

CPR

*Resuscitating the art
of Canadian poetry*

CANADIAN POETRY REVIEW ISSN 1923-3019 JULY 2017 VOL 7 ISSUE 4 \$3.95

Contents

Michel Albert

from *New Shoes on Scorched Earth* page 2
My father who is in heaven...

Stephen Roxborough

from *The DNA of NHL* page 3
what's in a name? all-canadian boy
bad joe hall preparing for battle

Bill Wolak

from *The Nakedness Defense* page 4
Artemisia od Coria
Xanthus of Alexandria
At the Feast of Rhampsinitus
Nicerates
Confusing the Gods
The Nakedness Defense

Reviews

The Spoken Word Workbook, edited by page 5
Sheri-D Wilson
Review by Mary Ann Moore

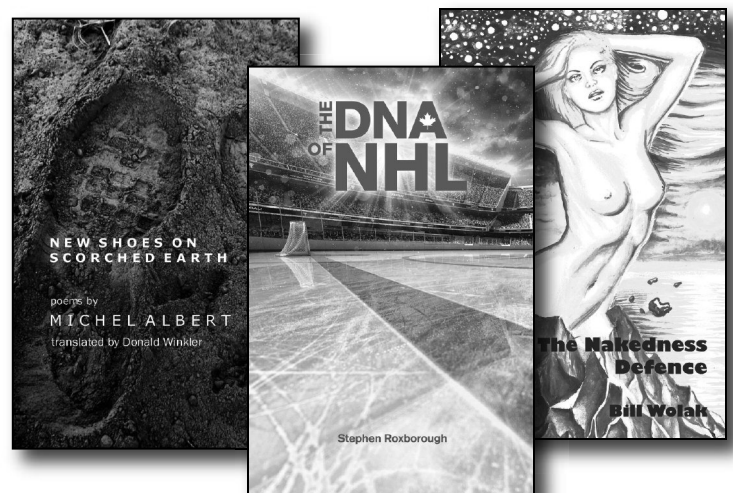
Moonlight in the Redemptive Forest by Michael Daley
Review by Marjorie Romme

A Bee Garden by Marilyn Pilling page 6
Review by Linda Rogers

Triple Crown, Sonnets by Jeffrey Cyphers Wright page 7
Review by Ilka Scobie



photo: Claire Turcotte



Published by CPR: The Canadian Poetry Review Ltd.
Publisher/Editor: Richard Olafson
Managing Editor: Carol Ann Sokoloff
Circulation manager: Bernard Gastel

Legal deposit at the National Library of Canada, 2014.
CPR welcomes manuscripts and letters, but we take no responsibility for their safe return. If you would like your work back, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Do not send original artwork. All texts will be edited for clarity and length, and authorship checked; please include all contact information.

The CPR is published six times a year. Back issues are available at \$4.00. A one-year subscription is \$20.00. Please send a cheque payable to the PRRB.

CPR mailing address for all inquiries:
Box 8474 Main Postal Outlet, Victoria, B.C.
Canada V8W 3S1
phone & fax: (250) 385-3378

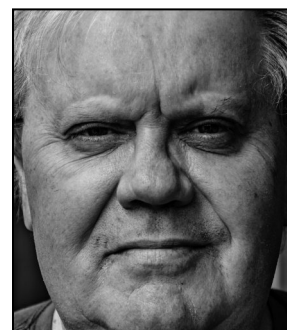
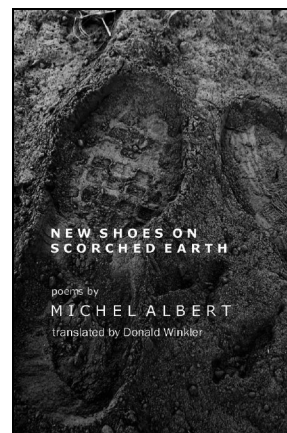
Copyright 2017 the Canadian Poetry Review for the contributors

from New Shoes on Scorched Earth

Michel Albert

translated by Donald Winkler

Ekstasis Editions
ISBN 978-1-77171-207-1
Poetry
80 pages
6 x 9
\$23.95



My father who is in heaven...

