

CONTENTS

PAGE

Debra Innocenti	<i>The Places We Can't Think Our Way Into</i>	5
Elizabeth Tibbetts	<i>In The Well</i>	6
Charles Wyatt	<i>Abraham's Sacrifice</i>	7
Jennifer White	<i>A Husband and Wife in the Woods At a Nudist Camp, N.J. 1963</i>	8
T. Alan Broughton	<i>In the Hut of Eumaeus</i>	10
Alexandra Thurman	<i>The Long Snow</i>	12
Elizabeth Stoessl	<i>Subversions</i>	14
Lauren Smith	<i>A Short History of Marriage Birdello</i>	16 18
Ken Waldman	<i>The Further Work</i>	19
James Klein	<i>"The Art of Reading" Something Portentous</i>	20 21
Ilona Popper	<i>Something You Had Seen</i>	22
Jeanne Wells	<i>Night Triptych With Missing Light Switch</i>	24
Kristin Berkey-Abbott	<i>Land Mine Treaty</i>	25
Books in Brief		
Michael Palmer, <i>At Passages</i>		26
Campbell McGrath, <i>Spring Comes to Chicago</i>		28
Albert Goldbarth, <i>Adventures in Ancient Egypt</i>		29
Philip Fried, <i>Quantum Genesis and Other Poems</i>		31
Lucie Brock-Broido, <i>The Master Letters</i>		33
Ted Hughes, <i>Birthday Letters</i>		36
Jorie Graham, <i>The Errancy</i>		39

THE PLACES WE CAN'T THINK OUR WAY INTO

Something about the vent. A small door opening.
It's dark—this could be a dream
or something I imagined, relentless, awake.

Everything disappears into the little vent: the stuffed, multicolored
turtle;
the blanket with a satin hem; the blue blocks.
Mother turning my head away from the TV,
her cool, rough palm: This too disappears.
The vent blades shine in the darkness.
The screws—will they turn and turn and wiggle and tumble to the
floor?

Something about the betweenness of rooms, the space that isn't
a space. Where the mouse cried out from the trap, all night
that hidden struggle. Then the *Nothing*

she threw into the outside trash.

All the *What?'s* spatter like sparklers, into thin, glowing ashes,
pieces of the movie swirling on the back of my lids—

I'm tired of their tired halos.

What if I could stop them? The protesting hands. The police tape
strewn like birthday streamers over the gaping door.

Debra Innocenti

IN THE WELL

“There was a trout,”
said the old woman who lived here,
if I can believe the one who called me
always by the wrong name, who accused
me of stealing her blind – she could still see
that I had what once was hers.

Once, she was
a young woman whose man lowered a shining trout
in a bucket into the well he had dug, digging
his body deeper until she saw only brow
and then no man at all. She dreamed
of the fish circling the underground, feeding
on lost insects and worms, while snakes coiled
between the cold stones above the water’s surface.
The fish dreamed of other fins and tails
and pale, speckled bellies. And when the fish saw
that the woman lifted the cover and poured in the sun
did it believe she would jump, her descent
and splash slowed by its joy at her approaching
toes, her moon-colored thighs,
the drifting skirt, her hair streaming up
like pickerel grass, bubbles of light
rising around her as if she carried the sky
down to live in the watery dark, emitting gold
and green and blue?

There was a woman, a fish,
and a man whose hands placed the stones
where a face looks up now from that plate of sky.

Elizabeth Tibbetts

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE

(etching, Rembrandt van Rijn, 1655)

You've made up your mind,
faith, the knife in your hand.
But what if this moment doesn't come –
these angel wings like laundry
flapping in the wind?

Clean, white,
sweet smelling
angel wings
flapping and rippling –
The wind they stir
you can feel in your beard –
There is nothing
so clean as angel wings,
nor so sharp
as your faith,
the knife in your hand.

Now, is this the moment?
The closest thing to white,
a cloud, stays far and wide,
its edges faint, fading,
and the only sound you hear,
farther yet,
is a distant crow.

Charles Wyatt

**A HUSBAND AND WIFE IN THE WOODS
AT A NUDIST CAMP, N.J. 1963**
On a Photograph by Diane Arbus

I like to look at her imperfections:
the droopy shoulders, the lop-sided breasts,
and on her abdomen, the inflections
of a scar that ends just above the nest
of her pubic hair. Mostly, her wide hips
are the magnet to which my eyes return,
partly because of her head and her flip-
fopped feet that seem so small. A misshapen urn.

A child's top. Even her gaze is askew.
He, on the other hand, is the picture
of symmetry: his eyes look straight into
mine through the camera's narrow aperture;

his nose, navel, prick form a y -axis
on the Cartesian graph of his body.
I could chart the coordinates of his
nipples easily, despite my shoddy

math skills. Does she, I wonder, flesh them out
with her mouth, or is she as demure as
she appears? Maybe he shows her the route
to trace. Maybe she suckles like she is

his baby. He is so clearly her guide.
Their nudity allows me to leap right
to their sex life: they have no place to hide,
there are no fig leaves around (he holds bright

car keys in his hand, but they are too small,
too cold). Besides, they joined the colony
to be free, to recapture a pre-Fall
mood. God. She seems so different from me.

She might be the perfect, the intended,
Eve. Who would refuse, dry-mouthed, pure, to slake
her thirst with the fruit. No matter how red.
Who would, with certainty, turn from the snake.

I know this: I would have to stare, eyes big,
without power or desire to restrain
myself. The thick muscle moving over twigs,
through grass. Hypnotic green of shifting skin
and scales. Eyes like amber with onyx slits.
Forked tongue caressing soft *S*-sounds. All for
me. So beautiful, this serpent, and yet,
so evil. How to resist, to ignore
the flirtation, the parched throat? The tension,
like sweet meat, between awe and revulsion?

Jennifer White

IN THE HUT OF EUMAEUS

I have come home and yet I cannot tell
you or anyone else who I am. Too dangerous
to let you into the places I have been
even before I know them myself. I stink
of the sweat from dragging oars against
the currents of tides. My face
is older than it is, seamed by erosive suns
and wind. Or so I say. Maybe I sat
on the deck of a bungalow and faced the strand,
maybe the booze carved out its hours
from dusk to dawn. I offer you
no place for certainty.

I will tell a tale good enough to catch
your need for story, and I'll pretend
it is my tale, hew it close to what
my dreams would have made
if I allowed myself to remember dreams.

