In this latest collection Erik La Prade continues his cinematic verse celebration of urbanity and human tenderness, placing us in a Lower East Side movie scene of fidelity and heartbreak, as he evokes the high wire of 21st century NYC life in the arts. — ALAN KAUFMAN, author of “Drunken Angel,” editor of “The Outlaw Bible of American Poetry.” La Prade is a gifted poet, memoirist, critic, photographer, and whose chronicle of lost artistic and literary lyricism, with a historian’s eye for New York cultural history and downtown avant-garde. Poet simply, he dazzles. — GARY SHAPIRO, journalist

Some time within the first quarter of the present nineteenth century, a little oldlady some people would even have called her a dear little old lady sat in a high-backed chair beside a cottage window, from which might be had a magnificent view of Sicilian rocks, with the Mediterranean beyond. This little old lady was so pleasant in all respects that an adequate description of her is an impossibility. Her mouth was a perfect study. It was not troubled with anything in the shape of teeth. It lay between a delicate little down-turned nose and a soft little up-turned chin, which two seemed as if anxious to meet in order to protect it. The wrinkles that surrounded that mouth were innumerable, and each wrinkle was a distinct and separate smile; so that, whether pursing or expanding, there is always slipping into an expression of tender benignity. This little old lady plays no part in our tale, nevertheless she merits passing introduction as being the grandmother of our hero, a Sicilian youth of nineteen, who, at the time we write of, sat on a stool at her feet engaged in earnest conversation.