

News from the Feminist Caucus, by Anne Burke

This month news from Sharon Singer, Betsy Struthers, Magie Dominic, Mona Fertig, Cathy Ford, Gloria Alvernaz Mulcahy; Susan McCaslin; reviews of *Wilderness Rushing In*, by dee Hobsbawn-Smith, *orient*, by Gillian Wigmore, *House Dreams, Poems*, by Deanna Young.

[SHARON SINGER](#) Nov 20 at 9:35 PM To ARIAWORKS

What an exciting night! My "Isis and Osiris" composer Peter-Anthony Togni has just won the Masterworks Arts Award! www.nsmasterworks.ca This award carries a \$25,000 prize.

I am so thrilled for Peter and so humbled that he chose my libretto for his first opera composition. You will be hearing a lot about Peter Togni!

You can congratulate him on his FACEBOOK page https://www.facebook.com/peter.togni.5?fref=ts&ref=br_tf

I am "over the moon" as they say over the pond.

All best,
Sharon

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From: Betsy Struthers

Sent: Saturday, November 15, 2014 9:30 AM

Subject: for Anne Burke

Dear Anne,

I have been cleaning out old files lately and come across a box well-hidden in the attic – in it are some files to do with my years on the League council, especially my work with the Feminist Caucus. I have a vague memory that you were collecting material for the Caucus archives some time ago? I didn't know I had this stuff then and wonder if it would be of any interest now or if I should just shred it? Included are reports of AGM and Feminist Caucus meetings (1991, 1993) and quite a lot of correspondence regarding setting up and distributing the Living Archives series (with Cathy Ford, Sue McMaster, Sandra Nicholl, Sharon Nelson, and yourself, among

others). Do let me know **soon** if you would like me to send these items to you and at what address.

I hope all goes well with you,
Cheers,
Betsy

Betsy Struthers
Poet/editor
Peterborough, ON
Canada

On Tue, Nov 18, 2014 at 2:41 PM, A Burke wrote:

Thanks for contacting me. Please don't shred anything. You can send it to me.
Thanks so much! Anne

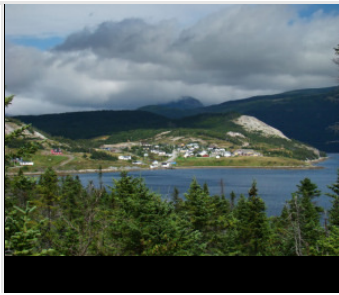
Great to hear from you Anne and that these papers are not just for shredding. It may take me awhile to get them organized to send to you as (of course) just as I decide I have time to go through the boxes I get a contract for a big editing job. But I will get them together and sent to you ... oh, within the next few weeks. Months. :-)
Hope all is well with you and your writing,
Betsy

Hi, My newest article on the Caffè Cino/NYC in the sixties. "The Caffè Cino: Lanford Wilson, Bette Midler and Everyone in Between" <http://shar.es/1mc1C4>

I'm so happy to have an Op-Ed in today's *National Post*, Toronto.

<http://bit.ly/1yDFkgI> <http://fullcomment.nationalpost.com/2014/11/13/magie-dominic-new-york-by-way-of-newfoundland/>

It's about wonderful childhood memories of summer and the fantastic Newfoundland ocean. [Thanks: Magie Dominic: New York, by way of Newfoundland](#)



Magie Dominic: New York, by way of Newfoundland

Bonne Bay was our only family vacation. It was the price of a tank of gas, but it was one full week inside the gates of heaven

[View on fullcomment.nationa...](#)

In an elevator this week, a woman spoke about holidays and our summer vacations, and I mentioned that I grew up in Canada.

“You’re from Canada?” she said, “I’m from Ohio!” as if it, too, were a separate country. Most people in New York are from elsewhere. The city is where we work. People get paid to live here.

I grew up in Newfoundland during the 1940s and 1950s. It was the Second World War, and tens of millions of people were dying worldwide. Bette Davis, Benny Goodman, Abbott and Costello. Then Ed Sullivan and Bonanza.

