Why speak of the use of poetry? Poetry is what uses us.

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Dear Reader,

Copper Canyon Press was founded in 1972 with a passion for poetry.

One place where that passion found expression was in letterpress broadsides—beautifully designed with hand-set type and ornaments, and printed in small runs on a Chandler & Price platen press.

These gorgeous pieces of literary ephemera came into the world for any number of reasons: to celebrate a book’s release or mark a publishing milestone, to give as gifts to readers and donors, to distribute at readings and festivals.

Over the years we’ve taken special pleasure in finding our broadsides displayed in bookstores, living rooms, libraries, and workplaces. They even found their way into special exhibits at the Seattle Art Museum and Multnomah County Library in Portland, Oregon. Washington State University holds examples of over 300 different Copper Canyon broadsides in their Special Collections Library. Best of all, we once traded broadsides for a much-needed plumbing repair!

In the mid-2000s, Copper Canyon began working with other letterpress printers, including Stern & Faye, lone goose press, Expedition Press, and The North Press. Most recently, Copper Canyon collaborated with the School for Visual Concepts in Seattle and The North Press to produce a portfolio of broadsides featuring poetry on the theme of water.

You hold in your hands an anthology of broadsides and prints which are currently available from our inventory. Many are signed by the poet. They all represent the remaining copies of limited editions. And once they’re gone, they’re gone… though, in all but a few cases, the poem on the broadside can always be found within the Copper Canyon book it calls home.

Happy reading!

Copper Canyon Press

PS  This catalog also contains information about the few copies of signed limited edition books in our inventory from W.S. Merwin, Richard Siken, Jim Harrison, Bill Porter/Red Pine, and Ted Kooser.
Throwing your voice is one of those things also.
They think it’s you when it’s not you.
They certainly thought it was me.
I was there when the one they thought me said yes.
And no.
I send my voice out under cover of darkness.
It is widely assumed that winter makes the pine tree stronger.
The greenest hours are those after midnight.
Green remains.
LESS SELF

THROWING your voice is one of those things also.
They think it’s you when it’s not you.
They certainly thought it was me.
I was there when the one they thought me said yes.
And no.
I send my voice out under cover of darkness.
It is widely assumed that winter makes the pine tree stronger.
The greenest hours are those after midnight.
Green remains.

Copper Canyon Press
You are not beautiful, exactly.
You are beautiful, inexactly.
You let a weed grow by the mulberry
and a mulberry grow by the house.
So close, in the personal quiet
of a windy night, it brushes the wall
and sweeps away the day till we sleep.

A child said it, and it seemed true:
“Things that are lost are all equal.”
But it isn’t true. If I lost you,
the air wouldn’t move, nor the tree grow.
Someone would pull the weed, my flower.
The quiet wouldn’t be yours. If I lost you,
I’d have to ask the grass to let me sleep.
You are not beautiful, exactly.
You are beautiful, in exactly.
You let a weed grow by the mulberry
and a mulberry grow by the house.
So close, in the personal quiet
of a windy night, it brushes the wall
and sweeps away the day till we sleep.

A child said it, and it seemed true:
"Things that are lost are all equal."
But it isn't true. If I lost you,
the air wouldn't move, nor the tree grow.
Someone would pull the weed, my flower.
The quiet wouldn't be yours. If I lost you,
I'd have to ask the grass to let me sleep.

From Marvin Bell's collection,
Published by Copper Canyon Press,
a nonprofit publisher that believes
poetry is vital to language and living.

Size       9” x 6”
Available stock  50 of 250
Signed by Marvin Bell and Dorothy
Price       $50
Year       2015
Printed By       The North Press
OLGA BROUMAS

The Choir

I walk and I rest while the eyes of my dead
look through my own, inaudible
hosannas greet
the panorama charged serene
and almost ultraviolet with so much witness
Holy the sea, the palpitating membrane
divided into dazzling fields and whaledark by the sea.
Holy the dark, pierced by late revelers and dawnbirds,
the garbage truck suspended in shy light,
the oystershell and crushed clam of the driveway,
the dahlia pressed like lotus on its open palm.
Holy the handmade and created side by side,
the sapphire of their marriage,
green flies and shit and condoms in the crabshell
rinsed by the buzzing tide.
Holy the light—
the poison ivy livid in its glare,
the gypsy moths festooning the pine barrens,
the mating monarch butterflies between the chic boutiques.
The mermaid’s handprint on the artificial reef. Holy the we,
cast in the mermaid’s image, smooth crotch of mystery and scale,
inscrutable until divulged by god
and sex into its gender, every touch
a secret intercourse with angels as we walk
proffered and taken. Their great wings
batter the air, our retinas bloom silver spots like beacons.
Better than silicone or graphite flesh absorbs
the shock of the divine crash-landing.
I roll my eyes back, skylights brushed by plumage of detail,
the unrehearsed and minuscule, the anecdotal midnight
themes of the carbon sea where we are joined:
zinnia, tomato, garlic wreaths
crowning the compost heap.
THE CHOIR

I walk and I rest while the eyes of my dead
look through my own, insublimate
blossoms greet
the panorama charged wrong
and almost ultraviolet with so much witness.
Holy the sea, the palpitating membrane
divided into dazzling fields and wholdark by the sun.
Holy the dark, pierced by late revelers and dawnbirds,
the garbage truck suspended in shry light,
the oystershell and crumbled clam of the driveway,
the dahlia pressed like lotus on its open palm.
Holy the handmaid and created side by side,
the sapphire of their marriage,
green flies and shit and condiments in the crabshell
rinsed by the buzzing tide.
Holy the light—
the poison ivy livid in its glare,
the gypsy moths festooning the pine barriers,
the mating monarch butterflies between the chic boutiques.
The mermaid's handprint on the artificial reef. Holy the we,
cast in the mermaid's image, smooth crotch of mystery and scale,
immoral until divulged by god
and sex into its gender, every touch
a secret intercourse with angels as we walk
proffered and taken. Their great wings
better the sea, our retinas bloom silver spots like beacons.
Better than silicon or graphite this absorbs
the shock of the divine crash-landing.
I roll my eyes back, skylights brushed by plumage of detail,
the unrehearsed and minuscule, the anecdotal midnight
themes of the carbon sea where we are joined:
zsinnia, tomato, garlic wreaths
crowning the compost heap.

