

TRINACRIA

Poems, Translations, Essays, Reviews



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TRINACRIA

Voulant des clartés, vous en faites.

—Charles Maurras

δίζημαι δ', ὅτινι θνατῶν κεχαρισμένος ἔνθω
σὺν Μοίσαις·

I am going to seek out among mortals to whom I
may come with the Muses, and be welcome.

—Theocritus, XVI, 68-69

TRINACRIA

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VOILÀ LE QUATORZIÈME

In French, *un quatorzième* or “fourteener” is a paid guest invited to a dinner in order to insure that there aren’t thirteen people at the table. Thirteen guests would be unlucky, and perhaps fatal to someone present. The *quatorzième* whom you hire for this purpose is usually a presentable and intelligent person who will be a polite but unobtrusive presence at the meal.

Have we really reached the fourteenth issue? *Who’d a thunk it?* When I began this magazine in 2009 (after a year’s delay), I couldn’t have imagined any further ahead than six months. No editor can, really. Steady publication is always contingent on a variety of factors—time, money, energy, difficulty, enthusiasm, and the like. You manage to produce an issue, and you collapse in exhaustion, not daring to think about the subsequent number.

But we survived, and thrived. Some of that has to do with our rigid policies: a single omnipotent editor, no outside sources of funding, inclusion by invitation only, no material held over for later publication, rigorous insistence on metrical poetry sans experimentation, no subscription list. It is immeasurably easier to run a magazine this way than in the amorphous and multilevel manner that is usually the case with literary journals, where one is forced to deal with slush piles, student interns, an editorial staff, meddlesome donors, and a list of pompous academics who are your “Advisory Board.”

A good deal of the resentment towards TRINACRIA has to do with this cut-and-dried exclusivity, and our total unconcern for climates of opinion. When you disregard everything except your aesthetic criteria, and refuse to apologize for doing so, you drive the po-biz lemmings into apoplectic rage. They simply can’t understand it, and your insouciance infuriates them. TRINACRIA always receives a small trickle of semiliterate hate mail after every issue appears, unsigned but obviously excreted by a little coterie of self-appointed Thought Police. Such mail is amusing, as it amply illustrates an old right-wing adage: *Inside every liberal there’s a totalitarian itching to get out.* But it also serves to confirm for me that, as an editor, I am doing my job well. If

politically correct fanatics are enraged enough to turn their pens against you, you know you have scored. Keep that hate mail coming, guys! I find it profoundly satisfying. And as Angelique Wellish says in a poem in this issue, any complaints or lectures will just make us double-down on our bets.

Metaphorically, TRINACRIA is a small candle kept burning in a dark, empty room. I try to maintain a very old tradition of Western poetic praxis—a tradition once widely vital and appreciated, but now in danger of extinction and replacement by an intrusive substitute. Just as an aggressive exotic weed can supplant and eventually destroy a native species, so also have various meretricious forms of fake poetry driven the real thing to near oblivion. Near, but not total. I keep the candle burning at TRINACRIA. This is why I get extremely angry when thoughtless persons urge me to “make the magazine more inclusive,” or to “allow experimentation,” or to “be more accommodating to diversity.” That sort of laxity and lassitude is precisely the problem, dammit! One doesn’t end an epidemic by bringing in more sources of infection.

This is, of course, an uphill battle. Poetry today (in its public manifestation) is marked by a virtually irresistible undertow of mindless inclusivity, driven by a noxious mix of enthusiasm, hype, liberalism, and Smiley-Face benevolence. The idea that an editor might say “No, I exclude that variety of creative expression” is unbearable to glandularly progressive types. It’s an outrage and a buzz-kill for them. Well, too damned bad. Let them go read a different magazine. TRINACRIA has crashed the party, and we’re not going away.

Once again, we honor six poets from our last issue with Pushcart Prize nominations. In alphabetical order, they are:

- Jane Blanchard for her “Exposé,” a well-crafted villanelle in the voice of a wife expressing her tortured and ambivalent reaction to her husband’s infidelity.
- Sally Cook for her “A Town,” a series of mordant ABAB quatrains summoning up the memory of small-town life that is mired in provincial resentments, ignorance, and the absence of both imagination and enterprise.

