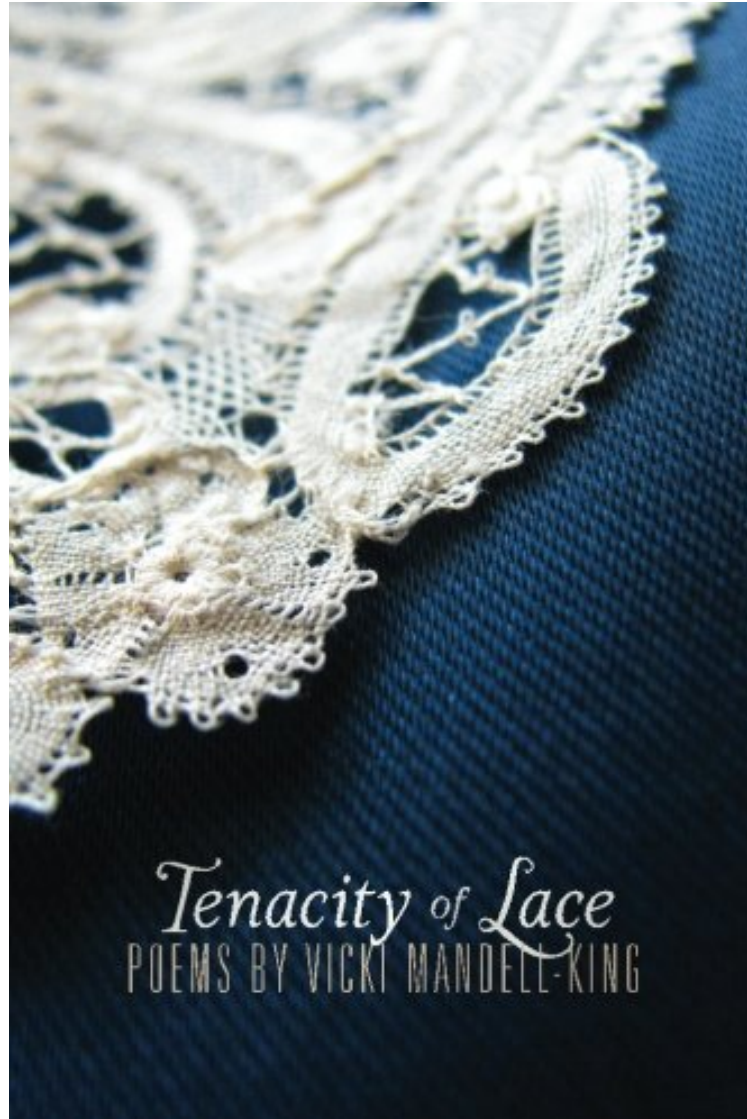


[Library ebook] Tenacity of Lace: Poems by Vicki Mandell-King

## Tenacity of Lace: Poems by Vicki Mandell-King

*Vicki Mandell-King*

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**Vicki Mandell-King : Tenacity of Lace: Poems by Vicki Mandell-King** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Tenacity of Lace: Poems by Vicki Mandell-King:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Poems of ParadoxBy ranIn each of these brilliantly crafted poems, Mandell-King reveals the paradox embedded in her title of a tenacious daughter who lost her war hero father as a young child, and a compassionate Federal Public Defender holding hands with a killer before his execution. Over and over, she puts "flesh on these bare-boned words," takes up "the sweet knot of my life's untangling," listens "for the

authentic voice/blown in the glass of a bull's eye." Under much loss and pain, she spreads the white lace of her words. Ran Huntsberry

In *TENACITY OF LACE*, Vicki Mandell-King unravels knots and weaves threads into delicate and compelling patterns of holding on and letting go. While telling stories of relationships, soldiers, criminals, births and deaths, birds and stars, the poems in *TENACITY* depict the connections formed and the empty spaces in between. By turns lyrical, then narrative, these poems are rich with images, dialogue and music, and if their endings surprise the reader, this is only because the endings have snuck up on the poet herself.

About the Author I am a recovering mind reader, a dancer at heart, a champion of the underdog. I inherited my mother's green thumb, and my father's eyes. I am not funny, but love to laugh. I can stand on my head, and I leave backpacks full of mind-gunk in the Indian Peaks. At last, I am becoming better in dealing with change. I worked for thirty years as an Assistant Federal Public Defender. Representing Gary Davis, executed by the state of Colorado in 1997, is one of the most profound experiences of my life. I've been married to the same man and lived in the same house, an old constantly-remodeled Victorian, for 36 years. Our son and his family live nearby. It seems as if I've been writing poetry my whole life. But about thirteen years ago, I realized that, while I had been busy with family, career and community, some golden seeds in me (we all have them) had not been watered and given enough light. So I decided to be a poet, not simply write poetry. My poetry has been published in a variety of fine literary journals, including *Aries*, *Calyx*, *Illyas Honey*, *Main Street Rag*, *Plainsongs*, *Pinyon*, *Slant*, *Sows Ear*, *Tigers Eye*, and others. Love, death, forgiveness, letting go, acceptance, regret. Don't all poets address the root questions about life: what happens after death, why are we here, how can we live a good life? Aren't we all engaged in the search for meaning?