

form and subgenre, which often enhance the content of the pieces and demonstrate profound versatility. The ekphrastic pieces universalize the individual and confessional experiences that make up the majority of the work, while the context these pieces provide generates a new experience of ekphrasis.

As violence and oppression accumulate, the forms reflect the effects of trauma. "Met Parents My How" presents brief images harshly cut by dashes: "my father ended / things by mail—the envelope stamped red— / she was crying before—the cut on her head—." "Schiller" circles around the image of a knife until it becomes an obsession: "In a place called home, a / man with a knife. In a place called knife, a man. / In a place called man, a knife that splits the / home from home." The especially harrowing "Interview" mimics the questions and commands of law enforcement investigating a violent crime.

Within these pieces, Dubrow returns to certain details so that they can gather more meaning with each iteration. "My Mother Age Five, Dressed as a Mata Hari" ends with: "Costume makes the little mouth a / place for poison, for swallowing a string of / pearls." Later, "Bespoke" calls pearls a "sure sign of tears." These recurring details foreshadow tragedy and reflect unfortunate circumstances that exist off the page.

These complex meanings layer until even a cup of coffee in "Café con leche" obtains a sinister cast when it is said the women in the speaker's family "would / rather drink something instant, that bitterness / can be hidden with enough spoonfuls of sugar." *The Arranged Marriage* is not quite so instant, and while it lends itself to a one-sit read, each return to the collection yields more threads. It's not quite so sweet, but it's certainly substantial.

—Nicole Connolly, *MAR*

The Arranged Marriage by Jehanne Dubrow. Albuquerque, New Mexico: University of New Mexico Press, 2015. 72 pages. \$18.95, paper.

In her latest poetry collection, Jehanne Dubrow pushes the boundaries of genre and purpose by crafting a prose-poetic history, one that focuses first on the traumatic experiences of Dubrow's mother, then widens to include a multi-generational family story and the universal female experience.

Each poem in this volume provides only a snippet of this ambitious, but ultimately successful, scope. Each serves as a window into the larger narrative, leaving the reader with an intuitive sense of the whole landscape—one unflinching, but constructed with tenderness and care.

Those skeptical of prose poetry should still be delighted by Dubrow's experiments with