

Three Blurbs for DO OCEANS HAVE UNDERWATER BORDERS

Dip into this book anywhere to find a glittering gem formed out of compressed language. The collection is small but its range, like that of the whales in its title poem, is vast, from the perturbations of love, the dark secrets of hotel beds, the agonies of wing-clipped angels, to the crucial role that beetles, those ‘colonizers of death, always first to arrive at a crime scene,’ play in assisting forensic entomologists. Quirky, brilliant, funny—the intelligence at work here is impressive. I’m reminded of Szyborska. But Rose Mary Boehm has staked a beguiling, seductive claim on the English language that is all her own.

—George Bilgere, Author of *Blood Pages*

Rose Mary Boehm has lived many lives in many places, and writes them all, including those that were lived in her imagination. She slips from location to autobiography to persona, mixing secrets, stories and events as if she were dealing cards in the casino of life. This is the work of a mature woman, rich in experience, who speaks several languages, including the language of the heart.

—Ruth Bavetta, author of four poetry collections, including *No Longer at This Address*.

Rose Mary has visions that can only be seen in a cracked mirror. Or through a broken window that looks all the way inside the heart. These are stained-glass elegies for a woman loved by men who would pay fifteen hundred dollars for a kiss and fifty cents for a soul. The poet retains her soul. Refuses the money. Lives beyond a torn veil, the bridal one and the mourning kind. Moves on from a life of restraining orders, clarifies a vision blurred by alcohol. She transcends. The poem folder may be bleached but the poet gleams.

—Alan Catlin, editor *Misfit Magazine*

APPENDIX – three more blurbs in case you can use them.

Surprising as *snow geese in baobab trees*, lovely as *a lark climbing into blinding blue*, trilling *ecstasy*, Rose Mary Boehm's poems are wry and raging, wise and instructive, marvellously lush and always humane. A treat for every single one of the senses.

—Sara Clancy, *Ghost Logic*

Rose Mary Boehm populates the world of her latest collection with people and stories which are memorable and relatable. We are disoriented at times, as in life, and reminded of our frailty as well as our resilience. Some of the poems wrestle with the expectations and limitations imposed on women. Her characters are sometimes bruised and abused, yet still strive for respectability, lean into the cold, hit the road. We spend time in pubs, washrooms, kitchens, and hotel rooms while she sharpens her knife and prepares “to excise the boil” (in *While I prepare lunch, my lover sulks*). Perhaps in reference to her newfound freedom, she returns to the image of the raindrop – both a delight and a weight – which “rolls off letting that heart-shaped leaf snap back and stretch upwards.” (*Held Captive*) As in *The Poet*, her poems lift us up with beauty and leave us with questions.

—Betsy Mars, author of *Alinea*, co-author with Alan Walowitz of *In the Muddle of the Night*, publisher at Kingly Street Press

Those invisible but nettlesome limits--Time and Boundaries--are much on Rose Mary Boehm's mind in her new chapbook, *Do Oceans Have Underwater Borders?* Such a question might be answered easily, but Boehm's poems spin out a complex web in response. Throughout, she considers what time is bound to do to us. “Everything must change,” Boehm writes in *The Only Constant*. In *Glimpses*, the final poem in this fine collection, she gives us a much different response and, we come to realize, the one she has been working toward throughout. There are never easy answers, not when “large suitcases (are) left behind/at the border/when you have to carry/your children instead...” What a world this is--unfair, complex, and sometimes, if we keep at it, loving-- the poet reminds us again and again in these sharp and revealing poems.

—Alan Walowitz, *The Story of the Milkman and Other Poems*