



# *fallibility*

*...his eye is on the sparrows, but I  
...field of earth dark furrows. I  
...stretches into dark gleams, the incan-  
...bawly, the old, the rapid-falling  
...trains the day  
...it is what*

Elizabeth Oness



***fallibility***

**by Elizabeth Oness**

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In her first full-length collection, Elizabeth Oness shows herself a poet with an eye well able to vividly scan the surfaces to reveal the secrets hidden just beneath them, as well as the “delicate gap between this world and the elusive one, the one that waits for our attention.” It’s a pleasure to find poems at once patient, painterly, and quietly but fiercely elemental in their encounter with the complex inheritance of history, religion, place, and the enduringly insistent bonds of family. In Irish legend, Fionn asks “What is the finest music in the world?” And he answers “the music of what happens.” The poems of *fallibility* allow us to overhear the poet’s “sense of / listening in the silence, or not listening / but knowing, the still song of I am....” Simply, confidently, they summon us to pay attention.

Daniel Tobin, author of *Second Things*