OLGA BROUGHAS

One hundred copies designed and printed by Sam Hamill
for the Copper Canyon Press board and staff retreat, 2000.
this ink painting of wind blowing through pines
who hears it?

clouds very high look
not one word helped them get up there

alone with the icy moon no passion
these trees this mountain nothing else

nobody understands why we do what we do
this cup of sake does

passion’s red thread is infinite
like the earth always under me
Crow with No Mouth: Ikkyu

this ink painting of wind blowing through pines who hears it?
clouds very high look
not one word helped them get up there
alone with the icy moon no passion
these trees this mountain nothing else
nobody understands why we do what we do
this cup of sake does

passion’s red thread is infinite
like the earth always under me

— versions by Stephen Berg

Three hundred copies designed and printed by Sam Hamill, Nellie Bridge, and Kathie Meyer, February, 2001, at Copper Canyon Press.
HAYDEN CARRUTH

Her Song

She sings the blues in a voice that is partly Irish. But “music is international.” Singing With her blue eyes open, her auburn hair Flung back, yes, searching a distant horizon For a sometime beacon or the first glimmer Of sunrise. She sings in the dark. Only her own light Illuminates her, although in the shadows Are dim shapes, motionless, known to be The tormented—in the bogs of Ireland, in The bayous of Louisiana, relics of thousands Upon thousands who suffered unimaginably In ancient times. And in her husky contralto They are suffering still. Knowingly she sings. Music is anthropological. This is a burden, For in her song no one can be redeemed.
she sings the blues in a voice that is partly Irish. But “music is international.” Singing
With her blue eyes open, her auburn hair
Flung back, yes, searching a distant horizon
For a sometime beacon or the first glimmer
Of sunrise. She sings in the dark. Only her own light
Illuminates her, although in the shadows
Are dim shapes, motionless, known to be
The tormented—in the bogs of Ireland, in
The bayous of Louisiana, relics of thousands
Upon thousands who suffered unimaginably
In ancient times. And in her husky contralto
They are suffering still. Knowingly she sings.
Music is anthropological. This is a burden,
For in her song no one can be redeemed.

Three hundred copies designed and printed by Sam Hamill,
Nellie Bridge, and Amy Schaus, in August, 2001,
celebrating publication of Dozen Jazz,
on the poet’s 80th birthday.
MADELINE DE FREES

The Register

All night I hear the one-way door sigh outward into billboard glare. The ninth-floor cul-de-sac left by the wrecker’s ball, my new apartment.

Inside the known hotel, decor of watered silk and fleur-de-lis, the French Provincial red-and-white, mine for the night, no more. A weak bulb wears a halo through the dark.

The street divides below the skid of rubber burning. One branch leads to a hill’s last word, one into morning. Flying in place, hung form its thirst, hummingbird in the honey throat of a flower.

Bless me,

Father, I have sins to spare and love these relics of the hybrid years I spent afraid to move. Chant of common life, field lilies, all that labor, too cautious then to spin. Not even Solomon would know these regal lily flowers, translated fleur-de-lis my wall provides, the glory flowers-de-luce, of light breaking clean on the iris. I open my eyes to the light.

Bless me, Father,

under heavy sun and hoping still to make your life my own. I cannot nullify the work this body’s done nor call each act religion. Wherever one road joins another, blind, I think of you and conjure up the loss. When two roads, gaining speed, speed up to intersect, I cross myself and lay the body down, arms open for what comes to pass. Father, I am signing in.
THE REGISTER

All night I hear the one-way door sigh outward into billboard glare. The ninth-floor cul-de-sac left by the wrecker's ball, my new apartment.

Inside the known hotel, decor of watered silk and fleur-de-lis, the French Provincial red-and-white, mine for the night, no more. A weak bulb wears a halo through the dark.

The street divides below the skin of rubber burning. One branch leads to a hill's last word, one into morning. Flying is place, hung from its thirst, hummingbird in the honey throat of a flower.

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* Madeline DeFrees
Blackbirds are scribbling in the winter heat of the trees.
You are accompanying reindeer over frozen water, a large cow
Collapses along a rising incline of rotten ice
With hundreds of animals now both quick and shy,
Pushing you over into the pine woods
And then nearly into a darkening sky.

But the moon is lowering its threads, lucent with fat,
Into this dream you are sinking with,
And here among the night fires you begin to worry

That the one moon passing like a needle through
The dreams of so many will no longer
Carry a sun. The cold dogs are barking.
You said that you woke, that you were both hungry and naked.

Then, you said, did I wake you? I’m sorry
If I did.
THE AMULET

for Laura

Blackbirds are scurrying in the winter heat of the trees.
You are accompanying reindeer over frozen water, a large cow
Collapses along a rising incline of rotten ice
With hundreds of animals, now both quick and shy,
Pushing you over into the pine woods
And then nearly into a darkening sky.

But the moon is lowering its threads, luscious with fat,
Into this dream you are sinking with,
And here among the night fires you begin to worry

That the one moon passing like a needle through
The dreams of so many will no longer
Carry a sun. The cold dogs are barking.
You said that you woke, that you were both hungry and naked.

Then, you said, did I wake you? I’m sorry
If I did.

NORMAN DUBIE

I'm someone's small boat,
far out at sea,
sailing from what has so long sustained me
toward what I don't know.

My joy is the sound
of the water purling around me,
but is it my hull
or the great ocean moving?

Are those flies I hear, or a trick of the wind,
faintly human voices,
or a whistle of breath
in the nose of my sleeping dog?