You see, this is why I'm always coming home,
begging you to listen to truth, this time,
really – I'll tell where I've been.
You'll fall for it again, kill
some fatted calf, pop the cork on a wine
you've wanted an excuse to open.

My *once upon a time* is twice or thrice
because I can't stop returning to this hut,
my breath held ready to pluck these cords
that will pitch tones toward a tongue
hunching in the cave of my mouth
until it finds the best word in the flock
to carry me out to the shore of escape.
And then I will turn and tell you
I am *No One*, the traveler, liar,
always about to reveal who I am
and sweep the house clean – except
you do not know the joy of never arriving,
making it up, the next tale, and the next
that knows me better than I can.

T. Alan Broughton

THE LONG SNOW

I wanted something cool inside my mouth. Something cold against my teeth, a freeze turned burn against the burning of my heart. My mouth, I mean. It was my mouth that hurt the winter of our disrepair. Each morning, lying on my side against the broken bed with two dogs at the foot, I'd watch the snow press up against our milk-white panes. While you, the iceman, pushed yourself inside me. October through July before we saw the sun unfiltered by a mist that looked like smoke hissed out between a woman's teeth. Sometimes I'd shiver in the whiteness. But mostly I was hot, my mind on fire with words we'd throw like whips or slaps, like bullets. At night, I'd take you deep into my throat – my gums rubbed numb with snow – I'd keep you up for hours until we both got to the place we could get out of, the one place left us in the bloody world that had a trap door we could fall right through, fall free.

Since then I've been afraid to yield to how the mind longs to give itself away. The way it hates the dumb body as much as the body loves its own borders, so much it'll wake up one more time every time, one more ice-locked morning, with the sun raw in an iron sky, the dark declivity of armpits flung against a mattress. Sweat-soaked, semen-stained – looks like a fuckin' flower, you'd say, groaning your way up to piss in the bathroom.

What a night. Quel flight. And hey – we're still here, baby.

You used to watch us – dealer name of Smurf and me – as we slipped and moaned for hours, our cold bones reed-like, unfed, knocking on the bare slats of the bed. That time you poured the smoke into my mouth so I could touch the moon, a round dry light. You know, I think I might have bartered everything to end there, but your face, I saw, was made of flesh, though I could feel the cold wet universe unpeeling us as rapidly as flight. We didn't find the door that night. And by the next day it was summer; cool as celery, but summer, just the same.

Alexandra Thurman

SUBVERSIONS

Perry Knitting Mill

He moved down the line inspecting their work quickly so the snowy lint could not settle on his shoulders. He stopped at one stool, gave a light tap. Gertie turned off her huge spinning thread-cones and followed him to the back office. When she returned to the lines, she walked slowly, the better to show off the wet stain across her rear, and to savor the women's laughter and their gratitude for 20 minutes of peace.

Blue Boy Cannery

Thelma failed the corn-ear inspection line because she missed too many live worms. She moved to the cutters, then the boilers. Last chance was the packing room. At the noon whistle, she stayed behind, took one hot sealed can from the slowing belt, turned it upside down to start the jam she had heard of in factory folklore. She unknotted her corn-soaked bandana, peeled away rubber gloves, hosed down her safety glasses and her boots, and took herself far from the scene.

Bonneville Hatchery

Margaret squatted next to Jerry. Each time a slaughtered salmon fell off the belt into his arms he milked it of its spermjuice. She caught the white fluid in a Dixie cup, walked to the other end of the belt, stirred it into the bucket of shiny red eggs harvested from the female side. From time to time as the bodies piled around her, she altered the ratio in the bucket: spilled the liquid down the floordrain, threw the cups out half-emptied, or drank the milt and absorbed its power.

Kinsler's Coat Factory

Valerie stilled her treadle when they raised the piecework quota. She walked out, past dense bolts of dark wool piled to the ceiling, past the cutters hunched at their tables wielding gigantic scissors, past the women who left their machines and followed her. They went to Jake's for coffee and apple pie. The foreman came and ordered them back. While they negotiated, stout Valerie ate three slices of pie. The quota increase was cancelled. Valerie returned. The women followed. The men kept cutting, did not look up.

Elizabeth Stoessl

Two Poems

A SHORT HISTORY OF MARRIAGE

A big man came in a box labeled
This is your husband. What had I ordered –
a slush band, a hush rand, a crushed hand –
that had been so misunderstood? Still,
the man waited, and, as he said he could
make omelets, I let him in. We lived
happily together. Even the neighbors,
whose husbands, they claimed, had
not come in boxes,
eventually welcomed him.

We'd adopted an IRA, painted
the house, and proposed
a brown-eyed girl to the board,
when my dreams began
leaving clothes on the floor.
Strange underwear accumulated in my drawer –
and socks with suggestive messages sewn in
from people I'd never met.
Who is Bridget? said my husband.
That was easy enough. *Who*
are Bobo and Al? That was harder;
and who could explain the pile
of red boxers in the corner?

"They're for you," I tried.

Wrong style, wrong color . . .

"For a change," I cried.

Wrong size! "You

never make omelets," I said.

Whose are they? he said. "You

were pre-assembled," I said.

You are my wife, he said. "But

you came in a box," I said.

It was a stand-off. Only the omelets,
finally making themselves in the kitchen,
could intervene. We set the table,
lit the candles, invited the neighbors for dinner.

"It was my childhood," I said.

Yes, he said. "Back then,
the dogs loved us," I said.

Oh yes, he said. "The birds flashed,
and the water shone like foil."

I understand, he said; and we saved
some of the eggs for later, to be eaten slowly,
with the lights dimmed and the music low.

BIRDELLO

There were ten birds, each of which hated us differently,
at a long table the dogs had set for dinner.
A goat was making lasagna,
and we all settled down to discuss things.

The story of the birds we had learned from our dreams.
They were raised by opossum,
who were killed on the highway, tragically.

But what had that to do with us? What had we done,
sitting in the lamplight with our shadows and pens,
tracing our hands on paper and filling the silhouettes
with letters for words we did not understand?

“You could have dreamed us happy,” said the birds.
“You could have dreamed the possums off the road,
dreamed the car keys on their kitchen hook, your sister
less morose, content to stay at home, less reckless and alone.”

Could be, said the dogs, who spoke on our behalf,
but what can be done now?

“If you cannot dream us happy,
dream us rich, failing that, then dream us tall,

with long and shapely legs, red silk scarves,
and all the other accoutrements of love.”

