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Jordan Hartt

Maui Nui

it wasn’t just that he was a haole leathery skin the burned-out color of vegetable oil eyes burned out like extinct volcanoes with whatever passion that had once glowed within—that must have glowed within, she thought, crossing the street, canvas bag heavy on her shoulder with papaya, mango, onions, chocolate—now long-since extinguished, it was that he was now like the island itself on its slow descent back into the sea (he lies on the roof at two in the morning geminid meteor shower slow streaks of white smeared for an instant across black starstreaks framed between weak streetlights the hard fronds of the palms rustling like the sound of the old washing machine all the stars falling from the sky at once, it seems to him, and he’s surprised, gripping his thermos of rum and mountain dew, that any stars still remain) it’s that he was green- and yellow-colored, she thought it’s that he was like the spotted green and yellow of a philodendron twisting around a milo tree, wrapping its skinny arms and legs and fingers and toes around the native milo and suffocating it, climbing it to the top, swelling and growing and thickening her sons (cassiopeia still remains, he notices, drinking deeply from the thermos cassiopeia looking less like the w-shaped crown he’d grown up with on the mainland and more like the islands themselves now, as if he’s not looking up at the stars but down on the islands from a great distance, as if from space, each burning star a different island—ni’ihau, kaua‘i, o‘ahu, maui nui, hawai‘i—and if he can only stare intently enough, for long enough, he’ll see himself staring back up across the distance, and he’ll see her, too, snoring on the mattress beneath the roof, and he’ll figure out whatever it is that’s pulling her away from him, like the rip of water away from the shore) arrive that evening with cases of beer and bottles of rum, surfboards glorious in the back of their trucks like hard flags marking her land, her home her boys leaping from their trucks and from the backs of their trucks with their wives and their girlfriends and their friends and their cousins and their own sons and daughters just as glorious and strong as they
are, and her sons stepping victoriously and gloriously down from their trucks to her
house and her grandchildren run to her and jump into her arms, *tutu!* they scream,
in delight, and she squeezes them to her and from the backs of the trucks come
barbecue grills and bags of charcoal and cases of beer and soda, food and drink
dropping from trucks as if from loaded-down canoes paddled with breadfruit and
coconut sweeping up the hard concrete swells of highway from kahului to the
foothills—as earlier, in the early afternoon, she sweeps carefully the bare, hard-
packed earth of her lawn she sweeps the patches of crabgrass she sweeps
broken sidewalks she sweeps the earth getting ready for the party, she hoses off
the cinderblock foundation, the garden hose the color of lizard, the color of
philodendron, the hose wrapping briefly around her ankle and she jumps, startled,
feels herself kicking at the hose, gasping for oxygen in the humid air (he drinks
mountain dew and stares up—down—at the stars at the islands) he is on the roof
already, she notices, as she sprays the cinderblock—he’s already hiding from her
powerful sons from her glorious victorious sons wal-mart tiki torches are set
up and glow against the fading evening and the coming night (in the late afternoon
he hangs, *sullenly*, she points out to him, christmas lights for the party; he strings
orange-sand-colored lights from the flanks of the palm tree to the house he wraps
lights tightly around the trunk of the tree and he embeds nails in the cracks of the
cinderblock he attaches the string of lights to the nails and he thinks of his years
of construction on the california beach, thinks of the long, downcurving shore,
thinks of the high rolls of surf that would lift him up—bronzed, glorious—toward
the heroin-colored beach, the world a beautiful menagerie of jeeps, of tan girls, of
bikinis in all the colors of the rainbow he remembers stars, sunsets, campfires and
the foamy taste of beer and the twanging of guitars and the feel of bikini bottoms
being shed in his hand like deflating balloons and he remembers the feel of the surf
behind him and the hard shortboard and the roar of the wave and the sudden
weightlessness, the sudden lifting up, like getting flung like a baseball, or a jet plane,
and he remembers springing to his feet, alive and glorious, the roar of the wave
behind him as he steers downward gloriously on water the board on his feet
sitting in their bare living room she waits for her sons to arrive, the
television off, only the sound of early-evening traffic the sun dropping at night,
wrapped up between her two best friends since childhood, their great bodies warm
as beach sand on either side of her, their thick arms draped across one another’s
