that I can't  
but I shall marry

hung-over from all that  
I bolt the door to intrusions  
that peck on windows

for a while,  
if I can resist,  
for a while

I shall not write of love.

## Winkte\*

*"He told me that if nature puts a burden on a man by making  
him different, it also gives him a power . . . "*

*John (Fire) Lame Deer, Sioux Medicine Man*

We are special to the Sioux!  
They gave us respect for strange powers  
Of looking into the sun, the night.  
They paid us with horses not derision.

To the Cheyenne we were no curiosity!  
We were friends or wives of brave warriors  
Who hunted for our cooking pots,  
Who protected our tipis from Pawnee.

We went to the mountain for our puberty vision.  
No horse or lance or thunderbird  
Crossed the dreaming eye which would have sent us  
Into war or the hunter's lonely woods.  
To some song floated on mountain air,  
To others colors and design appeared on clouds,  
To a few words fell from the eagle's wind,  
And they took to the medicine tent,  
And in their holiness made power  
For the people of the Cheyenne Nation.  
There was space for us in the village.

The Crow and Ponca offered deerskin  
When the decision to avoid the warpath was made,  
And we were accepted into the fur robes  
Of a young warrior, and lay by his flesh  
And knew his mouth and warm groin;  
Or we married (a second wife) to the chief,  
And if we fulfilled our duties, he smiled  
And gave us his grandchildren to care for.

We were special to the Sioux, Cheyenne, Ponca  
And the Crow who valued our worth and did not spit  
Names at our lifted skirts nor kicked our nakedness.  
We had power with the people!

And if we cared to carry the lance, or dance  
Over enemy scalps and take buffalo  
Then that, too, was good for the Nation,  
And contrary to our stand we walked backwards.

*\*Sioux word for male homosexual*

## Prison

Squares divide  
Cellularly . . .  
Daisies bloom on the edge of valleys.

Squares multiply  
Cellularly . . .  
Hummingbirds sip sugared water.

Squares subtract  
Only in insanity . . .  
Blackfeet stood proud on the Plains.

Squares are squares  
Not oblongs . . .  
John Berryman broke through.

Squares cannot  
Be decimiled . . .  
Moon is the reflection of sun.

Squares cannot  
Be fractioned . . .  
A square has four equal sides;  
Rechy numbered city pain;  
Rimbaud wrote young, died early;  
Whitman was lost on the ferry,  
The buses of prison Manhattan,  
Loved a common soldier  
In a Washington hospital . . .  
Not shocking, but cruel, cold,  
When he could only wipe  
The dying boy's sweat.

Pattern and texture,  
Color and flow,  
Movement and extinction  
Do not form squares  
Which are cellular  
And add, divide and are constant.

Kittens curl in arms of love.

## *Santa Fe, New Mexico*

Underground  
toilets  
in plush  
hotels  
frighten  
Yaquis  
looking  
for a quick lay  
on the tour  
of toilets;  
only place  
in town  
where an Indian  
can touch  
an Irishman  
with a western  
accent  
and keep  
his Sacred  
Mountains  
as the Chamber of Commerce  
thinks  
he's more quaint  
selling

silver and turquoise  
under  
arcades  
to tourists  
from Toledo  
who managed  
to twist  
their sons  
to trick  
in underground  
toilets  
of lusty  
Santa Fe  
hotels  
on the tour  
of Chicano  
taco cafes  
snug in the rug  
of a young  
Navajo  
down from  
the Sacred  
Mountain  
looking  
for love!



## The Death of Frank O'Hara

Restless wind broke in struggle  
over the open beach;  
reckless moon splashed in assault  
upon thick darkness.  
Chained dog howled at footsteps  
slushing through sand dunes.  
Words spoke to the poet . . .  
by mouths that could not form the words  
he took from the ocean.  
Metaphors spun in the headlights  
. . . dust churning in afternoon prisms.

