

**The Everything Saint by Judy Katz-Levine  
(Word Poetry--2018)**

*Review by Doug Holder*

One thing I tell my creative writing students is to “notice” everything. And that is not easy to do in our mad rush-this fever dream we call life. But poet Judy-Katz Levine notices the birds cawing to her in conversation, a trembling cup of tea, her childhood of “Hard balls, sassafras, streets with bicycles....” Her poems are wells of imagery. This work is by a poet who lives deeply in the moment.

In her poem “Embracing Time with Two Friends” she brings lyricism to an ordinary moment sitting in her friend’s guest room.

*Silence with a slight hire wire tone  
like the whisper of crickets before dawn  
and the spirit of a friend who embraces  
after the theater performance  
of Jane Austin’s “Pride and Prejudice”  
sleeps now in another room.  
I’m in her guestroom with  
a cold cup of tea and after a  
psalm, psalm 65 and a  
meditation before prints of  
the artist Paul Klee and  
another sunrise watercolor  
a seed that sprouts in her  
garden and mine--maybe her  
poppies the flowers just budding just starting  
to open, maybe the arugula  
that is not eaten by a rabbit in mine...”*

There is a poem dedicated to the late poet Denise Levertov. Levertov lived in Somerville, MA. for a number of years and taught at MIT. Levine celebrates her former teacher’s spirit, passion, pacifism and legacy in her poem, “On Denise And Her Work Against The Vietnam War.”

*...Standing on her stoop,  
questioning my own motives in the Twilight, she nodded--  
'don't brush it away, your questions, your doubts.' Now the  
limbless come home, the hospitals a barren solace of  
impotence...*



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*...Now the soldiers, servants arrive  
home from Afghanistan, Iraq, trembling at a breeze as if the leaves  
were covered with blood. We question ourselves.  
Though she could not plumb our depths, she could move us  
far up the mountain.*

Levine often brings to us what many of us sense--but are not able to express. It can leave the reader contemplating, " Ah,! sweet mystery of life."