I lived in New York during the explosive years of the 1960s and the anti-war movement. The boycotts and protests. I read on flatbed trucks with remarkable poets. Woodstock, Vietnam, Napalm. Love-ins, long hair, drug overdoses and body paint. Neighbours who looked exactly like Jesus. All we were saying was give peace a chance. The Beatles. Janis Joplin. Miniskirts. A man walked on the moon.

I marched against AIDS in the 1980s and buried 23 friends. People who’d marched for peace in the sixties died from AIDS in the eighties. This world has been shot through the heart.

I’m still in New York, after a thousand detours. Where concrete is closer than flowers. Where buildings seem to hold up the sky.

[STREET ANGEL](#) www.magiedominic.blogspot.com [Interview on writing](#)
[Magie Dominic at Lincoln Center Archives](#) [twitter @magiedominic](#) [Interview on writing](#)

On 2014-11-10, at 2:52 PM, CATHY FORD wrote:

Dear Anne:

Thank you for this. It is good to know you are there, and working as hard and as seriously and as well as ever. I am grateful.

It is also true that it is gratifying to have a publisher with the courage for this book, both in content, and dedicated to the long poem genre. Your addition of the notes about the front of the wave games woman sends a shiver down the spine, as intended. We need these reminders sometimes, it seems - I had heard about her issues before, with sexual harassment, now death threats. The world does need to change.

Magie and I have oddly juxtaposed this time, I hope to get my hands on her new book soon. To read in the lines themselves, our often common obsessions!

Good news, I hope, that the LCP and TWUC are meeting together this year. Winnipeg. Well, the new museum draws, but I don't have a grip on whether I can or will attend as yet. Much water between now and then. A friend has told me already that she is going to catch the train, now that would be wonderful.

Hope you are fine, and that we meet again soon.

Love, Cathy Ford

Yes Anne, Thank-you again!
best
mona (fertig)

Sent: Wednesday, November 05, 2014 12:13 AM
Subject: POETRY & POETS

Shekoli Anne ---it is Gloria alvernaz mulcahy saying that I am interested in connecting with the Feminist Caucus again. It has been an idea floating around in the mind. I am finishing a book chapter on the Environment at the moment and I do have a book of poetry together to send off---suggestions as to where to send would be appreciated. Kegeponce press did the last book and you never know about the next one. Book title is Abalone Moon--gathering up the moon and the sea as they are sisters of sorts--clearly related.

Send a note of one sort or another--it would be good to see you again and if not that to hear from you----any new books???? wonderful poems. Send friendly poet una poema a quick little new poem from me---
Where can I pay up re: dues and get info in the days to come re the Caucus?????

I am recently returned from Durbin South Africa---on the sea of dreams
a shoreline of great beauty and strong winds.

in/transit--- una poema para ti---- g l o r i a alas it is beyond Fall now

a
t r e e
shudders
l e a v e s
abandon limbs
and
the sky
goes on forever
when
clouds
a r r i v e
on
b r e a t h
of
w i n d

poeta---gloria alvernaz mulcahy--so some say--it is she who is the one--etc

Hi, Gloria, wonderful to hear from you. The caucus is going strong. We don't charge dues but the League does, as you know. We just published *Female Poets and Their Male Mentors*. Planned is "Female Poets and Their Female Mentors". I write a monthly report

in the League newsletter and posted on the web. You have to scroll down the webpage but the reports are archived there.

Yours in poetry and feminism,

Anne

Nov 21 at 10:36 PM

From: Susan McCaslin

Dear friends:

I thought I'd let you know that my new memoir, *Into the Mystic*, was just launched in Toronto and can now be ordered through Inanna Publications (see below).

If you live in the Vancouver area, I'll also be sending out invitations soon for the Vancouver launch that will take place on Jan. 17, 2015, 3:30-5:30 pm at the Canadian Memorial Centre for Peace on 16th and Burrard.

