

**The Aureorean Editors Present:
A Selection of Favorites from
the First Fifteen Years**

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Review by Irene Koronas

'Favorites' is a golden soft cover perfect bound book of poets from their collection from the past fifteen years, which says to me the reader that the selection of poets has been care-fully chosen from the many fine poems that have graced the pages of this fine journal.

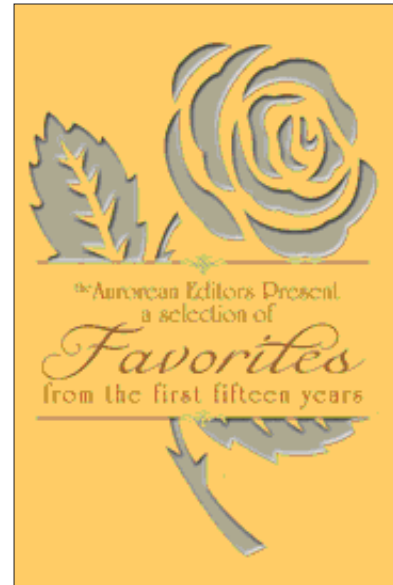
There are almost one hundred poems and seventy one contributors. In the introduction the reader learns how this journal got its start in the world of small press. The journal's, 'Favorites' starts with a poem by Lillis Palmer:

*"Observe this
evidence of faith,
the gardener
kneeling on her piece
of earth,
spading the soil with
blistered
hands, breathing
the humus-sweet
cold air;..."*

And the Aureorean editors, Cynthia Brackett-Vincent & Devin McGuire, choose to complete the book with Robert M Chute:

*"I've never found an arrowhead,
one flinty chip of history.
Young Thoreau, they said, if he walked by
some farmer's fresh plowed field, could just
stoop down and pick up one..."*

Between these two poems, there are an array, verse depicting season, meditations, and New England. Each section flowers and wanes, crashes onto our consciousness, and sleeps in our bellies. The book itself illumines our senses with tones ranging from new gold to old gold. Here Cathy Edgett spills the last drops into words:



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*" I drank grief like tea in Tibet,
Holding the cup with both hands,
Steam a womb,
I drank,
Water trickled down rocks,
Ochered in gold,
To the sea."*

There are poems from morning, from each horizon as it shows itself, just as in a poem by Martha Boss:

*"It's so quiet
you can hear
sun working the flowers,
glory opening up the morning,
days from here & there*

*becoming hybrid
and time wondering
what time is.*

*It's so quiet
you can almost hear
your mood changing
into a loud outfit."*

These poems are cut long stem roses and worth the price of the entry. The perfect gift for friends and lovers.

Jim Barton's poem:

*"where
heated words
storm out
to sit and cool
then float
(at peace)
back home"*

IRENE KORONAS is a reviewer for Ibbetson Street Press and the Poetry Editor for Wilderness House Literary Review