Ride It Like A Tiger: The Poems Of Daisy Fried '89

Nathalie Anderson
Swarthmore College, nanders1@swarthmore.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://works.swarthmore.edu/fac-english-lit

Part of the English Language and Literature Commons

Recommended Citation
https://works.swarthmore.edu/fac-english-lit/112

This work is brought to you for free and open access by . It has been accepted for inclusion in English Literature Faculty Works by an authorized administrator of Works. For more information, please contact myworks@swarthmore.edu.
Ride it like a tiger

THE POEMS OF DAISY FRIED ‘89

Daisy Fried ‘89, She Didn’t Mean to Do It, University of Pittsburgh Press, 2000

There’s a world of inadvertence packed into the title of Daisy Fried’s extraordinary book of poems—her first, just published as the 1999 winner of the prestigious Agnes Lynch Starrett Award sponsored by the University of Pittsburgh Press. “Didn’t mean to” at once admits and sidesteps guilt: She didn’t intend it, it just happened; she’s not a bad person, just got carried away; she didn’t set out to, was surprised into it—into crime, into sex, into irresponsibility, even, paradoxically, into agency or maturity. On the culpable side of this divide, a woman involved in a racist incident in Fried’s extended sequence “Strike” pleads in court that “she didn’t mean it”; proud of her own ethnic heritage, she “doesn’t stop to think, / none of us do, what it is [she’s] proud of.” On the more hopeful side, a mother in “Whatever Works” reaches a hand around so that little girls have that.” Here, one 16-year-old girl stabs another to death: “Oh pity, oh pity guys. / Guys, I cannot breathe, I cannot see the night.” Fried’s poems bear abundant witness to the cruelties, the inanities, the appalling with poignancy, urges the reader out of numbness into vigorous response.

Daisy Fried has made her living as a journalist since graduating from Swarthmore, and that observational skill is everywhere evident in her accuracy of eye and ear—an accuracy that’s unconventional, outrageous, striking. She’s caught a film projector’s “ticky whirl,” a sailboat’s rig “tackata-tacking,” a sprinkler’s “switch, switch, swatch, switch,” the rhythmic “kshoong, kshoong” of boys on skateboards, the way their hair “whaps, jets.” She’s caught the impact of elliptical speech: a girl on prom night thinking, “does he? / do I? does my?”; or sparring lovers declaiming, “You Always! You Never!”; or bachelorettes chiding the bridge-to-be with, “Eeee, Tereesee!” She’s caught the shock of action reduced to essence: a flirting girl “showing her teeth to a man”; kids who “two-hand their pistols”; a drunk woman and a cop facing off “like two repelling / magnets”; transit executives who “swing their arms in for crashing corporate / handbone handshakes.” Fried’s tone whips from jocular—a businessman’s “chinks and penetralia”; to creepy—“bad kids play nasty with a rat”; to startling—a maturing daughter “boiling off the mother”; to exquisite—“wisteria / in dusk its same color.” Her accumulations—“hairy, staring, brackish”; “bird, mallet, poultice”—amplify a simple premise into stunning significance. These poems go everywhere, see everything, but they’re always centered in that fine observing intelligence, even when the speaker is reduced to “my shadow over the face of a sleeping flatnose drunk,” or to a revealing “I think” tucked into a complicated description, or to a single “our” taking possession and thus responsibility in a cityscape. She didn’t mean to do it? Sure she did.

This book’s not for everyone: Its brash sexual slang could sear off your eyebrows. But if you’re in love with language, here’s my advice: Buy the book, read it, ride it like a tiger.

—Nathalie Anderson
Professor of English Literature