- Claudia Gary for her “Song of the Aspirant,” a trimeter parody of the kind of feckless, untutored mentality that governs mainstream free-verse practitioners.
- Paul Malamud for his “Greece,” a four-part descriptive poem of the speaker’s visit to ancient ruins in Olympia, Epidaurus, and Mycenae, contained within an encircling metaphor of the surrounding Aegean.
- Arthur Mortensen for his “The Ring,” a tetrameter sonnet on the beauty that a diamond ring has for two lovers, with a sobering reflection on the titanic forces that produced the stone, and the human toil that wrested it from the earth.
- John Whitworth for his “Love at First Sight in Edinburgh 1963,” six quatrains in tetrameter couplets describing the start, on a bus ride in rainy weather, of an intense romantic relationship.

Congratulations and sincerest thanks to these poets for providing TRINACRIA’s readership with excellent, literate, intelligent work. I am happy to have put their poems into the permanence of print, and into the several major libraries that now archive TRINACRIA in their special collections. Both TRINACRIA and the poetry world are graced by the mere existence of these fine poems. And—like *le quatorzième*—though we are not actually on the guest list, our simple presence averts general catastrophe.

Joseph S. Salemi
Woodside, New York

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X.J. Kennedy

Thomas Hardy's Obsequies

As related by a guide at Max Gate, Dorsetshire

When Hardy perished, torn between
A Dorset graveyard and the Abbey,
Folks whispered a peculiar tale
Whose central figure was a tabby.

It was decreed that Hardy burn
And satisfy each bookish mourner
By being honored with an urn
Of ashes in the Poets' Corner,

But he had chosen other ground,
His native earth, in which to rest,
And so a compromise was found:
A surgeon probed the great man's breast,

Dispatched inside a biscuit tin
His excised heart out to the yard
Of Stinsford Church for placement in
Ground that his forebears' gravestones guard.

But soon the sexton coming for
The poet's disembodied pumper
Found the tin empty on the floor,
The house cat grinning, belly plumper.

Well, what to do? Despairing not,
They sheared the cat of all nine lives,
Interred her in a flowered plot
Flanked by the first and second wives,

A fate that Hardy might have planned,
Ironic—he'd have relished that—
A wife on either handless hand,
A heart whose casket is a cat.

Karen Kelsay

Pastoral for the Midlands

The heart-shaped linden leaves have netted veins,
Extending from their midrib in the center;
Their blades are broad with scalloped edges, catching
October's sun, as filmy light rays enter

Between long layered branches. By the Severn,
We walk the well-worn, narrow bridledways.
Our trail is trimmed in sedges, maples drop
Their dappled leaves in paper-thin arrays,

To fan the feet of ancient brambles. Roots
Rise from a hidden ditch; the sun burns off
Earth's rim of mist; a patch of peacock blue
Appears above a whitewashed mill. Clouds doff

In salutation to the sky. The bleats
Of farmland sheep float through the country air.
A passing steam train lets its whistle out
As we rest by the waters of the weir.

This place is far from what I'm used to. Thick
With large leaved limes and sycamores... My home
Is scorching desert and mesquite, stretched suns
Lay ribbons dipped in scarlet strands that comb

Through warm horizons. But lush emerald hues,
Medieval bridges, plenitudes of calm—
No sand dune is superior to these.
The blends of meadow-breeze, the water's balm,

Brushstrokes of nature, delicate as sorrel,
Create a mental mural for my mind.
And there I find the time to pause, reflect,
When harshness of the desert seems unkind.

Jennifer Reeser

Enigma

Grandfather works his crosswords at the table,
While I—distracted from my Aesop fable—
Attempt to guess his task, but am unable.

The cuckoo clock above him, on the eights,
Keeps rhythmic timing, lifting pinecone weights
Of lead chains, while the bird bursts through its gates.

I grimace at the grinding of the lead.
The salmon walls behind his vivid, red
Complexion glow around his coal-black head.

Black glasses rim the ears which boast a shave
As close as that of some ancestral brave
Whose notice the unmarried maidens crave.

I finish “reading,” wait for him to say
My name in that peculiar, rasping way
I hear inside my own head, to this day,

Too young to recognize or understand
The motive for these motions of his hand,
Or what the puzzle architects have planned;

While Jesus—blond and white—elicits feeling,
Portrayed in paint, perpetually kneeling
Beside His rock, gaze raised up to the ceiling.

