

Abigail Child

Abigail Child's poems proceed with a spry wit
and physical bounce that needle images
and pop them before they collect.

She sends nerve-rhythms shining through idea casings,
so snappy, sensual and low down
(that's frolic-blossom, to you buster).

This cartoon arm expands critique,
exploding captions that want to riot, reverse,
recognize themselves in fleshy surrounds,
and seep through to undermine the territorial, programmatic hammer
wedded to nostalgia's waiting game.

Take two bicarbonate of Baroque scatter matrix
for Romantic overload
and call me in your sonnets.

"Umm, Child gives good density,"
said the palimpsest to the paper.

Charles Borkhuis

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