

ABSTRACT

WICKED MERCURY

I see these poems as a constellation of flying insects that attempt to fight the heft of mundane existence by flashing, posturing, sputtering, and desperately trying to outsmart gravity. Although few of these particular creatures make an explicit appearance in the collection, I can't help but feel a kinship between the voices of these poems with those of this subversive army of living things—voices with strange faces, hungry spirits, unpopular aims, bold tactics, and painfully short lives. However different they might be, they share a common genesis: they're born of the reflection of a single quarter shimmering in a fountain—an ardent wish to believe that a stunning world is winging toward us.

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