

shadow of Pawtuckaway's North Mountain not far from the New Hampshire coast (see her website: <http://www.wildgraces.com>). *Wild Graces 7* (WG7) features one poem per page from each of the 46 poets who had previously attended and submitted poems for this special occasion. Wild Graces is "a hidden gem off the beaten path" and provides a most fitting culmination of another year coming to fruition. Besides being home to Robin and Marshall, it is a natural refuge for dragonflies, frogs, deer, owls, porcupines, and wild turkeys. Even moose wander by every now and then, as well as numerous other wild visitors, including the poets who come from near and far to enjoy the day! Three haiku from WG7: (1) *haiku gathering / strands of spider silk link / two folding chairs* (Mary Stevens); (2) *wet turtle shell / how it mirrors / the sky* (Kath Abela Wilson); and (3) *For / the butterfly's two-weeks of life / another butterfly* (vincent tripi). ◻■

#### BRIEFLY REVIEWED BY JO BALISTRERI

*The Color of Bruises* by Terri L. French (buddha baby press, Windsor, CT: 2019). 42 pages, 4"x 5". Glossy cover, perfect softbound. \$10 plus shipping available from the author at <https://www.terrilfrenchhaiku.com>.

*The Color of Bruises* by Terri L. French, dedicated in part to, "all the unheard people of the world," is a book of senryu unlike any other I've read, in that every single poem packs a punch from the first offering: *wrapped in a quilt / the stories / we're afraid to tell*. French has listened with love to the victims. She tells the stories with compassion, and in doing so, has offered the reader an opportunity to examine and forgive their own and others' uncomfortable truths. For example: *a father's love / stealing the sparkle / from his daughter's eyes*. She gets to the crux of this heart-wrenching situation in ten words. The reverberations are too many to count. It is Terri French's acute sense of detail, the way she homes in on what is important that make her senryu stand out: *solitary confinement / searching for faces / in the mildew stains*. Perhaps some of us can relate to this poem due to the recent lockdowns and self-isolation during Covid-19. Reading *The Color of Bruises* is an emotional experience that will make you sit up and take notice of our shared humanity. ◻■