

(2024 October 20) I prefer my mare- on Hardy's poems, wives, ghosts, etc - Bevis (LRB)

Hardy, the poet. He keeps coming back.

"Robert Lowell intimated when he said that the two poets who meant most to him were Pound and Hardy. This might seem an unlikely double-act, yet more than half a century earlier Pound had suggested that Hardy be included in an anthology of Imagist poetry, and had written to Hardy himself to ask for feedback on his work. 'Now there is a clarity,' Pound said later of Hardy's achievement. 'No man can read his poems collected but that his own life, and forgotten moments of it, will come back to him, a flash here and an hour there. Have you a better test of true poetry?'"

I've never read any of Hardy's novels, but remember Jerome Kluceck, in his 20th C British & American Poetry class (the Untermeyer anthology, thank you) insisting that we read, and read carefully, "The Convergence of the Twain." The resonance of that piece (amplified when I found, while writing *Pound Laundry* that Pound recognized Hardy as master poet) and the embedded intimation of the long history of Socratic grappling with singularity-duality-multiplicity-difference conundra has stuck with me, to the point of being maybe the major thread in the fabric of my recently finished book manuscript, *Times Two: A Triptych*.

This Matthew Bevis review strikes me as close to exactly what a review of collections of a poet's poems should be. The sort of thing LRB is known for. But I wonder if I'm alone in seeing the four adjectives he quotes and comments on, referring not only to the sea-worm, but to the mirror it crawls across.

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