But Grandfather keeps his silence, like a hawk
Prepared to swoop. This is his daily walk
Of mind, away from sound, and idle talk.

Befitting a stern man of humble means,
His typic meal of cucumber, cornbread, beans
And coffee waits, beside seed magazines.

The pieces of his verbal puzzle dance
Invisibly—no mindless game of chance—
To Perry Como's lyrics of romance

Or captured, falling stars, in easy pitch.
A tall, plaid thermos meets his knee, from which
Throughout the day, he pours the liquid rich

With bitter chicory, filling the inside
Of hefty cups—substantial, shallow, wide
And white as the adornments of a bride.

And I am mesmerized. I cannot tear
My eyes away from his ungreying hair,
Bowed over this obsession we both share.

Though, if I were to turn aside and look,
Examining each corner, every nook
And walnut shelf, to open every book,

His signature—in black ink—would appear:
Diagonal initials, in a tier
Would mark the published annals of each year;

The illustrated dictionaries sold
One hundred years within the past, so old
I fear the leaves would not survive a fold;

His cherished Zane Grey novels, strangely sketched
With noble native heroes, would be etched
Across each flyleaf, eloquently stretched—

Possessive to a startling degree.
He finishes his challenge, finally,
And offers his warm coffee cup to me.

His grip allows not one drop to be spilt.
His black eyes—fierce in youth—enlarge and tilt.
I rise without reluctance from my quilt.

His fingertips smell mildly of ink.
Dust motes revolve around him, glowing pink.
To draw his spirit into mine, I drink.

Leo Yankevich

Your Mother's Eyes, Your Father's Chin

When you kneel down to feed the poor
they've got to have your mother's eyes,
your father's chin. Spurn, curse the Moor.

Muhammad, scornful to the core,
dreams of a Euro Paradise
when you kneel down to feed the poor.

Stupidity is not a cure.
Look at the anger in their eyes,
hate in their mouths. Spurn, curse the Moor.

The haughty Mullah can say more,
on the blond beach, a lord of flies,
when you kneel down to feed the poor.

Lock the front gate and bolt the door,
defend your blood, pray to the skies,
to Mars or Thor. Spurn, curse the Moor.

Love not thy foe, defiant, sure,
you have been fed a pack of lies.
When you kneel down to feed the poor
think of your own. Spurn, curse the Moor.

Don Thackrey

Snow Architecture

The morning's snow entranced my daughter Eve,
Who saw in sea-like swells of formless white
A Genesis from which she could conceive
A soul mate whom she might bring forth from night.

I smiled, pooh-poohed her fantasy, although
I gladly went outdoors with her to start
Creation's work, to build a boy of snow,
And soon he stood with us, her counterpart.

Eve dropped her coat and mittens, pressed her form
Against him, her bare arms, like his, stretched wide,
Two creatures, one ice cold and one blood warm,
Sharing, in their need, what each supplied.

Today, years later, suitors come and go,
With some convinced Eve's heart is made of snow.

Carol Frith

Bast with Trailing End Rhymes

Oh great Egyptian goddess of the cat,
Of moonlight, passion, love and stuff like that,
Look down upon us mortals—or look up...
Where are you, anyhow, and where's my cup?
I'll drink a toast to you. Let's hear you purr,
You gorgeous goddess in your classy fur.
Where is my gin, my vodka—no, my wine?
Oh, goddess of romance, my thoughts are thine.
But wait, my goddess! It seems your fur is mussed.
And all those howling tomcats drunk with lust—
Your subjects I presume, my heroine?
You thus control the blood-tides of our sin,
And flood with moonlight every lover's hex.
Great Bast, your every end-rhyme rhymes with sex.

Stephen M. Dickey

Home In

Home in on what you can't rightly remember.
Showers of sparks spark dreams to populate
a campfire blazing down to its last ember,
fighting to stay awake when it gets late.

And the stars were shining above the treeline;
their kaleidoscope lathe turned the wee hours
into time. A shooting star made its bee-line
to nowhere. So much for that wish of ours.

Night hauls your ore back home, into your mine.
And dawn tailing the moon's belated rise
becomes a vista of aspen and pine,

woodsmoke and tailings of sleep in your eyes,
whose stars, dreams and sparks of token resistance
fill out the dot-to-dot of your existence.