Lauren Smith

THE FURTHER WORK

Think of the brain
as the cellular door,
then think of it
after it's been whacked
worse than any warp.
Like the usual home
handyman task, the repair
takes twice the time
you'd like, or longer,
because doors demand
the further work.
Worry if you must
(*worry* as the charm
you grasp for hope),
though worry won't ease
the wait. The brain
fixes the brain best
through nightshirt leaps
of measurement and dream,
a dark routine offset
by occasional daytrips
to the hardware place
where the soul hangs.
You don't do a thing
but stay out of the way
and listen for the brain
to say: Perfectly fine,
you can walk back in –
look around and see
what I've added
to the living room,
kitchen, bedroom, bath.

Ken Waldman

Two Poems**“THE ART OF READING”**

The impeccably-dressed short man
on the cake
isn't just not tall.
He's seized his moment
under these pines,
his own stereo lugged here,
Brahms cum pine cones,
to give a little whistlestop.
There's a painting, "The Art of Reading,"
husband and wife in a living room,
where the pictorial planes
have been distorted
to make space for the text
to balloon into.
Yet the moment goes.
You can't marry a Jew
without breaking a glass.
Life is more like being a conductor
with a broken elbow,
or a student deejay
introducing a record
snatched a random,
a Japanese big band,
it turns out, recorded in 1972,
having musicians with unanimously
unpronounceable names.

SOMETHING PORTENTOUS

Squeak, squeak, here comes
something portentous
with a cuckoo in the background,
a little hoot of a thing
blaring like a traffic jam.
When one becomes the thing
it is impossible not to,
whole registers of sense open up
like a music wall,
every blink linked,
easy and refined as a cartoon,
the numbing superb sense
of owning everything,
including whatever
we're throwing away today.

James Klein

SOMETHING YOU HAD SEEN

Today I suddenly saw
the way you'd been
imagining we might be
if ever I
could come to you
just as you lay
in fantasy drowsing
in the colors of the daylight
drawn to look
at me my breasts made
bare by your careful hand, touching
as you uncovered
me by the window light;
you had found the sight
before only inside
of sea shell,
the color of pearl
pink-staining my skin, paled
in places to the original
satin; you'd found before
only ever in shell,
beheld as a child,
before you'd ever come to know
the smooth or roughened
qualities could waken you.

(stanza continued)

Something you had seen before
you'd found how great
you might be; bearing in,
implanting strands
like sea-milk, where your seeds
were held in clasp of the saltiest,
gravest lip, blushing suddenly
like the red tip nipples
you'd touched as you stood
in your mind by the light
remembering the sight
you'd had when you'd held
a shell, traced the stains
swirling from the tips,
from the cream of the edge
to the tiny space rolled red
at the center, dropped again
to sand as you ran
when your mother called.

Ilona Popper

NIGHT TRIPTYCH WITH MISSING LIGHT SWITCH

i

In the night you walk and walking wake
the long stairwell of childhood
reaching for that old switch you find
the wall scorched smooth your
hand a moth your motion
illuminates nothing your foot
trying to plant itself one step down
will not settle will find no ease will
not root

*It was here it was always here it
made a sharp snap in the hollow hallway –*

ii

In the night you walk and hearing nothing hear
the brush of darkness against your open pores dark
as velvet you ride it like a wing you
ride it as your hand rode the linen wall
the unlighted wallpaper down the
stairs that soft night music of dark rubbing dark
before the thick-headed newel met your palm

iii

Every piece of night another petal
every dark blossom blooming toward it
the night a story telling itself each turned leaf
a bit darker than the last each tongue whorled up
from its own shadowy green all but one
the one who because there is no switch–
because there is no switch there is no story wakes

Jeanne Wells

LAND MINE TREATY

I'd like to have a baby,
but there is no
Cambodian farmer
so desperate for cash and vegetables that
he is willing to
dig up any field as he
hunts for old land mines
or just more land to farm.
No one to plow my acreage,
no one who will risk that
explosion.

Kristen Berkey-Abbott

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The syntax route

Syntax: the order in which we arrange our words: usually “sentence structure” – if we think we know what we mean by *sentence*. Some syntactic forms appear ordered (arranged/commanded) by our DNA, some by our schoolmarm. Some surely are conditioned by the conventions of our era. (The subject/verb/object structure certainly appears rooted deeply in English, whether by nature, nurture, or a combination. But we quickly identify a “sentence” by an initial capital letter and terminal punctuation, even that structure ex-coriated as a “fragment” in Freshman English.) Syntax, a larger concept than sentence, is the arrangement of words, ostensibly to communicate meaning. Thus poetic lineation may be a syntactic device. (I myself cannot separate the concept of syntax from the ordering of ideas, experience, and music.) A poet, that architect of words, has unusual command over syntax, and it is by that route that I choose to approach the books before me.

Like “poetic diction,” “poetic” syntax is a cultural artifact. Though Donne took long strides toward colloquial syntax (“For God’s sake, hold your tongue”), he was still comfortable writing “They who one another keep/ Alive, ne’er parted be.” “Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages” is probably not what Chaucer would have said in the actual Tabard Inn. Today we accept inversion and elision (“ne’er”) as elegant and appropriate – but for another time, when meter and rhyme made their special demands on sentence structure. (Elision, that slipper for the metrical foot, has virtually vanished.) But distortions of colloquial order still serve today to command acute attention to the words: Bill Knott’s “Why and whom must we each our own to?” makes excellent sense in the context of his poem “The Tethering” (*Sycamore Review*, Winter/Spring 1998), but he requires the reader to work for it.

Michael Palmer in *At Passages* (New York: New Directions, 1995, 128 pp., \$11.95 paper, 0-8112-1294-7) commands syntax with authority, varying it for the functions of various poems. In "Recursus" each stanza is a one-line sentence:

The voice, because of its austerity, will often cause dust to rise.

The voice, because of its austerity, will sometimes attempt the representation of dust.

Someone will say, I can't breathe – as if choking on dust.

In another poem, each stanza is a prepositional phrase. Another, a "Hermetic Song," begins:

You can bring down a house with a sound.

Not to understand this.

But we builded it.

Not with periods (the sentence) or any sense of design – sight or sound.