As well I'll be launching and touring in BC in the spring with fellow Inanna author Pam Galloway.

For anyone who does reviews, complimentary review copies are available from the publisher (email contact below).

All the best,

Susan

NEW FROM INANNA PUBLICATIONS AND EDUCATION INC.

Inanna Publications and Education Inc. is proud to announce the release of:

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- Russell Thornton, author of *Birds, Metal, Stones & Rain* (nominated for the Governor General's Award, 2014)

Susan McCaslin is an award-winning Canadian poet and Faculty Emerita of Douglas College in Westminister, BC, where she taught English and Creative Writing for twenty-three years. She is the author of eleven volumes of poetry, including her most recent, *The Disarmed Heart* (May 2014). Her previous volume of poetry, *Demeter Goes Skydiving* (2012) was short-listed for the BC Book Prize (Dorothy Livesay Award) and the first-place winner of the Alberta Book Publishing Award (Robert Kroetsch Poetry Book Award) in 2012. Susan has published a volume of essays, *Arousing the Spirit: Provocative Writings* (2011) and edited two anthologies on poetry and spiritual practice. Freed to be a full-time writer since retiring from teaching, she lives in Fort Langley, British Columbia with her husband.

ISBN no. 978-177133-188-3/ 260 pgs. / \$24.95 / November 2014
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" These poems depict the ache and echo of loss with clarity, honesty and lyric intensity. This moving journey through heart and body bears witness to life's myriad beginnings and endings, anticipations and losses."

—Fiona Lam

Pam Galloway lives, works and writes in Vancouver and has an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of British Columbia. Her poetry and non-fiction have been featured on CBC radio and her poetry has been published in numerous Canadian literary magazines including *The Antigonish Review*, *The New Quarterly*, *Contemporary Verse 2*, *Grain*, *Descant*, *Dandelion*, *Event*, *The New Orphic Review*, *Room of One's Own* and twice on the website of the Canadian Parliamentary Poet Laureate. Her first book of poetry *Parallel Lines* was published in 2006.

ISBN no. 978-177133-184-5 / 112 pgs. / \$18.95 / November 2014
<http://inanna.ca/index.php/catalog/passing-stranger/>

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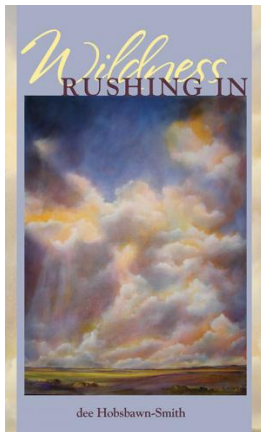
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Review of *Wilderness Rushing In*, by dee Hobsbawn-Smith (Regina, SK: Hagios Press, 2014) 92pp.

The “little deaths” in Romanticism allude to sexual acts. “Fear of Dying” opines on Don Domanski’s Zen-bicycle analogy of shadows and eternity, in “that bleak Eliot landscape” (p. 34) An “Embolism” snatches away a woman’s life, but not before she asks, “How will I know God has entered me?” (p. 29) There are multiple occasions of loss, with the distinct metallic taste of grief, accompanied by “dishevelled hopes.” (“Lost”, p. 28) An elegy for Glenn Douglas Smith (1963-1982) depicts “the prairie sky/ with kites” in an extended metaphor of “Sailing”. (p. 18) *Villanelle* is a French verse form consisting of five three-line stanzas and a final quatrain, with the first and third lines of the first stanza repeating alternately in the following stanzas. These two refrain lines form the final couplet in the quatrain. A traditional *villanelle* consists of five tercets and a quatrain, all on two rhymes, with systemic later repetitions of lines one and three of the first tercet. A tercet or triplet is a stanza of three lines which are interlinked, in that each is joined to the one following by a common rhyme. (Source: *A Glossary of Literary Terms*, by M.H. Abrams). The passage of seasons

marked by the solstice are grief-imbued. Patches of local colour, “Field”, “Roger’s Pass”, “Golden” are juxtaposed with the solar system, in which “Your goodbye/ is just another star gone missing.” (p. 21) “facing Alzheimer’s” is heart-wrenching.