Without me there is no confusion.
Buddhas see no difference between
themselves and other; Angels,
between the living and the dead.

At last I’ve discovered
the secret of life:
If you don’t leave
you can’t come back.

Deep in the Earth there are pockets of light
that did not come from Heaven,
and yet they are the light of Heaven
deep inside the Earth

This bird is the birdness of a bird.
SIX KINDS OF GRATITUDE

{1}
I'm someone's small boat,
far out at sea,
sailing from what has so long sustained me
toward what I don't know.

My joy is the sound
of the water purling around me,
but is it my hull
or the great ocean moving?

{2}
Are those flies I hear, or a trick of the wind,
faintly human voices,
or a whistle of breath
in the nose of my sleeping dog?

{3}
Without me there is no confusion.
Buddhists see no difference between
themselves and others. Angels,
between the living and the dead.

{4}
At last I've discovered
the secret of life:
If you don't leave
you can't come back.

{5}
Deep in the Earth there are pockets of light
that did not come from Heaven,
and yet they are the light of Heaven
deep inside the Earth.

{6}
This bird is the birdness of a bird.

Dan Gerber
Dan Gerber

Two hundred copies printed by Daniel Urban.
COPPER CANYON PRESS
HAN-SHAN
translated by RED PINE

No. 82

Spring water is pure in an emerald stream
moonlight is white on Cold Mountain
silence thoughts and the spirit becomes clear
contemplate emptiness and world becomes still
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<td>Printed By</td>
<td>The North Press</td>
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Poetry at its best is the language your soul would speak if you could teach your soul to speak.
POETRY

If you could teach your soul to speak
your soul would speak
the language
at its best

If you could teach your soul to speak

— Jim Harrison

Copper Canyon Press speaks the language
Broadside printed by The North Press

Size       9" x 6"
Available stock      50+ of 300
Signed  
Price       $50
Year       2015
Printed By  The North Press
In the small dusty
Galaxy of the garden,

Where the hydrangeas
Are all bright blue

And bask like planets
In the morning light,

I could hear Bashō
Hard at work, hoeing.
AN HOUR AGO

In the small dusty
Galaxy of the garden,

Where the hydrangeas
Are all bright blue

And bask like planets
In the morning light,

I could hear Bashö
Hard at work, hoeing.

Robert Hedin

From At the Great Door of Morning, published by Copper Canyon Press
Printed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington
Every poem
is a small creation
myth.

The poet has only one tool
the voice
and it starts in silence.

Pry to the roots,
the old familiar dark,
to the sweet smell of peat and swamp water.
FIELD NOTES

Every poem
is a small creation
myth.

The poet has only one tool
the voice
and it starts in silence.

Pry to the roots,
the old familiar dark,
to the sweet smell of peat and swamp water.

Robert Hedin

COPPER CANYON PRESS

Size  7" x 7.5"
Available stock  50+ of 100
Price  $20
Year  2017
Printed By  The North Press
I knew I'd like them
when I saw their old
black car—it's long

gentle dents said
something about kindness,
about how to meet

an adversary. Do you
suppose the greatest
kindness is thoughtless?

He gets up early
and makes tea. He takes
his false teeth from

a glass and refills it
with warm water. Her teeth
are still in there,

warming up. When she
comes, those warm
teeth slide

into her warm mouth
so easily she hardly
notices her own smile.
STAYING WITH OLD PEOPLE

I knew I’d like them
when I saw their old
black car—its long
gentle dents said
something about kindness,
about how to meet
an adversary. Do you
suppose the greatest
kindness is thoughtless?
He gets up early
and makes tea. He takes
his false teeth from
a glass and refills it
with warm water. Her teeth
are still in there,
waning up. When she
comes, those warm
teeth slide
into her warm mouth
so easily she hardly
notices her own smile.

JIM HEYDEN

Size       5.75” x 11.5”
Available stock 5 of 175
Price       $20
Year       1981
Printed By Copper Canyon Press
At a literary gathering in Santa Monica
I encounter a bearded lady wearing a union button.
We engage each other in friendly conversation:
When I was a little girl in Spokane, Washington,
I took enormous satisfaction in the label
Sewn to my clothes by the Ladies Garment Workers Union.
I was contributing to the Wealth of Women
As I chose my dresses. O Solidarity! O Feminism!
Much later I met a Ladies Garment Workers Union
Leader who told me that she was the only woman
Who'd ever been an official in that union,
Always ignored, outvoted. I felt retrospectively cheated.
Now my new friend, the one with the white beard (she
Won't mind if I mention it, she wrote a cinquain about it)
Says that her Local 814 (mostly women) engages in struggle
With the terrible Sheraton, its unfair labor practices
Concerning the ladies who change the beds and mop the bathroom
And fold the ends of the toilet paper
Into those stupid triangles, and put the mints on the pillow.
Of course they're all blacks (I mean African American)
Or Mexicans who hardly speak English and fear deportation.
It's clear my bearded friend though old and lame is a fighter;
And she writes excellent cinquains: she just sent me a bunch.
(You know what a cinquain is? A nifty form in five lines
Adapted by Crapsey from the medieval French.)
She, as the current jargon has it, made my day.
So here's to Solidarity, cinquains, brave bearded ladies—Hooray!
union of women

At a literary gathering in Santa Monica
I encounter a bearded lady wearing a union button.
We engage each other in friendly conversation.
When I was a little girl in Spokane, Washington,
I took enormous satisfaction in the label
Sewn to my clothes by the Ladies Garment Workers Union.
I was contributing to the Wealth of Women
As I chose my dresses. O Solidarity! O Feminism!
Much later I met a Ladies Garment Workers Union
Leader who told me that she was the only woman
Who’d ever been an official in that union,
Always ignored, ostracized. I felt retrospectively cheated.
Now my new friend, the one with the white beard (she
Won’t mind if I mention it, she wrote a cinquain about it)
Says that her Local 814 (mostly women) engages in struggle
With the terrible Sphonon, its unfair labor practices
Concerning the ladies who change the beds and mop the bathrooms,
And fold the ends of the bed sheet
Into those stupid triangles, and put the mints on the pillow.
Of course they’re all blacks (I mean African Americans)
Or Mexicans who hardly speak English and fear deportation.
It’s clear my bearded friend though old and lame is a fighter;
And she writes excellent cinquains: she just sent me a bunch.
(You know what a cinquain is? A nifty form in five lines
Adapted by Crapsey from the medieval French.)
She, as the current (organ) has it, made my day.
So here’s to Solidarity. cinquains, brave bearded ladies—Hooray!

