Christine Poythress’s poems in her debut chapbook, *Dharma’s Dance*, are a delightful mix of the ethereal, the mystical, and the witty. Indeed, her work is truly unique, and I for one will look forward to anything she writes in the future, as I imagine will be many, many readers to come.

—Rosemary Daniell, award-winning author of *The Murderous Sky: Poems of Madness and Mercy*, and nine other books of poetry and prose.

In reading Christine Poythress’s book of poems *DHARMA’S DANCE*, we experience  a person expressing who she is from within and shaping who she is becoming, as she moves toward what she calls “soul shedding,” and “a last sunlight.” She offers readers a delightful dance through her many and varied longings and loves and leavings, including imagery that is by turns exquisitely lovely, occasionally comic, and always unique. –

Barbara Knott, author of *IN EVERY CARNATION: The Body of God* and of the soon-to-be-released *MOONSHINE TO MOONBLOOM: Becoming Aradella Stark*, as well as publisher and host of the online literary/art journal, *The Grapevine Art and Soul Salon*.

At once ethereal and weighty, *Dharma’s Dance* journeys a surprisingly wide terrain. It begins with sparkling yet often sad or sly reminiscences of free-loving youth in the 1960s, gradually deepening to the patina of age in the new millennium, that first mourns then rises again to amused joy. This is a collection of rich poems from a richly lived life.

—Ujjvala Bagal Rahn, finalist 2023 Loraine Williams Poetry Prize; runner-up 2021 William Wisdom – William Faulkner Creative Writing Competition

“The speaker as ingenue who pockets concrete wisdom from illusory love affairs, as vibrant, artistic woman and mother who grows to find the generational hand-me-downs of family precious, as wiser-woman looking back, *Dharma's Dance*is a recursive moving closer to the place where the soul resides – the poet says, "This life, the only one we perceive, isn't everything, so I believe" – to a grounding in the eternal.  I finish the book feeling the emerging of a deep and soul-searching self, individuated yet continuous with life and its beyond, and am moved to remember lines from *The Song of Amergin*: "I am a wonder among flowers...I am a breaker threatening doom...I am a hill where poets walk...I am the tomb of every hope."

Steven Croft, author of *At Home with the Dreamlike Earth*