

***Parabola Dreams***

Silvia Scheibli & Alan Britt  
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***Reviewed by Felino A. Soriano***

Thematically reading as a duet contemplating isolated perspectives, *Parabola Dreams* threads language into hybrid identities, eventually finding what proves the beauty of existence's multilayered spectrums stays still, awaiting the purity of oscillating, attentive eyes:

*The half moon  
Directly above me  
Framed by palm fronds  
Splits me in half, too.  
My arms spread out,  
Embrace the sky.*

—Silvia Scheibli

from **Half Moon** (18)

Notice, with a subject as commonplace as *the moon*, Scheibli does not travel a familiar landscape to conjure recognizable imagery; instead, she creates a reflectional parallel between disparate bodies, that eventually pursue an anthropomorphized embrace, using palm fronds as the frame to this particular and momentary occurrence. Her use of angular syntax demonstrates and articulates the embrace, with its specific and somewhat oscillatory movement.

*This blank page,  
a dirty white feather  
discarded by mute swan  
against  
smooth  
soapstone.*

*At sunrise,  
the swan's shadow  
glides across shallow  
brackish bay water.*

*Currents of death  
flowing  
through*

*the swan's webbed feet  
caress  
a mourning dove's  
crushed trumpet*

—Alan Britt

**Poem written on a Summer Evening in Maryland** (in its entirety) (63)

Alan Britt is another modern poet using distinct descriptions of environmental commonalities. Within this brief poem, he writes about overwrought subjects such as shadows, water, death, and sunrise; however, like Scheibli, he unravels these subjects into states of barely recognizable components, quite deftly.

This collection could've been broken into two individualized, chapbook-length works; the layout reads this way, with each poet's work residing within two isolated sections, layered first with Scheibli's, followed by Britt's. There are also brief five-question interviews with each poet at the end of the collection, which assist in providing contextual insight into the poets' practices and perspectives. Although the layout is a standardized one, it works well, primarily because Scheibli's and Britt's writings are strong assortments of very specialized languages—languages containing musical components in their rhythmic devotion to uncovering what is hidden. This collection causes me to recall Rainer Maria Rilke's descriptive reminder to the poet that so much around us can be used to create: "...for the creator there is no poverty and no indifferent place."

*Then suddenly  
the earth smells like  
Mango popsicles.*

*The water jumps  
a good foot off the pavement  
sizzling like fat.*

*My skin that tasted  
like straw all this time  
begins to feel  
like banana leaves.*

*Javalina growl  
in Comoro Canyon  
shoving bellies into mud.*

*Blood red cactus flowers*

*open windows.*

—Silvia Scheibli

**No Rain for Five Months** (in its entirety) (35)

*I love every cucumber,  
each yellow squash  
whose sticky pollen  
intersects my dreams.*

*The hipbones  
of intellect,  
lovers themselves  
in this garden,  
are catbirds rooting  
through  
banana peppers.*

—Alan Britt

from **Genesis in This Day and Age** (68)

These poets explain environment predicated on their intense vocalization of place. What they both do so very well is identify common elements and splay them from familiar identity, creating then a neoteric understanding and devotion toward renaming what has already been named.

*Parabola Dreams* records two very unique writers' twirling and ascending brands of language. The collection braids ideas while simultaneously delving into directional disparateness. Both descriptive and fulfilling, Scheibli and Britt both fit into Martin Heidegger's idea of the poet's place within the contextual concept of observational existence: "The poets are in the vanguard of a changed conception of Being."

**Bio:**

**Felino A. Soriano** is a member of *The Southern Collective Experience*. He is the founding editor of the online endeavors *Counterexample Poetics* and *Of/with../Poet/Felino A. Soriano/POET/2014/Forms, migrating/The derivation of hours/*[differentiypress.com](http://differentiypress.com); in addition, he is a contributing editor for the online journal, *Sugar Mule*. His writing finds foundation in created co-occurrences, predicated on his strong connection to various idioms of jazz music. His poetry has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net Anthology, and appears in various online and print publications, with recent poetry collections including *Of isolated limning* (Fowlpox Press, 2014), *Mathematics* (Nostrovia! Poetry, 2014), *Espials* (Fowlpox Press, 2014), and *watching what invents perception* (WISH Publications, 2013). He lives in California with his wife and family and is a director of supported living and independent living programs providing support to adults with developmental disabilities. Links to his published and forthcoming poems, books, interviews, images, etc. can be found at [www.felinoasoriano.info](http://www.felinoasoriano.info).