## Apache

warrior of the Yamaha  
hoteled wild Oakland  
in the night of smoke  
safe from reservation  
eyes and rules . . .  
gentle fingers  
turned back the sheets . . .  
warrior of braids  
and melon-words  
who turned off the whoop  
and left apprehension  
in the wicki-up  
mouth the color  
of Arizona sunsets;  
body eager,  
more eager than slithering lizards  
on desert rocks . . .  
Apache who struck coup on a Mohawk  
and left the bed victorious.

## *El Paso . . . Two Years Later*

*For Chuck*

I passed through Billy the Kid  
in the desert night;  
lights of Lincoln County  
bristled like Mexican cigarettes  
in the frosty dark

. . . "stupid" . . .

What did you expect to find  
a young blond cowboy  
standing by the Greyhound depot door  
chewing gum, folding the brim  
of his white stetsen,  
his long smile clenched,  
waiting with legs open  
for the bus to unload

. . . "it was stupid" . . .

Stupid for Pat Garrett to kill  
young Bill with his blond curls  
dangling over the winking eye,  
his naked toes separated,  
his Mexican accent smiling,  
fingers scratching his thigh

. . . "it was stupid, Chuck . . .  
my saying I'd write . . .

## *Greta Garbo*

The park's darkness  
increased  
with the cripple's loneliness.  
The leg, braced, ached.  
His coiled fingers  
shining  
like ice or wax  
were as broken  
as your heart must be.

Handsomely he smiled, asked the time  
and paused to comment on the weather of the night:  
he must have known I was a poet,  
although he did not pose,  
but, fearful, he hid  
the brace and mangled hand  
as you hide your face  
and slouch into the resolution of the dark.  
God meant his youth  
to be broken,  
your beauty aged!  
War and time take what they want!  
The soldier's memory  
of straight leg and fingers  
does nothing to erase his pain  
and give him the love  
he seeks nightly in a Brooklyn Park.  
Nor does your glory,  
or fame,  
or multi-reflections  
erase wrinkles or sooth gnarled hands.

## Papago I

Down into the centuries of your breath  
my centuries prodded

I meant to leave a song on your ear,  
rabbit fur, a cup of corn,  
a plume, a bowl of apples and warm wind.

...

I meant to leave my name whispered  
on your mouth because secrets  
are long between your Arizona rocks  
and my old cedar woods of home.

...

I meant to kindle a campfire  
to warn off wolves which would gnaw  
our bones and carry off our shadows.

Down into the centuries of your blood  
my centuries prodded  
un-earthed the passions of your veins,  
the savage fumbings of my hands  
which struck the dawn of your movements  
and swept winds through the sunset of my day  
breaking sky colors into thin light.

Down into the contours of your flesh  
my flesh prodded  
but not without gentleness

I meant to leave our names scratched into stone  
that no river could erase, nor wind defile.

...

I meant to leave my arms in your arms  
and take only the gift of your voice  
whispering the motions of my blood,  
the taut muscles of our race.

## Papago II

With these hands  
I touch the bright mirage  
of your ancient earth . . .

With this mouth  
I open your lips  
to rain . . .

With this flesh  
I break the rock  
of your painted  
and sacred mountain  
and silence the panther  
in the dark cave  
of your cold breast . . .

With these words  
I bind the wound  
and close the scar  
across the Arizona deserts  
of your tribal home . . .

With these words  
I seal an hour  
and sew the rent  
which I might  
have torn . . .

## January

(Quino)

Your eyes fetched me in the rain  
into the pockets of your morning suns.  
Fox yipped in your heart, I followed noon,  
hunter hunted, to dusk which covered poppies . . .  
where dreams sucked the marrow  
of our bony youth, still flushed.

Cancer festered in dreams, exploded  
on the belly of consciousness until  
Crawford or Davis dimmed the chandelier  
and lighted hope at the mouth, a dark victory;  
winged lizards gnaw bugs fleeing  
our siamese bodies torn to night . . . split by dawn  
into the have and the have not . . .  
me to shop, you into poems.

It was all poems . . . that is what it was!  
moons moved over and left the bed cold  
and wet, bloodless, the heat of the flea  
burning the only warmth of the night;  
thrust upon a world fathers made, we made.  
We opened at last hands to spring;  
once free geese flew north to summer Canada.