This remains for me hermetic indeed, though I can respond to its music. In a poem entitled "H" Palmer writes: "There's still no truth in making sense," providing a theoretical foundation for his cryptic lyric syntax. Further, in his "Cites," a text for a multiple collaboration, fragments are not shored against ruin so much as ordered to represent ruin:

seems to be

or alternate flooding

rushes were once

absence of certain

or cling there

Here Palmer approaches abstraction, with the simplest of meters: three words to a line. Yet the words of each fragment retain conventional syntactic relationships; they seem to be abstracted *from* something. Without

“truth” or “making sense” Palmer’s poems convey a “meaning” – a bleak representation of a world blasted and shattered, but still making a desolate music.

Campbell McGrath’s *Spring Comes to Chicago* (Hopewell, NJ., Ecco Press, 1996, 96 pp., 0-88001-484-90) provides a radical contrast to Palmer. The visual pun on the cover – a photo of a bedspring in melting snow – introduces a comic talent bopping through American pop culture. His flippant puns, his chattering alliterations, and his devotion to *People Magazine*, however, should not blind one to the satiric, even didactic, impulse generated by his sharp eye for the incongruous. “The Bob Hope Poem,” the major part of this volume, anatomizes Hope (Hope?) as the spirit of the twentieth century.

McGrath’s immediate appeal is his exuberance, his volcanic eruptions of similes, his arias of interconnected analogies. His syntax reflects this enthusiasm: he tends to stampede into catalogues. The danger of such exuberance is self-parody. Here is the fifth of no fewer than six stanzas cataloguing money:

schillings, shekels, rubles, rupees, dinars, escudos, drachma,
yen, sen, won, kips, leks, birrs, dongs, sylis, kyats, takas, kwanzas,
ringgits, tugriks, quetzals, ngultrums, bolivars, balboas.

McGrath’s syntax does vary, flipping from expository to chatty, but the dominant structure is parallel long sentences that take their rhythm from the parallelism. Though these sentences may individually read like prose, the parallelism gives them a sort of incantatory rhythm, as in a script for performance.

On CNBC today, word that “gourmet pet food” is America’s
newest multibillion dollar industry.

On CNN, an increase in global malnutrition; 40,000 children die of
hunger and its attendant diseases every day.

Which is not to say there is any particular correlation between
these contemporaneous pronouncements,
not to say the good citizens of Chicago would rather their dogs eat
Veal and Kidney Morsels than the children of Pakistan
eat rice,

not to say we can even encompass the human implications of these binary blips aswim in the inundation of the great data flow, the Sea of Information from which they have arisen like walruses heaved up on some high blue shelf of the Malthusian iceberg.

Again, the reader suspects self-parody, where the poet surfs the wave of his flowing imagination until he just washes up on whatever beach. The onrushing syntax, in this case, seems a seductive trap, unless the tone of the whole passage is doubly ironic – the poet intentionally sending up his style.

Essential to the “syntax” of “The Bob Hope Poem” as a whole is McGrath’s exuberant collageing. The poem is a crazy quilt of quotations from Thoreau, Marx, Darwin, Barry Lopez, Michael Taussig, The Miami *Herald*, and more, more, more – all appliued to the fabric of the poet’s own hortatory, satiric verse. It makes for very entertaining reading – at least for those who share his irreverent attitude toward Reagan, Columbus, Bob Hope, Dan Quayle and “the latest jumbo, discount, wholesale Wal- or K- or What-the-Hey-Mart” and the greedy solipsistic society they represent.

McGrath invites comparison with his fellow-Chicagoan **Albert Goldbarth**: the fascination with pop culture, the impulse to extravagant catalogues, the gift of humor. Goldbarth’s world-view in *Adventures in Ancient Egypt* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1996, 111 pp., \$24.95 cloth, \$14.95 paper, 0-8142-0714-6, 0-8142-0715-4) is enthusiastically inclusive. His syntaxes (little in Goldbarth is singular) enable the poet to integrate vast harvests of things and people and notions and nations and ages. Like Sterne, he uses parentheses (and parentheses – you’ll notice – dashed within parentheses) for dramatic structure. Here’s a bit from “The Lives of the — Wha’?”:

[. . .] Speaking of saints, did you know

– huh? My wife steps into this poem now,
 asking me why I always sneak off in disguise
 to a secret place in my head when she’s trying
 “to have a serious conversation” (read here: money,
 laundry, relatives, the cavalier disdain of Time

for the wood of a house). “Disguise”? Did you know
 Rose Bonheur worked her hair
 into a cart-man’s cap when she needed the spike-tipped,
 right-there stench of the abattoir in her nostrils?
 – how this poem began. We’re *made* of electric
 infinitycrackle that won’t stop branching forth until
 the brain is as large as the universe.

Goldbarth’s syntax, reflecting his compulsive inclusiveness, easily rolls out in catalogues. In “Ancient Egyptian Canopic Jars” a young woman wanders through a museum gallery:

she knows she’ll never make it back to Jazzercise 1 on time, no,
 now she’s loitering, connoitering, she’s here amid mumuu, tutu,
 dashiki, tarboosh, babushka, wimple, shako, and sequinned tube-
 top [. . .]

In “Qebehseneuf” (named for the hawk-headed sentinel-deity presiding over the jar that held the bowels of the dead), Goldbarth, brooding on his mother’s imminent surgery, recalls other encounters with abdominal organs: a small boy screams and faints at a museum display that suggests a peccary’s interior; Tutankhamun’s intestines are protected by the goddess Selket. He confronts the darkness from which an afflicted subject may emerge: a seventeenth century murderess, hanged, revives on the dissecting table; dead language (“*Rotogravure. Lorgnette. Dagnabbit*”) may be restored to life by a poet. This poet finds words to recall for his hospitalized mother their adventures of thirty years before (“The words/ are everything, Mother./ The words we save/ are the words we save everything else in”). Goldbarth’s weaving of these diverse but psychically-related elements into the tight fabric of this really dazzling and profoundly moving seventeen-section poem suggests an analogy between the richly-varied syntax of his individual sentences and a sort of “syntax” of the poem as a whole. Indeed, in this volume, moving back and forth between ancient Egypt and a Chicago hospital room, one can stretch the word further and appreciate the “syntax” of the book as a whole – Coleridge’s unity in multiteity. The poet has learned to speak of the abundant resiliency and fertility of the world as a route to the language of the unspeakable. A significant difference be-

tween the multiplicity of McGrath's Bob Hope poem and the multiteity of Goldbarth's work is that the former remains a collage, while the latter weaves its diversity into a richly integrated tapestry.