Mesopotamia and Camelot

by

Joseph S. Salemi

Review of: Lewis Turco, *The Hero Enkidu: An Epic*
New York: Bordighera Press, 2015
ISBN: 978-1-59954-098-6

The unearthing at Nineveh in Mesopotamia of thousands of Assyrian clay tablets by British explorers in the early nineteenth century was one of the great moments in archaeology. The lucky find is comparable to the discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen in 1922, or the Gnostic codices at Nag Hammadi in 1945, or the Dead Sea Scrolls in the post-war period. Spectacular finds of this sort are rightly celebrated for the priceless illumination of past cultures that they make possible.

Supplemented by further troves in other locations, the Nineveh tablets (and their eventual decipherment) opened up entirely new fields of research in history, philology, and Biblical exegesis. But as for literature, or the world of letters, or fictive mimesis, only one text of importance came to light: the mythic tale of Gilgamesh and his companion Enkidu.

When this translated tale was published in 1875, the major interest it evoked was due to the Flood Narrative contained therein, which so closely paralleled (and pre-dated) the one in Genesis that it was impossible to deny the connection between the texts. A European world already shaken by Darwin now had to face the fact that at least one portion of Scripture was a late Hebrew reworking of a much earlier Mesopotamian myth.

Soon afterwards, however, the story of Gilgamesh and Enkidu began to attract literary attention. This was inevitable, since the myth contains all the elements of a great epic drama: dangerous quests, the slaying of monsters, male bonding, lust, divine anger and intervention, alienation, bereavement and grief, and the search for eternal life. The last century saw many versions and adaptations of it as writers realized the myth's richness and potential. *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, in the excellent annotated recension and translation of N.K. Sandars, has become a staple of World Literature and Ancient Cultures courses in schools throughout the United States.

Lewis Turco, author of *The Book of Forms* and doyen of American formalist poetry, has attempted something different in his new *The Hero Enkidu*. Rather than concentrate on the semi-divine king Gilgamesh, Turco chooses to rewrite the myth from the standpoint of Enkidu, the beast-like forest dweller created by the gods to challenge and temper the arrogance of Gilgamesh. In the original myth, it is Gilgamesh's high-handed tyranny and oppression of his people that bring Enkidu into existence, and Enkidu is an isolated, half-savage creature who runs with the animals. He is tamed and socialized by a prostitute, who makes him presentable enough first to confront Gilgamesh, and then to be his loyal companion. Moreover, Enkidu dies halfway through the story, which concludes with Gilgamesh's fruitless quest for immortality.

Turco changes this, reversing the emphasis and the focus. Enkidu becomes the hero, and the role of Gilgamesh is correspondingly reduced. This procedure is in line with several other rewritings of canonical texts (John Gardner's *Grendel* comes to mind, and Robert Nye's *Falstaff*) that cater to the now fashionable tendency to "give voice to the Other," or to "empower the marginalized." Normally I would yawn at this sort of thing, but Turco's revision isn't designed for that trendy sociopolitical purpose. He is attempting to get back to (or at least reimagine) the original story of Enkidu, before it was conflated with the mythological account of a later king. And since Enkidu is more fully human in his vulnerability than an imperious demigod like Gilgamesh, Turco finds a wider scope for poetic exploration in the man's character and actions.

For example, Turco makes Enkidu aware of his animal nature, and the superiority of humans, even before his encounter with the prostitute. Just seeing a clothed hunter “aglow with manliness” starts to turn Enkidu away from his unconscious beastliness. In addition, Turco gives the prostitute a name and a backstory that turns her relationship with Enkidu into something of a romantic melodrama. In the original text, she is just a temple whore hired for a seduction; Turco reimagines her as a witch and enchantress who bears Enkidu a wolfish son. And the confrontation between Gilgamesh and Enkidu, which was originally over the king’s insistence on *droit du seigneur* with the virgins of his realm, becomes instead a rivalry for the sexual favors of the prostitute.

Enkidu steps into Gilgamesh’s shoes at several crucial points of the story. It is Enkidu who (with the help of a god) defeats and kills the evil monster Humbaba as Gilgamesh lies wounded and helpless. Enkidu—not Gilgamesh—is the one propositioned by the sexually voracious goddess Ishtar. Gilgamesh is noticeably absent from the battle with the Bull of Heaven, which is fought, killed, and dismembered by Enkidu and his son.

