

are hungering for—whether we arrived at this chapter as mothers, scholars, or both, the analyses of the first nine chapters may leave us wondering what the future of motherhood looks like in our post-post-modern world and Information Age. How refreshing to work toward a fully-actualized social reckoning in the circles of motherhood online. While we see migrant mothers in chapter 5 as heroes, we do not otherwise see a discussion and reconciliation of racial and class issues. The importance of inclusive feminism in motherhood is especially highlighted here by pointing to specific hashtags. By the end, we venture beyond our own embodied experience as scholars and mothers and enter into the capacity to espouse feminist thought, practices, and ideologies in the larger world.

## Twice in a Blue Moon

Joyce Harries

Edmonton, Alberta: Spotted Cow Press, 2007

REVIEWED BY LIZBETT BENGE

The blue moon: a literal phenomenon of the moon appearing blue because of specific particles in the atmosphere, and the rare occurrence of two full moons during a calendar month, with the second full moon being referred to as a “blue moon.” *Twice in a Blue Moon*: a book of poetry that is blue, like the depths of the sky and sea, blue like the throat chakra that corresponds to communication and connection. The blue of trust, loyalty, and wisdom.

Like a moon, the journey of this collection is spherical and illuminating. We build the world from a simple inquiry, “What If,” and follow its *Beginnings, Middles, Endings, and Goings On*, and *Beginnings Again*. This sphere encompasses love, lingerie, arthritis, butter, taffeta, canaries, shrimp salad, geraniums, and names that elude memory.

Readers will be quick to pick up on the recurrent themes of the aging body-mind, cooking, creating, knowledge, relationships, death, and motherhood. Humor bubbles from the pages as the author meticulously weaves together a tapestry of the quotidian, the sensational, and the peripheral. The texture of this tapestry is thick, rough, and strong. It is smooth and polished as a final product.

Harries’ writing is accessible, poignant, pedestrian, and thoughtful. Each word is deliberate, the measure of the stanza calculated, and the rise and fall of the reader’s breath becomes syncopated and in tune with the cycle of Harries’ poetic form.

Tender touches and care permeate this writing. In first person narration, Harries welcomes us to the wonders of her world where moon meets men, parrots, ponies, and peonies. Part of this tapestry is woven with shards of sounds slipping in and out of adolescent mouths, reeling the reading into 1935, relishing relics of tasty toffee that seep into society's imaginary (7). Contemporary reverberations are felt in the ripples of the slanted rhymes, free verses, rotund ruminations, and recognizable references.

*Beginnings* bears the marks of a childhood come and gone, glittered with intimacies and dissipating innocence. Finding one's life partner marks the beginnings of *middles*, moments of intimacy, and experiences of tumultuousness, together—always together.

*Endings* is the non-finality of finality. Body memories gesture to the hands of time coming together to lay a hand on death. We are presented with the endings that begin at our hands: grabbing hands, hands that rub, hands that signal stopping, the hand that wears the ring, hands that place that ring, clasped hands, holding hands, and swinging those clasped hands that hold our endings and touch our souls.

*And Goings On* signals our will to carry on for what seems like an eternity. In the goings on, one gathers wisdom, the crumbs of knowledge that thread together the hap-ness of happenings. It is these happenings that make Harries who she is: the dancer, mother, cook, author, lover, widow, bride, grandmother, gardener who would not change a thing in the hap-ness of happenings. Her aging bodymind slips, wanders, spaces, and travels into seniority. There is less intimacy in her intimate spaces, they are now speckled with violence and the gallops of the cat whose heavy hooved gait wakes Harries from her dream of her long-departed husband.

*Beginnings Again* bring us back to the top. Here Harries asks who she has been, her mother? Her father? Is the lifecycle really a cycle? It is a circle, a circuitous end with only beginnings again.

## **Motherhood and Single-Lone Parenting A Twenty-First Century Perspective**

Maki Motapanyane, Editor  
Bradford, Ontario: Demeter Press, 2016

REVIEWED BY PAT BRETON

This thought-provoking collection of essays lays bare the discursive and material realities shaping single-lone parenting and motherhood in a contempo-