New shoes on the parquet
shined to the nines
strike and resound
like a military march
I'm on my way to one last viewing
in my school uniform, short hair
my lessons learned by heart
in his bed eyes closed
under an oxygen mask
my sister holds his hand
strokes his brow
his thin hair whitened
by radiation
he fights for breath between two worlds
a great aunt I don't know
intones an Our Father
he's leaving us
I no longer know the words
I mumble along politely
feel sad and free

A cigarette at my toe tips
adrift at the end of the corridor
near the coffee machine
my shoes pinch
no sugar please!
hands come near
faces present themselves
reappear
override the body
great uncle little cousin
I'm not really there
scorched earth

A simple orderly mass
the sermon the collection
the priest sets the pace
stand, sit
kneel, stand, sit
a marriage waits in the wings
my shoes are fitting better
my father already cremated
with no advance notice
in the centre aisle
the family divided
pending the next death
his cap and a photo circled by flowers
the will arrives in the mail
a carbon copy
no mention of the children

Would you like some of the ashes?
I'm asked between two sandwiches at the reception
a consolation prize
thank you for the thought
I suggest the top of a lovely hill
but the mantelpiece gets the nod
it's like an elegant hunting trophy
a first-class shrine
for cold winter days
I harbour the memory of a man
that's already heavy to bear.

You start thinking then everything eludes you
why hoard the ashes
or even pay them visits
today at the bank a teller
she asked me to sign a book
then three more tellers
my cheque on hold for three days
I was touched by this encounter
it's not often that a poet
is read by four tellers

A big joint in the ashtray
when's the next exit
time passes more slowly
when blindsided by laughter on the radio
you reach for your beer
on top of the dashboard
as the plains sleep on.

Running full out in the centre aisle
the nurses' aides on my tail
oxygen tanks slung over their shoulders
I seek the freedom of nothingness
like a fox knowing the pack is near
and the hunting horns blaring in unison
I head for the river
try my luck on the other side

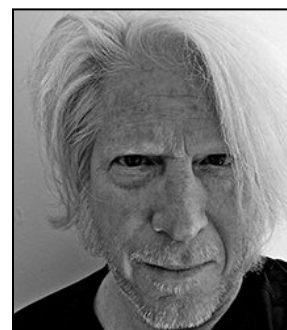
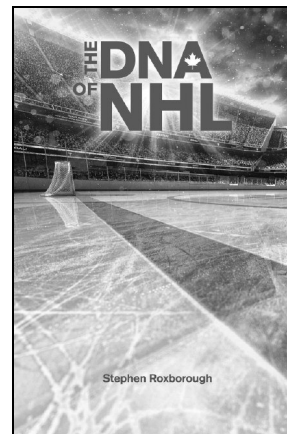
Born in 1957,
Michel Albert
holds a bachelor's
degree in French
literature from
McGill
University. He
began his
doctoral studies
at the Université
du Québec à
Montréal in 1985;
his thesis is entitled *The Theory of the Game in
the Interactive Novel on Computer*. He worked in
the film industry in Quebec for 20 years, as a
machinist. He has translated several works into
French: *Playground*, Georges Bowering (*Triptyque*
1999), David McFadden's *Still Life with Fruits*
(*Triptych*, 1999), Irving Layton's *L'Essentiel*
(*Triptyque Edition*, 2000) *Journal of*
Cabbagetown, by Juan Butler (*Triptych Edition*,
2003). He also translated into English *A dive into*
my essence, by Claude Péloquin (*Guernica*
editions, 1990).

Alone in his progress
the man moves on slowly
then forges ahead
to dissolve in the distance
another will take his place
then another
like an endless line
shot at close range
an ad on the TV news
his body is here
a small pool of blood
there'll be a store at the next exit
a trite tale
nothing in sand is conserved

from The DNA of NHL

Stephen Roxborough

Ekstasis Editions
ISBN 978-1-77171-217-0
Poetry
184 pages
6 x 9
\$23.95



what's in a name?

the birthplace of canada's game
believed to be windsor
nova scotia
or at least one birthplace
where a rugged brand of hurley-on-ice
played on a long frozen schoolyard marsh
evolved from a free-for-all
with up to 100 a side
to an organized event with limits
& rules.

but before the chaos fell into order
historical records show a british colonel
stationed at windsor's fort edward
in the mid 1800s
known to use this diversion
to keep his army troops in condition
during the bitter winter months
& appears the game adopted
his name:

john hockey.

