

The review in this issue is my second in the *Notre Dame Review*, where I also published three of my translations of Martial's epigrams (No. 21/Winter 2006). I have also published a chapbook of some of my Martial translations, *Martial Artist* (Toad Press, 2005). My poems have been nominated five times for a Pushcart Prize, and my tenth poetry collection will be *The Art of Writing and Others* (Finishing Line Press, 2007). Here is one of the poems it includes:

### **Death, Be Proud**

Death, be proud as hell, for you are mighty  
and dreadful, for you have the final trump.

When you call my bluff, I may think of some-  
thing to delay showing my pair of treys,  
but you'll claim my stake inevitably.

Then I'll get no new deal, no salvation;  
for me there shall be no resurrection  
even if I repent and mend my ways.

I am slave to fate, chance, muggers, drive-bys  
and dwell with ebola and e-coli;  
and drugs can only counterfeit your strength  
and, like sleep, from them I'll awake at length.

Once you knock me out, there'll be no reprieve,  
And I shall be no more: Death, you shall live.