

Testimonial for Feverfew by Anna Saunders. Shortened version published here:

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Both birds and gods weave in between these poems, in lines that dash outwards off the page with a startling sense of urgency. Whilst this poetry has a delicacy of touch that gives each word well-chosen resonance, one feels always the darkness and sharp edges that crouch between the lines. This poetry is rich with obsession, sensuousness and potency, where Zeus is on trial, birds are falling from the sky, and a poet ruminates over tulips. Underneath all this there also flows a commentary on issues such as the climate emergency and female exploitation, giving the work a depth and sense of layering that draws you back for a second, and third, reading. In these poems the reader finds oneself an unwitting player in a world that is sometimes startling, often cruel, always enthralling: *Now the earth is an embering coal / and your father's golden head is bowed in grief / as you plunge like a falling star / deep into the orphaned dark.* This collection sparkles with an energy and subversive, dark power all of its own – a consummate handling of the poetic form, and a real must-read!