Carolyn Kizer

Two hundred copies designed, and printed, here de commune,
by Sam Hamill and Leslie Cox, December, 2003, celebrating
the eightieth anniversary of the birth of the poet.
LU MEI-P’O
translated by RED PINE

The Snow And The Plum

The plum without the snow isn’t very special
and snow without a poem is simply commonplace
at sunset when the poem is done then it snows again
together with the plum they complete the spring
THE SNOW AND THE PLUM

The plum without the snow isn’t very special
and snow without a poem is simply commonplace
at sunset when the poem is done then it snows again
together with the plum they complete the spring

LU MEI-P’O

Three hundred copies of this broadside were designed and printed by Sam Hamill and Leslie Cox, with calligraphy by Chungliang Al Huang. The poem is reprinted from Poems of the Masters, translated by Red Pine, published by Copper Canyon Press.
Dakota is everywhere.

A condition

And I am only a device of memory

To call forth into this Present the flowering dead and the living
To enter the labyrinth and blaze the trail for the enduring journey
Toward the round dance and commune of light…

to dive through the night of rock

(In which the statues of heroes sleep) beyond history to Origin
To build that legend where all journeys are one

where identity

Exists

where speech becomes song
THOMAS McGRATH

from LETTER TO AN IMAGINARY FRIEND

Dakota is everywhere.

A condition.

And I am only a device of memory

To call forth into this Present the flowering dead and the living
To enter the labyrinth and blaze the trail for the enduring journey
Toward the round dance and commune of light...

to dive through the night of rock
(In which the statues of heroes sleep) beyond history to Origin
To build that legend where all journeys are one

where Identity

Exists

where speech becomes song

Two hundred fifty copies designed and printed for friends of the press, summer 1997.

COPPER CANYON PRESS
MEI YUAN
Falling Leaves

These autumn leaves are like old men: huddled, doting on the dregs of day.

One frost, and they’ll all come falling. Some will come soon, the others later.
Falling Leaves

These autumn leaves are like old men:
huddled, doting on the dregs of day.

One frost, and they’ll all come falling.
Some will come soon, the others later.

In the unmade light I can see the world
as the leaves brighten I see the air
the shadows melt and the apricots appear
now that the branches vanish I see the apricots
from a thousand trees ripening in the air
they are ripening in the sun along the west wall
apricots beyond number are ripening in the daylight

Whatever was there
I never saw those apricots swaying in the light
I might have stood in orchards forever
without beholding the day in the apricots
or knowing the ripeness of the lucid air
or touching the apricots in your skin
or tasking in your mouth the sun in the apricots
West Wall
—W.S. MERWIN

In the unmade light I can see the world
as the leaves brighten I see the air
the shadows melt and the apricots appear
now that the branches vanish I see the apricots
from a thousand trees ripening in the air
they are ripening in the sun along the west wall
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or knowing the ripeness of the lucid air
or touching the apricots in your skin
or tasting in your mouth the sun in the apricots

A limited edition broadside from Copper Canyon Press,
Poems from Migration: New & Selected Poems by W.S. Merwin
Art: Jill Messer, Tender Remove, 2005, oil on canvas, 68 x 142 inches.
A family of three
weary pilgrims hurrying
to their night’s lodging—
a number of fires around
means a good harvest this year
NEW YEAR'S STATIONS

STATION 8

A family of three
weary pilgrims hurrying
to their night's lodging—
a number of fires around
means a good harvest this year

JANE MILLER

Five hundred copies designed and printed by Sam Hamill
at winter solstice, 1999, for friends of the press.
PABLO NERUDA

*But if You Stretch Out Your Body*

But if you stretch out your body, suddenly in the lugubrious shadow,
your blood upwells into the river of time and I hear
the whole sky cascading over my love
and you’re part of the wildfire that sparks my whole lineage,
grant me then, by your golden life, the branch I’ve needed,
the flower that directs and sustains us,
the wheat that dies into bread and portions out our lives,
the mud with the smoothest fingers in the world,
the trains that whistle through frenzied cities,
the cluster of gillyflowers, the weight of gold inside the earth,
the froth born and dying behind the boat and the wing
of a gull that flies through the curling wave as though it were a bell tower.
But if you stretch out your body, suddenly in the lugubrious shadow,
your blood upwells into the river of time and I hear
the whole sky cascading over my love
and you're part of the wildfire that sparks my whole lineage,
grount me then, by your golden life, the branch I've needed,
the flower that directs and sustains us,
the wheat that dies into bread and portions out our lives,
the mud with the smoothest fingers in the world,
the trains that whistle through frenzied cities,
the cluster of gillyflowers, the weight of gold inside the earth,
the froth born and dying behind the boat and the wing
of a gull that flies through the curling wave as though it were a bell tower.

