

at a loss, however, to explain the poet's purpose in shifting the whole tone of this fine poem in the closing line, which is a superficial parody: "Oh, to be in Finland/now that summer's here." That's good light verse, but inappropriate here.

"The Fun House Manikin's Lover" is typical of the imagination and resourcefulness Gale Boyd shows in her best poems:

The fun house manikin's lover  
Slumps at east between tours,  
Pounds of suspended plastic  
With padded paunch  
And face of welded jello. . . .

One of the strongest poems in the collection is "The Invalid":

I accept their sad sighs  
as careless howling hymns,  
Hollow as air that passes from frigid  
Places. Their faces, those faces: rigid  
With practiced pity, pretending to cry.  
All warmth that comes from cold lips is a lie.

In addition to the clear, unobstructed movement of the poem and its perfect control of tone, one admires the skillful use of meter and rhyme, subtle yet supportive from first to last.

Certainly with *The Lost, the Found*, we have only the debut of a rich, multifaceted talent that will continue to develop and produce in the years ahead.

CHARIS SOUTHWELL. *Collected Poems of Charis Southwell*. New York: Exposition Press, 1972. 62 pp. \$3.00.

Charis Southwell, a graduate cum laude of Brigham Young University, died at the age of twenty-nine, while still developing her poetic talents. Her *Collected Poems*, therefore, contains pieces of varying quality; but among them are several of lasting value which we are fortunate to have permanently preserved.

The poems take various directions, some relatively stylized and elaborate in the manner of the (now old) New Critics, most much more direct and open in the contemporary mode. To this reviewer, the latter seem more successful. For in-

stance, in "Snowed In," a family awaits Christmas in the country. The snow is high. There is a chance the advancing snow plow may reach them in time for them to have a conventional Christmas, complete with store-bought presents; there is a chance it may not. The atmosphere is perfectly rendered, balanced between the two possible futures. The fulcrum of the poem is the sound of the nearing snow plow, a mixed blessing which causes the narrator to ponder, "What might have come of one more solitary morning/Silent, dark, and waiting?" Understated yet fully accessible, the emotions of the poem are created by the poem itself.

The power of the unembroidered style is evident in another poem, untitled, which begins:

I have this small, spare gratitude to give,  
Hardly there for all Your Care.

Though this poem (like several others) echoes strongly of Hopkins, Cummings, and even Emily Dickinson, it retains a freshness of its own.

Lest these mentions of simplicity suggest a poverty of style, be assured that Ms. Southwick's poems *are* poetry, not merely rearranged prose. The poet knew well and was becoming skillful in the special uses of the poetic line. Listen to the first stanza of "Our Family":

The sweet dreams of the warm evening  
Brush aside the wisps of years,  
And bring us close again  
In arms of thought  
And a touch of tears,  
Remembering the bright, noisy love that filled our house,  
The never quiet, unrelenting clang and call and song.

No culture ever has too many serious poets; and the Mormon sub-culture has never had enough. Charis Southwell's early death is a loss to that culture and to the wider audience of poetry readers in general. But because she was a serious poet engaged in learning her trade well, Charis Southwell produced, even in her short lifetime, a significant though small body of work. For this, we can be grateful to her. We also owe gratitude to her husband, William H. Southwell, who undertook the publication of her poems after her death. That she anticipated that death and faced it like a woman is



evident from many of the poems in this collection, none, perhaps, more direct and poignant than "Butterfly":

Remember me, I cry I cry  
Remember me I can't say why  
Except I longed, except I loved  
And now before I lived, I die.

EMMA LOU THAYNE. *Spaces in the Sage*. Salt Lake City: Parliament Publishers, 1971. 60 pp. \$3.50.

It is very difficult, in the realm of poetry, to distinguish the line that separates the amateur from the professional. (Certainly money is no criterion here as it is supposed to be in sports!) Wherever that line may be, however, it is very clear that Emma Lou Thyne has crossed it.

This reviewer had the opportunity of reading a number of Ms. Thyne's earlier poems prior to studying this volume. The earlier poems were clever and delightful, the work of a talented amateur. In *Spaces in the Sage*, however, the poet writes with the clear, firm authority of the professional. Her work includes some of the most readable and most polished poems ever to come out of this region. Several of them can stand in company with the best modern poetry being written in America today.

One thing that bespeaks the professional is a distinctive style. Readers who give their attention to the poems of *Spaces in the Sage* will hereafter be able to spot the poet's work very quickly for its special proportions of toughness and tenderness, its use of rich yet carefully selected detail, its controlled humor, and its explosive quality. "Explosive" is used here to suggest the light that suddenly flashes in the reader's mind, usually at the completion of a poem, and almost always in a manner unexpected. Lesser poets, attempting the same impact, often "manipulate" their poems. Ms. Thyne, however, makes the poem do its own work: the explosion occurs because the poem lights the fuse.

Vigor is another characteristic of Ms. Thyne's work—vigor of style as well as of content. Her images move with an energy of their own: "Purple flowers spilled like sawdust," ". . . you . . . would tire of pink and spit back seeds of black," "I hang on, arms full/knees gripping leather