Part ii. “prodigal” advances childhood experiences and perceptions. “those who stay/in these prairie towns are fools.” (“At 15”, p. 36) “The infinite horizon”, as well as “The arcing prairie sky”, withdraw into memory. (“Homesick”, p. 37) True north and the ever-present wind compose stories. (“Compass point”, p. 38) T.E. Lawrence reappears from sand into “tailing wind-rows”. (“Tracks”, p. 39) A Romanticism of cadence is reworked, with the imperative, “Wait”, “Wait wait”, “Wait”, “Wait for”, and “Wait”. The eternal return involves “returning to the farmhouse” (p. 40-41). There are sixteen lines prefaced with the preposition “for”, followed by “than” as comparative. William Carlos Williams’s “wheelbarrows in springtime jest”. Words become icicles. Exphrasis turns to Cretaceous because of *Jurassic Park*. Dry farmland and the almost unexpected “Flood plain”. The horned grebe is not a harbinger of death, merely a bird. (“Narrowing focus”, p. 43) The waterfowl are instructive, birding an act of faith. (“Becoming a birdwatcher”, p. 50)

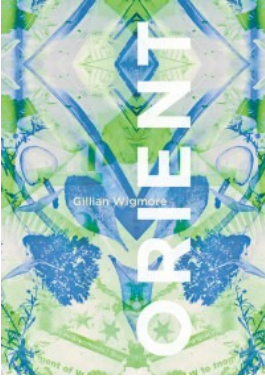
In Part iii “leaving childhood” the persona adopts an Atwoodian emblem, blending into nature, thus a carcass is “caressed”. The iconic Icarus is rediscovered, in “oxbow” and “mare’s-tail clouds”. (p. 54) The sketch is admired (“Drawing summer”). A bear and “four salmon, ghosts” render a feeling of “home”. (“Hejira”, p. 57) A labyrinth, “spiral bound”, “hinged”, is said to bloom. (“Rosetta stone”, p. 58) Cacti, bison, whitetail deer, satellites and dying stars abound. (“Clockwork”, p. 60) Black Stetson and red sleeve. (“Other mothers’ sons”, p. 61) The act of naming is self-referencing rather than hierarchical. Maturation discloses: “blush red/ as the blood you dreamed” (“Leaving childhood”, p. 63) She encounters “The blond brush-cut boy”. A new stone floor (“400 bricks short”). In “Driving the mares”, eyes, ears, the heroic epithets, are all given so freely. A kiln resembles a canoe. The person of Dale Evans, and “Dare”, releases the poet from gendered roles and behaviours, because she self-identifies. Even “The horses call her name”, her own hair represents “a mane her mother plaits into ropes”. (p. 70)

In iv. “late bloomer” the title refers to its doubling, a companion piece, “Late bloomers” in part ii. (p. 42) The teenager is aged 50, but, again in love.” (p.

42) In part iv. the lyrics are propelled into movement, as readers we “Enter// the landscape”. This identification makes possible “wilderness rushing in”, as “Lean your head into the sky, and open.” Furthermore, “You want that vast expanse/ within your bones, your skin expanding.” (“Crossing the divide”, p. 72) Lovers are marooned after a “Tsunami”. Their survival depends on “Foraging”. Yet, communication is reinvented. (“Wordless”) Mother Madonna is enshrined in the Pieta, five in all, “Martha’s to another Mary”. (p. 76)

