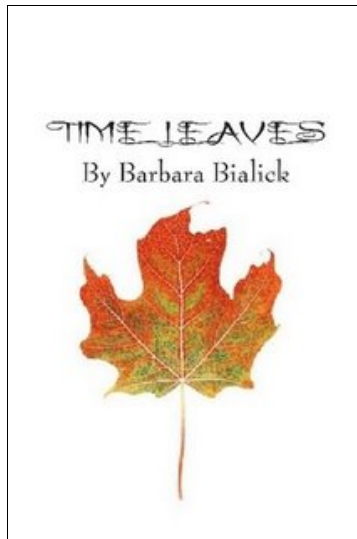


Time Leaves



By Barbara Bialick 28 page chapbook
Ibbetson Street Press 25 School Street Somerville MA 02143 (\$8.50)
<http://www.lulu.com> <http://ibbetsonpress.com>

Review by Laurel Johnson

Whether memorializing the bittersweet irony of a Jewish divorce, or the delightful chaos and chemistry of a multigenerational Sabbath, Barbara Bialick's poetry shines. Whatever your age or background, if you love poetry you'll savor this rich stew of tantalizing memories. "Thyme Leaves (Thymus Vulgaris)" is a skillful play on words, typical of Ms. Bialick's work. This excerpt represents with panache the reality of aging:

"Time leaves no one unaffected by its vulgarity, no man, no woman. Who can stop the gargoyles from being sculpted on our faces? All we need is a mirror image of our falling, failing features, the too-dark tones of hair color, beneath which the gray and white hairs sneak stolidly in. And the 93 million mile lines and freckles etched on by the sun of man."

"A Christmas Quest...A Christmas Question (1974)" recalls a visit to the Holy Land, where the people of ancient lineage, the sacred and profane, bullets and prayers share an uneasy existence: "

"Who indeed holds the lease to this holy land where relics daily crumble

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with bursts of shells? What treasure in this hot ground could pull those wailing walls of people to such a turbulent land? Even as they march, their prayers to the messiah grow hushed by terror and disbelief."

A wise person once said, "Write what you know." Ms. Bialick shares her essence here with honesty as a blessing to her readers. To quote the poet: "May my words be appreciated as a gemstone pendant of energy hanging from my eyes, spiraling into your consciousness."

Review by Laurel Johnson.

*Laurel Johnson is a reviewer of the Midwest Book Review.