

## *MUD LUSCIOUS NINE*

a review of Gary Beck's *Days of Destruction* by J. A. Tyler

Gary Beck's poetry is nothing if not direct, and *Days of Destruction* from Skive Magazine Press is a nice and well-shaped collection of concrete poems, some taking apart violence or money, some echoing the past, and some doing what a poet is perhaps best at: observing.

from 'Bag Lady':

*No longer young,  
but not much older than me,  
I have seen her often  
in subway visions,  
ravaged by her treasure  
simmering in shopping bags,  
her eyes the hunger of zoo animals,  
with a wrinkled, worried face  
that will not allow tomorrows.*

*Days of Destruction* has a perception of antiquity, a feel of the archaic rendered classical, taking our modern language and twisting it backwards, until it releases its essence, the simplest form of itself.

from 'Devolution':

*Somewhere in the South Florida habitat  
migration became mostly human,  
replacing birds, bees, beasts,  
overwhelmed by hotels, motels, condos,  
that swallowed a peninsular tract  
once the showpiece of a continent,  
that allowed coexistence of species  
who were not permitted to vote,  
were denied government protection,  
were encouraged to disappear,  
or beg on man made marinas,  
another callous testimony  
of progress to destruction.*

Gary Beck shows us that he does in fact want in, that he is a poet with a harness on words, making of classical and modern language alike straight and clever poetry, building for us this poetic house.

from 'I am Thirty':

*Surrounded by the ripped visions  
of my futile dreaming  
and the fading intensities  
that lingered for a few hungers  
and no longer crave glory,  
but before my embalming,*

*endures the hope for completion,  
Poetmen, I still may join you.*