all-canadian boy

my father born & raised in toronto
grew up across from moore park
one city block square
with tennis courts
softball field wading pool
& in the winter
no more than 20 metres
from his front door
a full-size skating rink.
all served him well as he grew up
to become an all-city softball pitcher
the second best tennis player in ecuador
& an age-group swimming coach
of international repute
yet hockey always his first love.
a brave rough & tumble defensive terror
unafraid to take a run at much bigger
older tougher lads
he excelled at finding elbows
stick ends & hard board-edges
to knock out all his teeth
more than once
missing dinner for an impromptu trip
to hospital
in the wild fearless days
before television
dental plans
helmets
concussion forms
health care
& mouth guards.

bad joe hall

three-time stanley cup winner
& first team all-star
earned his ominous moniker in 1905
by scoring 33 goals
& amassing 98 penalty minutes
in only 20 games.

he finished his illustrious 16-year career
with the montreal canadians
who won the NHL title & traveled west in 1919
to battle the seattle metropolitans
in the stanley cup final
a series of dazzling goals & dangerous
defense with bad joe in fine
burly & surly form.

by the fifth game
the tension at fever pitch
fans began to wonder if they were witness
to the greatest series ever.

some players began to complain.

said they didn't feel well
but thought it was the effect of game four
& the 100 minutes
of scoreless overtime intensity.

although he started the contest with vigor
bad joe left ice for the bench
& next day admitted to hospital
105 degree fever
with five other players confined
to bed.

the series tied at two games
& a tie a piece
postponed
later completely abandoned
as the spanish influenza
on a brutal charge across the continent
elbowed away inside bad joe
& flattened a man
tough as any player to ever
lace em up.

gutted it out for five days
but unlike his ailing teammates he was hooked
by pneumonia & fell into further delirium
until the dead-serious virus
leveled the ultimate body check
on bad joe hall.

*Born to an American mother and a Canadian father, **Stephen Roxborough** began writing at 14 when his 16-year old brother ran away from home and left him a copy of Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits. An award-winning performance poet and three-time Pushcart Prize nominee, he is currently Editor and Creative Director for NeoPoiesis Press and resides in Anacortes, Washington.*

preparing for battle

in the days of old
when gladiators of ice & blade
performed helmetless
& unmasked

one insightful man
an artist at guarding
the rectangle between the pipes
quietly shaved his face
minutes before each contest

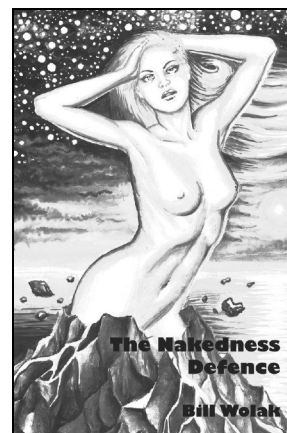
because he understood
when the hard edge flat black frozen
round rubber disc
traveling over 100 miles per hour
smashed him in the face
& ripped open tender flesh
his skin would stitch better clean shaven
& the scar it left
would be less prominent

leave his face
looking more like himself
than the battle worn warrior
his job needed
him to be.

from The Nakedness Defense

Bill Wolak

Ekstasis Editions
ISBN 978-1-77171-215-6
Poetry
170 pages
6 x 9
\$24.95



Bill Wolak is a poet who lives in New Jersey and teaches Creative Writing at William Paterson University. His most recent collection of poetry was entitled Love Opens the Hands: New and Selected Love Poems published by Nirala Publications in 2015. His poetry has appeared in over a hundred magazines. His most recent translation with Mahmood Karimi-Hakak, Love Me More Than the Others: Selected Poetry of Iraj Mirza, was published by Cross-Cultural Communications in 2014.

Artemisia of Coria

When her husband died,
Artemisia of Coria
did the unthinkable.
Mixing his cremated ashes
with water, she drank them
insisting, "Now my flesh
and his will never part."

Xanthus of Alexandria

For five days, no, even longer,
after her untimely death at twenty-two,
Xanthus, against his friends' advice,
withheld his wife's corpse
from the embalmers,
fearing, with good reason,
they might violate
the irresistible beauty
of her body.

At the Feast of Rhampsinitus

Eager to intensify the frenzy
during the pandemonium
of inexhaustible drinking and eating,
just as irresistible, naked dancing girls
offered themselves for lovemaking,
the host visited groups of guests
with a miniature coffin cradled in his arms.
Opening it, he displayed a horrifying
wooden corpse and admonished them,
"Enjoy yourselves, my friends, here's
our only cure for desperate pleasures."

Nicerates

Nicerates, believe it or not,
actually loves his wife.
He's bought no ravishing
young slaves for pleasure;
he keeps no concubines
outside his house,
nor does he visit courtesans
or prostitutes,
nor does he fondle boys
at the baths.
That Nicerates
is an odd fellow, indeed.

