



FLYOVER

There is more playfulness, sorrow, bravado, self-mockery, verbal dazzlement, emotional reckoning, more virtuosic sentence-making and anxious human awkwardness, in these nineteen terse and brilliant poems than an unsuspecting reader has any right to expect. More leaping, more daring turns, more graceful footwork along the edge of a crumbling cliff. Or, as Gibbons would have it, "I mean she danced like a suspension bridge / in an earthquake."

-Mark Levine

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POEMS

HEATHER JUNE GIBBONS