

Review of Waving Gallery

This endearing poet laments the things people go through in terms so poignant and amusing that the gamut of our misfortunes, from earthquakes to ticks, becomes slightly more bearable, especially if you understand what islands mean. They don't mean cruises where tourists never see the bird, only a "rustle of leaves, a fluffing of feathers, and then silence." They mean places where "every leaf, every hill calls out to its neighbor." For the poet and other sons and daughters of the Caribbean, they also mean "all those years saying goodbye" (hence, the dream-like "Waving Gallery.") You may have said goodbye and come to a city of strangers with "all eyes focused on other things." Or you may have returned to your island where "even a dog knows your dog by name." Either way, you couldn't have better company than this smart, compassionate poet.

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