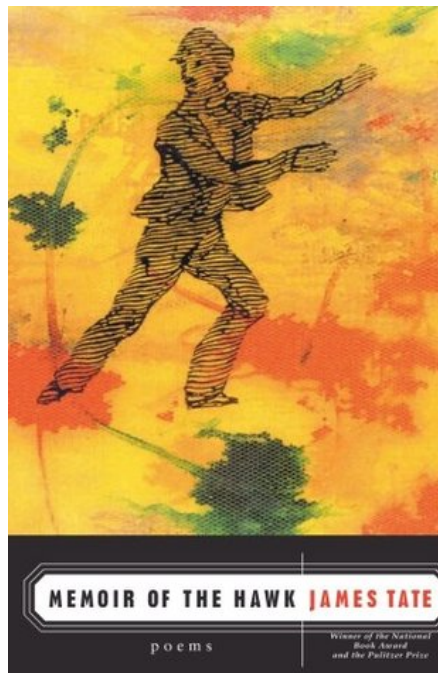




Memoir of the Hawk

James Tate

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Memoir of the Hawk creates a world populated by hundreds of characters, believable and strange, tugged at the edges by the unexpected. In the privacy of their homes, who can save them from themselves? In the forests and hills and on the beautiful lakes, what could possibly be wrong? Even in the sweet hometown, with its kindly police, menace lurks in a thousand disguises. Mystery and magic surround this metropolis of the imagination. Once again, James Tate has given us a world of surprising pleasures:

... lost in the interstellar space between teacups in the cupboard, found in the beak of a downy woodpecker, the lovers staring into the void and then jumping over it, flying into their beautiful tomorrows like the heroes of a storm.

Memoir of the Hawk Details

Date : Published July 30th 2002 by Ecco (first published 2001)

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Author : James Tate

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From Reader Review Memoir of the Hawk for online ebook

Susan says

Tate can be very, very funny and I enjoyed a lot of the poems but I also tired of the wryness after a while. (Witness how long it took me to get through this book--almost a month!)

Cole says

one of the best gifts i have ever received. thank you leroy.

Erin says

A few definitely stood out, others more lackluster.

Derek says

<http://www.5cense.com/16/473.htm>

Sharma says

I've been re-reading this collection of late and it kicks a severe amount of ass. Hilarious, eyebrow-raising, lyrical, completely paradoxical. Highly recommend to anyone wanting to read mind-blowing poetry.

Clark says

He's no Garrison Keillor! Hahahahahaha!

Eryk says

Ideally, for me, at least, this book--along with his others--would be better read at the rate of one poem per day. Even the shortest Tate piece is immense and needs time to settle in. But with one poem per page in this 175 page book, I'd never be able to contain myself to only one a day. So, instead, I did the next best thing: read it in two days! This is a magnificent offering from Tate. The poems here are perhaps a bit shorter than those in some of his other books. Not a bad thing, by any means, as length means nothing to Tate or, say, Russell Edson. My favorites are: Carl's Shoes, The New Love Slave, and Duel To The Death. And the best part of this whole book?: The handwritten signature of James Tate, himself, on the title page!

Stephenbailey7 says

A very funny and accessible collection of prose. I recommend this to anyone who is looking for poetry with mass appeal.

Tony says

James Tate is one strange dude. His poems are peculiarly surreal, or magic realist, or merely absurd, and they seek out a place where humor meets dream. Check out this one:

New Blood

A huge lizard was discovered drinking out of the fountain today. It was not menacing anyone, it was just very thirsty. A small crowd gathered and whispered to one another, as though the lizard would understand them if they spoke in normal voices. The lizard seemed not even a little perturbed by their gathering. It drank and drank, its long forked tongue was like a red river hypnotizing the people, keeping them in a trance-like state. "It's like a different town," one of them whispered. "Change is good," the other one whispered back.

Jan says

Clever, sort of like Frank O'Hara, who isn't my cup of tea, either. The poems were written in verse, but with seemingly arbitrary line breaks, and they felt more like prose poems because of their surreal and absurd quality. The next morning, any magazine I picked up reminded me of Memoir of the Hawk, so I guess Tate succeeded in pointing out the absurdity of everyday life.

Reacher says

with roughly 170 poems in this book, there are inevitably going to be some duds along with great poems, and that's surely the case here. one wonders if the collection would have been made stronger through more judicious selection.

Darren says

Tate has a wonderful way of surprising. His poems are simple, for a while, but the epiphanies toward the end among the everyday events and relationships he concocts leave the reader with a sense of the surreal, of the fantastic...

Maggie says

Loved Tate's coyness and absolute abandon with which he constructs these surreal vignettes. The page becomes a place of possibility and I enjoyed being swept up by his imaginative whirlwind.

Doc says

Funny, thoughtful, even insightful snippets of situations but read more as flash fiction miniatures than as poems. If this is what contemporary verse has become, then it is high time for the pendulum to swing back to more formal and disciplined modes. Oh, it is entertaining and worthwhile, but Mr. Tate is not only playing without the net but has eschewed the ball and racquet, and if you were expecting a tennis match, you got instead interpretive dance.