All this revision is allowable in any retelling of an old story, but it is also fair game for criticism. By truncating and changing so many elements of the original myth, Turco loses much of the spiritual depth and cultural resonances that the Akkadian text contains. I miss in this version the stark contrast of Enkidu’s beastliness with the high civilizational achievement of Gilgamesh and his city; the relentless struggle between the savagery of raw nature and man’s need to subdue it and turn it to order; the dangerous dynamism of human sex understood as an irretrievable loss of innocence but also a key to adult understanding. Glossed over in Turco’s account is the crucial theme of Enkidu’s progression from animal-like primitivity to nomadic shepherding to full-blown city dweller—a profoundly important aspect of this ancient text from a time when organized urban life was still a new and radical concept.

Also absent is the original story’s sophisticated understanding of

the glory of urban achievement and its concomitant downside of depression, anxiety, and an exaggerated sense of mortality. The Gilgamesh poem is the very first account of city-bred alienation, and how human beings are impelled to fight it by seeking fame, by building more and bigger cities, or by returning to confront the vast inhumanity of nature and compelling it to serve man's purposes. And by ending his version with the death of Enkidu, Turco loses the immensely important half of the story that describes Gilgamesh's grief-stricken journey to the abode of the gods, where he struggles, both within himself and with others, to obtain the secret of immortality that will save him from the fate of his friend. All of this rich material is reduced to an overly-condensed two-page epilogue.

Another thing troubles me. By turning the original myth's prostitute into an important character in a love relationship with Enkidu followed by a breakup, this version completely occludes the one element in the Akkadian text that is a salutary stumbling block to modern readers, particularly undergraduates. I teach Gilgamesh every Fall semester, and I deal with this problem regularly. In the original story the prostitute is *a person of superior status and understanding, whose occupation is inextricably linked to city life, sophisticated mores and etiquette, and advanced perception*. She isn't a witch or an enchantress. She isn't in a "relationship" with Enkidu. She isn't the source of rivalry between the two male characters. She's a harlot, pure and simple—but her profession gives her a status that connects her to the ultrasophistication and advanced knowledge of urban existence. That's why only she can tame the savage bestiality of the forest-dwelling Enkidu.

Many of my students—particularly the proto-feminists in the class—have a difficult time accepting this, since they have been propagandized to think that prostitution is invariably "degrading." But the original myth says quite the opposite: the prostitute is a representative of high culture and advanced civilization, and she alone can bring the beast Enkidu to his proper stature as a human being. This is why the deathbed scene (where Enkidu at first curses the

prostitute, and then at the urging of Shamash, the great god of sunlight and civilization, takes back his curse) is so symbolically powerful. Prostitutes and prostitution are to be honored as avatars of the superior urban order of Mesopotamia.

But leaving questions of theme aside, let's consider Turco's decision to use the four-stress Anglo-Saxon line of *Beowulf* for his poem. (Turco's text emphasizes this structure by stepping each line at the caesura.) This is an inspired choice, since it helps underline the distance, in both time and viewpoint, that separates a modern reader from the ancient Mesopotamian text. Turco's free use of recondite or obsolete words (*awn, doxy, kine, sylvan, glaives, sough, erstwhile*) and his scrupulous avoidance of any chatty modern idiom serves this purpose as well. Here is a sample:

Enkidu gladly
 welcomed her kindness,
Admired her garb,
 her glorious tresses,
Faultless features
 and radiant hue.

Here we have not just the Anglo-Saxon line but the alliteration of *garb... glorious* and *Faultless features*. There are insistent echoes of *Beowulf* in Turco's text in both style and phraseology, such as

Fought his way
 from the fens of slumber...

No reader of *Beowulf* can peruse that line without thinking of Beowulf's fight with Grendel's mother in the swampy moor.

Turco adds something else to his poem: the bob-and-wheel closure of late medieval alliterative English verse. This device (which Chaucer and Gower disdained and rejected) is best known from the anonymous author of *Pearl* and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*.

Turco employs it in *The Hero Enkidu* as a convenient method for sectioning his text, but also to add a dollop of rhyme. There is rhyme in Turco's text beyond this, but it is sporadic. The bob-and-wheel makes it regular.

In fact, there are as many echoes of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* in this poem as there are of *Beowulf*. In a substantial afterword, Turco gives a full account of his interest in alliterative verse, and in the work of the Gawain poet in particular. Consider this:

Enkidu lifted
 his monstrous axe
And with one blow
 cut off the head
Of the horrid ogre.
 It rolled upon...

