



skin tight the sidewalk
martin daws

Martin Daws' poetry leaps off the page to dance the electric slide round your living room and you can't help but follow. These words lead from the front, hitting you from every direction. The poems themselves walk you down Chicago backstreets in the dead of night through towers of slate covering Welsh villages from the effects of the present, and the stories themselves are as varied as the rhythms. A life lived around a love-affair with music and the culture of the African Diaspora has ended up in a collection tracing the two-step of a white man in love with hip hop. The result is a raw honesty exploring themes of race and identity, how to tread that thin line between participating and exploiting.

His poems dissolve completely the division between literature and song.

Words roll round symbolism, showcasing language as its own music.

Daws' "skin tight the sidewalk" creates poetic harmony, and his audiences turn the final page much more at peace than when they cracked the front cover.

Sophia

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MD



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