

The poems in Mary Jo Bang's fifth collection, *Elegy*, chronicle the year following the death of the poet's son. They continually search for an adequate metaphor for the most profound and private grief. By weaving the particulars of her own loss into a tapestry that also contains the elements that are common to all losses, Bang creates something far larger than a mere lament. Within these intimate and personal poems is a persistently urgent, and deeply touching, examination of grief itself.