

POEMS

by

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Section I
Water Music Cycles

Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

--Poe

WATER MUSIC

WATER MUSIC

The sound of homing gulls--
like a child called home for supper
who remembers he has no mother
to call him.

I can hear waves rejected by the shore.
I watch them leave.
Back where the sun sank
they patter in the dark
 like scolded children
slowly ascending
 dark and endless stairs.

I can almost/when the roar recedes
hear their shy laughter/like small
hopping feet on leaves.
The page lies idle/on the fold of my lap
and my hands furrow my hair
again and deeply/fingers stiff
till the roar of the sea returns.

imagine

the water

no longer

receding,

the tides

ceasing

to flow.

no kiss and

no absence

of kisses.

no more

vicissitudes.

imagine

Pink wings flutter over the silver
surface of the lake at dawn,
when the bugle blows. Somewhere
a fox runs for his small red life,
the huge black hounds pursue
and a fierce man with a beard
whips and shouts. But my love/
flamingo flying in the dawn
over the still/the still rose water
is true.

When I hear sunrise birdsong
morning seems a million miles.
In sharp umber light
the reflective lake settles
down to flocks of birds
in winter mourning, black
on silver surfaces. They wound
the tension as they light--
the rose of sunlight fades,
the sun sinks in the morning,
eastward in the lake's blood.
It is a day, a million miles
of mourning every day
I hear sunrise birdsong.

I dreamed a tree grew by the lake.
White swans beneath its branches lay.
Four maids lived in a cot nearby
And sang green leaves onto the oak all day.

Time moved slowly, like the sun.
Blue skies where white swans floated laid
Old ghosts to ashes, under oaks.
The tree grew wide by maidenside all day.

A hunter came by with a silver ax,
Leading a golden fawn, eyes wide.
He felled the tree. He slew the swans.
The youngest girl became his bride.

Her sisters died.

I dreamed that dreams are never true,
Are false as snowflakes that expire,
Breasts that wither. The dreams of creatures
Dreamed are afterglows from ancient fires.

THE MERLYN POEMS

Merlyn's End

Now he is about to be born.
Wrinkles come from all the world's
seas, from the rents in the earth,
to settle into his face. His eyes
hide behind masses of jutting
failures. His youth's all but
sucked out by this moment--his veins
slow, remembering everything about
to start happening. This beginning
is the end of charmed life, magics
spent in an instant. Spells fade
like the thought of a man who dies
just as he thinks it. Senile,
brittled, used-up and ready to quit,
his eyes almost open,
almost, but not yet.

Youth

When Merlyn was nine, a man appeared to him in the guise of a glowing horse with a horn, saying "I am the rock's guardian--come." They flew to a cliff. The boy stared at the jags far below, wavelicks covering them like great tongues over teeth, and Merlyn was pale and afraid. "Because one day you will move the great stones and hang them, you must give these rocks something precious." The boy wrenched his whole body at once, inside out--he was dark red muscle and pumps for a moment. Then he was a boy again, throwing a small poppet down to the white soundings. The roar of hungry women below in the waves, almost reached him. He gazed down alone, no longer a youth, one day to be mover of stones.

Youth (Arthur)

A ragatag boy racing for a sword
for his foster brother, Sir Kay,
the mean grin. He paces outside
a great church. A pauper, not certain
whether God in this place is his
god, he hesitates to enter and kneel.
He throws three of his black lucky
stones at the gate, missing the center
clover three times. Then some old
god smiles, for he sees half a sword,
sees the other half gripped by grey stone,
and feels the luck in his arms once again.
He hefts, drawing out all missed whippings,
and he forgets to pray. He's so happy,
he doesn't even notice the sun is still
passing to the West, like a god
who has spent his last strength.