shoulders she licks clumpy, watered-down heroin off her index finger and they
sway together to the music pouring from speakers that one of her sons has set up in
the driveway some of the keiki smash a rubber ball at one another in a game they
seemed to have just made up but that seems to have very clear rules and she sighs,
and she closes her eyes, and she sways, and she feels her friends’ bodies on either side of her, she feels the warm wind on her face, and she looks up at the palm fronds waving shaka in the wind, and she feels the earth turning, and she feels inside her the waves that eat into the island on all sides (and he thinks, as he strings the lights, of the waves on the northeastern shore, and the gentle way that they crumble, here, the soft waves perfect for his aging, construction-broken body, perfect for his creaking knees and ankles, the perfect way that they crumble toward the hazy green shore) as earlier, she kneels close to the cinderblock and she sprays it hard with the garden hose, even though no dirt remains she sprays it hard as if to spray him off her (two of her sons are fighting they wrestle on the hard dirt their legs like great rolling sandalwood logs and he’s watching from the roof, she sees, and there’s a white gleam in his eye, she sees, beneath his sunken cheeks and the ragged beard, and she sees that he’s smiling at this flare-up between her volcanic sons he’s smiling with the scrape of skin and twist of muscle, as if willing these new gods to burn themselves out too (the sun implodes into diffuse haze to the west as he strings lights) (rum on the rooftop, mountain dew, pakalolo and rum in his veins, he lives again the morning’s session he rides the gentle waves toward the shore and for the first time since the first time it feels like he’s riding a slippery turtle shell instead of a surfboard, a slippery shell and even though he’s on an easy wave he feels off-balance, like he could be thrown at any moment and he drops down to one knee—just for an instant—and grabs the rails—just for a moment, no biggie—until the feeling goes and he stands again, but he stays low and crouched like a shredder on this, the easiest of waves) lying in bed, unable to sleep, the party over, bodies sleeping in corners, on the lawn, in the backs of trucks, the glimmer of dawn through the window, she remembers watching him surf for the first time she remembers he was the first surfer—haole or hawaiian or filipino or anyone—who had ever watched her back like that as a girl she’d walk to the red sand beach in hana with thin naomi and busty elaine and spread a blanket on the worn grass at the park above the beach and sit sidesaddle, a hibiscus flower tucked behind her right ear more than availability it was invitation, it was almost a megaphone, she sometimes thought, shouting her availability as she spread out her blanket and a magazine and cookies and chips and sat with elaine while naomi and their other friends—their bodies thin and hard as their surfboards, their bikini bottoms tight—paddled out into the waves with the boys, their bodies the color of bark the color of sand the color of earth and she watched them displace the haole surfers whose bodies were the color of airplanes the color of invasive sharks until her friends had paddled out so far they were nothing more than bobbing heads, as small as seeds, and then they were lined up and she watched as they came back in, but she especially watched the boys,
paddling, then standing, everything breaking, waves and white downrushing foam and pure blue wave and perfect hard bodies coming in one by one, like the first windblown seeds to land on the islands, like the first canoes to the shores she watched them riding and throwing shaka and howling and then backflipping off into the rushing foam and then paddling out to come in again—and it hadn’t been for decades later until this one had come in on his last wave of the day that she’d been looked at the way she always wanted to be looked at by a surfer she was standing by her car to pick up her granddaughter and she saw him look at her the way she’d always wanted—not settling, wanting—and although something in his green eyes had gone out a long time ago they were still looking at her his body was as thin and hard as a rock and she ate with her eyes the way his eyes ate her and she ate his shoulders and the shape of his jaw and the v shape that ran into his surf shorts and the way that he was looking at her were all too much and she started to shake, standing there, his gaze running over her and she turned toward him so he could see her better and she invited it all in and as he came up to her she soaked in his smell of saltwater and coconut (he lies on the roof the party burned out beneath him he watches the meteor shower) and she decided to go for it, she decided to paddle in front of the wave, she decided—what the hell, why not—she decided to catch the wave and ride it

