

“Ool Jalool” ~ Fizza Abbas

Review ~ Robert Allen

Fizza Abbas has written a personal lyrical book of poems called “Ool Jalool.” The title means “clumsy,” but her poems are not. They're a good read.

Food plays a crucial way of being in some of her poems; a number of her poems are written as recipes, and they are stylish and well-modulated. Food is also in line with her psyche. In novel turns, foods are paired with ashes, stanzas, shadow, lunar eclipse, bile. And sometimes “the toast still burns.”

In one of her more personal poems, “Mom Do You Miss Your Daughter,” her images are solid:

“I flip the pages / mark the variances, the hieroglyphical names, / the unknown numbers / the half-erased addresses” calls to open the poem, to be expansive, to be a thread of the veil.

My personal favorite in the book is “Shias Are Kafirs.” It is quite personal and spiritual.

“...they pushed me aside in a school assembly, calling me a non-believer / I'm still kind. It's just that my blood is all d-r-y.”

In a more joyful note, we have “Creation Is A Wrestling Match.” We read that we must be aware that the new world is being made in front of our eyes.

She has many other good poems with similar themes. I wish I had the time to review each poem because they are worth it. I'd like to end with a quote from “My Editor Says You Can't Write English Because You Speak Urdu.” She ends the poem with “Let me pour a glass of water on the half-skinned paper / Blue ink, the brown writer go together.”

It's worth the read.

Her chapbook is available in book form, or as a PDF. They can be purchased here: www.fahmidan.com.

A big goal, and one to leap toward.