Education (Arthur)

Merlyn brought five rings. The changes began. I became a bird whose feathers were strong as oak oars for short flights. I ate mice--heard no cries when I fell on their purplish small bodies. Then he made me an icicle. Time slowed. What passed under my point, my sharp concentration, moved too fast--all were figures of memory. I grew sluggish, shrank up, and I fell. Next he compromised. I was a carp. Nobler fish my own girth disdained me. One day a fish grey like the top of the sky ate everything. Its eye showed nor appetite, nor hate, nor any fear. I became a woman, beautiful. When the unicorn pawed close, I became him, and I laid my white length in her lap. She stroked me. I glowed. Into the deep woods we rode and weren't seen again. I asked Merlyn, was that the end? He gave me five rings to remember my lives, and left me in a bare room of stones. For the first time I feel the crown's weight on my brow. Each night now I dream of a change.

Gwen

In the lake-fed weeds she sat,
gown bunched and wet. Wind
rustled the stalks of her brown
long hair. She spies me
turning from the path, scatters
drops of flashing water amid
rushes as she rushes,
and the light pond birds
rise up, startled
and everything flies
at once

Gwen

The king my father said that I must
love a king--not so hard, for a girl
of fifteen. Your great hall would be
brighter than ours, and I'd plant
the white roses both sides of the moat
where we met. My father said you'd
give up the grey peasant's disguise,
and would no longer sup on their cold
boiled roots. I would marry, he told
me, a true high lord without foppish
magicians counseling lore other than
our own love. These things have not
been, and now I place the white petals
on my breast in a sign Lance will know
and come quickly.

Lance and Gwen (Arthur speaks)

Because I learned, as he bade me, not to be jealous,
my queen is not my queen. My friend is no longer
my friend; my kingdom divided and lost. Merlyn
you gave me these things. Now I find my great ring
she has given to him, and I must tell the world
that I gave it, that no one has betrayed me. The stones
in my walls know I lie. At prayers, the bells
are aware. I sleep without a sword, hoping Mordred
will come now--but it's you, growing younger, more
sullen, as you forget what you still haven't told me.
Your voice breaks a wave in the air, and I won't
sleep. The bells and the stones I beware. Here
she comes. And I care, and don't care.

The Quest

Everybody left at once. Lance of the Lake had the queen's scarf, as lately, but this time the king turned his head. In the shadows of the great hall there was no one, yet I could sense Mordred was there. He also knows, as I do, of hiding in shadows. I folded my hands as the knights' bustle faded, for I could have said then who would die. The queen rustled away, the king drank. Something else that I knew was not present appeared in the great table's center. (I knew which knights would not return, yet some names, Percival, Galahad, troubled my brain.) There was a chalice, smoking like ancient leaves, in the air. It flowed like a groundstream of thick boiling waters, and in their music I heard two bright names called. The king, glass-eyed, never understanding why all must be as it must, needed other words, however, and it is my place to give them. I told him his kingdom would live longer even than I; and he wept and then slept. There were horse-thuds, then all the shadows were moving, flashing fingers of light stabbed at my Lord. This time Mordred was stronger. Though I fought hard all night, holding damned dogs at bay, I felt tired--too old, and too young. Yesterday I forgot the first spell of the rocks. How I moved the great stones is now a mystery to me too. I wish I could forget, or forget that I can't change, the ending.

Merlyn at Dusk

Bearded and tall he walks toward
three horizon trees, singing
to a wind that can hear him.
The first tree is golden and
not to be climbed--the second
is jeweled and shines like youth--
and the third is stone, for him.

There'd been swords of stiff length,
ancient heart-of-oak tables, men
who buttressed the sky like tall
castles. All changed when the moon
turned a grey face, when the long
prow sank in the weeds.

The stars in his robe are now
just holes. He feels a thing
of old bone, thinned muscle,
and walks distracted into the third
tree. The wind holds a dark woman's
cry, on stone.

Memoir of a Demolished Castle in Tintagel

All the dead horses

flew away through my wall.

There isn't a full moon

or any stars at all.