Now precious are the notes and letters,  
torn, stained, recipes for survival,  
yellowed in the velvet box;  
now you are fat,  
now I am bald;  
poems won't do,  
the body is no longer electric  
nor eyes which fetch bright suns in the rain.

Nowhere could there have been another  
at that time in that rain!  
Though numbers now swell rainy nights, January  
finishes in a cough as fish choke rain puddles.

Buckles and zippers sparkle in green doorways!

Only moments ago my fingers felt your face,  
touched black curls that hissed,  
wind beat upon the bed.

The poem was written, images littered the floor;  
puppets broke their strings,  
lights came up on the chandelier  
and the street sealed lips that would speak with strangers  
standing wet and cold, waiting for invitation.

Editors clipped words and published the poem!

## *After Reading the Greek Poet*

*For Larry*

Cavafy, your young man  
with the quiet eyes and honey skin  
walks along the river  
wagging a finger at older men;  
then enters the house flushed,  
and exits, later, pale and worn  
from too many kisses,  
as the lover raises the window shade  
and his dark eyes watch him as he goes.

## *Yemen Boy*

sitting  
on a  
stool  
of the  
corner  
candy-  
store  
exuding  
honey

flies  
buzzing  
on his  
throat

## Delusion

*For Roberta Flack*

You've chewed the olives to the toothpick . . .  
the sour gin had no kick;

    what do you do in Brazil  
    when the rubber trains pull out . . .  
    wishing they were subways  
    in the rat holes of New York  
afternoon staggered across the sky . . .

    what do you do in Brooklyn  
    when the moon is covered with snow  
    and television has closed  
    the movie houses

puddles and piles of cigarette ashes  
litter the dull face of the mahogany bar . . .

    what do you do on Broadway  
    now that the girls have all the business . . .  
    prospect Remsen Street,  
    retire to Orlando

the old man sits up and throws  
a jaded glint around the bar . . .  
his eyes fill your empty glass  
and you suck olives

    wishing you were in Brazil  
    with the rubber boys;  
    (in Brooklyn out of money,  
    out of drinks, out of tricks . . .  
    no more Mazatlans)

maybe the old man  
will fall asleep  
or put on dark glasses  
    and you can't see his rheumy eyes  
    and he can't see you're  
    over thirty.

## In Whitman Close

*Brooklyn*

Like all the others I entered the park . . .

    its most separated image  
    is the subtraction  
    from the cry for milk  
    to the plea for mercy

    it has little to do  
    with getting  
    or lending  
    unless you under score the hustle . . .

    more to the point  
    is the alcoholic's puke  
    the addict's itching  
    the knife's quivering  
    in the steel heart

. . . feel the lush safety of forsythia  
hot seepings of murder

    Valentino had a squeaky voice  
and lost his contract;  
Marilyn popped pills  
    and screamed into the receiver . . .  
    thinking a priest was listening.

Gods feel through violent darkness!  
The cripple, like the old man  
can only scream in Whitman's Park.

## Yuchi Brave

For Gene

I felt  
your smell  
as the room  
crowded  
with your flesh!

Oklahoma dust . . .  
    paint upon your cheek;  
Reservation red . . .  
    watered by your mother's mad white blood,  
    canceled by her curse;  
Oklahoma dust . . .  
    rubbed into your feet,  
    cleaned by your mother's heritage;  
Oklahoma dust . . .  
    your father kissed that cheek,  
    your father loved those feet  
    and painted your face bright with earth  
    and hung dove-feathers from your hair;  
Oklahoma dust . . .  
    blown by your winds  
    strangle, choke in your lungs,  
    gaunt arms stretched by priests,  
    veined legs drawn across pulpits  
    upon which your mother sacrificed  
    the beauty of your groin;  
Oklahoma dust . . .  
    your father paints your liquid vision  
    in the alleys of San Francisco  
    where you wander with wet voices  
    caught in the quick of your ear;

Oklahoma dust . . .  
    home is for those who cannot leave.

You entered  
the room  
with your smile  
upon  
my mouth!