Translated by Forrest Gander

From The Gone Rock: The Lost Nevada, published by
COPPER CANYON PRESS

Printed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington

Size 8" x 13''
Available stock 50+ of 200
Price $35
Year 2016
Printed By The North Press
Crossing the sky I near
the red ray of your hair.
Of earth and wheat I am and as I close in
your fire kindles itself
inside me and the rocks
and flour ignite.
That’s why my heart
expands and rises
into bread for your mouth to devour,
and my blood is wine poured for you.
You and I are the land full of fruit.
Bread, fire, blood, and wine
make up the earthly love that sears us.
Por el cielo me acerco
al rayo rojo de tu cabellera.
De tierra y trigo soy y al acercarme
la frente se prepara
dentro de mí y enciendo
las piedras y la harina.
Por eso crece y sube
mi corazón haciéndose
pan para que tu boca lo devore,
y mi sangre es el vino que te aguarda.
Tú y yo somos la tierra con sus frutos.
Pan, fuego, sangre y vino
es el terrenal amor que nos abrasa.

CROSSING THE SKY

I come near the red ray of your hair.
Of earth and wheat I am and as I close in
your fire kindles itself
inside me and the rocks
and flour ignite.
That’s why my heart
expands and rises
into bread for your mouth to devour,
and my blood is wine poured for you.
You and I are the land full of fruit.
Bread, fire, blood, and wine
make up the earthly love that sears us.

Translated by Forrest Gander

PABLO Neruda

From They Came Back: The Last Neruda, published by

COPPER CANYON PRESS

Designed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington

Size
9” x 12”

Available stock
25 of 200

Price
$25

Year
2016

Printed By
The North Press
Por el cielo me acerco
al rayo rojo de tu cabellera.
De tierra y trigo soy y al acercarme
tu fuego se prepara
dentro de mí y enciende
las piedras y la harina.
Por eso crece y sube
mi corazón haciéndose
pan para que tu boca lo devore,
y mi sangre es el vino que te aguarda.
Tú y yo somos la tierra con sus frutos.
Pan, fuego, sangre y vino
es el terrestre amor que nos abraza.
por el cielo hace como
el rayo rojo de tu cabellera.
De tierra y fango pegado al acercarme
tu fuego se prepara
dentro de mi, y enciende
las piedras y la harina.
Por eso aso y sube
mi corazón haciéndose
pan para que tu boca lo devore
y mi sangre a el vino que te
aguanta.
Yo yo como la tierra con
sus frutos.
Pan, fuego, su sangre, vino,
es el temor de amor que me
alista.

Size 9” x 12”
Available stock 25
Price $20
Year 2016
Commercially printed
I remember
and we rushed
through various streets
to find
bread,
dazzling
bottles,
a piece
of turkey,
some lemons,
one branch
in bloom
as on
that
flowery
day
when
from the ship,
encircled
by the dark
blue of a sacred sea,
your tiny
feet brought you
descending
step by step
to my heart,
and the bread, the flowers
the standup
choir
of noon,
a sea wasp
over the orange blossoms,
all of that
I remember,
and we rushed
through various streets
to find
bread,
dazzling
bottles,
a piece
of turkey,
some lemons,
one
branch
in bloom
as on
that
flowery
day
when
from the ship,
encircled
by the dark
blue of a sacred sea,
your tiny
feet brought you
descending
step by step
to my heart,
and the bread, the flowers
the standup
choir
of noon,
a sea wasp
over the orange blossoms,
al of that

Translated by Forrest Gander

From Then Come Back: The Lost Nevada, published by
COPPER CANYON PRESS

Printed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington
Lilac leaves
alld the leaves,
explosion
of foliage,
the earth’s
trembling
canopy,
cypresses that cleave the air,
whispers of oak,
grass
borne by the wind,
emotive poplar groves,
leaves of eucalyptus
with the contours of
blood-gorged moons,
leaves,
lips and eyelids,
mouths, eyes, the hair
of the earth,
in the sand
barely
a drop falls,
treetops brimming
with birdsong,
black chestnut,
last
to summon
sap and hoist it up,
magnolias and pines,
intense scents,
fresh
apples shivering
Hojas
leaves

de lila
all the leaves,
todos las hojas,
multitud
explosion
del follaje,
of foliage,
podrir
the earth's
temblor
senses
of the earth,
temblor
eryngium,
rostros
that cleave the air,
hierbas
whispers of oak,
hierbas
gras
que traen el viento
borne by the wind,
sensibles al viento
emotive poplar groves,
hojas de eucaliptus
leaves of eucalyptus
convers as
with the contours of
herbas
blood-gorged moons,
hierbas
leaves,
hierbas
lips and eyelids,
lunares como
mouths, eyes, the hair
de la tierra,
of the earth,
apenas
in the sand
en la arena
barely
una gota
a drop
solo
falls,
ocas
treetops brimming
del río,
with birdsong,
castaña negra,
black chestnut,
bosque
last
tobillos

to summon
des de arena,
sap and hoist it up,
dos de arena,
magnolias and pines,
fierezas
intense scents,
fierzas
manzanas temblorosas

Lilac leaves
all the leaves,
explotion
of foliage,
the earth's
senses
of the earth,
temblor
eryngium,
rostros
that cleave the air,
whispers of oak,

Translated by Forrest Gander

From They Come Back: The Lost Neruda, published by COPPER CANYON PRESS

Printed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington
BILL O’DALY

The Legacy

Grandfather, these inland hills
and the canyons we blasted with .225
shrink in the August sun.
The housing tracts put a stop
to our bullets; now at night
modern streetlights climb
like the edge of waves
over once sage-crowded slopes.
The wind embroders Vista del Mar
in the dirt, across the yards
with their hacienda facades.
Hawks are fewer; they circle the bones
of banks under construction,
the air-conditioned curios
with “Country” in their names.
But on the ridge the cottage you built
with family hands and pine
has sold and sold again,
has sold and sold again,
has grown to twice its size. The blooming
prickly pear out back followed suit,
and the narrow canyon boulders
bear the scars of all our bullets,
and the winds call us home
across the forgotten streambed
we never meant to own.
GRANDFATHER, these inland hills
and the canyons we blasted with .22s
shrink in the August sun.
The housing tracts put a stop
to our bullets; now at night
modern streetlights climb
like the edge of waves
over once sage-crowded slopes.
The wind embroiders Vista del Mar
in the dirt, across the yards
with their hacienda facades.
Hawks are fewer; they circle the bones
of banks under construction,
the air-conditioned curios
with “Country” in their names.
But on the ridge the cottage you built
with family hands and pine
has sold and sold again,
has grown to twice its size. The blooming
prickly pear out back followed suit,
and the narrow canyon boulders
bear the scars of all our bullets,
and the winds call us home
across the forgotten streambed
we never meant to own.
When Eurydice saw him
huddled in a thick cloak,
she should have known
he was alive,
the way he shivered
beneath its useless folds.