The night men come stalking

by where the hedges grew--

I hear their footsteps, walking;

I see their shadow, too.

Up in the night-dark tower

I cry across the hills.

I dream about my horses, dead--

I ring and ring the bells.

Section II

Child's Play/Inside The Black Room

I can't go on, I'll go on.

--Beckett

CHILD'S PLAY

Nine-year old in Wichita with Corn

O corn of sun and ants in July--

you explode so tall in my bedroom.

Green walls ricochet hard yellow fruit.

My blue ceiling dappled

with careless soft white

recedes and is eight miles high.

Each fifth kernel, I've heard,

is real honey or gold--

so I crunch on my walls

till Mom yells

and the ceiling falls in.

Child's Play

Mother May I
take a baby step again
into the early room
where nothing but sunlight
was all day
playing tag from floor
to ceiling, window
to wall. Mother may I
take a scissor step, sideways
to a different kind of game,
where limes are sugared
and the crusts always trimmed
off sandwiches. Mother
let me take one giant step
one leap beyond the limits
of these games.
I can't step
past you Mother
till you say
the word

Passing Through The Gates of a Clownsmouth,

I suspect nothing. I am knifing
the back of a man I just met, then I saw
off a woman's ear, who continues to sing
arias from operas I can't name. We are all
in Joyland--lovers swandive from the ferris
wheel into buckets, trying to pop the right
balloon. Kids are sliding into slim glass
saucers or swooping like stiff starfish
from the roller coaster's pinnacle--all
for a prize. My mother arrives
and I'm screaming cause a popsicle stick's
caught in the lining of my cheeks. I gush
blood onto the pavement where snocones
of all flavors have been thrown away,
and stubs of cotton candy
and the fractured rainbow lights
have been junked into puddles,
for fun.

Hide'n'Seek

You're It,
and you are counting to a
hundred, as fast as possible,
loudly, so all the house's
dark corners can hear.
As you reach higher numbers
you skip as often as you can
without anyone hearing you
cheating--uncover your eyes,
and move, eyes wide, fingers
alive, through the many paths
open to you. Under the sink
you pull the first one
out by the hair, snap its neck
quickly and move on.
Under the bed your sister
is waiting. She is always
there. It is always fun
when her blue eyes, now black,
jerk up, and her lips open
and close, just once.

Now you are
crawling, and upstairs,
your parents' room is the only

place left. Go straight to
the big closet and open
the door, thrust your hands
into piles of rich clothes.
There they are. Where they always
will be. Your dad's breath
is a wisp of a thing like a
beard, and your mother's brown
eyes are so sad. You reach
for them both at once, move
in close, and squeeze, like
you'd squeeze the life out.

To be with your lover--two twin beds
in a Best Western motel with a pound
of mixed chocolates.

Watching the pine trees bristle
and glow through your window, relaxing
in deep leather chairs with strong srms.
You can hear every bird
call, and be answered.

You know some are imitating
others they personally like.

To be flung on your ears to know
all that lives seems to love,
seems to strive to imitate
that found beautiful.

And to whistle one's tentative
first notes.

Recherche Du Poohs Perdu

we remember the age
before sex
made stuffed animals
extinct--when your smooth
chest was all right
to expose to the sun
and my unseeing
child's eyes. we still sip
cinnamon tea, dunking deep
ginger cookies
but the white icing now
seems too thick--
I'm scared some one will notice
my hand on your linenclothed
breast, or the teddy
bears next
to our pillow
be seen by
the plumber.

INSIDE THE BLACK ROOM

Apology For His Life

Sorry, no change,
I thought too late,
he had fisted my quarter,
stepped quickly along
to the next ex
Christian who
still carried guilt
in his eyes.

Sorry I'm late,
I should have said
first, she was angry
for an hour then
cried. Comforting
tires like reading
bad novels--same
sense of unfinished
purgation
somehow

(cont.)

Sorry, I didn't mean
not to die yet, I'm just
late, still careless after
all these years.

