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keep up weight bearing exercise; You have a nice smile, you should use it more; I hope I won’t

put anyone off by saying this is genuinely feminist) have at one t ime or another b een said to or

about the author, who, in ironically repurposing such counsel, thumbs her nose at it.

A lot happens: stepfamily dynamics, sickness, death, birth, takeaway food and reality tv.

Employing a poetics that might be described as Personal ism with a point , the book describes a

pervasive disconnection, a human vulnerability to which words can only point.

The speaker of these poems is reliable, but alert to the ways memory can mislead, like

'sepia photos from the 70s / they look romantic but it's all chemical'. Often spoken from the

'mid point' between the past (nostalgi a/ trauma) and futures lost or unknown, these poems are

an attempt at intergenerational understanding, and social and political reckoning, the work of

an invest ed mi nd, never naive, never foreclosing hope.

We encounter a socioli nguistic poetics with overheard speech as concentrated ideology.

Borrowed colloquialisms and small talk belie vexed tenets, accounting for many instances in

which cultural critique and humour coalesce. With a deft flair for plot in miniature, for