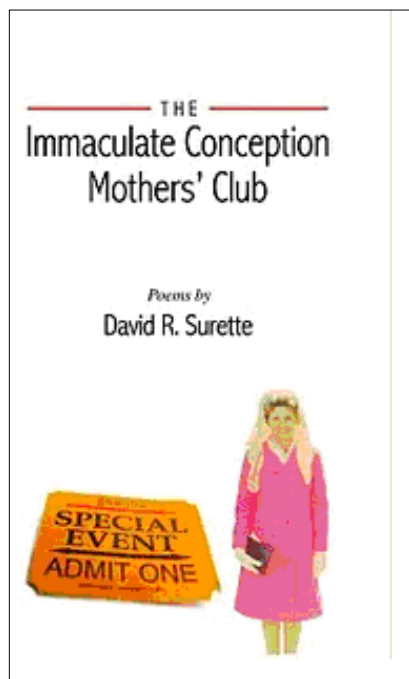


**The Immaculate Conception Mother's Club by David R. Surette**



The Immaculate Conception Mother's Club  
by David R. Surette  
Koenisha Publications  
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*Review by Zvi A. Sesling*

There are far too many poets who simply are not accessible, whatever that means. Perhaps its what down south they call "high falutin' language." Perhaps it is what some consider "academic poetry," "ob-scure" poetry or "confusing" poetry. With David R. Surette, none of these apply. He is easily accessible and straight to the point.

I have had never read Surette before, nor had I see him read. Now I am sorry that I had not done both. Surette lives and teaches in southeastern Massachusetts, but his po-

etry in this volume is based in Malden, Massachusetts. It is down to earth, gritty, honest, capable of making a reader whose past is similar associate quite readily with his poetry. In fact, the poetry is a series of vignettes, incidents from the poet's life, experienced like a Mark Wahlberg movie. The best part is, you don't have to be Catholic to dig him and his poetry.

And if Catholic means universal, then Surette can universally touch readers of every persuasion, even atheists.

Here is one page from a book of 85 pages:

The Boston Arena

It was another penalty in a career of penalties.  
He chopped the forearms of a winger speeding by.  
"Two minutes, slashing," barked the ref.  
He snapped. He choked up on his stick, cocked  
it, and with all his strength, sent it  
helicopting through the air,  
clearing the boards, the glass,  
climbing higher and higher,  
until pausing at its apex, descended,  
still spinning, cracking a woman in the head,  
knocking her out.  
The woman was the kid's mother.  
What are the odds?  
He had sent his stick spinning into the stands,

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all 4,000 waiting seats, maybe 200 occupied,  
and hit his own mother.  
The ref tacked on a 10-minutes misconduct.  
The rumor spread that, after school, he hooked up  
with the mob, collecting, leg breaking, but that  
was the rumor for every tough Italian kid we knew.  
Maybe he believed he was fated for the work  
foreshadowed by that day when  
even his own mother didn't love him.

If there is a weakness in Surette's poetry, some of the poems have last lines that perhaps should have been deleted, but the poem itself is still worth the read. In fact, this is a book one should keep, put on the bookshelf and periodically open to read some of the poems.