Review

Lenard Moore blasts off with his new St. Andrews press publication, Forever Home

by Tyler McPeek

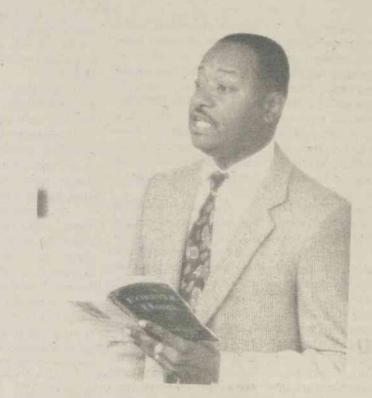
Lenard D. Moore is the author of Forever Home, a recent St. Andrews Press publication. This collection, already in its second printing, features an impressive forward by Guy Davenport and afterward by Fred Chappell. In Forever Home. Moore draws on the beautiful landscapes and unique character of North Carolina, to offer the reader his Japanese-like style of poetry in a book of three sections. Guy Davenport, in his introduction to the book, explains Moore's connection to North Carolina, "A sensual truth locality sustains [Moore]...through Moore we realize that we are being shown a particular place by a poet whose soul lives there ... A poem's geography is, in both senses of the word, its ground...the poet must have his place that he feels he belongs to...He has chosen to keep to a great purity of purpose, the native identity of the place on earth that shaped his mind and heart." This is the essential truth of Moore's writing. He has chosen the "purity of purpose," that Davenport describes. It is a common theme in literature to, "write about what you know." Moore's adherence to "what he knows," reflects a

genuine sincerity in his lines.

"Only roots survive/ harsh weather. chill, frost/ reaches everywhere./ Cornstalks absorb each slim sun shaft." This passage is from a poem, in the first section of his book, entitled, "Piney Ridge In Autumn." It is not surprising to discover that Moore is a student of Basho, a medieval Japanese poet. His close-cropped lines, concise and condensed thought, and constant reference to nature and the seasons, are dead giveaways of a student of Japanese poetry.

Moore divides his book into three basic sections: "The Homeplace," "Heat," and "Breaking Ground." Each of these sections contain poems of similar styles, but with different moods. In the section entitled "The Homeplace," I would cite "The Homeplace" as one poem of great value to the entire book. It echoes the themes of Moore's poetry perfectly: geography, self, and nature (specifically land) The noem closes "we are this fresh green world/ which cradles everything into itself."

In the "Heat" section the reader encounters, in part, poems that stress family and heritage. In the poem, "Telling



Poet Lenard Moore reciting his poetry at the Fortner Writers' Forum

Ground" section, a rather impor-

Photo by Rooney Coffman

of Tales,' Moore write of a grandfather telling tales to the young. Still, the strong natural overtones are ever present, "Honeysuckle sway,/ scent the

In the "Breaking

tant poem, is encountered "Breakfast, Then Chores." would argue that this poem is significant because it is the only poem in this collection that varies from the tight Japanese style that is characteristic to Moore. This poem uses, for the most part, dialogue, then closes with a short, characteristically natural, stanza of three lines. This poem indicates that Moore is

not confined to the style in which most of these poems are Those present at Writ-

ers' Forum on Thursday, the 24th, were fortunate enough to see Lenard Moore in action. He not only read some favorites from his book, he also shared a number of performance poems, inviting the audience to join in. He also read some of his acclaimed Haiku, which have won him several awards, making him possibly the best contemporary American Haiku writer With a black belt in karate and cases full of basketball and track trophies. Moore is more than a great poet. He is also a great athlete. He presented a basketball challenge to anyone in the audience, taunting, "I pity anyone who challenges me in basketball." Indeed, Lenard Moore is a jack of all trades. He attributes his accomplishments thus far to his three P's: persistence, patience, and prayer. He suggests that beginning writers always be writing, never limit themselves, and don't make excuses. One thing is for sure, Lenard Moore is going to keep writing. So keep your eyes peeled, we're sure to see more from Lenard Moore.

A View In Silverdale

In wind and rain I go across a stubbled field where crows have scattered corn a summer's endless yield -Lenard D. Moore