I give silver away,
mad money, sacrifice
every sweet
thing quick.

There's
a place here
for people
like me

In The Box

There is nowhere I want to be--
I retrace my steps from room
to empty room,
handling soiled cups, worn
paperbacks, dry pens--
turning on and off
radio and tv noises,
pictures from the moon.
I crouch on the sofa
take a hot bath
dry off with quick
motions of a greying towel
which I place neatly back
over the steel bar.

 The phone rings.
I answer midway through the first.
Hello Hello?
I listen so hard for breathing
my heart strikes in my head.
I put the phone down
peer out to the backyard
garden in winter decay.
I fill empty pages with words.
I look out doors and windows
rectangles, squares sliced
out of a box. I go the rounds
again. Somehow I know someone
is coming.

Intent

Stirring sugar into tea
in a solitary kitchen
it suddenly comes to me:
Yes I am haunted.
Lovers known and unreal
hide behind drapes--
my father is waiting
in the back room--
the killer
is just under those stairs.
I cower from the roar
of a telephone,
a doorbell's scream,
or shrill neighbors'
voices. I turn
quickly all day
when the shadow
crosses my eyes.
I see only the face
of my fears at night.
It suddenly comes to me
yes I am mad
but I'll kill
the first human
who touches me.

One day the slow streets
twist a little.

The trees
become slightly
crooked. Upon scrutiny
leaves bend and snap.

You begin to carry
a mirror everywhere.

The sky begins
to close in.

You can feel it
slowly grind down
the miles of air,
crushing what can't escape
the horizon's edges.

You pound on a book
shouting Out! Out! the pen in
your fingers curves
in on itself and
you feel your back
arch. It gets
hard to breathe--
no room

His Face

You leave the room
where clocks tick,
go out into the world
of unmapped spaces,
faces not seen in mirrors--
of birds' unrecorded voices,
and the real sounds
of unchained suburbs.
You are drinking
a superbly real
glass of beer
in a bar without mirrors
when a man seats
himself next to you--
and in spite of all
you have done,
his face is your face.
You invite him
to spend the night,
knowing he will accept.
He says he is sorry but
you are not his type,
and of course
you play the game
you know he is playing.
You know that finally
he will grudgingly acquiesce
and depart with you.

(cont.)

When he does not,
and leaves you with sour
beer in a plastic mug
you are ashamed.
You wonder if perhaps
you've been away
from your clocks too long,
and run home quickly,
as though compelled
by an urgency not
of this world.

You kiss each of them
many times over
and your sleep
is as deep as
a man's face in a mirror.

Reflections

It's the time of day when
windows become mirrors
and vice-versa.

Lurching like a soul asleep
into the brightening bath
room, you may

fall ten years or more
into an open mirror
and be lost

From time and restlessness--
you may find all
the dead

ones there, and
come back startled,
your blunt nose

and stiff fingers
making small smudges
on glass.

Or you may gaze out
a window at summer's
decay, raking

things into heaps
with your eyes,
pushing

(cont.)

quick with both hands
everything into thin
plastic bags

and then twisting the tie.
In a moment you are looking
at your face

again. It is that time
of day--the reversals
are starting

to begin.

Poem In Response

Yes her eyes held small
animals, quivering and leaping
tiny forest streams, making
soft creature love
on the leafbeds. Yes,
her fingers and toes
were alive, as yours
and mine are not,
my old friend. They were
active as firdogs in a swift
circle running, all the vibrant
small echoes of the queer
forest night where two
moons chase reflections
in a listening sky.
Yes she was full of these things
she was scents of strange lights,
of a sleeping swan's wing
of a favorite old tree
for true rituals. Oh she was
so much more than she was,
my old friend. She was so much
more than we are,
and she knew.

