

White Vases is a collection of eighteen poems, concisely- though not densely- collected in a pleasant and quiet chapbook. These are poems that demand to be heard not by shouting or raising great questions or challenging a paradigm, but by speaking softly, so that one must turn off Pandora and set down their iPhone to listen.

The obvious assessment of White Vases is that it is lyrical and mostly concerning nature, rife with tranquil imagery. There is no cloying with form, no appearance of dependance on structure or scheme. But perhaps some of the poems must be read aloud to be appreciated- Say the phrase "I whittle hidden symbols" out loud ("The Shutters," p. 30). Say it twice. Your lips will enjoy it.

Want more? Try this one from "After the Path": "Endless in suns after the path,/ you shaded your face in linen/ like I died to become another."

Wow. I hope you're actually reading these aloud, because that is the strength of these poems: On the page, they are unassuming. You might not guess how beautiful they sound. They are humble, never showy.

If you want a poem that packs a punch in your crowded life, this is probably not the chapbook for you. If you want poetry that demands reverence and quiet and a moment of your solitude, I would recommend White Vases to add to your collection.

--Mik Everett, author of *Memoirs of a Homeless Bookstore Owner*