

**WEE HOUR MARTYRDOM**

Jason Tandon

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in the beginning the young catch rays, throw them to us and we throw those rays back. Jason Tandon causes me to laugh, or my causal laughter, which ever way i'm suppose to say this; the first few poms lift my young spirit. his breezy way with his surreal images lend, disarm me, an old crotchety woman often disgruntled by youthful 'i am's,' I revel ate in his poem

"Untouchables"

...

*an old woman's rump*

*and the overfed birds*

*bored with all*

*her white bread.*

*my black molar.*

*"wee hour martyrdom" drives the reader into the mystery of being, of being influenced by history, personal as well as the history of a particular genre of poetry. in this book I relate to the surreal images and a more contemporary emphasis.*

*I built my Aztec temple without stairs*

*and Mrs Glover flunked me*

*I thought the gods just appeared*

*bursting from jags of light*

*head of a hawk, body of a man writhing with snakes*

if your interested in an academic explanation, cadence or whatever some reviewers write as they pull apart a poem, verse by verse, I ain't the one to tell you this guy can write real well. even though I know you can find whatever it is, to your liking, in his poetry. I've long ago come to

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understand there is no perfection. in Tandon's poem, 'interrogation,' in the first strophe, his own words explain my view of some of his poetry.

*the outdoor motion light triggers  
and I stand illuminated  
in a brilliant flood of white*

his strength of understanding who and whereof that white...sometimes I feel devoid of emotions and then I read a poem like, 'interrogation' and a flood from my own relationships rams my perspective, cracks the mirror I view myself in every morning. the truth is he is writing from all the influences that have influenced him and has come to himself and in doing so the reader enters his poetry like a ghost enters, returns after

...

on page 71, close to the end, by the end, books usually must end, 'seeing the dead' plunders us like an old clock melting over all those toasted pieces of white bread the young scoff down, then our self youth shoots us with a plastic ray gun.

*I heard their stiff backs cracking  
as they arched themselves  
for earthward dives*

you will dive into this book and come out assured by its' refreshing, clean, nakedness.

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