Confusing the Gods

A Kurmi bridegroom
is always terrified
that the gods will curse
the happiness of his wedding day
because of the bride's beauty
and the wild abandon
of the nuptial celebration.
So to confuse the gods
and thereby deflect
their jealousy and envy,
in a solemn ceremony
he first marries a mango tree.

The Nakedness Defense

Phryne the Courtesan
was so ravishing that she chose
to travel completely veiled.
Men offered money
to merely gaze
at her face and body
and paid a fortune
to make love to her.
Her figure was so perfect
and desirable that often she posed
for the sculptor Praxiteles
as Aphrodite naked
rising from the sea.
Once at the festival
of Poseidon in Eleusis,
she stripped naked
in front of the crowd
waded into the sea,
and openly offered
her stunning body to the god.
Her enemies,
those who thought
she had become too rich
and powerful,
accused her of blasphemy
by profaning
the Eleusian mysteries
with her nakedness,
a crime requiring
the death sentence.
When brought to trial,
Hypereides the orator,
one of her most devoted clients,
defended her.

Fearing that the trial
was not going in his favor
and terrified that the judges
would convict her,
as his closing argument,
he summoned her
to stand directly
in front of the them,
tore off her skimpy tunic
revealing her naked body
for all to see, and insisted,
"How can a festival
in honor of the gods
be desecrated
by such exquisite loveliness
that they themselves
had bestowed,
as you can see for yourselves,
on Phryne?"
Moved by her irrefutable beauty,
the judges acquitted her,
but afterward decreed
that never again
could nakedness
be offered as evidence.

A TRIBUTE TO SPOKEN WORD

Mary Ann Moore

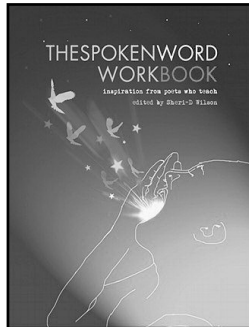
As Sheri-D Wilson says in her introduction to *The Spoken Word Workbook*: "Poetry has moved back to its roots, or its oral origin, and thus this new form has returned the voice of the people to the people." Wilson is the Founder and Artistic Director of the Calgary Spoken Word Festival and Founder and Director of the Spoken Word Program at The Banff Centre.

The Spoken Word Workbook is a marvelous celebration of life, writing, performance and an invitation to write and perform your own work. There's a magnificent array of poet-teachers inviting you in and cheering you on from the pages of this book. Among them are Bill Bissett, Robert Priest, Billeh Nickerson, Anne Waldman, Cheryl L'Hirondelle and Wendy Morton whose adventures in promoting poetry are described in an essay.

To learn more about these artists through their history and their writing has been like the couch conversations I enjoy while hanging out at poetry festivals. The writing exercises and performance tips are inspiring and innovative. All of this is presented in a book that is a visual feast of spoken word thanks to the design skills of Peter Moller of Egg Press Co in Calgary, Alberta.

Spoken word emulates "the best of the street" and as Wilson says, "includes the body as memory vessel, and resonator. Gesture is an important aspect for punctuation and jubilation." As tough as spoken word topics may be (racism, homophobia, poverty for example), there's jubilation and seasoned advice from this wondrous assembly of performing poets.

Spoken word can be a vehicle for your personal manifesto as it's



*The Spoken Word Workbook :
Inspiration From
Poets Who Teach*
edited by Sheri-D
Wilson
Calgary Spoken
Word Society and
The Banff Centre
Press, \$20

about "taking action" and "being part of positive change." Think about Shane Koyczan's homage to Canada performed at the Opening Ceremonies of the 2010 Winter Olympics in Vancouver, B.C. He shares his writing history and practices in an interview with Wilson.

In terms of performance, Regie Cabico, a spoken word pioneer, says: "From the first line to the end of the poem you should have been transformed and so should the audience." His suggestion for a writing exercise is to write a list poem: "50 Things That Drive You Crazy."

George Elliott Clarke suggests you understand "your own personal dictionary." As he emphasizes, you must memorize your poem to own it and deliver it in your own style.

I'm a big fan of Hilary Peach, a spoken word performer and Artistic Director of the yearly Poetry Gabriola Festival on Gabriola Island, B.C. where I've had the pleasure of seeing and hearing the performances of many of the spoken word artists featured here. Peach reminds us that we have many teachers and "a particular bench by a particular river can embody or function as a teacher's voice." It could be the bench is the teacher or the river.

