**Tony Harrison *Selected Poems***

**Whilst at university I remember a lecturer saying that Tony Harrison was coming to town for a poetry reading and that we should go. I did, knowing very little about him other than that he had written the poem *V.***

**I recall listening to him and being impressed not only by the ideas and the imagery, but also by the playfulness in the language and the ubiquitous use of rhyme.**

**I discovered this collection on my shelves at home, I don’t know how it got there to this day, but it’s one that I return to regularly now. You can’t help but be moved by the poems about his parents, and the constant clashing between high art and the everyday is handled with such skill it leaves me open mouthed.**

***A Kumquat for John Keats* is one poem, however, I don’t seem to be able to live without. This complex poem about an “Eastern citrus scarcely cherry size” seems to say so much with such ease, and is my “comfort for not dying young”.**