Old lover is but a deadheaded bloom; to prize “a turquoise noun/ above an amber scalloped verb” (“To begin”, p. 78). Naiads amid nightshade. (“The end of the drought”). Growing is ironically based on ashes. Karmic arc and “The meaning of red”. Morse code and “The real meaning of pink.” Skeletal titanium joints replace “hobbling home”. (“Bad bones”, p. 84) While awaiting breast surgery, the poet reveals: “I prefer uncut/ feminine names, round with open/ vowels and sweet sibilant consonants.” (p. 86) Confluence with loons: “wildness in every phrase”. (“Waiting for the loons”, p. 87) A swan, a flamingo, magpie, are not to be outdone by the persona performing with a tiger at a burning hoop. The mythic Diana, whose hunted daughter is part Irish *sidhe*, paradoxically, “who arrives by standing still.” (“Communication”, p. 88) A Roman-bred mare was not born beautiful, nature versus nurture. (“Beloved at 51”) The threshold of broken homes is refreshed. (“Phoenix”) The metaphor of “Sailing” is reinterpreted, as “*Pull.*”, “*Watch your step*”, “*Mind your head*”, “*Deck slippery when wet*”, “*Beware of strong winds*”, all elements for a found poem. (p. 92) The Cypress Hills absorb glacier’s retreat. Global warming, climate change, as “Clay pulses on the wheel”. (“Pottery in the Cypress Hills”, p. 93) The concluding poem was a short-listed finalist in *The Malahat Review*’s 2010 “Far Horizon’s Poetry Contest”.

Hogsbawn-Smith has authored six books; she is currently earning her MFA in writing at the University of Saskatchewan, and this is her first poetry book. Her first collection of short fiction, *Appetites*, will be published by Thistle-down Press, in 2015.



Review of *orient*, by Gillian Wiggmore (London, Ontario: Brick Books, 2014) 96 pp. paper.

The opening long poem “Skyward From the Self” is an ode which is personal description and passionate meditation; stimulated by (and sometimes at its close reverts to) an aspect of the outer scene; and turns on the attempt to solve either a personal emotional problem or a generally human one. Further, the form expresses passion, visionary boldness, and formalized language. The ode could be economic, written to praise and glorify. (*A Glossary of Literary Terms*, by M. H. Abrams). In part 1, The contemplation of “the fact of a fish”, indeed, “Plato’s fish”, but “this is no poem of sorrow”. This, despite the fact that the poet alludes, “like so – cease the ode, it’s supper time.” In Part 2. the poet eulogizes “the fish, the fish, the fish–“ with “the poem of the fish”. The metaphysical conceit of *Carpe Diem* (the dying day). Part 3. is self-referencing, about the emotional effect of the technical aspects, such as alliteration and rhyme, all immersed in the composition. In Part 4, the colloquy of “cold”, like death, is revisited, while art appears “on paper, on screen, on retina, aloud”. Part 5 is haiku. Part 6 is equally economic. Part 7 is told from the point of view of a fish, about the cacophony of “I’m in love with the element, /the elemental, the element, the edges of the elements”. In Part 8, the campfire is elevated as a pyre in the service of “the distance/ between real and written,/ between capture and dinner”, a celebration of several levels of meaning, “the tale and the articulated tale.” The ritualized repetition in Part 9 refers back to Part 1, “heavy, unblinking/ slick fish of dreams, oh/sing the ode.”

The orientation and reorientation of this collection reminds me of Jan Conn’s *Edge Effects* (from Brick Books, 2012) a title I have also reviewed. “Edge Effects” is an ecological term that has to do with the effect on an ecosystem of the juxtaposition of contrasting environments. Likewise many of the poems in the book are inspired by paintings and drawing, none the standard ekphrastic exercise. (Source: Brick Books). Conn is Professor of Biomedical Sciences at SUNY, in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Conn’s collection of fifty lyric poems was divided into five sections.