But what she saw
was the usual: a stranger
confused in a new world.
And when she touched him
on the shoulder,
it was nothing
personal, a kindness
he misunderstood.
To guide someone
through the halls of hell
is not the same as love.

GREGORY ORR
Orpheus & Eurydice
ORPHEUS & EURYDICE
from a lyric sequence by GREGORY ORR

When Eurydice saw him huddled in a thick cloak, she should have known he was alive, the way he shivered beneath its useless folds.

But what she saw was the usual: a stranger confused in a new world. And when she touched him on the shoulder, it was nothing personal, a kindness he misunderstood.

To guide someone through the halls of hell is not the same as love.

Two hundred fifty copies of this broadside were designed and printed by Sam Hamill, Nellie Bridge, and Kathie Meyer, using hand set: Livret, Hadriano Stonecut, and Italian Old Style types on Arches paper, and signed by the poet.

COPPER CANYON PRESS

Size       7.25" x 10"
Available stock   10 of 250
Signed
Price       $20
Year       2001
Printed By  Sam Hamill
            Nellie Bridge
            Kathie Meyer
CAMILLE RANKINE
from *Matter in Retreat*

& what are we
to one another but a means
to a meaning we haven’t yet
discovered two points of light
on the inky dark
& what are we
to one another but a means
to a meaning we haven't yet
discovered two points of light
on the inky dark

CAMILLE RANKINE
KENNETH REXROTH

Another Spring

The seasons revolve and the years change
With no assistance or supervision
The moon, without taking thought,
Moves in its cycle, full, crescent, and full.

The white moon enters the heart of the river;
The air is drugged with azalea blossoms;
Deep in the night a pine cone fall;
our campfire dies out in the empty mountains.

The sharp stars flicker in the tree tremulous branches;
The lake is black, bottomless in the crystalline night;
High in the sky the Northern Crown
Is cut in half by the dim summit of a snow peak.

O heart, heart, so singularly
Intransigent and corruptible,
Here we lie entranced by the starlit water,
And moments that should each last forever

Slide unconsciously by us like water.
ANOTHER SPRING

The seasons revolve and the years change
With no assistance or supervision.
The moon, without taking thought,
Moves in its cycle, full, crescent, and full.

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The air is drugged with azalea blossoms;
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O heart, heart, so singularly
Intransigent and corruptible,
Here we lie entranced by the starlit water,
And moments that should each last forever

Slide unconsciously by us like water.
ADRIENNE RICH

Equinox

Time split like a fruit between dark and light
and a usual fog drags
over this landfall
I’ve walked September end to end
barefoot room to room
carrying in hand a knife well-honed for cutting stem or root
or wick eyes open
to abalone shells memorial candle flames
split lemons roses laid
along charring logs Gorgeous things
:: dull acres of developed land as we had named it: Nowhere
wetland burnt garbage looming at its heart
gun-metal thicket midnightblue blood and
tricking masks I though I knew
history was not a novel

So can I say it was not I listed as Innocence
betrayed you serving (and protesting always)
the motives of my government
thinking we'd scratch out a place
where poetry old subversive shape
grew out of Nowhere, here?
where skin could lie on skin
a place “outside the limits”
Can say I was mistaken?

To be so bruised: in the soft organs skeins of
consciousness
Over and over have let it be
damage to others crushing of the animate core
that tone-deaf cutloose ego swarming the world
so bruised: heart spleen long inflamed ribbons
of the guts
the spine’s vertical necklace swaying

Have let it swarm
through us let it happen
as it must, inmost

but before this long before this those other eyes
frontally exposed themselves and spoke
Time split like a fruit between dark and light
and a usual fog drags
over this landfall
I’ve walked September end to end
barefoot room to room
carrying in hand a knife: well-honed for cutting stem or root
or wick eyes open
to abalone shells memorial candle flames
split lemons roses laid
along charring logs Gorgeous things

: : dall acres of developed land as we had named it: Nowhere
wetland burnt garbage looming at its heart
gun-metal thicket midnight blue blood and
sucking masks I thought I knew
history was not a novel

So can I say it was not I listed as Innocence
betrayed you serving (and protesting always)
the motives of my government
thinking we’d scratch out a place
where poetry old subversive shape
grew out of Nowhere, here?
where skin could lie or skin a place “outside the limits”

Can say I was mistaken?

To be so bruised: in the soft organs skins of
consciousness
Over and over have let it be
damage to others crushing of the animate core
that tone-deaf cutlouse ego swarming the world
so bruised: heart spleen long inflated ribbons
of the guts
the spine’s vertical necklace swaying

Have let it swarm
through us let it happen
as it must, inmost

but before this long before this those other eyes
frontally exposed themselves and spoke
THEODORE ROETHKE
from On Poetry & Craft

What we need is more people who specialize in the impossible
SPECIALIZE IN THE IMPOSSIBLE

