

This is a work of solid intent. The lines are taut, like the strings of a guitar. Not tight, taut. Tuned. Exquisitely correspondent. As if, by reading, one were to pluck the line & feel its vibration in the mind. The words feel caressed, not chosen so much as savored. This is the energy of consolidation, the harmonic response of image & meaning. The language manages to say very complex & surprising things with an elegant simplicity.

John Olson