That is right out of the Christmas festivities scene in the beginning of *Sir Gawain*. So also is

 He put on armlets,
Girded his body
 with a baldric...

which is a reminiscence of Gawain's ritualized preparation for his quest to find the Green Knight. And there is this echo:

 Then in his palace
 Gilgamesh
Held high revel...

which suggests King Arthur's hall at Camelot. Indeed, Turco has incorporated into his poem an earlier effort in the same verse form, "The Green Knight and the White," based on the Gawain poem. Do all these echoes and reminiscences of medieval poetry work? Yes and

no. By adding distance and strangeness to the text, they rightly serve to reinforce the reader's sense of the antiquity of the tale. But for a reader familiar with *Beowulf* and *Sir Gawain*, they also call up memories of an entirely different world and culture, three millennia removed from the Mesopotamian cosmos.

My own view is that the bob-and-wheel appendage is awkward even in medieval English texts; it is a small piece of *ababa* rhyme tacked onto what is still an essentially unrhymed Anglo-Saxon structure. The device is most likely a French-influenced element, one which somehow became grafted on an older Germanic verse form that, with the heavy loss of inflection in Middle English, had ceased to be satisfying in itself. The not quite perfect fit is still noticeable today, though Turco's skill as a poet makes the bobs-and-wheels in this poem seem natural and unforced.

Nevertheless, these are minor cavils. Taken as a whole, *The Hero Enkidu* is an amazing and admirable accomplishment by a poet whose record of achievement is indisputable, and which is now capped by this vigorous modern reimagination of an ancient myth. It is exactly the kind of *tour de force* that we would expect from a master craftsman such as Lewis Turco.

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Frank White lives in New York City, New York, and Alanya, Turkey.
John Whitworth lives in Canterbury, Kent.
Leo Yankevich lives in Gliwice, Poland.

Translated Writers

Jorge Luis Borges (1899 – 1986)
Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863 – 1938)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 – 1832)
Henri Massis (1886 – 1970)
Giolla Bridhe Mhac Con Midhe (1210 – 1272)
Colman Mhac Lenini (530 – 606)
Godfraid Fionn O Dalaigh (*obit* 1387)
Rosario Previti (1882 – 1967)
Rainer Maria Rilke (1875 – 1926)

TRINACRIA

A statement of core principles

We publish no free verse at all. We publish formal metrical verse only, following the example of the great pre-modernist masters, and of those contemporary writers who maintain that tradition.

We are not interested in poems that employ an excessive number of substitute feet. If we have trouble finding the stresses in your line, we will not publish your work.

We do not consider syllabic verse to be metrical verse. Moreover, we have a very limited tolerance for hypermetric lines and heterometric forms.

We are allergic to mid-line breaks, or anything else that gratuitously violates typographical conventions. We prefer left-margin capitalization of every line, but we recognize that this is not the practice of all poets.

We believe that the register of language in poetry should always be distinct from that of ordinary colloquial speech.

We believe that an excessive dependence on slant-rhymes and assonance in end-position is a sign of incompetence.

We do not publish poems that are vague, gaseous, or that indicate a flaccid and sentimentalizing mindset.

We do not publish poems that are primarily quoted dialogue, nor poems that make extensive use of quotation marks.

We judge poems primarily by their inherent craftsmanship, not their subject matter. We see no reason to publish a mediocre poem just because it trumpets virtuous sentiments, or expresses sincere feelings. We specifically refuse to evaluate any poem by the yardstick of political correctness.

At the same time, we believe that subject matter is another ingredient that goes into the overall aesthetic effect of a poem. For that reason we will reject metrically excellent poems if we find their subject matter boring or trivial or fatuous; or if the subject matter is handled ineptly; or if the subject matter does not suit the chosen poetic vehicle.

We believe that poems are fictive artifacts of a self-contained nature. For us, any poem that pretends to a bogus authenticity; or that consciously cultivates dissonance and asymmetry; or that deliberately avoids aesthetic closure, is *ipso facto* a failure.

We have taken as our watchword the sentence of Charles Maurras: *Voulant des clartés, vous en faites.* We believe that the primary task of a poet is not to discover beauty, but to create it with his own skill and energy.



Voulant des clartés, vous en faites.

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