From On Poetry & Craft

published by Copper Canyon Press

Size
Available stock
Price
Year
Printed By

9" x 6"
50+ of 300
$20
2015
The North Press
I was wrong when I compared the mask of my own face to an artifact, some kind of relic, or the shed skin of a snake. That day there was no wounding. At the museum, that morning, when the woman was teaching the children how to make masks of their own faces with the plaster of paris bandages that doctors use for instant casts, I was glad to lather my daughter’s faces with lotion, to place the wet strips on their faces, and later to feel on my own face, the patting of their hands like the beating of eyelashes against my cheeks. The fine grit of dissolved earth floating on my own skin was pleasant, cool, and afterward, choosing the colors to paint the mask was like selecting one’s own plumage: Ann’s singular purple, Maria’s black-and-white splashed with orange, my turquoise. When I was holding the shape of my own face in my hand, it was nothing like a death mask. I saw how easy it was to put the self aside and pick it up again. It wasn’t the sacrificial mask I’d seen in Mexico—a human skull inlaid with lapis lazuli, a merciless reduction—but a moment of happiness, a fragile shell, the gift of mother and daughters, when, laughing, we shaped one another into being by touching what we were.
the gift

I was wrong when I compared the mask of my own face
to an artifact, some kind of relic, or the shed skin of a snake.
That day, there was no wounding. At the museum,
that morning, when the woman was teaching
the children how to make masks of their own faces
with the plaster of paris bandages that doctors use
for instant casts, I was glad to lather
my daughters’ faces with lotion, to place the wet strips
on their faces, and later to feel on my own face,
the patting of their hands like the beating of eyelashes against
my cheeks. The fine grit of dissolved earth floating
on my skin was pleasant, cool, and, afterward, choosing
the colors to paint the mask was like selecting one’s own
plumage: Ann’s singular purple, Maria’s
black-and-white splashed with orange, my turquoise.
When I was holding the shape of my own face in my hand,
it was nothing like a death mask. I saw how easy it was
to set the self aside and pick it up again. It wasn’t the sacrificial mask
I’d seen in Mexico—a human skull inlaid with lapid lustral, a
merciless reduction—but a moment of happiness, a fragile shell, the gift
of mother and daughters, when, laughing,
we shaped one another into being
by touching what we were.

Three hundred copies designed and printed by Sam Hamill and Daniel Urban
in the summer, 2001, and signed by the poet, celebrating the publication of
It’s nothing like I thought it would be and closer to what I meant. *None of it is real, darling.* I say it to you. Maybe we will wake up singing.

RICHARD SIKEN
from *Dots Everywhere*
It's nothing like I thought it would be and closer to what I meant.

Real, darling? None of it. Maybe we will wake up singing.

RICHARD SIKEN
FRANK STANFORD

Dreamt By A Man In A Field

I am thinking of the dead
Who are still with us.
They are not like us, they are
Young and beautiful,
On their way in the rain
To meet their lovers.
On their way with their dark umbrellas,
Always laughing, so quick,
Like limbs flying back
In a boat before night,
So constant,
Like the glass floats
The fishermen use in Japan.
But for them there is no moon,
For us the same news
We do not receive.
DREAMT BY A MAN
IN A FIELD

I am thinking of the dead
Who are still with us.
They are not like us, they are
Young and beautiful,
On their way in the rain
To meet their lovers.
On their way with their dark umbrellas,
Always laughing, so quick,
Like limbs flying back
In a boat before night,
So constant,
Like the glass floats
The fishermen use in Japan.
But for them there is no moon,
For us the same news
We do not receive.

From What About This, published by Copper Canyon Press
Printed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington
At the edge of the forest
In the middle of the darkness
There is a hand,
As cold as copper,
Like a river
Stretched over wide stones.
Despite the hard rocks
And the furious wind
I love hair
Like a flock of birds
Or a mild herd come to drink
For the exquisite rage
And sleek moss of her art.
There is something about a poem
That is violent
That is just another way to die,
Each time we realize our mysteries
We are weakened.
When I am writing I often scatter
Across a lascivious empire
Of passionate flowers.
They all seem so subversive
Even the ones with all their clothes on
They are so obsessed with the minute
Implication of who they are.
I believe if there is a struggle
It should go on
Where real lovers are.
I no longer regret
That I have smelted into one piece
For the sake of this poem.
PRIMUS ST. JOHN

ARS POETICA

At the edge of the forest
In the middle of the darkness
There is a hand,
As cold as copper.
Like a river
Stretched over wide stones.
Despite the herd rooks
And the furious wind
I love her
Like a flock of birds
Or a mild herd come to drink
For the exquisite urge
And sleek nosis of her art.
There is something about a poem
That is violent
That is just another way to die.
Each time we realize our mysteries
We are weakened.
When I am writing I often scatter
Across a luxuriant empire
Of passionate flowers,
They all seem so subversive
Even the ones with all their clothes on
They are so obsessed with the minute
Implication of who they are.
I believe if there is a struggle
It should go on
Where real lovers are.
I no longer regret
That I have worked into one piece
For the sake of this poem.

Two hundred copies printed at Copper Canyon Press
by Sam Hamill, B. J. Doty & Nellie Bridge
July 11, 2000, celebrating the 60th birthday of the press.
Accompanied by many pictures, the words swelled and shrank. The brain flashed intermittently, easily explained in a simple collider. The energy of nothing smashed into the energy of something. There was complicity in our smiles. One thought— I cannot live without you, O brief and inconceivable other.
One Thought

Ruth Stone

Accompanied by many pictures, the words swelled and shrank.
The brain flashed intermittently, easily explained in a simple collider. The energy of nothing smashed into the energy of something. There was complicity in our smiles.

One thought —
I cannot live without you, O brief and inconceivable other.

A hundred years slip by unnoticed
eighty-four thousand cares dissolve in stillness
a mountain image shimmers on sunlit water
snowflakes swirl above a glowing stove
A hundred years slip by unnoticed
eighty-four thousand cares dissolve in stillness
a mountain image shimmers on sunlit water
snowflakes swirl above a glowing stove

From The Mountain Poems of Stonehouse,
translated by Red Pine,
published by Copper Canyon Press.
Printed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington.

