



David M. Perkins

Review of Marc Zegans' *Lyon Street* (Bamboo Dart Press)

On Lyon Street in San Francisco, one ascends and descends 332 steps with (in more ways than one), breathtaking views of a picture-book panorama of the city. In Marc Zegans' 7th collection of poems, *Lyon Street*, you encounter something of the city equally breathtaking, but more kaleidoscopic, pyrotechnic, almost psychedelic, and at the same time, intimate.

In "Clearing," the poet writes, " A quiet fog/filters light from homes,/ a few with warm bodies,/ and I drop down the hill."

In flashing edits, ascending through remembrance and descending through reminiscence, Zegans revives a history of life lived along storied streets: Market, Polk, Van Ness, Broadway, and more. There is a hint of Howl here, and flashes of jazz as Zegans introduces the reader to the places he's been and the people he knew—and loved and lost. City Lights bookstore is here, the I-Beam in Haight-Ashbury, and Dim Sung at Lee Hou. People and places arise alive and breathing in vignettes that last.

Ronald Reagan, drag queens, and an unnamed dying man spark the author's anger, affection, and tears. Poetry can take you places. Good poetry holds your hand, moves into your mind, while the best poetry provides experiences you can call your own.

In Lyon Street, you step up and move through times with someone who is more than a tour guide. Indeed, he's a friend.

David M. Perkins is the author of three poetry collections: *I May or May Not Love You*, *Post-Modern Blues*, and *In From Forever*, all from ICE CUBE PRESS.