



***Automatic Zygote* by Jonathan Witherspoon Huey**
Buffalo, NY, BlazeVOX, 2010
100 pages

Reviewed by [Gary Parrish](#)

Book of the year *Automatic Zygote*, new poetry from Jonathan Witherspoon Huey, is now on shelves across the United States and no longer confined to the sleepy town of Boulder, Colorado, where most of these prosodic observations occur. Huey's collection, ten-years in the making, constructs a new language of Eco-Pop in the lineage of Whitman that would make Warhol fall in love. The McClure-esque style of middle of the page jazz-verse rings out as loud as Coltrane's notes and does not shy away from the political conundrums that we, as citizens of this world, trip over daily.

an anchor lest ye frolic naked
before Batteries Plus & long abandoned
Halloween costume store fronts
Freaky's Kama Sutra Smoke Shop
massage creams digital scales &
glass inside out pipes---all packed away
for transition to new location as
Binyan Mohamed released from Guantanamo after 7 years

who himself was packed away

In another example, the poem "Lament for Gaza" includes the tearfully poignant idea that, "the Mossad takes up finger painting to pass the time," a peaceful interpretation of a land in perpetual chaos in the same vein as John Lennon's "WAR IS OVER if you want it" billboards in Times Square protesting Vietnam.

The value of Huey's line breaks is not restricted to the image portrayed therein but is gathered by a sum of images, sustaining each stanza with vocabulary that is anything but convoluted and abstract; the poems hit you in the face and will not stop or let the reader come up for air. In *Automatic Zygote*, the chakras are electrified and dazzled with a pure prosody that would make

Jakobson put down his papers on structural analysis and take long dreamful naps inside Huey's syntax.

lemon blossom
flagrantly fragrant

no stench of bodies
or terrified sweat

silent sirens & ordinary streets
markets resound day-to-day chatter

illegal settlements emerge as new suburbs
(no fear of mass suicide shockwave)

no one left to cause concern:

Jerusalem
Reverberates
Prophetic

The heart of this manuscript is in its ability to reinvent itself, as the causal narrator picks through the rubble of an average day, finding flecks of gold. Lines such as, "spring green tufts emerge from the wonderful dirt/spring smile emerges from momentary panic," reverberate and echo effortlessly. This quality of poetics brings the reader along at pace similar to a bike ride through a park of poesy on a gentle afternoon, where the mind lengthens and reaches for passing branches. Interconnected verse that would make Fritjof Capra blush green leaves across the hue of his essays, strong as the Douglas Fir growing on the Foothills looking up beyond the Flatirons. Make no mistake; the poems found here are new animals that move through the world devouring the old sentiments of breath, consciousness and image. The poems move between day and night, this world and the next, while asking what all beings wonder at the local grocery store or while taking a shower or making love.

half-conscious Stain

but
when the b o d y
transforms to (*ash*)
does memory **m**

i
n
g
l
e