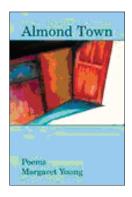
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Almond Town: Poems by Margaret Young



Almond Town: Poems by Margaret Young. (Bright Hills Press 94 Church Street POBOX 193 Treadwell, NY.) http://www.brighthillpress.org \$16.

Review by Doug Holder

Margaret Young, a fellow faculty member at Endicott College in Beverly, Mass. can define with a skillful selection of words the worlds of sadness and gladness. She can marvel at her youth, but at the same time see the blush turn to a bloom, and foresee its preordained wilt.

I am most struck by her poems about her days in a theatrical troupe she formed decades ago. Here she captures the visceral feel of being young, creative, and supremely alive—but still with a gimlet eye toward the future. Case in point: her poem "Theatrical Residency, Pennsylvania Mining Town," concerns her life as an actor in a down-at-the heels burg:

"Knelling in the bingo hall smudges tights with cigarette ash: this is a church but I'm down here to rehearse the Wacko Song as Prince the Wonderdog or plead that Capulet not marry me to Paris and its old nunnery next door is where I knelt once just inside the entrance to my small pink room to suck my lover off: when you're twenty-five you think your knees and love will last forever so you run up and down slag heaps in ten dollar sneakers, each tree younger than you, and back through street of this slowdying town where recorded Bells wake us every blessed day."

I loved the image of a young woman running, and running by even

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younger trees. Fleeting youth framed by a strip of seminal trees-- now why couldn't I think of that!

And in her poem "Movie Set, Pittsburgh" she show us the high holy in the lowly pedestrian:

"Waiting for fake rain again we pull blossoms off the parking lot's one skinny tree."

Highly Recommended.