In the lyric today, the syntax defines the structure of the singer's imagination, just as it did for the seventeenth-century lyricists. Here's an example from **Philip Fried's** elegantly intellectual *Quantum Genesis and Other Poems* (New York: Zohar Press, 1997, 72 pp., \$12. paper, 0-9655200-0-5):

CATECHISM

Does God exist?

Yes, in a crease,
a crevice, a small room among boulders,
a crack in a wall or a crack in a teacup.
He is here everywhere in our ruin,
pleached and implicated, entangled.

How is He manifest?

As a piecemeal
pyramid of crumbs carried
by squads of soldier-ants, the noble
helots, centurions, GI Joes,
each crumb of the sublimest sweetness
and together an imminent monument
to creaturely delight.

And where
shall we worship?

In the park of darkness
where lamps are set at intervals,
by a riverside at twilight, the boundary
time, the time of illusion, of transit,
of stumbling and love, as the mind's finger-
tips play over the body's zither,
or anywhere that is impure,
that is in and out, like breathing, half-
caste, mystical and gross as breath.

The three simple questions establish the poem's structure. The three responses, in contrast, are increasingly long. And they are increasingly "pleached and implicated, entangled." Each sentence opens out, modifies, elaborates; the imagination of the poet is extensive. Each stanza expands, as the implications of the answer expand. The syntactical elaboration is increasingly complex – utterly coherent, yet a challenge to those of us who like to parse and diagram. The relation of line-end to syntax is interesting. In the first stanza, the elements coincide. In the second, several delicate enjambments extend a lyric tension between the lines. In the third, the break between "boundary" and "time" emphasizes the shift from spatial images to the temporal, and two hyphenated line-ends dramatize the tumble from image to image till the sentence comes to rest in the final paradox: "mystical and gross as breath." Philip Fried is a meticulous craftsman of the passionate.

In open form, even more than in traditional prosody, the play of the syntax against the line controls the reader's response, so that line endings become a mode of syntax, as the Fried poem illustrates. Enjambment that ignores the integrity of the line results in problems like this, from a recent submission:

Sparti, the modern city, with a bus
Strike, where I was stranded an extra day.

Here is the beginning of a poem by a poet I won't name, of whom a recent U. S. poet laureate, who shall also remain nameless, has said the "use of syntax is brilliant":

She heard sad things all day
long in the usual turning
of phrases until it felt
everything she was touching
was just a neatly-packaged beauty
supply or a deeply discounted
drug; what everyone needed: detergents
and cosmetics [. . .]

I am open to the freshness of emphasis or insight that a surprising line break can achieve. But I have difficulty believing that units such as “supply or a deeply discounted” do much to redeem this passage from being lineated prose.

Compare the syntactic virtuosity of **Lucie Brock-Broido** in *The Master Letters* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1997, 84 pp., \$14. paper, 0-679-76599-9). The first poem, “Carrowmore,” is an achievement in lyric condensation. A note explains that Carrowmore is a megalithic cemetery outside Sligo, where the cremated remains of people going back six thousand years have been buried. The lambs that graze there wear blue dye to identify their owner. (The poet fortunately provides six pages of notes: her sources are wide-ranging and often obscure; we need all the help we can get.)

All about Carrowmore the lambs
Were blotched blue, belonging.

They were waiting for carnage or
Snuff. This is why they were born

To begin with, to end.

[. . .]

I remember how cold I was, the botched
Job of travelling. And just so.

Wherever I went I came with me.
She buried her bone barrette

In the ground’s wooly shaft.
A tear of her hair, an old gift

To the burnt other who went
First. My thick braid, my ornament –

My belonging I
Remember how cold I will be.

The suspended endings of lines three and four, with their surprising fulfillment in the following lines, contribute to the condensation, even crystalization, of the poem's action and insight. In the second half, the pronoun shift separates the poet from her Doppelgänger – one looking to the deep past, the other to the deeper future. In the last three lines, with the shift back to the present and the first person (with the emphasis on *my*), followed by the flash back to the doomed lambs (*belonging*), the ending chills the reader with its sudden conflation of tenses, unifying all the levels of the lyric.

To discuss Brock-Broido's sophisticated syntax, I need to dig back into my old rhetorics for an appropriate vocabulary. Here is *parataxis* – the coordinating of grammatical elements without the use of conjunctions. "My belonging I" dispenses even with the expected punctuation – clenching the knot of the conclusion even tighter.

Just start with rhetorical *a*'s, and see how they have served this poet. There's *anaphora* – repetition of a word at the beginning of successive phrases, clauses, or lines. Here, from "And Wylde for to Hold": "Lack of water, lack of light, / lack of heat, lack of bedding, I should go // On this way forever; it is my wont to go." There's *ambiguity* aplenty in both syntax and diction. "Also, None of Us Has Seen God" begins:

The Teutons have their word for keeping Quiet which our blessing
Language does not have. To say nothing of – *Agone*, to say nothing

Of the monk who set himself ablaze [. . .]

(Having picked A-words to illustrate rhetorical virtuosity, I appreciate Brock-Broido's resolving the ambiguity in this poem through a progression of A-words: after *Agone*, *alive*, *Ago*, *abed*, *agape*, *agony*, and finally *Agape*.) Back to the rhetoric: here also is *anacoluthion* – a break in the syntax that leaves the beginning uncompleted: "To say nothing of – *Ago*, obedience." And remember *anathimerion* – using one part of speech in place of another, Cummings's favorite? Here's a sample: "Like an abandon,/ You can take it anywhere."

I can't say that I know how to read all of the poems in this wonder-

fully eccentric volume, but the analysis of the poet's syntax provides a useful route in. It does not, however, address the freshness of diction, the sheer inventiveness of the forms, the rich allusiveness, the gothic glimmer-glamour, the lyric beauty that carry even the least accessible poems. Here's one last example – illustrating the range of syntactic virtuosity and the amazing music. It is “Am Moor” (on the moors) from a poem by Georg Trakl with that title. In 1914 Trakl was lieutenant-pharmacist, left in August after the battle of Grodek in charge of ninety wounded men in a barn. Subsequently hospitalized himself, for extreme depression, in November he took his own life. This poem imagines the poet in hospital.

Am lean against.