Jordan Hartt is a writer, writing teacher, and community and events organizer. His work has appeared in about thirty different literary magazines and journals, including Another Chicago Magazine (ACM), Crab Creek Review, Verdad, and Prose Poem. He holds a Master of Fine Arts degree from the University of Idaho, and has taught literature and creative writing at Peninsula College for the past eight years. Hartt’s first book, Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest is forthcoming in June, 2015.
Valerie Fox

Two Important Questions Concerning Dreams

If one dream could be enacted, for real, which one would you choose? What would you be wearing in it?

Maybe the one where I sprint after the thief who has stolen my camera out of my unlocked car.

I had some good pictures.
I’d be wearing (when chasing)

my usual red pants and I’d be skinny.
I’d run all the way here, the place I never intended for retirement, yet, always end up back at.
My disproportional business partner helps me chase
down the thief and takes a leadership role in leading him to police.

And in addition, I am not afraid to say the same words twenty times in a row.

Dear Doctor Friend, I also dreamed of you and my earlier donkey.

Tell me, why is it people can’t recognize their own state of mind but think they know mine?

Back to the camera (dream) drama, I get it back.
I get it. Do you? This dream is contagious.
Valerie Fox

Two Important Questions Concerning Fairy Tales

Why in those days were there so many witch-women?
What's the most magical stick of furniture in your house?

Once, when I was a child, I didn’t know what a water-closet was,
or a rock garden, or a witch-woman.

It turns out that spirits were everywhere and essential
to the world view in my house.

The most magical stick of furniture varied (varies).
A salty spirit flew from blender to lamp to floor-covering.

Some people and objects might not be furniture, strictly speaking,
but they rise to the top, they are the loudest, they’re like gold.

This book is heavy and full of witches.
One might be alive, here, at home in the coffee-table.

The table-top cigarette burns add character.
The mill-stone around my neck is starting to sing.

Valerie Fox’s books include The Rorschach Factory (Straw Gate Books) and The Glass Book (Texture Press). Recently she published Poems for the Writing: Prompts for Poets, co-authored with Lynn Levin. She’s published writing in Hanging Loose, Ping Pong, Qarrtsiluni, Sentence, West Branch, Apiary, and other journals. She teaches at Drexel University, in Philadelphia.
Sean Kearney

Be Bored

For the sake of cleansing seconds
stare at something still.
Free from feeling filled
hum the sound of the sun descending
sitting in its final ribbons.
Watch what leaves shake
in the unseen breeze.
Feel your own fingers.

Let time be soil for time.
Let hunger set in

Sean Kearney received his MFA from Arcadia University in 2013. This is his first publication. He is a freelance journalist, blogger, and editor. He is from the Wilkes-Barre/Scranton area and currently resides in Philadelphia.
Dan Bruskewicz

Snakeskin

Well the ocean is a snakeskin that I found in the basement
where we laid under my staircase and swallowed all my blankets
and your eyes did tell they went like rivers through my mouth

And the mountains and the pavement all got tangled with engagements
while the rich men sign their pay checks and procreate with statements
and the red ribbon moon hangs like a trophy on the shelf

I got a bad idea I think I’ll keep it to myself

I came home early and you were dancing by the door all with
junk mail in your pockets and dead bolts on the floor
and you said tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me

And the sheriff on the mattress he was flipping through an atlas
while his wife was striking matches with a hot pastrami sandwich
in her powder blue dress and her white platform shoes

