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on Quinton Duval

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think we are glad to be free.”

Kindly, in the end, Patricia Goedicke forgives with an invocation of hope.

For you princesses
In far meadows will get up and dance

Under the spreading trees
And soft mountains of the future
For you let there be one more chance.

(from “For Your Featherbeds”)

—Bronwyn G. Pughe

Quinton Duval

Dinner Music

Lost Roads Publishers

Providence, Rhode Island

1984

\$5.95

A poet secure in himself and his vision, Quinton Duval serves up the rarest of literary delicacies in *Dinner Music*: a first collection that is fresh and tasteful throughout, never half-baked or imitative. His poetry is full of confidence, humour, and sensuality, all handled with the ease of a master chef.

Duval's oeuvre begins from simple ingredients. *Dinner Music* is sliced into six sections, most with simple titles like “Love” and “Friends.” But don't let Duval's straightforwardness fool you. Though each poem functions well individually, taken in sequence they reflect a journey from wonder and innocence, through bleak experience, and on to a second kind of “innocence” where love and faith become a mysterious act of will.

The book begins with “Phenomenom,” Duval's invocation of the poetic impulse:

I can go ahead
and ask. One day
things happen, things
ask to be noticed.
Why should we see
two owls flying
in the night wind
trying to come together?

We feel his wonder and gratitude for these phenomena, even as he struggles with the questions they pose. Why write poems? Duval answers with characteristic ease: “Maybe I want to be a part/ of something else.”

The first section of love poems is similarly optimistic, full of springtime and good humor. But Duval is too honest to remain innocent. The “Labor” and “Guerrilla