

memorable. Consider, for example:

“This poem was not made for television. / It’s in black and white”

(“Not

Made for TV” 38). Or: “I follow my feet in a house of time. / This is how I sculpt my soul, / dream nakedly my trueness. / My spinning keeps getting frozen / like an explosion taken place” (“In my house of time” 24). Or

again:

“Winter’s wet prelude of melting snow / tumbles in off cue / surprising autumn

trees’ auburn fandangling” (“Mid-October, Saskatoon” 16).

Interestingly enough, late autumn/early winter seem to be the poet’s favorite times of the year. There are many allusions to snow, “peregrinations” and the

like; even Côte des Neiges in Montréal is given a reference. As the poet writes,

“Autumn, I surmise, is the most suitable / statement of being” (“Fall in Upper

Canada” 29). And he has come to terms with his true self: “I have tried too long

to say the right thing / when the honest thing would have done as well”

(“Fall in

Upper Canada” 29).

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The poet ends his collection with a few poems alluding to Bahá’i subjects, with calm references, for example, to pilgrimage, ‘Abdu’l-Bahá (the Master),

images of the nightingale, and the Ridván Gardens.

These poems, then, are in a way the poet’s songs of innocence and experience. One also suspects that they might best be digested in the stillness of

a winter’s night, away from the exigencies of daily life and its cares. No doubt

that he will leave his mark on the reader’s mind and heart, as Roger White once

did and continues to do. And if one listens carefully enough, one can hear those

angels above making a ruckus of things while the craftsperson below is busy forging his art. In short, Angel Ruckus by B. K. Filson deserves with justification to be on everyone’s bookshelf and within arm’s reach.

Albert Oumet

— Angel Ruckus, by B. K. Filson: Review (Used by permission of the curator)