

Jamey Jones' grandmother was a devout Baptist, but Jamey's religion is poetry. He's in love with coffee, poetry, poets, Rachael, and the light, the way it segues and transforms one thought, one vision into another. He clearly loves the world he lives in. In the poems in *morning coffee from the other side*, he ruminates rhythmically on an ordinary image or a thought, a loss, a distress, and in the process, he transforms it into an everyday dreamy surreality. An orange becomes a planet or a "ball plucked from the stream." Words shift and meaning shifts, after all "He strung them together / like steps in the air like / like a string of lakes or sneezes." Jamey's book of poems brings me back from the difficulties to an ever available, but sometimes forgotten, *ah ha* moment of lightness, wit and joy.

(The West Florida Literary Federation 1921)