## The Cost

*For Fred*

Scanning the ads  
April and trilliums  
wet white extinct  
fingering the wants and the want nots  
morantas praying the night  
green dark thirsty  
indexing the needs  
the New York Times  
cannot fulfill . . .  
cross out Sunday  
turn on the comics, coffee  
envelopes pile to the lampshade  
day dreams drug dryads and dragons  
keep mad wolves in the hills

## Love Song

The hot hands of the sun puts down a guitar  
and the sun kisses me gently on the morning of my mouth;  
my leaves rise on the waves of the oceaned winds;  
I breathe across horizons as though I were a dove.

I was dreaming, of course, but love is that way . . .  
mixed images and metaphoric realities;  
yet, truly, touched by the sun of your heart  
I spread like a parched desert desperate for rain;  
I say desert rather than meadow or woods because  
it is not only a medley, or merely, of guitars  
but a desert of cactus, though fully in bloom after a rain.

It is the falling of ice cubes down your shirt,  
a pagan dance, a bull in a field of red poppies;  
it is quite, too, silent as dream's river,  
it is needless words unspoken;  
so I will impale myself on the dream  
and imagine the caress of those hands of the sun,  
draw tight the strings, allow the wind to play some sweet song . . .  
and scorch like a piece of rumpled cellophane.



## No Name

He lurched out of elm shadows;  
scarlet shirt buttoned to the throat;  
thumbs coiled his belt, lips moist . . .

the damp impression on the pillow  
betrays his wanton ways,  
the blotch upon the sheet  
reveals the pattern of his breath.  
His flesh now knows no pain!

Again cruising shadows in the park,  
he leans against a tree,  
scratching his crotch,  
to light a cigarette in the rain.

No! he's knocking on the door,  
the scarlet shirt open, mouth moist!  
His flesh crinkled in pain!

## Voyeur

windows that glance at your world  
telephone that cups your voice  
water that strokes and rubs your crotch  
soft sheet that warms your thighs  
drink that slides down into  
the thirst of your need . . .  
inanimate things make your sunshine . . .  
the shoes of your walk  
buttons that seal you from fingers' touch  
mirror that watches your dress  
shorts that hold your cock  
undershirt that tickles your nipples  
lamp that lights the naked darkness  
in the corners of your world  
food that fills the little holes  
of your day and your night

window and telephone  
water and shorts  
light that splashes on your cheek  
cloth that embraces your flesh . . .  
what are their conquests . . .

I am the million eyes of the day  
and the million eyes of the night  
that your maleness cannot escape  
I have you in focus  
I touch when you least suspect  
when you are unaware  
I kiss your mouth like a breeze  
as you turn the corner  
I am the million eyes  
I have you in focus

## Dead Morning in Brooklyn Heights

Had Verrazano spent rainy mornings

Drinking mugs of herbal tea

A bridge wouldn't have been built!

There were at least a hundred occupations:

A half-read Wolfe open on the desk,

Shoes to polish, a sink of dinner dishes.

Washington would have never held the Heights.

Had he given into cold day-dreams;

Whitman would still be riding the Brooklyn Ferry.

Time is not money . . . a current expression . . .

It is the throttle of all arteries,

The flower and fruit of all trees.

It is a poor man who coins his morning light

To stare down plants greening on windowsills;

Gawk at office boys, tellers, waiters.

Every morning Norman Mailer tramps down Clark St.

To the subway at the St. George Hotel to office.

His secretaries do not write his novels.

Even pimps ply their trade in the street below;

Pigeons bloom on crumbs in the gutters,

And the dead have labored at dying.

## Flash Finish

Mad moments: Beethoven's "Eroica", Picasso's "Gurenica;"

Wars are battled on open plains not tented

Under shirts nor shaded by needles: injections

More poisonous than God's wrath which drove them to earth.

Montezuma gashed out a quivering heart each day

And shook feverish in the cold winds of night.

No man can say what a handshake is, nor goodness:

Socrates gladly accepted the cup of poison,

Smiling, talking to the young men and the world

As the sun set; he knew it was time to die.

The crowd admires the matador who whispers love

Into the bull's ear as his sword tears its heart.

