



Media Kit - *the secret book of god*

Reviews

Sometimes brilliance reflects a pair of turning hands. To catch a glimpse of what this lovely brilliance is like suggests our own hands turn over pages of a book in which such secrets of soul-tending loveliness are shared. The book of poems by poet-mythologist Richard Lance Williams, *The Secret Book of God*, offers readers this kind of soulful opportunity.

Sometimes, too, what a soulful brilliance is like cannot be too simply told. Because such expression asks us not to name its name too quickly, we must open our 'selves' (just a little) to discover how these selves in each of us long here and belong together the way the artist will have rendered them.

A remarkable and powerful expression of soul, *The Secret Book of God* can only be shared like a quest for the "mythogenic" center of our most deeply held knowing. Like every best kept, *The Secret Book of God* is one of Austin's finer secrets...although, not for long.

Stephanie Pope, MA
Poet & Cultural Mythologist
author of *Like A Woman Falling*

Approaching a first review of Ric William's first published book of poetry, *the secret book of god*, one is immediately impressed by the stark white linen-like texture of the cold bound volume. Opening the book the raised lower case letters of the title slide like braille under the finger tips: luxurious, sensorial, promising revelation of ancient cuneiform secrets. Continuing the theme of ancient text inside the cover is the palimpsest page, reminding us of a time when writing materials were precious and often used one or more times after earlier writing had been erased. One is now glad, that one has learned to read.

Certainly reading Williams' poems demands a fresh eye. It is necessary to read "differently," suspending not only preconceived definitions and expectations, but hanging suspended in negative capability realizing that the titles of the poems lie just as suspended at the ends of the lyric or sometimes narrative verse.

Williams is not only a master of phrase, sentence, and punctuation, but of the ampersand, creating a non de plume of "and" by substitution. He writes "every sadness every scar a flower with an open mouth" (walking off), this vivid description of life's difficult challenges, with the outcome beauty in a flower, assures us that pain assuages itself. Saving the title till last suspends expectation or foreshadowing, the advantage, the aha moment of realization.

Reading the lines "the architects of sleep design the world / lacing moments like foam at the edge of every now" (dreaming memory) dragging us back to hard pan lots where ten-year-olds in days gone by lie on their backs and see the face of God, dreaming her.

These poems are rebellious in line length, yet simultaneously and singularly void of traditional structure. Williams has successfully created original form in the fractured vessel of abstract imagery, fleshed out, in concrete vision. One sees an almost digital composition, a staccato of wave lengths, of particle and field leading to the palatable oral satisfaction of "the scent of oranges heavy; in your hair."

Tenacious insight exposes us for "what is shameful / is only what we refuse to love." He shocks our traditional senses with gentle reticence, almost whispering, "where in the void of god . . . " and turning insightful sensitive moments of words hewn from the clay of language into shape and form "perhaps we are to dreams what landscapes are to us."

Rick Williams helps us ask the questions we dare not utter, "what the meaning of existence had to do with existence," as we search our lives for "lost Arthurs," and realize that some days "a description of pain ad infinitum only crying will do / or a knife & a long hill / to plunge the blade / of all that can't be said."

Finally, Ric Williams has done just that, said all that can't be said.

Connie Williams
Forrest Fest Review

Blake Meets Cummings: Poets William Blake and ee cummings meet in Ric Williams' *the secret book of god*, but that's just the beginning of the sudden and slow ecstasies that will dance off the page into your head reading these poems. Intelligent bright fire, humor and love!

Chuck Taylor
Slough Press