

to tern again the flight a turning trade." Other poems are brief lessons, such as the extraordinary meditation beginning, "To be of one place as another / is forbidden." Enslin's syntax is often both sinuous and halting, and his punctuation is erratic; once in a while a poem apparently intended to make a statement ends up as a puzzle. That said, one should hesitate before dismissing anything here: like all good poems, these demand to be felt out, rehearsed, and inhabited to be appreciated. There are a few people who will give poems such as these the chance they deserve, but only a few.

To be of one place as another  
is forbidden not by law or ritual  
it is of the kind and species.  
Only at the time of its uprooting  
will a tree sense something of its roots  
no longer dark and secret  
in a parent loam.

\* \* \*

*When I Find You Again It Will Be in Mountains:*

*Selected Poems of Chia Tao.*

Translated by Mike O'Connor.

Wisdom Publications, 2000.

140 pages. \$15.95 (paperback).

*Reviewed by Robert West*

Mike O'Connor, a poet from Washington state and a former resident of Taiwan, brings us a scholarly yet compact edition of the late eighth- and early ninth-century Chinese poet Chia Tao. O'Connor's introduction is quite helpful: it offers a biography of the poet, an overview of his period, and a discussion of his style, and also provides interesting information about the poet's critical reception. O'Connor has translated 88 of Chia Tao's 404 extant poems; the English texts are attractively printed next to the Chinese originals, and in four cases are also accompanied by photographs from China by Steven R. Johnson. A brief glossary and twenty pages of endnotes provide help with references to Chinese geography, history, customs, and other matters. A five-page bibliography lists editions of the poet's work and translations of it, as well as a number of works of general interest to students of Chinese poetry. You couldn't hope for a more inviting introduction to Chia Tao, who is less well known in the Occident than his eighth-century predecessors Li Po, Tu Fu, and Wang Wei. My sole complaint about the book's format is the lack of an index; any future edition should include one.

Classic Chinese poetry abounds with poems of farewell and travel, and that is certainly true of Chia Tao's work. A former monk, he also often writes about visits with monks and hermits; O'Connor notes that

the frequency of this choice of topic distinguishes his oeuvre from those of earlier poets. He also points out that stylistically Chia Tao's poetry is marked by a new concern for *le mot juste*, a concern likewise evident in O'Connor's fine English versions. If there is any shortcoming to the translations, it is that they give little sense of attempting to duplicate the sound effects of the originals — effects, such as rhyme, that O'Connor describes in his introduction. But of course this is a problem each translator deals with in his own way; to translate is "to bring across," and such smuggling always involves one compromise or another.

"Seeking but Not Finding the Recluse"

Under pines  
I ask the boy;

he says: "My master's gone  
to gather herbs.

I only know  
he's on this mountain,

but the clouds are too deep  
to know where."

\* \* \*

*The Lost Sea.*

Keith Flynn.

Iris Press, 2000.

114 pages. \$13.00 (paperback).

*Reviewed by Mark Roberts*

Perhaps it was the sinuous tails of René Magritte's candles crawling along the shoreline illustrated on its cover that drew me in, but the poems made me stay. It was snowing when I read *The Lost Sea*, Keith Flynn's third book of poems, and as I recall, it was near twenty degrees here in my little mountain home. A perfect day, I thought, to endure a different type of accumulation — snowy excerpts from Keith Flynn's mind. A good decision, I can report.

Thematically, *The Lost Sea* reaches far and wide, from the history and myth of the West, to our intriguing post-modern culture, to the poet's own personal, contemplative reflections. To match the wide range of themes, there are also a variety of poetic forms presented — dramatic monologues, lyrics, and narratives. Flynn tries his hand at experimental form, too, and when he does, it pays off, particularly with the cycle of poems called "The Fatigue of Post-Modern Irony."

"Waco Ruby Ridge Oklahoma" is a poem from the "Fatigue" cycle that reveals how our society increas-