Platitudes render mouths and hands into clay;

Prove that to hate is more difficult

Than to love for hate takes a lifetime to build,

And love is so often crushed in a single orgasm.

The dying do not remember the crying faces

Nor take flowers into the grave.

## Yosemite

The high thighs of the mountains:  
El Capitan, Half Dome, Lost Arrow,  
Pillard like the cold thighs of my love . . .  
Rise abruptly from the soft loin  
And warm mouth of the Sunday sun.

Palaces of ponderosa, red-wood temples,  
Echo cries of coyote, tremble with scratches  
Of hungry raccoons, their eyes covered  
With black bandage like the eyes of my love  
Who cowers in the darkness of an arm  
From the wilderness beneath the ponderosa  
Of my body. With trepidation I enter  
Within the snowy walls of the valley  
Of Yosemite, and jays sing.  
And the tired bear in the womb of his lair  
Turns to the comfort of sleep and winter.

## Comanche of the Yamaha

sunned to day  
yamaha  
scratched the desert;  
moonied to night  
yamaha  
grunted the mountains  
cold in the river of darkness . . .  
frost rimming goggles  
air tearing under the helmet  
to scream within the ear

Comanche scout feathered and painted  
eager to war Oakland  
hotels and smokey barrooms  
eager to strike coup  
on some head  
who kneels to lance  
and the touch of soft Comanche hands

the cactus flowers  
mountains erupt in volcanic passion  
rivers and air run wild  
yamaha, moonied and sunned,  
screeched to a braked halt  
and the Comanche slid  
in the saddle to paradise

## Tomorrow And . . .

Falling sky can't be blamed  
Nor bad shrimp in the market stalls,  
Drunken Hector in the waves . . .

The moon choking the sea-snakes of his hair,  
Or the pigs and rats playing blind-man's-bluff  
About the tattered Ramada camp.

The place of the moon had more to fault,  
Star movement, lost guitar cords,  
The crab of time, abortion of love.

. . .  
Return to Mazatlan the Pacific climbs  
The shore where two youths lean on beer bottles  
And learn the beach with dirty toes.

Even in the second moon-light . . . you could see  
The black eyes and know in their shine  
That they must forget those tomorrows!

## Public Appearance

Before a jury of empty faces I put  
my words on trial; place indiscretions . . .  
my lover's flesh in the dark docket;  
reveal the secret cells of my hive  
and the particles of my visions in cold courts.

My voice trapped between gavel and bench,  
my art is sentenced, prisoned in the law  
that reads poets are to be seen and not heard . . .  
as though bones left in dank museums,  
or lions, eagles caged in public zoos.

## Kodachrome Double Exposure

The boy lies quietly among the grasses;  
An empty blouse pillows his head;  
Garish green sunlight floats and filters  
Across and through his yellow spiked thighs  
And blue-green grass has nailed the thin arms  
And chest to the prune-colored earth;  
Gausy light washes his brittle lips.  
Blades of grass, woven into texture of skin,  
Intricately woven like needles into muscles  
Of arm, belly, buttock, compressed cheek  
Skewered into the grassy sky and blue ground  
Cover the opaque body from the long  
Singular line of ants approaching.

## United

*For Randy*

Moon music moved them together  
across nights of bat-darkness,  
earth drummed by naked feet  
that beats Nevada mountains,  
high hills of Mohawk country.

Though old Medicine Men,  
prodded by priest and politician,  
no longer wear robes;  
nor boys, geld and tender,  
gather holy corn  
nor are celebrated on the warpath  
and taken in love by strong warriors . . .  
they remain in lodges and languages  
where the vision is honored,  
and grandfathers know Nations will gather.

Moon music moved them together;  
breachclouds left at the door,  
straight firs . . . ponderosa to cedar . . .  
naked, crossed in the star-burst of dawn:  
bent, spent, broken in deep valleys.  
The first frenzied dance finished.  
Wovoka shook hands with Cornplanter.  
Earth parts for the seed of their firs.