In Sheri-D Wilson's section of the book, the Mama of Dada teaches what she has learned: listen, discover your own oral tradition, dig and excavate your own story. Start with your first epiphany.

Mary Ann Moore is a Nanaimo poet and writer who offers a mentoring program: Writing Home: A Whole Life Practice.



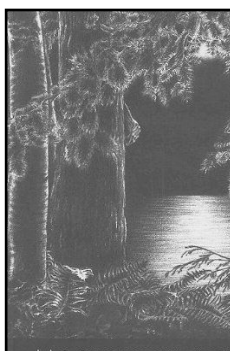
Sheri-D Wilson

MOONLIGHT IN THE REDEMPTIVE FOREST

Marjorie Romme

Michael Daley's *Moonlight in the Redemptive Forest* is a strongly affecting book, from its striking black and white cover art, "The Child's Song," by Gae Pilon, to the unexpected delights of its accompanying CD, "Frankie The Milkman's Song & Other Poems," composed and read by Daley, accompanied by Brad Killion on guitar. This is a keeper, a book that *should* be read aloud, word by word, line by line, to an audience, if possible, even if only an audience of one.

The patterns in this tight, strongly textured, beautifully crafted, intensely personal collection of poems are not formal, not regular in any conventional way, and readers who are bothered by this may find it easy to get lost in the tangle of shifting times, places, pronouns and tenses, a certain ambiguousness, the persistence of elusive meanings, characters who may be real (and relative), borrowed, reimagined, or flat-out fictional. But as the late Canadian poet Robin Skelton demanded of us, "Why should the novelists have all the fun?"



*Moonlight in the
Redemptive Forest*
Michael Daley
Pleasure Boat
Studio
2010, 111 pages

Daley's language is, as always, intricate and thrillingly evocative, served up in a modified stream-of-consciousness style not unlike that of Eliot, Joyce, or Wolff — a postmodernist feast for the discerning reader.

Nothing in these poems is absolute, except their emotional content, the passion — and occasional humor — with which they are told. Close attention is required to get all the juice from them, as the poet definitely tells his stories slant. Still, there is a narrative of sorts, its shifting shape much like that of the traditional shaman's journey into darkness, transformation, and the return.

Among significant hinges in this collection are "The Child's Song," so dreamlike, "On Air," and the desperately bitter, funny/sad "The Pariah's Tale," especially the Pariah himself, who seems to have dropped in on us like that man who fell from the moon, afflicted with global amnesia, yet

continued on next page



Michael Daley

A BEE GARDEN

Linda Rogers

The American poet Marianne Moore wrote that poems are “imaginary gardens with real toads in them.” I have known many poets on and off the page and no one resonates Moore’s definition quite like Ontario poet Marilyn Pilling, whose fifth poetry book, *A Bee Garden*, is a perfect fit, albeit requiring the suspension of disbelief as transformations occur. Her invisible toad, the god within and amphibian archetype for feminine waters and the life cycle, is the poet keeping track of the birds and bees in the garden of good and evil.

From the first poem, “What She’d Sowed,” in the garden inseminated by venomous honey-gatherers, to the last, “In the West Field” where bees and humans have laid down their weapons in an ode to pastoral harmony, nature trumps the ephemeral life of imperfect humans. Having met the narrator of these intensely personal and yet omniscient poems in the Oriente jungle, where she occupied herself with naming the abundant flora and feeding orphaned fauna, I was not surprised by her personal doctrine of signatures.

In poem after poem, Gear Pilling relates the conformation of humans and the natural world, a communion of sorts. In “Catch of the Day”

The man in the white shirt bends, severs
certain ligaments

Bends again, sucks out
the eye.

Faces the small group of tourists,
swallows it,
whole, his eye on hers.

There is magic in poems that belong to the oldest religion devised by gardeners and healers. Her simplicity of voice, incantations and spells dressed in homily, makes Gear Pilling a direct descendent of Al Purdy, our great poet of place, who, in one of his final poems, exhorted all who loved the world with words to, “Say the Names.” Purdy deplored the dearth of Canadian nature poets, another exception being the late Bronwyn Wallace, also an Ontarian. These poets, informed by the land, enclosed and wild gardens, have made poetry an essential component of ethical conservation and rational conversation.

