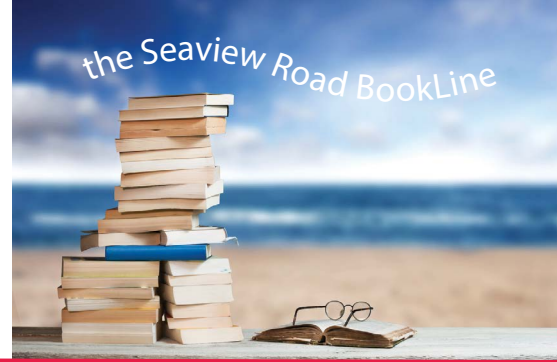
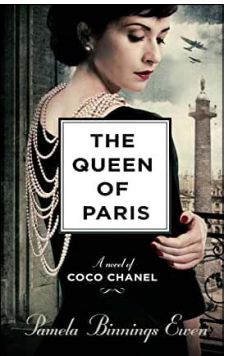


FEBRUARY 2022 BOOKLIST



THE QUEEN OF PARIS

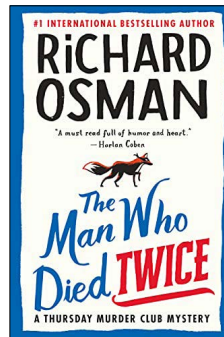
by Pamela Binnings Ewen



This is a novel which vividly imagines the hidden life of Coco Chanel during the four years of Nazi occupation in Paris in the midst of WWII—the reader learns a lot more about Coco and although it is fiction much of the material is based on information discovered in recently unearthed wartime files. — Sharon Muzzin

THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE: A THURSDAY MURDER CLUB MYSTERY

by Richard Osman



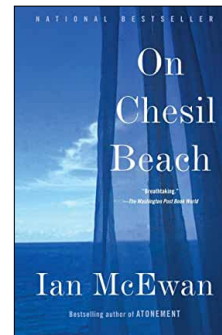
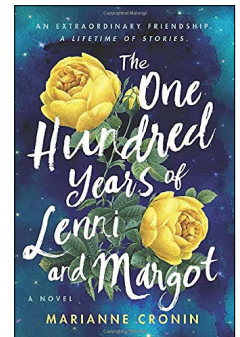
Another galloping and fun romp with the septuagenarians who form the Thursday Murder Club. Elizabeth enlists Joyce, Ibrahim and Ron in the hunt for a ruthless murderer and \$20 million in diamonds. Drama and shenanigans abound...

— Shelly Hollingshead

THE ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF LENNI AND MARGOT

by Marianne Cronin

An extraordinary friendship. A lifetime of stories. Their last one begins here. Lenni (17) and Margo (83) meet in a hospital art class. They realize that together they have lived one hundred years. To celebrate this they set out to paint their life stories with 100 paintings. Alive, funny and an extremely tender book. — Shelly Hollingshead



ON CHESIL BEACH

by Ian McEwan

A short beautifully written love story with an interesting twist.

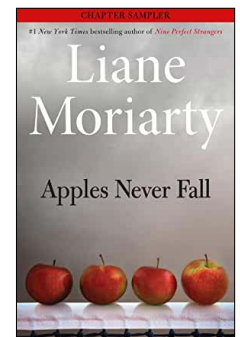
— Janice Lee

APPLES NEVER FALL

by Liane Moriarty

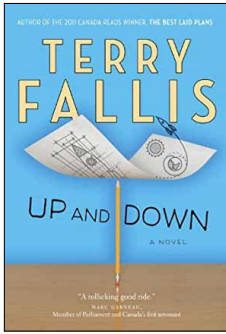
Every member of the Delaney family plays(ed) or coaches(ed) tennis. All six have an extreme competitive edge and when the matriarch disappears each member's story begins to unravel. The novel includes intense family rivalry, uneasy connections to former competitors, suspenseful strangers, and the uncovering of some long kept family secrets.

— Barb Staton



"Book love is something like romantic love. When we are reading a really great book, burdens feel lighter, cares seem smaller."

— STEVE LEVEEN



UP AND DOWN

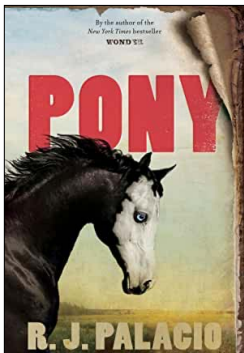
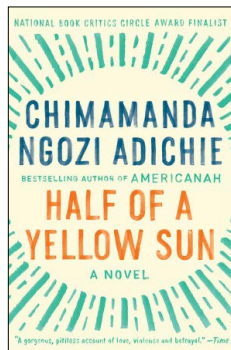
by Terry Fallis

This book is rather silly but well written and it gave me some laughs. (Anything that gives me a laugh these days gets a thumbs up) — *Doranne De Montigny* (available at the library)

HALF OF A YELLOW SUN

by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

The throes of Biafra: heart wrenching but brave. — *Doranne De Montigny* (available at the library)