## *Brooklyn Hotels*

The after thought of night . . .  
scratch it out  
before reality sets in;  
maggots rise from oranges  
and topple the world  
of reason;  
too early for dawn  
to fight;  
go to sleep,  
the clock  
has not yet rung  
alarm!

## *Coney Island*

Rusted fairyland,  
drowned in mustard.  
it took the length of a subway book  
to finally reach the shore.

children spelled out  
in crumbled castles and lost mamas;  
tears on the ferris wheel,  
a Roebling on the coaster.

under broadwalks  
too long for walking  
children childrening the sand . . .  
a grain of Coney stuck  
in avid hands.

## GLOSSARY

- Vision:** During tribal times it was customary for adolescent boys to go to a sacred place . . . usually a high hill or mountain peak. Fasting resulted in dreams or visions that directed the youths name, career and often sexual proclivities.
- Winkte:** Lakota Sioux for male homosexual.
- Ishi:** Anthropologists claimed that Ishi was the last "wild Indian" in North America. He was of the Yahi tribe in California . . . now extinct. He died in a Berkeley, California Museum on March 25, 1916.
- Blackfeet:** A high Plains Tribe.
- Yemen:** Tribal people of Arabia.
- Papago:** Alleged descendants of the ancient Anasazi and Hohokum people of the present day state of Arizona. The Papago Nation lives on a reserve at the edge of Tucson, Arizona.
- Yuchi:** An off-shoot band of the Creek people formerly of Alabama, but removed to Indian Territory, presently Oklahoma, in the early 1800's.
- Comanche:** Originally the landlords of the "staked plains" of Texas. Now reservationed in Oklahoma.
- Wovoka:** The Pyramid Lake Paiute prophet who was directly responsible for creating the philosophy and religion of the Plains Ghost Dance which culminated in a bloody massacre of innocent Lakota people in 1890 at Wounded Knee, South Dakota.
- Cornplanter:** A Seneca Chief of New York State who played an important role in the American Revolution and in the War of 1812.
- Yaquis:** Tribal people in Sonora, Mexico.
- Wicki-up:** A dwelling hastily put up while warriors were out on the war path. Often constructed of living saplings simply bent over and tied.

MAURICE KENNY:

part Mohawk Indian, born in Northern New York State,  
1929, now lives in Brooklyn Heights.

*Author of:*

DEAD LETTERS SENT  
WITH LOVE TO LESBIA  
I AM THE SUN  
NORTH: POEMS OF HOME  
DANCING BACK STRONG THE NATION  
THE NINTH SPRING (1979)  
GREYHOUNDING THIS AMERICA (1979)  
ONLY AS FAR AS BROOKLYN

*Anthologised in:*

FROM THE BELLY OF THE SHARK  
ORGASMS OF LIGHT  
FOR THE TIME BEING  
FROM THE HUDSON TO THE WORLD  
TOWARDS A FURTHER DEFINITION  
THE REMEMBERED EARTH  
ON TURTLE'S BACK

Poetry published in periodicals ranging from *The Blue Cloud Quartely*, *The Greenfield Review*, *The Bitter Oleander* to *Aswesasne Notes*, *Phantasm* and *The New York Times*. Co-editor of *CONTACT/II*; publisher of *The Strawberry Press*.





"Kenny begins his Native American experience and continues with elegant formal control; encircling, the poems frequently give off universal sparks. Kenny has shaped hymn-like poems of compassion and stern anger, of initiation and historical correction."

Patricia Wilcox: *Small Press Review*

Of his public readings: "Equipped with a magnificent voice as well as poetic power, Kenny chants us into a knowledge of past and present not to be denied."

Naomi Clark, SJSU

"Maurice Kenny's poems are imbued with a rare sensibility."

Winston Leyland, Ed. *Gay Sunshine*

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Richard Longchamps: *Small Press Review*

". . . It's the fundamentals! The poem—sometimes chant-like, sometimes complex and surreal—proves Kenny to be a poet more highly evolved than poets locked into any one persuasion."

Jana Harris: *SF Poetry Flash*

". . . so full of historical impact that each word hangs in the air surrounded by intensity of meaning."

Wendy Rose