Inside The Black Room

You walk past many souls--
a man called Joe
is in a garden corner,
saying coldly, whispers
of "the Horror!" You continue
to a yellow hotel room
where two women and a man
speak suavely, at first,
of the world's dissolution. "Hell,
my dear, is others,
you see." There are rows
of frail prostitutes
with blood-fresh flowers,
small men growing smaller.
Bits of leaves
catch your shoulders
and twirl past. Finally
a thing in an urn, a mouth
in a dark mouth drools
and spits out "I can't go on,
I'll go on." Beyond,
all is vacant. It's not death,
you passed that skeleton
in a ditch long ago. Not your father,
who never stops dying. Hell
is behind now, and ghosts
that relive sins of earth,
the old rape, the raised
stick, it's all done, it's behind,
and this is what's ahead--
what's behind.

Section III

The Passions of the Mind

...to arrive where we started,
and know the place for the first time.

--Eliot

The Passions of the Mind

On our way downtown
to look at the cherry trees,
a cat lies like old rubber
worn shiny
in the middle of a driveway.
The bark is yes, reddish
in the warm sun--posters
explode in a window
and we enter a deluge
of Klimt's women
and symbols.
The poster I buy
is from Theatre Magazine
1919--a reprint
of a woman with dark red
hair in profile.
She has a ring
on the proprietary
finger, and though her blue
gown hangs loosely
as clouds
I will never see the color
of her nipples--
never.

My darling,
your eyes are so distant
so sad
because of this.

Horses

I am the horse in her dreams
and when we make love
I am the horse.

Once at a rodeo
she saw so much
the walls in her were kicked
down. The stable doors ripped
to odor of horsedung in dry straw.
Snorting and blowing
a crowd of colored horses
chased her without trying
to succeed. I was the horse
in the lead--I let her find me
guzzling at a creek, and when I
rolled my eyes she thought
"Here is a horse I can tame."

She rides me, and sometimes
both of us forget
I can throw her any day,
any night.

In the country
we meet other couples,
gathered by a large pale moon.
We horses get together
and talk. (So do they.)
How the bearing is harder
than being borne. How much
stronger we are than our
tamers. How if we wanted to
we could fly.

At The Zoo

The first prairie dog
wriggles out of its
burrow, fat belly
flat on the ground.

It calls an unearthly
cooing note,
taken up by four,
ten other small

dogs oozing from
their burrows
which the sign
tells us

are called towns.
They all stand erect,
hunger for the held-
out stems of plucked

grass we stick
through the fence.
Slow, determined,
on small webbed feet

(cont.)

they waddle toward us,
barking at our heads,
mistaking them
for the seven sacred

moons, as though this
fenced-in land
were still
the domain of

small animals.

One Person Singular

Maybe just once you're lucky enough
to know an old horse who doesn't
work anymore. Maybe he's not strong
enough--maybe a tractor retired
him. It doesn't matter. But what
does he do? The fields are all furrowed,
neat as the reed between a farmer's
teeth. He rolls it with his tongue,
wags it like a horse will swish its tail
in July--month of heatwaves
and the fly. Maybe that tired nag
puts on a hat with flowers,
lets children ride on his broad
back, three, four at a time,
down unused roads, or roads where cars
rush by like years.

Maybe he runs
faster than a colt--never mind
the fading, workworn bones.
Maybe he races,
his mane in the wind,
with the clouds to the edge
of the sea--chews at a reed
between wide teeth,
lets foam lap over his burning
hooves, and watches the manes
of the waves, in love.

Works And Days

There are always
plastic flowers in white
ceramic vases, resting on
or near the headstones

of our parents. When
they are blown or
fall over, a man
comes within 24 hours

to pick them up.
He does not smoke,
but he doesn't
wear a suit either--

just semi-respectable
work clothes and
the bored look
of one who thinks

work is a real bitch.
He does not walk
around the edges,
as we do--

(cont.)

he does not watch
his feet at all--

he steps on everyone.
His power is such
that after filling
the wagon with

many bunches of wilting
flowers after, say,
Memorial Day,
he slumps

on some handy large
monument on which
a road, trees,
and a man's

house are carved,
and wishes
there weren't
so damned many

flowers.