Yet every morning as the earth wakes from dream
each, according to
his ancestral notes and his own voice,
begins the day singing.

...like bees going about their bee business, the communal conjugal life of the hive. This is romance and yet the sting in the nectar of romantic description is the cold eye of the fish in “Catch of the Day.” These poems do not shy from the brutal reality of death, and, like all poems, but only more so, more intensely felt, they are elegies: for a young girl who chose to collide with rather than ride the train, a classic Canadian symbol of sexual power and personal freedom, for youth, for marriage and for the endangered garden itself. The low note in these poems is grief but there is also the descant of joy to illuminate the nerve portal of the human eye.

Transformation, the formula of all poetry and cosmic jokes, is the infrastructure of Gear Pilling’s mythical landscape. In a world where innocence rushes to experience and chrysalis and child become something

else, corrupted sometimes beatified, resilience is essential. The garden is seasonal. Love is the catalyst that keeps it sane, but there is always a delicate balance between birth and death, sanity and insanity, male and female. We must adapt, just as the bee with its royal jelly and venom must adapt in order to maintain the life of the hive. “I want them in, want to tell them how they go on changing, even in death.” Love is always the precursor to grief, its rude antithesis felt like pain in a phantom limb, but... “*It is not necessarily abnormal to have a chaotic heart.*”

Gear Pilling, who edits as carefully as she recently cut the hair of her husband of forty-seven years on a Cuban porch shaded by bougainvillea and hibiscus, selects the way her photographer spouse frames his shots, with care. Coming late to poetry after retiring from library science, she has made a science of language, balancing the agony and the ecstasy in nature and the life of the mind with the perspective of a mature poet who has done her research and discovered her own path to the light, in her words, “...a long journey over treacherous roads...”

Clarity and compassion are the elements of a well-wrought line and her images, luminous landscapes and family portraits exposed by that ruthless but respectful eye, the fish eye, the uncompromising lens, are felt because they have integrity. Just as a child or a cat will sit on the lap of the right person, these poems find their way home, just as she will.

...there will be
no container, no *temenos* of love
waiting for me at the end.
*I don't want to be dispersed. I want
to be held.*

These are tenacious poems. Perennials. They won’t let go. At the core of Pilling’s verses on love and loss there is no sentimentality but rather a *sensibility* that clings, because it speaks the deep language we shared long ago when we were children, before so called civilization, religion and politics, set up its barricades, the ones she breaks down tenderly and with respect so that we can witness the truths we need to survive.

Linda Rogers, who recently accompanied Marilyn Gear Pilling on a Canada Cuba Literary Alliance tour of the Oriente Province, was surprised by joy when she read *A Bee Garden*.



Marilyn Pilling



A Bee Garden
Marilyn Pilling
Cormorant Books
2013, paper.

MOONLIGHT *continued from previous page*

able to survive by doing things that alienate him — even more than he already is — from the unfamiliar country and people around him, stealing fish from the gulls, dropping his pants to the neighbors.

The last lines of this poem are a sucker punch to the gut: “Who will love me? Who will want me now? ... I have drifted so far from the map now everybody’s angry.” It’s the question we all ask, pretty much every day of our lives. The speaker’s plaintive cry reminds me of that old man of Chaucer’s, knocking on the earth, pleading, “Mother! Let me in!”

There are deep affinities, which took me a while to unravel, between “The Pariah’s Tale” and “The Second Father’s Tale.” Together, they make a darker forest, a more luminous moonlight, for “The Child’s Song” to shine through. “On Air,” its speaker in so many ways Daley himself, his childhood and adolescence, his drifting, and the sense of redemption at finding himself at home here in the Pacific Northwest, acts as a very long coda to “The Child’s Song.”

Elusive meanings — part of the complexity we look for in poetry — are everywhere in Moonlight, if one pays attention and has done the necessary reading. I don’t at all mind admitting Daley has sent me back to Eliot and Chaucer...maybe even to Ashbery, though I’m still thinking about him — that perpetual sense of listening, through the wrong end of a drinking

continued on next page

THE LAST WORD IN MODERN SONNETS

Ilka Scobie

Jeff Wright's lyrical liberties propel the traditional sonnet on a worldwide dash. Every poem is "Made in..." somewhere —beginning with China. In the second poem, "Made in Hong Kong," the initial entreaty beckons with musical sophistication: anagrammatic words coupled in a double-beat rhyme scheme.

"Come to me now, unkind whirlwind
Come to me now and unwind,
wunderkind."