Am the heavy hour

Hand at urge,

At the verge of one. Am the ice comb of the tonsured

Hair, am the second

Hand, halted, the velvet opera glove. Am slant. Am fen, the injure

Wind at withins,

Stranger where the storm forms a face if the body stands enough

In a weather this

Cripple & this rough. Am shunt. Was moon-shaped helmet left

In a bog, was condition

Of a spirit shorn, childlike & herd. Was Andalusian, ambace,

Bird. Am kept.

Was keeper of the badly marred, was furious done god, was

Patient, was bad

Luck, was nurse.

The poem ends:

Was chamber & ambage

& tender & burn. Am esurient, was the hungry form.

Am anatomy.

Was the bleating thing.

These, the last words in the book, circle back to the lambs in the first lines of the first poem. This is writing of great elegance that richly rewards the attention it requires.

Very different is **Ted Hughes's** *Birthday Letters* (New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1998, 198 pp., \$20. hardbound, 0-374-11296-7). Those verses I have seen written in his official role as poet laureate have been intensely embarrassing. (According to Christopher Hitchens in *The Nation*, 29 September 1997, Hughes "missed a perfectly good chance to not write a poem," since La Spencer was not a member of the royal family, but instead produced this: "Mankind is many rivers/ That only want to run./ Holy Tragedy and Loss/ Make the many One./ Mankind is a Holy, crowned/ Mother and her Son./ For worship, for mourning:/ God is here, is gone./ Love is broken on the Cross./ The Flower on the Gun.") I opened *Birthday Letters* with apprehension.

Fortunately, this is something different – blessedly different from his official verse, and different, too, from the works that made his reputation. Let me say at once that *Birthday Letters* is readable the way a novel is. Written as letters to his wife, the poet Sylvia Plath, it could pass as an epistolary novel in verse. But of course today's readers can read it only through the lens of their familiarity with the story it tells – the story of their passionate but doomed relationship. Reviewers have called it "the finest work of his life," and "almost unbearably poignant." Nevertheless, defenders of Sylvia Plath will find it hard to forgive her husband's controlling impact since her death – the destruction of two of her notebooks, the altering of her order of the poems in *Ariel*, the closing of her papers to many scholars. Hughes, to his credit, has remained silent about his brilliant wife since her suicide in 1963. Now he has created his version of the relationship, and it is spell-binding. My job is not to judge these passionately engaged poets. I am not scholar enough to evaluate the relationship of these eighty-eight poems to the evidence of their lives or of her poetry. There will be others to sort this out. I can only describe what I see and then try to evaluate the poems as poetry. What I see is a man who has found/created a coherent view of his own troubled life.

In her *Eros the Bittersweet* the classical scholar Anne Carson points out that the Greek *grammata*, like the English *letters*, can mean both letters of the alphabet and epistles. She explains that the written (as compared with the more ancient oral) mode of literature “provides erotic tension on the level of the reading experience” because of the triangular circuit running from the writer to the reader to the characters in the story. “When its circuit-points connect, the difficult pleasure of paradox can be felt like an electrification.” Somewhat the same current powers the *grammata* as epistles. But in *Birthday Letters*, the formula is complicated by the writer’s being also a character in the story and the readers’ being variously familiar with a narrative behind and beyond the story in the letters. Much of the current fascination with this book, keeping it on best-seller lists week after week, comes, I believe from the erotic tensions Carson analyzes and the bittersweet (*glukupikron*) nature of eros.

The erotic formula is further complicated by the author’s double vision of time. From his present perspective in time, examining every episode in the light of everything that has happened since, he is able to see many omens – coming events casting long shadows before. He writes as he must with this double vision of hindsight: “Now, I see, I saw, sitting, the lonely/ Girl who was going to die.” Of a visit to Karlsberg [*sic*] Caverns he writes “Those bats had their eyes open. Unlike us./ They knew how, and when, to detach themselves/ From the love that moves the sun and other stars.” Ultimately, in Hughes’s mature judgement, before he left his wife she had already left him for her dead Daddy.

But how is *Birthday Letters* as poetry? I’ll look at one poem from the middle of the book, “The Gypsy.” Hughes and Plath sit in front of the cathedral at Rheims, with hot chocolate and croissants; she is writing postcards. Hughes recalls:

Not the first time I’d seen Rheims. The last.
 I shall never go near it again.
 The lightning stroke of what happened
 Burnt up the silkiest, secretive, tentative
 Map of France I was weaving
 Ahead of us – as a spider weaves its walkway,
 For our future, maybe.

Here are three bitten-off colloquial sentences, followed by the syntax of elaboration: the image of the spider casting its web ahead serves as a metaphor for the narrative movement of the poem and, indeed, for the book as a whole – trauma is always anticipated. The *maybe*, here and again at the end, represents Hughes's ambivalent handling of time, attempting to recreate the psychological reality of the historical moment while simultaneously undercutting it with the conviction of what he has subsequently learned. Then at the climax of "The Gypsy," crisp declarative sentences give way again to syntax elaborating into metaphor. The alternation of these kinds of sentence gives the passage a powerful combination of narrative thrust and bitter retrospection.

The dark stub gypsy woman
 Was suddenly there. Busy, business-like
 As a weasel testing every crevice,
 Or the blade of a waiter splitting oysters,
 Flinging without a pause
 The bad one into the bin, the top shells
 Into the bin, then at the next, attentive,
 Finding the key-hole. She was holding out
 A religious pendant – a Nicholas, a Mary –
 Palm upwards. Expert, without a side-glance,
 Almost before she spoke you had refused her,
 A practiced reflex, sprung like a trap, hard
 Your vehemence met her vehemence.
 Her racing routine demand stopped at your 'Non.'
 And she did stop, stung, stunned, as sudden
 As if you had slapped her. Like a pistol her finger
 Came up to your face, all her momentum
 Icicled into a pointer: 'Vous
 Crèverez bientôt.' Her dark face
 A knot of oiled leather, a quipu,
 Like Geronimo's. Bitter eyes
 Of grappa-dreg revenge, old Gallic malice,
 Raisins of bile.

The gypsy vanishes, leaving Hughes taking the weight of her words

(*crever*, to burst, to crack, to die; *se crever* would be to commit suicide):
 “Like a newer or much older religion/ In me alone, to be carried/
 Everywhere with me – deeper catacombs,/ And with a stronger God.

