



Victor Contoski

Distinguished Kansas Poet

• [Website](#)

Victor Contoski is a Professor Emeritus at the University of Kansas, where he taught American Literature and Creative Writing from 1969-2006. He has published eight books of poetry as well as three books of translations of contemporary Polish poets. His two-volume sequence of short dream poems, *The Blue Vase*, appeared in 2015. He has written about his experiences at The Monroe Institute in *Adventures at The Monroe Institute*.

He has taught classes in Spiritual Awakenings (completely non-denominational) in his home with Jo Andersen since 2004. *Spiritual Awakenings*, their book about the classes, was published by Outskirts press in 2015.

His poetry, fiction, and translations have been included in umpteen literary magazines. His work has been translated into Polish, Russian, Dutch, German, Italian, French, Serbian, and Japanese. He is a member of Hedi Gump, a group of spiritual healers. He conducts a dream study group on the Internet, and he is a member of the Board of Directors of The Psychological Research Society of Kansas City.

Douglas County

Dusk falls on the Central Lowlands,
onto the Kaw and Wakarusa Rivers.

Out onto Vinland and Pleasant Grove
and Globe and Lone Star
gray water runs black.

And then the evening
like a tall woman
formal in mourning
fades feature by feature...

And the wordless moon
sinks into dark arms
...like Douglas County.

--in A KANSAS SEQUENCE, Tellus / Cottonwood / 1983, p.32.

West Wind At Lawrence

At midnight, late June
in Lawrence
the west wind wanders in
over the plains
from Manhattan and Topeka
like a violin lost
in the slow movement
of a Russian concerto.

We look toward Cassiopeia
and pray for Dmitri Shostakovich
saying:

Caph
Schedar
Navi
Ruchbah.

--in A KANSAS SEQUENCE, Tellus / Cottonwood / 1983, p.44.

Hiawatha

In late October
when the full moon
shines over Hiawatha
in the early evening

trucks line up under the grain elevator
like children waiting for halloween candy
at the home of a good neighbor.

People walk like ghosts
under rows of maple trees.

And grain comes down
like manna
and candy
and the full moon

and the leaves
of the maples
fall.

in A KANSAS SEQUENCE, Tellus / Cottonwood / 1983, p.58.

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