For over twenty years, Larry Levy has taught writing, literature, and education at mid-Michigan’s Delta College, where he has received awards for teaching excellence and leadership. In addition to writing poetry and essays, he has run marathons and coached soccer and basketball with students of all ages. With his wife Cheryl, he has directed and performed in plays. He has taught junior and senior high school and pre-school, and been a guest teacher in a jail, and in many elementary and secondary school classrooms. Twice elected to public office, he is a frequent speaker and workshop leader for teachers and school administrators. He has travelled widely, and now makes his home in Midland, Michigan. This is his first book.

Larry Levy’s range of subject matter is impressive, from foreign travel to sports to family matters, all handled with impressive ease. These poems are well-crafted in the service of complex feelings, and moving.

--- Skip Renker, author of Birds of Passage and Sifting the Visible

With strokes swift and sure, Larry Levy discovers the marvel in our daily lives and bestows upon them a sense of ceremony. His are poems that speak clearly and directly even as they evoke the mystery of the world and make an impact that sends out resonance.

--- James Cole, author of A Brave Passenger
Winter Dreams

She ties the wind-bent weeds in a bun,
blows the chaff to its real home,
calls from her hand the names foxtail and fern,
and from the low field calls me nearer,
and from early snow gathers snow-on-the-mountain,
its green gone and the stems frozen.

She displays them dead before the mirror.
There, in her image, they outlast November
with its false spells and falling limbs.
From the taut sky the nighthawks scream.
Clouds unravel gray rim to red,
and the cold night blooms in the hollow reeds.

Now in the morning lace she dreams
while pouring milk or buttoning her shirt
of a baby’s rib, a breathing daughter.
In my dream she is offering a palm full of sun.
I kneel in that image at the pond, at the rim.
I catch her hand and drink the water.
Shovel through the crust of snow.
Bury the vegetable peelings deep:
I dream of showing my wife the beach;
she, testing the sand with a wintery toe.

We swim deep where the lake trout are
but no reeds. We come up only for air.