But you
 Went on writing postcards. For days I rhymed
 Talismans of power, in cynghanedd,
 To neutralize her venom. I imagined
 Returning to Rheims, how I would find her
 And give her a coin – bribe her to call home
 Her projectile. But you
 Never mentioned it. Never recorded it
 In your diary. And I hung in a hope
 You hadn’t even heard it. Deafened, maybe,
 By closer explosions. Closed, maybe,
 In a solider crypt.

This final section breaks down into short sentences and fragments, each sense-unit following the pattern of statement followed by elaboration, but chopped into increasingly intense fragments. The crypt (as the following poem, “A Dream,” suggests) is the crypt from which her Daddy is threatening to emerge. Hughes’s syntax in this poem imitates the action of the narrative – self-generative, dynamic: the declarative opening sentence (“The dark stub . . .”) breeding the trope of the weasel, then the trope of the oyster waiter, elaborating to the keyhole, is an image of the “syntax” of the poem as a whole, from line one (“The cathedral was there”) to the ominous “solider crypt.” The poet’s process of composition (of himself, I’d think, as well as of the book) involves an imaginative elaboration of each episode outward and forward in time and inward into the brooding (and may I say superstitious?) psyche of the poet. *Le style* appears (perhaps only to me) as *l’homme même*.

Jorie Graham’s *The Errancy* (New York: Ecco Press, 1997, 128 pp., \$22. hardbound, \$14. paper, 0-88001-528-4, 0-8801-529-2) has on the jacket Magritte’s painting *Le Manteau de Pascal* – presumably the coat in which the philosopher was buried, with his “irrefutable proof of the existence of God” stitched in the lining. It is a coat torn in great ragged

holes, through which one sees the starry sky above urban rooftops. Now there's an image to introduce a book! Three levels superimposed: the immediate, the nearby, and the cosmic, all resonant with an ambiguous philosophical history. (Note to acquisition librarians: Clip this picture from the dust jacket and tip it into the book as a frontispiece.)

The title is equally evocative: errancy being superficially an instance of error, but more anciently a wandering, a journeying, a roving (as in *knight errant*). But today it's more complex. Like Brock-Broido (not to mention father Eliot), Graham provides valuable notes, and here she quotes Linda Gregerson that "Epic action begins with a gaze in the mirror [. . .] Knightly errancy begins with a gaze." That glance/look/gaze has been in Graham's poems all along, a signal of her acute attention. Here the gaze in the mirror reflects recent theory in which *speculation* relates subject to object. The subject-verb-object structure of English syntax locks the mind in that vise/vice, dominating thought and social action. A wandering discourse enables the poet to break out of that syntactic/psychological/social trap. Errancy becomes, if I'm reading this right, a moral obligation.

I imagine teachers greedily adding Graham to their syllabi for the same rather disreputable reason that many of us in our youth loved to teach Eliot: we could discourse with authority on the allusions and idiosyncracies that now, with our Norton anthology notes, we all take for granted. One of the delights today in reading Graham is in recognizing the allusions woven into the musical fabric – the strains of Ammons and Stevens and Oppen and others – especially Eliot, who pioneered this modernist technique of intertextuality. Teachers of Graham today, I am told, are more likely to discourse on postmodern notions of relativism, semiotics, cultural and linguistic imperialism, and the construction of identity. I myself, being by nature and nurture more comfortable with an inductive approach, must turn directly to the poems to discover where they will lead me.

As we open *The Errancy* we find thirty-eight poems, most several pages long: six are aubades ("The Hurrying Home Aubade," "Red Umbrella Aubade"), and others occur at dawn; six are guardian angel poems ("The Guardian Angel of Point of View"), and several are what she calls *manteau* poems. Among the dominant themes are desire/passion, liberty/freedom, and the contradictory (or perhaps complemen-

tary) impulse to form.

If *le style* is, indeed, the poet *même*, how does Graham's style – or for the moment her syntax – express the woman herself? Or if not the external Graham of the famous mantle of hair and the muddy shoes, then the internal person composing these poems? On page one, "The Guardian Angel of the Little Utopia" introduces us to a speaker arranging flowers, gazing out of a pane to a "yellow sky with black leaves rearranging it." Stanza two shows us what we're in for:

Shall I arrange these few remaining flowers?
 Shall I rearrange these gossamer efficiencies?
 Please don't touch me with your skin.
 Please let the thing evaporate.
 Please tell me clearly what it is.
 The party is so loud downstairs, bristling with souvenirs.

What could be simpler? Two crisp interrogatives, three crisp imperatives, one declarative – one sentence to a line. What could be more baffling? Two lines moving from the concrete to the abstract. Four lines back to the immediate, but with a vague center – "the thing" – and a contradiction between the fourth and fifth lines. In tone and logic these lines are bursting the seams of their conventional syntax. Move a few lines down and watch the syntax begin to uncurl, to elaborate, to bob and whip, to "breathe and rip," to pull on, stretch on, tight, to whirl. After a passage of playful self-reflectiveness ("I'm a bit/ dizzy up here rearranging things") in which she questions her function as arranger (as artist), she launches into a syntactic aria of breathtaking virtuosity. Here's a sample. It looks like two sentences, with capitals and periods – one 204 words long, the next, only two:

A bit dizzy from the altitude of everlastingness,
 the tireless altitudes of the created place,
 in which to make a life – *a liberty* – the hollow, fetishized,
and starry place,
 a bit gossamer with dream, a vortex of evaporations,
 oh little dream, invisible city, invisible hill
 I make here on the upper floors for you –
 down there, where you are entertained, where you are passing
 time, there's glass and moss on air,

(stanza continued)

ings, the poem ends with an outburst like a prayer, beginning with a line from Vaughan:

Oh knit me that am crumpled dust,
the heap is all dispersed. Knit me that *am*. Say *therefore*. Say
philosophy and mean by that the pane.
Let us look out again. The yellow sky.
With black leaves rearranging it. . . .

The poet leaves the end open with her characteristic ellipsis. But she has come at the end to simple syntax and a fresh clarity of diction and intent. The passion for form, in tension with the swirling, morphing, ambiguous reality of perception and contemplation, leads back finally to the two icons of the opening line, those sensuous objects the gaze encounters through the pane – fragmented in syntax, constantly in motion: “The yellow sky./ With black leaves rearranging it.” The snake again takes its tail in its mouth.