PONY

by R. J. Palacio

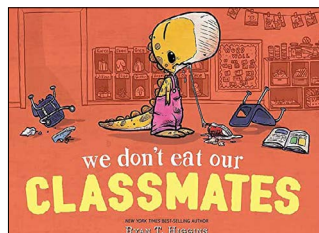
Pony is a compelling coming of age adventure; a journey of the heart struggling between fear and courage filled with plenty of action and unexpected twists. It is the tale of 12-year-old Silas

— in a dedicated search of his father who has been spirited away in the night — weaving the atmosphere of an old fashioned Western with the magic of a ghostly friend and a mysterious horse who guides Silas in his quest. A lovely story for young people, but its appeal is rather timeless. Give it a try. — *Lesley Bird*

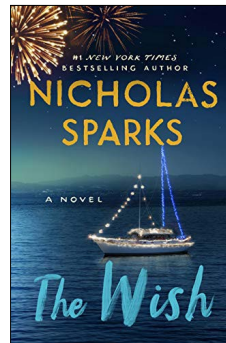
WE DON'T EAT OUR CLASSMATES

by Ryan T. Higgins

Loved by kids and parents alike. — *Deborah Camp*

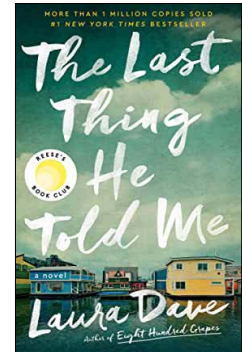


The following four books are recommended by Sharon Emmerson, who says that they are ALL great vacation reading!



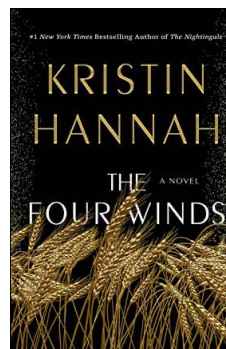
THE WISH

by Nicholas Sparks



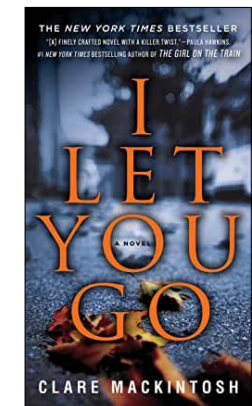
THE LAST THING HE TOLD ME

by Laura Dave



THE FOUR WINDS

by Kristin Hannah



I LET YOU GO

by Clare MacKintosh

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Thanks to everyone who submitted to The Booklist. The Seaview Road Bookline comes out once a month; the next submission deadline is March 20th — will send out a reminder a week beforehand. I'm also interested in articles that feature works of a particular author or that focus on a book series — one per issue — first submitted, first printed. Fiction only, please. Poetry is welcome. seaviewbreezenews@gmail.com

[i carry your heart with me(i carry it in]*by e. e. cummings*

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
 my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
 i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
 by only me is your doing,my darling)

i fear

no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
 no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
 and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
 and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
 (here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
 and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
 higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
 and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

WHEN YOU ARE OLD*by William Butler Yeats*

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
 Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

[SO I'LL TALK ABOUT IT]

*by Ukrainian poet Serhiy Zhadan (2016)
translated by John Hennessy and Ostap Kin*

So I'll talk about it:
about the green eye of a demon in the colorful sky.
An eye that watches from the sidelines of a child's sleep.
The eye of a misfit whose excitement replaces fear.
Everything started with music,
with scars left by songs
heard at fall weddings with other kids my age.
The adults who made music.
Adulthood defined by this—the ability to play music.
As if some new note, responsible for happiness,
appears in the voice,
as if this knack is innate in men:
to be both hunter and singer.
Music is the caramel breath of women,
tobacco-scented hair of men who gloomily
prepare for a knife-fight with the demon
who has just crashed the wedding.
Music beyond the cemetery wall.
Flowers that grow from women's pockets,
schoolchildren who peek into the chambers of death.
The most beaten paths lead to the cemetery and water.
You hide only the most precious things in the soil—
the weapon that ripens with wrath,

*Serhiy Zhadan is one of Ukraine's best known poets and novelists,
who attracts crowds of thousands of people at his book launches and events.*

porcelain hearts of parents that will chime
like the songs of a school choir.
I'll talk about it—
about the wind instruments of anxiety,
about the wedding ceremony as memorable
as entering Jerusalem.
Set the broken psalmic rhythm of rain
beneath your heart.
Men that dance the way they quench
steppe-fire with their boots.
Women that hold onto their men in dance
like they don't want to let them go to war.
Eastern Ukraine, the end of the second millennium.
The world is brimming with music and fire.
In the darkness flying fish and singing animals give voice.
In the meantime, almost everyone who got married then has died.
In the meantime, the parents of people my age have died.
In the meantime, most heroes have died.
The sky unfolds, as bitter as it is in Gogol's novellas.
Echoing, the singing of people who gather the harvest.
Echoing, the music of those who cart stones from the field.
Echoing, it doesn't stop.