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***Farewell to the Body* by Barbara Moore**

Christine Vance

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Moore's poetry is deeply grounded in nature and in the body, "this / tough stuff we tell ourselves / we are not made of." And just as they are her inroads to pain, they are also sources of her pleasure, as in the poem "Such Afternoons":

What is there to talk about, except the earth,
its ancient freshness, grass sputtering
with children and new graves. Also
beetles so top-heavy, so drugged with thought,
they tip over trying to navigate the simplest distance.
Though it's only one day after another, never
the day we're after, though we walk
the pear-shaped earth in gravely wounded lives,
such afternoons arrive. A fine languor of cicada,
my neighbor peering into his hedges
like an earnest bird. What does he see there?
Something good, I think.
It's possible to stop worrying the dark for a while,
following the chirp of an old lawnmower
chewing its ragged way around the lawn.
Our feet moving without effort,
their depressions filling with quiet water.

Overall, the book is dark, but luminously so. Moore scrutinizes the "inviolable griefs" and the "peculiar happiness" of the human experience with clarity, courage, and generosity. The reader of *Farewell to the Body* is left confident that indeed the "Sun stokes their hearts to the end / who pick up each moment as it falls."