I got a bad idea and I got nothing left to lose

I came home early and you were dancing by the door all with
junk mail in your pockets and dead bolts on the floor
and you said tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me

And you and I we are like children fractures of the moment at our feet
the dreams of our fathers will remind us again
that the whole wide world is asleep
Dan Bruskewicz

Train Song

The Russian is drunk and the taxi cab’s stuck
and he’s begging for cigarettes in the snow
and the newspaper carriers marking the street
are all you make out in the glow
your woman is leaving her words are misleading
as she steadies herself now for show
oh but where did she come from? God only knows

The train it is clattering wheels they are rattling
the switch man has holstered his gun
and the river is floating and the timber is holding
an eyeball of rage from the canopy sun
and now trumpets are bleeding in the back of your head
as she whispers her way back to Rome
oh but where did she come from? God only knows

Now the men are behaving and writing down day dreams
there’s an ill colored bag on a train on the run
and now something of lust it peeks through the trees
with an eye lash of branches and a half blooded sun
and now children make faces at the back of the train
and the women up front they call me by name
and the brake man is singing and stealing the chains
and the lines on my hands they go on all the same
but I can’t help but sit here and ponder the places she goes
oh but where did she come from? God only knows

Dan Bruskewicz is the lead singer of Philadelphia’s TJ Kong & the Atomic Bomb. They are a band of so-and-so’s who sound like Bob Seger high on cocaine and lost in the apocalypse.
I have moved from one apartment to another six months back, then moved from one office to another about one month back. In both places, I still live among boxes—at my apartment, a massive stack of them in the middle of the front room, like Switzerland or the Massif Central in France, in my office, like stalagmites rising from the floor of a cavern, lining the walls and partially blocking the bookshelves which I would need access to in order to empty the books from the boxes that block them.

As I point out to my science fiction classes when we get to that part of Frank Herbert’s *Dune* where the Lady Jessica is unwrapping twine from cartons in their new home in Arrakeen, the Herberts had lots of experience moving from one house to another, often just a step ahead of the creditors! I didn’t have to move for that reason—nor have the Harkonnens and Padishah Emperor Shaddam IV conspired to trap me on an inhospitable planet, inhabited by other poets and the psychology department—but the result is the same. I have lots of boxes that I unpack randomly, based more on how close they are to the surface than how urgent it is that I obtain their contents.

As a result, I wind up stumbling on papers, among them poems, that I haven’t seen for years, in some instances, and these unexpected *trouvailles* act as those little cookies that Marcel dipped in tea then tasted in his aunt’s house…memories emerge, unbidden…

For example, the following poem:

**Daphne-Apollo**

*after Alice Fulton after Ovid*

Take Daphne’s hair: free, each strand doing its own thing. One ribbon twines through it, a snake slips through lianas. Apollo wanted
order—a Clairol girl in a glossy mag. No way that would happen with him in hot pursuit. ‘Run more slowly,’ he yodeled, ‘I’ll slow down too!’ Right. As if they both ran on a Grecian urn, him never to catch her in a wedding hymn—nor a blesséd place where cool springs massage the crooked toes of uncomplaining trees. She knew this wood’s paths as her long-distance sprint caromed off each jab of bright fingers into the wood womb.

I know that I wrote that in 2001, because the poet Alice Fulton was going to come to Drexel to read, but canceled in the wake of the 9-11 attacks. I don’t know whether I had written it before it was known she was canceling or after; all I recall is that I had been sensitized to her name and when I saw her section of that book of contemporaries’ translations from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, I was struck by her interpretation of it, and I went back to the original.

