Review of Waiting for Something to Happen by Gregory X. Gorman

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This voice improves when Gorman tempers it with a slightly rueful quality:

   Did you know that when the Amazon pours into the Atlantic it creates a huge island of fresh water in the salt— hundreds of miles, millions of gallons, of fresh water right there in the Atlantic Ocean. I kind of wanted to be like that.

No. There's something wrong where the cream curdles to the top. ("From the South Side")

On the other hand, it suffers when sheer cussedness lapses into an adolescent ill-temper, an urge to "be crude," to insult party hostesses, to "give the yapping dog a kick spit on its poodle head . . . flirt/with the Banker's wife hoping/I'll be asked to leave."

Still, the belligerent, kick-ass posturing is preferable to the more decorous treatments of tiresome situations we've encountered in other poets, the light repartee that takes part in the same game it would criticize. These poems "don't like maybe for an answer," writes Henry Kranz in his mock-literary send-off—an accurate enough remark, I think, and evidence that in waiting for something to happen, something finally does. Mike Keller