"Another Anti-Pastoral," the opening poem of Forest Primeval, confesses that sometimes "words fail." With a "bleat in [her] throat," the poet identifies with the voiceless and wild things in the composed, imposed peace of the Romantic poets with whom she is in dialogue. Vievee Francisâ€™s poems engage many of the same concerns as her poetic predecessorsâ€”"faith in a secular age, the city and nature, aging, and beauty. Words certainly do not fail as Francis sets off into the wild world promised in the title. The wild here is not chaotic but rather free and finely attuned to its surroundings. The reader who joins her will emerge sensitized and changed by the enduring power of her work.

**Book Information**

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**Customer Reviews**

In Forest Primeval, Vievee Francis provokes what feels like an intimate conversation with the reader or as a commentary on the book jacket puts it Â“Âœa sacred conversation with the reader, wrestling with the distressing angel for all of us and demanding a blessing.Â” ThereÂ’s such honesty in these poems, a willingness to be direct and risky around matters of the heart, including revenge or resentment: "When you left, I went to your swanâ€™s coop, / snapped every slender neck / in the lot." The speaker seems always in quest of truth driven by a curiosity about what drives her and what is actually going on, and a willingness to challenge her own assumptions. The lyricism of so many lines stand out (Âœlike a sorrow of banjoesÂ”), along with the evocative use of fairy tales and myth to address questions of male-female relationships, beauty, and modern living. The internal Dantesque explorations remind me of Frank
Gaspar’s poetry; the precise clarity of thought and expression coming from deep wounding, of Louise Glück and the artful, provocative use of essential questions, of Mary Oliver: “Those with love will have it. Those without will go without. Did you think it would be otherwise?” “What kind of girl are you? The kind who wants to live, I said, and I did want to untimel I didn’t anymore. But I wanted the leaving to be on my terms, so I hit my father back.” “From the window I considered the fall, but I was so pleased to be alive to realize I now had you, if only briefly, all to myself. Dear blade, so what the truncated future? It is the licks I know are coming that will buckle and betray me.” “Wolf is just one way to there. To that pain that rocks your bones. Rocking away.” It’s an amazing book, one I’ll read again (and again), to savor and to study how the poet does what she does.

Vievee Francis is one of the most exciting poets I’ve discovered within the last year. Beautiful, haunting and not afraid of the ugly making her words cut twice as deep. Most poets will spend years trying to replicate a work such as Forest Primeval and never come close to its incandescent, transcendent nature. The rhythm is both as blunt as a sharp point of a cliff and at other times it stops dead in its track to call attention to a small and intricate detail otherwise ignored. It is the perfect observation of the intense joys and sadness or loneliness of an artistic dreamer life and of the life of a woman in general. I am proud to call Vievee Francis a fellow woman and feminist. This book is so well worth the purchase. An absolute hidden gem. I promise you will not be disappointed.

This is a fantastic piece of work from Vievee Francis! In Forest Primeval, she covers difficult emotional terrain regarding race, gender, image, and the author’s personal biography that extends from the rural farm life of Texas to the cold concrete of Chicago and on to the woods of North Carolina. The poet’s visceral use of image and stunning insight will make you wince as you turn the page to the next poem, and the next, and the next...

FOREST PRIMEVAL is a restless collection of poems in which landscapes (urban, rural, and mythic) collide and collude with the body (that ship full of inherent history). These are poems that both speak to, and subvert the tenets of, Romanticism. The result? Poems in which beauty if found in what is widely worshipped and, especially, in what is feared.

This woman is an extraordinary poet and uses her medium, her art, her history to wake us up in
ways we may not want to be--but must be!

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