I had studied the *Metamorphoses* in graduate school under Brooks Otis, a noted classical scholar who had been forced into retirement at Stanford and then was snapped up by UNC-Chapel Hill’s classics department. Unfortunately, he was not appreciated by the grad students at the time, but that was a very fortunate circumstance for me, because there were only four of us in his seminar on Ovid. His whole point was that Ovid’s poem was what he called an “anti-epic,” in which Virgil’s *Aeneid* and the Homeric epics were played with, conventions teased, and contemporaries in Rome slyly implicated in improprieties—it has been said that Ovid was banished from Rome to an area not far from Sochi because he had accidentally “seen something” disgraceful in the Emperor’s daughter’s behavior, just as Actaeon was ripped apart by his hounds for accidentally seeing Diana naked in her bath.

Otis guffawed at Apollo’s asking Daphne to run slower, promising that he would reduce the speed of his chase correspondingly; I don’t recall what Fulton made of that, I think her treatment of the attempted rape was a bit more serious. The “blesséd place” that Daphne doesn’t wish to be caught in is the *locus amoenus* that we had studied in ancient poetry and which I saw along the creeks threading their way through town, and my fiancée had crooked toes from years of dancing ballet in point shoes, and which I massaged after taking classes and workshops in shiatsu, polarity therapy, and foot massage at the local Wholistic Health Center. Ah, those were the days!
Another old and forgotten poem I must have written a year or more after “Daphne-Apollo” because I remember the office I had moved to when the woman in question visited me there, doesn’t have the same complex web of grad-school associations the earlier poem has, but is more centripetal in its focus:

**Her Heart around Me**

The heart must not be tentative to clutch at what it yearns to wrap in its chamber, that dark hot red slick rubbbery muscle invisible in the body’s dense night. But it must relax, that its object might slip in, that slight woman whose eyes’ amber preserves a prehistoric dark wrestle, whose agile tender limbs make me their catch. Caught I’ve become, acknowledge it with pen. I wish it were her heart around me wrapped to let me underwater gasp her blood, heart’s air that roars like fire throughout my head; may it be more than my own wish that has trapped me in my own mind’s spider-sticky seine.

This is like the LaBrea Tar Pits! There is the extended metaphor, or the conceit of a Baroque poet like Donne, by which the heart is both the figurative center of emotions celebrated in Valentine’s Day cards and also the blood-pumping muscle in modern anatomy and physiology; the difficulty comes in trying to develop both aspects of the image simultaneously, for if I have a place in a woman’s heart, then I have to breathe blood. Her amber eyes suggest the insects trapped and thereby preserved in prehistoric amber, and it is just a short hop from that image to one of two insects caught in the act of interpenetration by the golden ooze that has in eons since hardened.

A friend of mine who is more of a performance artist than I obviously was using air quotes when he recited my line “Caught I’ve become, acknowledge it with pen” because that kind of inversion is not only *verboten* on the stage, but even is quite *déclassé* in poetry today. Actually, since Pound and Eliot heaved the pentameter. But
when you are in the throes of an infatuation, such as I was then—and even though an infatuation is by definition being inflated with emptiness—you don't think in terms of what is appropriate or acceptable. A crush is a crush and your sense of proportion is turned all to mush. Still, the thought of the heart as a fist, that would hold on to someone else, leads inevitably to the realization that the heart clutches only to let go and find itself empty once more; to clutch and never let go is to die.

Just as the Scandinavians leave their winter sauna hut and jump into a cold pond or roll around in the snow, a much cooler poem will end these musings:

**Genre Scene**

Sound is motion. Noiseless flight
is simply too distant
for human ears to understand,
stand under. Hunters in the snow
stride motionlessly into the white
noise blanketing the seashell ear.
The dogs’ mouths are closed
to preserve their tongues from dry
cold. No barking. We don't hear
as well now that we grow old,
but what of the tableau
of Pieter Brueghel the Elder?
No noise. They walk in snow.

In undergraduate Art History surveys we were told that outdoor scenes were “genre” scenes, with dances, farming, hunting and the like collectively presenting us with “slices of life” of the times. Brueghel’s *Hunters in the Snow* has long been one of my favorites, but I wondered, before I knew what “ekphrastic poetry” was, whether I could get across an aspect of the painting’s essence in words.

