

# *The Stewanee Review*

## STITCHING AND UNSTITCHING POETRY

*Poetry by* PEG BOYERS, ROBERT CORDING,  
BEN HOWARD, DONALD JUNKINS, WARREN LEAMON,  
STEPHEN MALIN, JOHN REES MOORE, SARAH ROSSITER,  
KATHLEEN WAKEFIELD, AND DON WELCH

*Essays by* ANN E. BERTHOFF, GEORGE BORNSTEIN,  
ROBERT BUFFINGTON, CASEY CLABOUGH,  
WILLIAM HARMON, HENRY HART, ROBERT LACY,  
PAMELA MACFIE, JOHN A. MURRAY, DAWN POTTER,  
EARL ROVIT, AND DAVID YEZZI

*Reviews by* WILLIAM E. ENGEL, RUSSELL FRASER,  
MARC HUDSON, CHRISTOPHER McDONOUGH,  
JENNIFER DAVIS MICHAEL, MICHAEL MOTT,  
PHILIP RAISOR, DONALD STONE,  
AND H. L. WEATHERBY

*Fiction by* FRED CHAPPELL

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In the end nature neither portends nor grieves.  
Our metaphors assuage the cycles of death  
and its offspring. Autumn ebbs, and we hold our breaths.

—Donald Junkins, “Late Fall”



That fall he [Allen Tate] “felt a great seizure of poems coming on.” In contrast “every line” of his novel was “hell.” The only part that satisfied him was the first page—“a fine opening, I believe, for a novel that somebody else ought to write.”

—Robert Buffington, “A Great Seizure of Poems”



For Heaney, Hughes was not only a wounded king; he was also a Merlin-like dreamer, healer, magician, and prophet who mythologized himself in poems and, for better or worse, was mythologized by others.

—Henry Hart, “Seamus Heaney and Ted Hughes: A Complex Friendship”



In print the poems must stand alone, austere, in the midst of undefined space, sustained only by the strength of the words he had, like Laocoön, wrestled into a tortured stability.

—Earl Rovit, “Kosta”



This mingling of praise and blame lets us see how the style is the man, lucid and balanced, one phrase matching another so nicely as almost to cancel the other out. Johnson’s is a style magnanimous with his wanting, like Shakespeare, to honor every side of his subject.

—Russell Fraser, “Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets*”



There was a silence then in which they looked at each other with dreadful directness, trying to make out the lineaments of their separate lives.

—Fred Chappell, “Things Beyond Us”



He feels a quiet thrilling in the midst of a generous calm  
he’ll carry all his life: this day—its dark, its voice calling  
~~from the litchen door, open, lit—begins again~~

—Kathleen Wakefield, “This Day”

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