The larger rhythm of this poem, like others by Graham, reflects the movement back and forth between these poles – the sensuous and the intellectual, the openness of the moving mind and the desire for form. And the sentences move from utterly open to grammatically complete. At this point I find my vocabulary inadequate for discussing syntax. “Loose” and “periodic” no longer seem adequate. Even the word *sentence*, with its legal level of meaning, needs renewal. I want to take it back to its Latin root: *sentiens*, feeling. The fifteenth-century definition of a sentence as having a subject and predicate is still valuable for certain kinds of writing (e.g. the kind I’m doing now). But the fragment and the run-on sentence – those old bugaboos of Freshman Comp (when we “graded” student “themes”) – are essential for a feeling poet today. I need a new vocabulary for Jorie Graham’s sentences, so I’ll call the long sentence I’ve been looking at a “process sentence.” One ancestor is the first sentence of Keats’s “To Autumn,” that flows on, fueled by its verbals (infinitives and participles), without a verb or object. For Keats, it expressed the process of the changing season. For Graham, here, it is the process of poetic composition – of sensuous and intellectual exploration. It doesn’t know where if anywhere it will come out; it allows for false starts (“ – no, no – ”), unlimited qualification, subdivision, expansion, questioning; it simultaneously craves and

eludes form, law, closure, answers. It uses the conventional structures of the language, but is not bound by them; it allows for verbal and syntactic invention – fresh forms for fresh insights. In this it is close to the spoken language, which has always taken such “liberties.”

Still looking at this one poem, I ask myself where, beyond this exploration of syntax, have I moved. First, I have achieved, through many rereadings, many pleasures of discovery. I have shared for a moment in the movement of the poet’s restless imagination. In an early passage this happens:

Will that [moving the flowers] fix it, will that arrange the thing?

Yellow sky.

Faint cricket in the dried-out bush.

As I approach, my footfall in the leaves
drowns out the cricket-chirping I was

coming close to hear . . .

Yellow sky with black leaves rearranging it.

Wind rearranging the black leaves in it.

But anyway I am indoors, of course, and this is a pane here.

I move here with the poet’s imagination, Aristotle’s *phantasia*, roving afield, pulling back to “fact.” Moreover, I recognize in this mental dance its philosophical foundation, Heisenberg’s theory, so dear to artists, that one cannot examine something without altering it by the very process of examination. And behind that, the dynamic relativism that demands constant rearranging, denying the tyranny of the absolute. In Graham the semantic and the syntactic cooperate to produce these insights. The syntactic fluidity is her way of manipulating the multiplicity of the perceived and conceived.

One more example: I recognize in “the created place,/in which to make a life – a *liberty* – the hollow, fetishized, and starry place,/ a bit gossamer with dream,” the image of Magritte’s *manteau*, here incorporated into the iconography (and the meaning-system, the semiotics if you will) of Graham’s exploration of the poetic process. The impulse behind this poem is ambitious: through art, to “make a life.” In the process of composition, the poet constructs an identity. The question-

ing, the prowling and prodding, the arranging and rearranging – of flowers, of the leaves against the sky, of the current of thought – the passion for an adequate language, all achieve a rhetoric of self-discovery.

And further, it is a double process. The poet is arranging all this not just solipsistically, but for the *they* in the poem – the society below, with their “philosophy of life,” their “whips of syntax” and “bobbing universal heads,” “stuffing the void with eloquence.” She is the poet/teacher. From their “cunning little hermeneutic cupola” (Stop one moment and play that delicious line on your tongue! Can that be a metaphor for academe?) they will soon be coming up to her, will “need a setting for their fears,/ and loves, an architecture for their evolutionary/ morphic needs – what will they *need* if I don’t make the place? – /what will they know to miss?, what cry out for, what feel the bitter restless irritations/ for?” Stop another moment and think about that as the role of the artist! And if it seems grandiose, go down to the ending of the poem, where the poet questions her power:

Shall I put this further
to the left, shall I move the light, the point-of-view, the
shades are
drawn, to cast a glow resembling disappearance, slightly red,
will that fix it, will that make clear the task, the trellised
ongoingness
and all these tiny purposes, these parables, this marketplace
of tightening truths?
Oh knit me that am crumpled dust [. . .]

As the poem has progressed, the *they* have become *you*, and the *I* at the end becomes *we*. The prayer “Knit me that *am*” moves to ask that philosophy mean “the pane.” We join the poet: “Let us look out again.” Here the sensuous and the philosophical, two dominant forces in Graham’s identity as a poet, fuse.

In focusing on syntax and its relationship with semantic and philosophical meaning I have neglected many qualities without which we would pay little attention to these poems. I want to mention her great lyric gifts – her distinctive music that makes her poetry recognizable among all others. As in dance, the music is inseparable from the cre-

Change on the wall now where
a single bird
inscribes its

disappearances. Gray flicked across the graynesses
these seams and
mortarings
blink forth. Bright whites and citrines
gleaming forth,
layerings, syllables of
the most loud
invisible
that stick (no departure and no return) to their single
constantly revised
(I saw men yesterday, tuck-pointing, on their scaffold)
lecture on what
most matters: sun:

Here we do seem to have a dance of words, both in the arrangement of the lines on the page and “a portrait of thought itself – its bursts and hesitations, the neural firings,” by a Baryshnikov of poetry.

This poem appeals to the ear in another way. Though the perception is primarily visual, synesthesia makes the landscape audible. The bits of hills “pronounce themselves”; the upthrustings are “voluble.” The poems moves on through the “most loud/ invisible” with these words: *cacaphonic undulation, inaudible, new silence, a flying-in-formation sound which I can see, as if loud, a stem of silence, aural clottings, inaudibles – innermost sound, churchbells, called out, sputters, syncopated undulations of cooing,* and arrives at this: “What if I could hear the sound of petals falling,” “What if I could hear when something is suddenly complete? [. . .] Whose turn is it now? Whose?” The baton is passed, to whom? To the reader, at least, and to new poets.

In an era when old authorities are losing their power and new authorities arise with ever more sinister stringencies, Graham is a pioneering spirit, working at the edge of what language and syntax can do (see her poem “Thinking” in this book). Resisting linguistic and cultural “imperialism,” following the torrents of her imagination while conscientiously responding to the material world where whatever-truth-

may-be is anchored, she has created a poetic integrity for our time. True poets are pioneers. All pioneers cut difficult trails. Those of us who follow must be prepared for a rigorous passage. Wherever we may arrive, the exploration itself will be worth it. She has made the place. We now have the need.

M.K.S.