For one thing, the first thing we find out about words is sound, starting with the WAAAAAAA of the newborn finding itself in a blinding void. Here there is no sound; those hunters have progressed no farther than they were 450 years ago, so there is no crunch of boots, no huffing of breath, no grunting from the disappointing lack of game encountered along the way. Since sound is motion—isn’t that what modern physics teaches us? we “hear” because of motion in our inner ear?—we hear nothing except the noises John Cage heard when he entered a totally soundproof
chamber at Harvard: a low tone and a high tone, the one being his circulatory system working, the other being his nervous system. And does all the snow lying on the ground, branches, and roofs make white noise in the background?

Don Riggs has been writing verses, some of which aspires to poetry, since the sixth grade, which is half a century ago. He has self-published three chapbooks: Walks (1983), Hermenoodles (1988) and Self Portraits in Words and Images (1997). He has most recently published his first “real” book, Bilateral Asymmetry (Texture Press, 2014). All of these feature both texts and drawings, often deliberately interrelated in some way. He studied the Middle Ages in graduate school, and he is now middle-aged, so he has become what he has studied.
I have always loved accentual-syllabic verse. Most people do, even if they don’t realize it. Human beings like rhyme and they like meter. That’s why they sing. That’s why they make up nursery rhymes. There are people who think that they don’t like poetry. I have to believe, however, that that is because they are not sufficiently familiar with it, that their exposure to it has been limited to a few contemporary free verses, or to some of the more difficult older poems where the requirements of the form obscure the narrative, or where the rhyme and meter are so subtle they are difficult for the untutored reader to appreciate.

Long poems in particular can be difficult. I was gratified once to hear the Danish poet Søren Ulrik Thomsen say that he didn’t particularly like poems that were longer than a single page, or perhaps it was that he didn’t like writing such poems. In any case, I was gratified because I have never much cared for long poems myself. I often pick up a book of poetry and flip through it to see the length of the poems. If most run only one page, then there’s a good chance I will buy the book. If most are longer than that, then there’s a good chance I won’t.

I don’t mean to suggest that short poems are necessarily better than long ones, but only that short poems make fewer demands on readers. Short poems can be just as profound as longer poems, but the profundity is easier to grasp if the whole of the poem sits on a single page. Perhaps this phenomenon has to do with the shortened attention span of the contemporary reader. Or perhaps it is that everyone has so many obligations now that it seems too decadent to carve out enough time to appreciate a longer poem.

*The Body’s Bride* is a slender volume filled with precisely the kind of short poems I love and that appeal to most contemporary readers of poetry, both tutored and
untutored. It is clearly the product, however, of many years’ work, because although there is some free verse, most of the poems are formal and formal poems are excruciatingly difficult to craft. Only someone with years of experience both reading and writing formal poetry could produce such a volume. There are triolets, rondeaus, sonnets and villanelles to name just a few of the many forms represented.

Kotzin is a master of forms and of the poet’s craft more generally. The imagist anthem “no ideas but in things” taken from William Carlos Williams’s epic poem “Patterson,” had always seemed kind of arbitrary to me. Yet compare Kotzin’s triolet “Nuptial” to Hardy’s triolet “How Great My Grief,”

**How Great My Grief**

How great my grief, my joys how few,
Since first it was my fate to know thee!
—Have the slow years not brought to view
How great my grief, my joys how few,
Nor memory shaped old times anew,
Nor loving-kindness helped to show thee
How great my grief, my joys how few,
Since first it was my fate to know thee?

**Nuptial**

Each year I wait for the old pear to bloom,
to stand adorned again in frothy white,
a brazen backyard bride without a groom.
Each year I wait for the old pear to bloom,
I stand beneath the tree, the air a tomb
of scent and petals. Spring’s a passing blight
each year. I wait for the old pear to bloom
to stand adorned again in frothy white.

