

are rubbed our flanks
have the gift
of sand
tongues.

(p. 75)

Flying appears to cause an immediate sense of stress, in the title poem (p. 53), restated in "Aeroplane" (p. 13), and summed up neatly when "The elastic twangs/ right back to ground. Rebound." ("Rebound" p. 52). With the consciousness of ageing, however, Shapcott explores a more challenging sense of the stress of travel:

Like wheatseeds out of a Nile tomb
the stored relics shoot
as soon as they are brought into the light
and send nerve roots
deep into the alive brain.
I cannot sleep.

"Museum Insomniac" (p. 37)

JOAN DAVIS

REVIEW

Michael Sariban, *A Formula For Glass*, University of Queensland Press, 1987. \$7.95 (paper) 103 pp.

and all the words that never found words
surrender without a fight I capitulate
at the edge of a painting, I am swallowed
by the frame
And he is ravenous for more

"Monet In Black & White" p. 73

The poems of Michael Sariban in *A Formula For Glass* are characterised by this verbal energy which urges the reader to a variety of locations in place and experience. Childhood, in Berlin, is revisited in the first section. In "Returning," the reality of meeting again the father, after years of not knowing, is captured deftly:

the afternoon tips back like an hourglass
I am history book and camera I am
my father's diary but the day he was here
eludes me it's clear I've had my best chance