

**Review of *Duende Poems 1966-Now*, Quincy Troupe
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Duende opens with a sketched-black and white image of a man holding a book, and three other men blowing horns. The book and the breaths of the horns meet in a circular and windy web squared by the words avalanche, hallelujah, juju, and foofoo. This image is at once abstract and concrete and a deeper look into Troupe's assemblage of this visual and verbal messaging, serves as a significant entrée into the power of his work with respect to form and meaning.

Troupe's oeuvre is "poetry of birth in motion." His language and imagery provide "seed[s] of water-spirit" and "sunbird of love in flight." Readers travel through a Black history, culture, and experience across Africa, the South, the Pacific Ocean, and the music of it all—"Hendrix, Blind Joe Death, black jazz piano and rock guitars." His work be "bloody star sinking" through the shifting of black life and communities from drugs, poverty, history, failed systems, and the like. Troupe converts page to colorful and rich canvas. His form astuteness splatters and spits line and stanza variations, "seeking life's pure music" as Black "life keeps whispering through ashes."

Duende expels music, nature, politics, and expresses humanity, love, and hope. Troupe does not leave us in the "dark void" as "flesh falls away from bone," but moves us to "sweet memories of shaman juju men," and advises us to know of and understand our ancestral roots that are born of a strength to survive. We are "a lone candle/burning penetrating/the dark deepening/memory" and "everywhere eye go/space holds me within." Troupe establishes the musicality of Black-life and *Duende* is a collective blues and jazz symphony of what we *are* and who we *be*—Black rhythm(s), metaphor(s), and song.