Despite the fact that some would argue the overt subject matter of Hardy’s poem is more profound, Kotzin’s poem is the more forceful and beautiful precisely because of the strong images, including an unexpected, and hence arresting, reference to spring as a “blight.”

Images abound in the poems in this collection, as do literary allusions. “On certain summer afternoons/when shadows stretch across the lawn” begins “The Itch” in
a clear allusion to Emily Dickinson’s “There’s a certain Slant of light.” There’s another, more overt reference to Dickinson in “Pulse.”

**Pulse**

*after Dickinson*

Why should I stop for Death?  
He would not stop for me—  
Instead he cruised right by  
Pretending not to see

Me waving here—Although  
The winter light is dim—  
I recognize his Escalade—  
A certain formal black.

I couldn’t hear his music—  
Yet I still feel  
His beat—just watch him—now—  
Cool jamming on the wheel.

“Pulse” exhibits another quality shared by many poems in the collection—humor. Sometimes the humor is dark, as in “Pulse,” but other times it’s light, as in “Villanelle Villainess,” Kotzin’s hilarious meditation on the reaction of her students to being assigned to write a villanelle.

There are also poems about paintings, including paintings by Winslow Homer, Emil Nolde, and James McNeill Whistler. And then there are the unsettling poems in the third section of the book, beginning with “Lurkers,” an unusual form of the sonnet in that each line is end-stopped.

**Lurkers**

Who’s leaning slouched against the jungle gym:  
If we walk closer, we can see his face.  
The lamppost near him flickers and grows dim.  
He looks toward us, and he begins to pace.
He moves between the jungle-gym and slide.
He stops, looks at his wrist, must see the time.
He shakes his head as though he can’t decide.
He grabs a bar, and he begins to climb.

He perches, balanced, at the very top.
He holds his arms straight up above his head.
He teeters, sways, then grabs the bar to stop.
It seems he’ll jump; he swings his legs instead.

So who—or what—keeps him out here so late?
We stand in the shadows, too, and watch him wait.

“Bait,” the next poem in the third section of the book, is even darker. Like Richard Eberhart’s “The Groundhog,” it details the disappearance of a carcass. But what kind of carcass? The poem doesn’t say. There is a reference to a “heap of offal” and a blood-stained item of clothing (both of which have mysteriously disappeared by the final stanza) but the reader is left to figure out for him, or herself, exactly what happened.

This is a collection for both the casual reader and the connoisseur. The casual reader can appreciate the wonderful surface qualities of formal poetry, the rhyme, the meter, and the connoisseur, in addition to these things, can appreciate the multi-fariously literary and artistic allusions and the deeper emotional content of each poem. This book is a masterpiece that, again, has to have been many years in the making, if not in terms of the actual writing of it, then certainly in terms of the development of the sensibilities represented in the individual poems as well as in the supreme mastery of the poet’s craft that they display. It has long been my view that Kotzin is one of the best poets writing today. Anyone who doubts such an assessment need only read this work.

M.G. Piety lives in Philadelphia where she is an associate professor of philosophy at Drexel University. Piety came to Drexel from Copenhagen, where she lived from the fall of 1990 until the fall of 1998 and where she taught Kierkegaard and the history of European philosophy through DIS (Danish Institute for Study Abroad), then a division of the University of Copenhagen. She received her M.A. in philosophy from Bryn Mawr College and her Ph.D. in philosophy from McGill University in Montreal.

Piety is a frequent contributor to the online political journal CounterPunch and
has published numerous scholarly articles in professional journals and books as well as popular articles and essays both online and in the Times Literary Supplement. Her translations of Søren Kierkegaard’s Repetition and Philosophical Crumbs for Oxford University Press appeared in 2009 and her book Ways of Knowing: Kierkegaard’s Pluralist Epistemology was published by Baylor University Press in 2010. She is currently working on a book for Gegensatz Press titled Fear and Dissembling: The Copenhagen Kierkegaard Controversy.