

St. Inan's Press, from Irvine, is a new name to me. Their *Poetry in Your Pocket* series has a small, distinctive, rectangular format and costs only £1.50. Their first book is Gerry Cambridge's *The Dark Gift*, a collection of sonnets. Like figure hugging clothes, the sonnet form has the power to enhance lean, fit poetry with great style and elegance, or to give cruel emphasis to lumpen irregularity and flabby thought. Of living Scottish writers, only Edwin Morgan and William Neill have written a substantial number of good sonnets. Gerry Cambridge has not written enough yet, but his are in good shape and some quite stunning...

ROBIN BELL

from *Books in Scotland*, Summer 1996

Below: page 10 from *The Dark Gift*, with the only poem uncollected in later collections.

REBIRTH

Near Christmas is the worst time, when I see
you languish in that small estate, unfriended,
not having changed a whit since our years ended,
in your warm cell of family; and me,
caught in this other life, a wilder place,
far down a road I cannot turn off now,
need the small graces notes and calls allow,
though guilt would roar in its blood if I saw your face.

Yet something's bright this morning, cocks that crow
out at Fairliecrevoch, suddenly
sound too inside my head and startle me
with small sharp clarities from locked reverie;
and morning sings, old sorrow's overthrow:
I'm like a child anticipating snow.