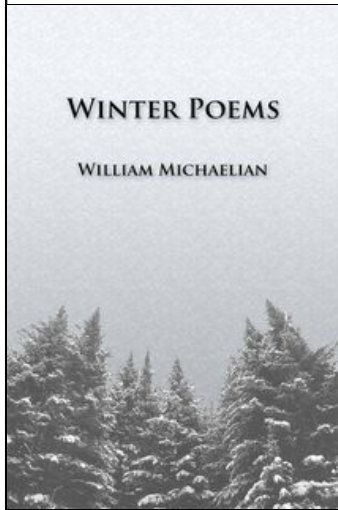


*review by Irene Koronas*



**WINTER POEMS By William Michaelian**

Cosmopsis Books, 2007

San Francisco, California

ISBN 978-0-9796599-0-4 \$11.95

Michaelian's metaphors sting like walking in snow too long, "I'm an old man alone with a frozen axe, a curved wooden handle planted in dead weight." He presents winter in stark reality; the hunger, the piling snow, the impending situations only nature seems to

recognize and the poet takes heed.

"howling-gruff the call-forth bark  
of scent-wise remembering dogs,  
tether-worn with pale claws,  
madness revived in distance born,  
I run off to greet the storm."

Have we lost our ability to discern the signs or to except the storm?  
perhaps. William Michaelian is very capable of reading the season's turn.

"not a single leaf remains:  
a reminder that winter kills,  
while that which survives  
is cleansed."

As a city dweller I welcome these poems. This honest straight forward book, like a warm fire glows, and has embers. Michaelians' madness is about what is happening around him. It is not the madness of a saint or a sinner, it is the madness of knowing.

"shall  
we confirm  
what others fear  
to know? that a plaster

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statue lives long  
after winter  
has set  
in?"

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