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Mr. Levine is the author of a previous collection of poetry. He received a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts and teaches at the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop. As a frequent contributor to *The New Yorker* and *Outside*, he reported on environmental, social, and cultural concerns. Early on in this work, the poet presents several interesting excursions into the nebulous time of the "Great War," when disease and disaster have ravaged the land and the gods were otherwise engaged [pondering the sky from which they long ago fell." One is reminded of the dream-like, post-apocalyptic world of Walter Van Tilburg Clark's short story "The Portable Phonograph." The poet certainly seems to share Clark's conviction that mankind is fated to self-destruction and that, in a spiritual sense, it has already happened. There is a gloomy doom of ashes and wastelands, damaged souls, and the broken contraptions of a civilization on whose grave they dance almost gleefully. Yet despite this volume's promising start, it lapses into private symbolism which it becomes all too tedious to dissect. Picture, if you will, three Rod Serling "Twilight Zone" scripts about the end of the world, diced and blended and spliced, with every third word then expunged, just in case any of it begins to make sense for longer than it takes to wind a melting watch. After a time, even Dali's landscapes appear habitable, if only because we have been there so many times before, haven't we, or is this all just dark *deja vu* dreaming and shadowy foreboding?

If you've been to one Armageddon, you've been to them all.