

Poetry As We Like It
by Curt B. Vevang

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Reviewed by
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Poet Curt Vevang presents a bold statement with his title, "Poetry As We Like It". I mean, how does he know what I like? Perhaps I'm a sonnet girl or a prolific haiku poet (*yeah, right*). Even our poet acknowledges the "ambitious goal" he set for himself as you read his forward. However, this poetic old soul does not disappoint.

Personally, I bow to anyone who can rhyme with the ease of lazy summer mornings. I find I have to tackle that when I'm in the mood. In this collection of poems, we discover Mr. Vevang is a master at rhyming. I was also pleased to see his non-rhyming poems were just as masterful.

In "America's Back Roads" Curt takes us on a trip across America, snippets of scenes so common we overlook them.

*Cemetery grave markers, tall enough to be seen from the road,
tilt at random angles on a neglected landscape
that has heaved and settled over the years.*

The poem "The Awards Banquet" is so timely during this pandemic that I wonder when he wrote it. He reminds of the everyday heroes we are saluting these days – and nudges us to salute others who are overlooked.

As a writer and poet, I adored his poem, "The Blank Page" which pays homage to every writer who battles their inner critic and a defiant computer.

*I thought a muse was supposed to help?
But she, he, it, only asks questions,
raises doubts, assaults my character*

This is a poet with a wonderful sense of humor. In "Twenty-Four Roses For You", we see his missteps in sending sentiments to his wife. In "Dawn's Early Light" we are entertained by the narrator sneaking off at before daybreak to spend time fishing.

Poignant poems like "To My Grandchildren", "The Man Who Came for Dinner", "May you Always Brake for Butterflies" and "Owed to the Life of a Soldier" grab our heartstrings and form a lump in your throat with lines like these about a soldier named Jane:

*I have what she earned, I've hardly a care,
She lies in that bed. War is not all fair.*

Or in "To My Grandchildren" he gives them wise words to follow:

Be your own person, follow your conscience.

And of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" he writes:

*A few steps and we realized he didn't ask for money,
he was asking for food.
We looked back. He was gone.*

Mr. Vevang is happy to share one of his poems each month if you send him an email at curt@curtvevang.com. You won't be disappointed with a little sunshine in your inbox.

Every poem holds that part of this poet that is most honest and completely him. I enjoyed this collection and I look forward to more, because this is poetry as I like it – very much!