After-Dinner Speech

After we'd all told the usual big fish stories (each of necessity bigger than the last), the boss called for more beer. --Boys, he said, let's drink a toast. I've got big news, and it concerns you, Pete, and you too, Izzy, and all you drinkin' sons of fishers.-- We roared and clinked the mugs, swirled into them from a pitcher it took both Jerry and Zach to carry, the beer that foamed like waves. We lifted 'em up and everyone finally stopped eating and shuffling under the table long enough for the boss to say --Boys, tomorrow I'm leaving. It's your fault, Izzy, but even you, Pete, will be blameful before the thing's over. You're all of you guilty, as much of drinking my blood as swilling the booze at my table.-- He walked out into the night.

No one drank. Izzy and Pete left, separately, and the party broke up after that.

The Adoration

After so many plush hotels
they stopped in Manhattan,
Kansas, wondering. Word
had it in a house with blue
shutters and immaculate lawn
there was someone important
who cried. So they trudged
from door to white door, shaking
their heads each time as they
left, watching their shiny
black shoes for scuffs. "He's
gone," they agreed. They drove
back fast to K.C., took a big jet
up to New York. Nothing else
would fail to happen that year.
Stocks went up as the war
escalated--you know which war.

Rembrandt

In a dark country
a bronze helmet
strikes. Clanging
lightbeams it cleaves
with white skin.
The dark withdraws
with a murmur,
scattered to flecks
by the pale skin
and bright
mustache
of the Spanish,
blue-eyed,
Conquistador.

Walking To The Breadstore
through January snow,
my bootheels leave
seven small crosses
like buns. Suddenly
hungry, I shape crisp
loaves of white dough,
tear off fresh
steaming hunks and
eat. I make cupcakes,
fist-size with cold
white centers--pile
cake donuts up, cement
their hoop edges
with icing, ball them
round with handfulls
of white powder,
sit down amid tiny
ice crosses and burp.
I forget where I was
going and wander home
slowly, taking lots
of fresh white paths.

Critical Apparatus

This selection begins with a section of poems looking backward to a soft-focussed past and viewing the present with the same tinted lenses. The second large section of the book, Child's Play/Inside The Black Room, exhibits childhood fixations, alienation, and breakdown. The final sequence, Passions of the Mind, concludes with an attitudinal stance possibly analogous to Blake's third stage of Innocence and Experience conjoined.

This arrangement seems very pat, but the poems aren't actually in chronological order, so that the apperent progression of stance is not really indicative of my own more hectic progression. On the whole, though, it's not completely invalid, and it does make an orderly arrangement of sorts.

The first half-section of Water Music, also called Water Music, contains romantic wishes and laments in the manner of James Joyce's small books of poems, or, one might say, the Yeats of "The Song of Wandering Aengus" and "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." Gulls, light pond birds, the flamingo, an unspecified flock, and swans are the avian symbols with romantic associations named here. These poems are not far removed from a happy bucolic stasis in which the next horse you see may be a unicorn.

As the first poem in the group indicates, a connection exists between acceptance of the loss of childhood and moving away from a static idealism. After two more idyllic pieces (following "imagine," another regret poem) this note is sounded further and yet not more realistically in "When I hear sunrise birdsong."

That "dreams are never true" (the assertion of romantic extremism after trials), is the concluding tenor of this series.

The Merlyn poems are also about dreams and their dreamers' failure to achieve them. As literary antecedents, these poems have their bases in the medieval cycles, in Idylls of the King, in the recent works by T.H. White and Mary Stewart, and in Sidney Lanier's archaically flavored version of the Arthurian matter. I've been very free in using these differing versions of the legend as stepping-stones toward a contemporary Arthurian song.

