



Doug Knott is not a photo of himself. He is *hot*, *scorching*, because his element is fire. He wants it that way. A virile maturity shines through beneath his male pattern hairline. This is a book of poetry. Doug is highly perceptive. You can see from the front cover that he is not beyond dramatizing his preeminent role in the international poetry scene as navigator in the eternal quest of the amazing Carma Bums. It may be that when the stuffed pigeon gets its turn at the spyglass, it will look at Doug from the large end, magnifying the iris of his right eye to thus analyze the inner workings of his spiritual being. Wow! The indelible image of that mysterious figure in apartment 3-A across the way could well be etched therein. But it's more likely to find a reflex contraction, a clever paradox, or some improbable reflection of the human condition. The naked truth.

Buy this book, or take Doug's poetry workshop: it's absolutely the best. Some of his magic might help you see the world in a brighter light, or see the light in a brighter world.