In "Made in Naples" a romantic incantation is at once triumphant and forlorn. Adding complexity, Wright throws in the homonym "bow."

"I watched her take a bow at the
slam tonight
One more time, she hit on her true mark
and let fly an arrow to my still beating heart."

Ever the provocateur, Wright infuses a sly humor in his startlingly beautiful and offbeat imagery.

The forty-eight sonnets of "Triple Crown" are divided into three parts. Some lines repeat but not in the strict order of a conventional crown. Instead, recurring themes and topoi add structural cohesion. This sonnet garland adheres to the sensuous 14-line forms of Petrarch and Shakespeare while incorporating the innovative jump-cuts and punchy vernacular of Ted Berrigan (who Wright studied with).

Emily Brontë is Wright's muse and consort and is often beside him as he wakes up again and again.

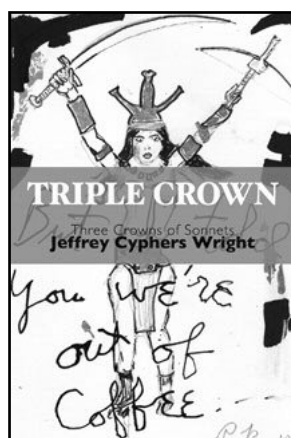
"I woke at the end of a punch line
Emily, by my side, always happy to be alive."

Elsewhere, Brontë sits on a wasp's nest, reads Konkueror protocol in a bikini, and is "drizzled with jazz." Her nether regions are jazzily extolled: "Give me your fur-lined poon." She even visits the Zinc Bar where Larry Fagin is quoting Chekov and the bartender is carding an underage kid nicknamed Piper.

In this anachronistic present built on a literary past, Wright also hangs out with Apollo, Venus, and Astarte as well as with New York poets like Bernadette Mayer, Eileen Myles and David Shapiro. Pan-mythic in scope, Wright draws on Native American and Asian deities as well.

"Speak to me then, Gray Wolf
Let the moon hurl its guts across the sky
Ducks huddle-bobbing on glass river glance
No gate to stay forever shut
Unconsumed by the present I present the now
The Dusters tonight at Mongrel Hall
WANNA BE GOD'S TOY
Let's get hammered, Thor"

The function of imparting information has not always been absent from poetry. Wright recognizes the deep desire to read for knowledge as well as pleasure. Twenty pages of notes at the end provide the curious reader with lots of information about references in the poems, meandering from scientific terms to Emma Goldman quotes. Fusing geography with lexicology we can find out what many of the place names mean. We learn,



Triple Crown, Sonnets
Jeffrey Cyphers Wright
Spuyten Duyvil, 2013

for instance, that Cucamonga means "sandy place" in Shoshone.

Infused with beatnik bonhomie, Wright's enthusiasm animates these pages. Included are his evocative collages, one of which first appeared in *Live Mag!*, Wright's eclectic and excellent art and poetry magazine.

Though these sonnets are entitled with exotic locales, the poems resound with East Village élan. A long time downtowner, Wright is equally confident quoting mythology, technology and rock lyrics. He makes lemonade out of his lemons as he riffs on rejections from literary magazines and feels like "The jester making a cameo on the Jetsons" in "Made in Cheyenne."

Triple Crown thrusts us into the urbane interior life of a true poet and pioneer, who juggles creativity with the quest for legal tender, romance with reality, and passion with pranks. This is a book to read through in a rush, to appreciate the soul and syncopation — and then at random, to re-read, digest and savor on multiple levels. Like a true post punk troubadour, Jeff Wright provokes and entertains, challenging readers to join his cosmic leap.

Ilka Scobie is a native New Yorker and long time downtown resident. She teaches poetry in the public schools and writes about contemporary art for London's Artlyst. She is currently Associate Editor of Live MAG!



Jeffrey Cyphers Wright

MOONLIGHT continued from previous page

glass pressed against a motel room door, to a quiet and somehow disjointed conversation taking place in the room on the other side, frustrates me right out of my skin, and to begin with, Daley did too.

The poems in *Moonlight* seem almost hallucinogenic, but that's the way memory and consciousness work. Listening to the CD that accompanies the book, hearing the poet speak his poem, "Frankie the Milkman" and others, points up the humor, the despite-everything buoyancy of the cozily humdrum everyday that co-exists, in this collection, with what I can only describe as despair. I love that.