I'm fascinated by the paradoxes clustering around Merlyn, such as the difficulty of living backward, and having oracular knowledge of the future, yet forgetting what he knows as he grows "older." The first two poems explore these ideas. The second concentrates also on his loss of a normal youth, since, even though he has an old man's wisdom, he must, in some sense, be a boy.

Here Merlyn is not reluctant, as in the first poem, to assume his power and obligation once he has been born.

In three poems centering on Arthur, I portray him and Gwen as first-sight lovers in the Romantic, conventional fashion, who become disillusioned and wistfully resigned. To her, the relationship fails because of his distractedness and 'mission' (this is largely Merlyn's influence); to him, it fails because of the famous adultery, which is perhaps worth looking at more closely than ever, in 1980.

In the concluding poem, "Memoirs etc.," the castle of their idealized vision is ruined, suggesting Mordred's triumph, the Round Table's dissolution, and a general sense of Time acting in his role as Destroyer. "I am become Time, the waster of peoples, waiting the hour that ripens to their doom."--Gita.

Child's Play/Inside The Black Room begins with "Nine-year old in Wichita with Corn." As the title indicates, we are now in the 20th century, in a child's bedroom fantasy in Wichita, Kansas. The language is contemporary, including an allusion to a GE soft-white light bulb. There's just a slight playfulness in the mock-epic beginning--how the Muse has altered, altering the subject matter of poetry.

In my two game poems ("Child's Play," "Hide'n'Seek") the themes are: begging for psychological freedom from one's parents and then wresting it by force. "Child's Play" is spoken perhaps by a ten-year old, and "Hide-n'Seek" is by a frustrated adolescent or an adult having a dream, reaching back to the same memories.

"Apology For His Life," is not only an apology for the non-Christian behavior I feel guilty about, but also an expression of a sense of purgatorial experience, the notion of "Why, this is Hell." Note the silver of Judas as a symbol of him whom Dante places in the lowest circle of the Inferno.

"Intent" and "In The Box" are connected not only in their tone but also in the references to the garden in decay in the back yard--one in winter, the other in summer decay. These miniature wastelands with a persona waiting for a knock upon the door, along with the aridity, the anticipation, are combined with a weak prayer or hope that the situation will change. There's more than a little of T.S. Eliot here.

I'm intrigued by ideas of the Double, or Doppelganger, as in "William Wilson," "The Jolly Corner," Dostoyevsky's "The Double," and Freud's essay on the uncanny in literature. Although I've had no such experience myself, it seems that a mirror ought to figure in the symbolism of poems describing this

sort of experience. The encounter with the Other is related, I think, to a certain existential being known to the Colin Wilson school as the Outsider. Poems such as "Intent," "His Face," "Reflections," and "In The Box" attempt to create for the reader the uncanny feeling associated with meeting one's own self, when one least expects him to appear, as in the tribute to Dante that forms most of the second section of "Little Gidding." "Who is that on the other side of you?"

"Passions," the title poem of the third section, has a simple color scheme more developed than is usual in my poems. It seems appropriate, though, in a poem dealing with visual arts and the splendor of redwoods in bloom. The eyes of the woman in the poster are "so sad," as are the eyes in "Hide'n'Seek." Such connections between a poem about an imaginary lover and one about parents are, at least to my conscious mind, accidents.

The poems of this third section seem a good deal more distanced than some of the poems that proceed them. These pieces are less a peopling of or a wallowing in the Waste Land. The unicorn has become an old nag in "One Person Singular," and in "Horses" there is described a more true conception of love (Lawrentian, perhaps) than in the Water Music poems.

POEMS

by

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AN ABSTRACT OF A MASTER'S REPORT

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Department of English

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ABSTRACT

This Master's Report consists of a book of original poems on diverse subjects, exploring various themes and subjects, and utilizing a number of different rhythms, techniques, and poetic forms.

A Critical Apparatus is appended, to make clear certain of my intentions in these poems, and to cite allusions and inter-relationships between the pieces.