In “Rush Effect” the inside affects the outside in a still-life depiction of common objects. A “mini ice age” is associated with an “age of faith” and

climate change. The “rush effect” pertains to “the weather,/ like a lover” or “like an anvil”. (p. 27) The act of fetishing “in one body, aflame” makes the art hard, as well as erotic. (p. 28) A chant of war in the Middle East operates on the shock of “Here and Now”. (p. 29) Ash appears as paintings, “but the whiff of it,/ the grit remains within.” (p. 30) The onomatopoeia of “chk chk”, Spain like Arizona, or Argentina. A token evokes memories, be it a gift or “a frisson of jesus”. (p. 34)

In “Ditch Flowers” the noun in which flowers grow and/or the verb to rid oneself suddenly of flowers. For example, in “strut”, the poem puns, “jig a bit/ jig a bit/ jig and jig and jig a bit.” (p. 39) Of “cowboy poetry”, deflated by the need for “a rhymin dictionary”. Note the diction, “runnin”, “spayin”, “weldin”, “scarin”, “ridin”, and “spittin” of this colloquial speech simplified and satirized. (p. 42) The same approach reproduces in this section: “singing”, “loose”, “damn”, the onomatopoeia in “Lucy jig on saturday night”, incremental repetition “in here somewhere”. These pub poems, “tavern”, “last call”, a program guide to retail workers, in “gals”, the rodeo clown, meditation on “home”, and the binary of “beer with the mayor” and “akimbo”; the definitive “absolute bottom of the bottom”.

In “Grow”, moves from atlas, an homage to bp Nichol, “Continental Trance”, a mother of pearl “nacreous”, and various songs for February, March lyrics, spring’s transformation, the absoluteness of “don’t falter, grow:” (p. 66) known as occasional poems (those on particular occasions). The city mouse among a concrete jungle. an autocorrect function is intrusive, while “I self-correct, I edit/ each time I slip”. (“dear photograph”, p. 69) Vintage Simon and Garfunkel blaring reveals “it’s self-preservation, all this writing”, (p. 71). The crafted tumble home from sky (“hewn”, p. 72) lead to “weather drawings” (p. 73). What matters are “file notes” either sung, or “here/let it lift from the page”. (p. 75)

The section “Whether the Wilderness” draws titles from Margaret Atwood’s *Journals of Susanna Moodie*. The remainder of the poems are limned with light, the relativity of time and space, perception dependant on the perceiver. The wayfarer, “by thicket, by thistle” discovers the visceral fug of stew and mushroom funk.

“Notes” delineates the sources for a number of the poems, "Weather Drawings", by Alexis Rockman; “Vanderhoff”, in *Circling North* (Sono Nis, 1988) by Charles Lillard.

Marita Dachsel interviews Gillian Wigmore about [writing and motherhood](#). Her first chapbook, *home when it moves you*, was published by Creekstone Press, in 2005. Wigmore is the author of two other books of poetry, *soft geography* (Caitlin Press, 2007) and *Dirt of Ages* (Gibson, B.C.: Nightwood Editions, 2012); in addition to a novella, *Grayling* (Salt Spring Island, B.C.: Mother Tongue Publishing, 2014).



Review of *House Dreams, Poems*, by Deanna Young (London, Ontario: Brick Backs, 2014) 108 pp. paper.

The collection begins with Carl G. Jung, from *Memories, Dreams, Reflections* (Pantheon Books, 1963) who was a researcher on the Collective Unconscious; and a poem “Tear It Down”, by Jack Gilbert, in *The Great Fires: Poems, 1982-1992* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2001).

“Beautiful, Astonishing, Wondrous” is an internet-based run-on elongated sentence fragment, with Mythological elements, an insect-god, Mr. Business, Derek Miller, and death “on this/ short-haul domestic flight that is/ our time on Earth.” (p. 15)

A “barachois” is a term used in Atlantic Canada and Saint Pierre and Miquelon to describe a coastal lagoon separated from the ocean by a sand or shingle bar. In “Barachois”, the reader comes away from the fire, her dream, a sudden accident, imperilled, “in the pre-dawn panic of our bedroom.” (“On the Way to the Lake”, p. 20) Are there ten grand themes and death, “Now the dream is breaking up” (“Matin Gris”, p. 21) Evening is “like wolves”. The persona has visions, sinking into dream: a white hare in waistcoat; a crow, as if in a trench coat unbuttoned; a pheasant like a Loyalist soldier. The drapes like a man, in a dream, “I am frozen”; God’s refrigerator, a frigid sea. A darkened house, alone, netted between worlds. In “Storm Damage”, the emotions explode, into violence. Dual worlds, leaving town or dying of cancer, “In both worlds, lilacs, blooming.” (“Il Nous Reste Encore De Temps”, p. 33)