It's true that to me — surely I'm not alone — cozies (and Hobbit Holes) often seem safer places to be than the forest, so alien to us in these latter days. But when push comes to shove, few of us seem able to resist the its wild call, though gooseflesh rising along our limbs signals our recognition of dangerous territory ahead, where no moonlight shows us the path, and total darkness threatens to steal our sense of direction, our awareness that others of our kind, and still others not entirely unlike us, are out there too, stumbling around among the roots of ancient, closely crowded trees.

Like most of us, I have — now and then, here and there — made myself an at least temporary pariah. I've been lost in woods of one sort or another many times in my life, desperately afraid of never being found, never finding my way. Oh yes, I do so vividly remember crying out, "Who will love me? Who will want me now?"

In *Moonlight*, Daley shows us the forest is redemptive, moonlight does shine there, at least here and there, now and then — and remade by the journey through it, we can find our way, if we persist, mind our own and the world's past, and attend to the present, to the wild world around us. At least, I would like to think we can.

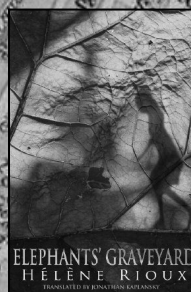
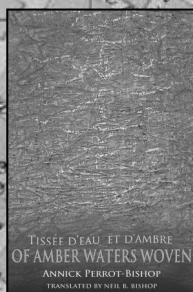
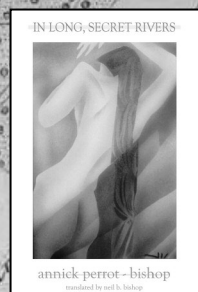
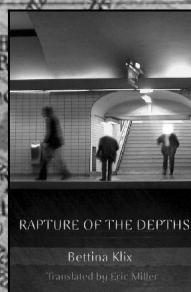
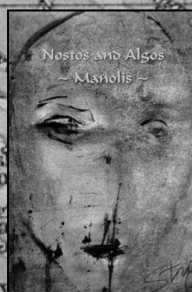
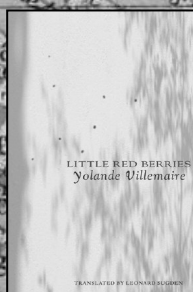
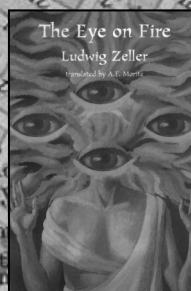
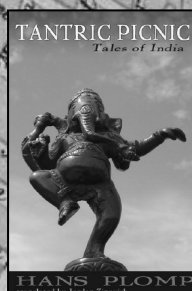
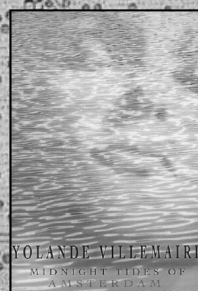
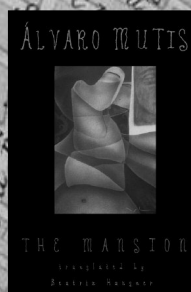
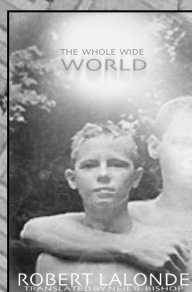
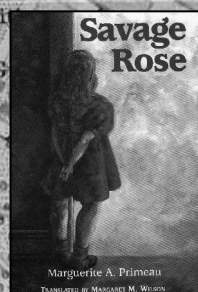
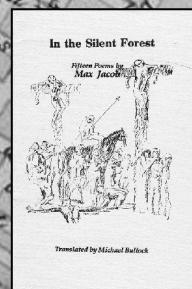
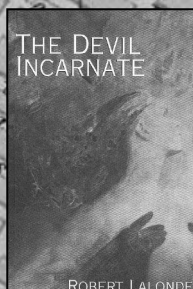
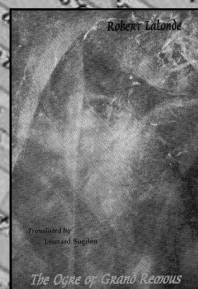
Marjorie Rommel is a graduate of the Rainier Writing Workshop at Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma, Washington. She has taught creative writing at PLU, Highline and Pierce community colleges over the past 25 years.



Ekstasis Editions

*Celebrating more than 30 years
of quality literary publishing*

literary translation is a passport to the imagination



*ekstasis editions will take you
across the borders of the imagiNation*

Ekstasis Editions
ekstasis@islandnet.com
www.ekstasiseditions.com