In “The City”, a simulation of death involves aging. “The First Wife” implies a second or more, in true minor confessions, she died. A linden tree is a sentinel, a touchstone, pre-cancer. (“These Are the Days”). As

passengers, in “The Humanitarians”, and the city “is every word” (p. 43). “Still” operates on the level of motionlessness, as well as endurance, resilience. The service deals with bereavement, in “Rescue”, a domestic scene of a woman who intends to save a child, while a man, “grown, but ruined”, is also preserved. (p. 48) A physician counsels his patients on depression, in “rest”, “and I go under asking the empty space/ above the bed to hear my thanks.” (p. 47) She was young, too new, to realize her position, when nudged by phantom horses, on the beach. (“In Puerto Angel”) Her perspective depends on how “I see the city from above,/ a thousand white rivers rushing violently between us.” (p. 49) The soul and apparition of a loved one haunt the living. (“You Cannot Go In”) Moving the foundations of a house is painful. (“Dislocation”)

In “Westmorrings”, Barbados contains a panic button (“The Gates”). “Miss Deanna” is old school. “Vertigo” results from climbing. “What the Gardener Was Reading” introduces another character, too fond of porn or verses. Storage and shipments are significant elements of a galaxy, imagined or otherwise. A Rape Gate intrudes (“Safe Haven”) about therapy, voodoo, anything. (p. 65) Shared perspective is rare and highly valued. (“Morning, Sunset Drive”)

In “The Valley”, the persona embraces “the start of spring, the new routine”, (“Clothed in Darkness”, p. 69) of “that other world/ you lived in those mornings, unmissed and alone,/ not far from home.” (p. 70) Arborists on the battlefield, of Ancient Forests (“When the Maple Fell”). The simple presence of rain (“The Path”). The rooster-killings (“Crossing the Field”) “Signs” portend. Of leaving, “I knew your leaving would unfold” (“Daughter of Forgiveness”) “It’s hard for me not/ to take life personally”, she admits. (“The Meadow”) She compares Keats dying in Rome with an unwelcome relative’s intrusion. (“The Inland Sea”) Youth is wasted on the young. (“Bonfire”) The past has never passed. (“It Follows You Down”) Family pets are reminders of childhood. (“The Faith of Dogs”)

In “Middlesex County”, she learns a lesson (“How to be Free”) “Alive is a better word” (“If a Door Opened”, p. 86) Reincarnation is punctuated by cigarette smoke and shared confidences. (“Knowledge From a Previous Life” is intergenerational). The lost ships of God are legendary. (“Mythology”) In terms of time, “the one end of the known world/divided from the other”. (p. 89) “Thunder, 1980” and “April Snow, 1979” are prose poems, journaling. Alcohol at bay. (“Sunday Best”) The circus, “In every

childhood/...A place that made us, good and bad” (“There”, p. 93) She and her ghostly mother trading coded languages (“Eagle Drive”) An accident and the sound of sirens (“Black Bug”) “Ash” is the incendiary result of dysfunctional relationships and co-dependency. In “Country Music”, “Holding us all prisoners” (p. 97). A daughter to the slaughter, a wedding at gunpoint. (“Parkhill Gazette, 1942”)

The closing poem “The Beauty” is a summary judgment, she battling cancer, “as Jack wrote once. No end in sight.” (p. 102)

This is an accomplished collection which is emotionally moving and resonant, a catharsis of sorts. Young is the author of *The Still Before a Storm* (Moonstone Press, 1984) and *Drunkard’s Path* (Ottawa: Gaspereau Press, 2001).