百
年
月
日
中
度

八
萬
塵
勞
靜
處
消

緑
水
光
中
影
轉

紅
爐
焰
上
雪
花
飄

Red Pine

Size       9.5" x 9"
Available stock      50 of 150
Price       $40
Year       2014
Printed By       The North Press
Nan Ch’uan wanted to be reborn as a water buffalo,
but who did the body of the malicious cat become?
Black clouds and covering snow are alike.
It took thirty years for clouds to disperse, snow to melt.
PA-TA-SHAN-JEN

From a Painting of a Cat

Nan Ch’u’an wanted to be reborn as a water buffalo,
but who did the body of the malicious cat become?
Black clouds and covering snow are alike.
It took thirty years for clouds to disperse, snow to melt.
ELAINE TERRANNOVA

Self-Examination

He might be tethered
like an animal, kept from where
he wants to be. A big man,
nearing sixty. He sits and sweats,
though the room is air-conditioned.
His mouth a little open, he is reading
the sign on the door marked Radiology.
He is half up to go after her,
thinking of this life
of hers. The lapses in the love—
his love—which cushions it.
The mutilating surgery and drugs
that sting the organism so it
draws back into itself, counterforce
to the disease. Whatever she has suffered
away from him in other rooms.

I pass easily where he
is not allowed. Like her, I’m chilled
in my thin gown. There is
a fineness, a definiteness
to her face. This beauty
is her own decision. A TV screen
plays a loop of film, women circling
their breasts with their finger tips,
women staring at a mirror.

A foam rubber breast is lying
on a table. Each of us takes it
in turn, like a lump of dough
we must knead smooth. Something solid
stops me. Unyielding, jewel-hard, a pebble
in this mud. Such seeds grow.
I touch the hollow between
my breasts, this emptiness
that is in me a sign of want.
I look at our still-dressed hands.
Watches, rings. What do they have
to do with us?—madly flashing in the light.
Self-Examination

He might be tethered
like an animal, kept from where
he wants to be. A big man,
nearing sixty. He sits and sweats,
though the room is air-conditioned.
His mouth a little open, he is reading
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stops me. Unyielding, jewel-hard, a pebble
in this mud. Such seeds grow.
I touch the hollow between
my breasts, this emptiness
that is in me a sign of want.
I look at our still-dressed hands.
Watches, rings. What do they have
to do with us? — madly flashing in the light.

from Damages, Copper Canyon Press, 1995
be with us
as if in the one same day & night
we all gave birth
in the one same safe house, warm,
and then we rest together,
sleep, and nurse,
dreamily talk to our babies, warm
in a safe room all of us
carried in the close black sky.

JEAN VALENTINE
Great-Grandmother
Great-grandmother,
be with us
as if in the one same day & night
we all gave birth
in the one same safe house, warm,
and then we rest together,
_sleep_, and nurse,
dreamily talk to our babies, warm
in a safe room — all of us
carried in the close black sky.

JEAN VALENTINE

From _Shirt in Heaven_,
Published by Copper Canyon Press.
Printed at The North Press,
Port Townsend, Washington.
OCEAN VUONG
from Someday I’ll Love Ocean Vuong

The most beautiful part of your body
is where it’s headed. And remember,
loneliness is still time spent
with the world.
The most beautiful part of your body is where it’s headed. Remember, loneliness is still time spent with the world.

OCEAN VUONG
She’s bent in a posture of anguish or prayer
in a spot of city filth.

Head down, a stained knit cap
with its few coins on the ground beside her,
and her pliant child, a shadow.

Someone veers past with a friend
in a clamor of rings and scarves. A pretty child
skips after them, scattering pigeons.

The mothers miss how their daughters’ eyes catch then—
the wary, openmouthed stares.

A terrible knowledge passes between them,
the bridge rippling under their feet

as the polished child rushes past but looks back
at the one on the bridge in the heat—

the sunblown silent one
whose hand has pulled back and flown up to smooth,
for a moment, her heavy hair.
REBECCA WEEN Everton

PONT DES ARTS

She’s bent in a posture of anguish or prayer in a spot of city filth.

Head down, a stained knit cap with its few coins on the ground beside her, and her plant child, a shadow.

Someone veers past with a friend in a clamor of rings and scarves. A pretty child skips after them, scattering pigeons.

The mothers miss how their daughters’ eyes catch then—the wary, openmouthed stares.

A terrible knowledge passes between them, the bridge rippling under their feet as the polished child rushes past but looks back at the one on the bridge in the heat—the sunblown silent one whose hand has pulled back and flown up to smooth, for a moment, her heavy hair.

Three hundred copies designed and printed by Sam Hamill, Nellie Bridge, and Amy Schaus, celebrating publication of Uncertain Grace by

COPPER CANYON PRESS

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<th>Size</th>
<th>7.5&quot; x 11.75&quot;</th>
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The end came easy for most of us. Packed away in our crude beginnings in some far corner of a flat world, we didn’t expect much more than firewood and buffalo robes to keep us warm. The man came down, a slouching dwarf with rainwater eyes, and spoke to us. He promised that life would go on as usual, that treaties would be signed, and everyone—man, woman and child—would be inoculated against a world in which we had no part, a world of wealth, promise and fabulous disease.
THE MAN FROM WASHINGTON

The end came easy for most of us.
Packed away in our crude beginnings
in some far corner of a flat world,
we didn’t expect much more
than firewood and buffalo robes
to keep us warm. The man came down,
a slouching dwarf with rainwater eyes,
and spoke to us. He promised
that life would go on as usual.
that treaties would be signed, and everyone---
man, woman and child---would be inoculated
against a world in which we had no part,
a world of wealth, promise and fabulous disease.

James Welch
a Copperhead broadside
Not many old animals on a farm. Sometimes
the watchdog’s smart enough
not to chase machinery
or a prize cow tops the milk bucket
one more season. An occasional wily cat.
These earned their names
and I call them out:

Colonel Doberman
Old Roan
Gray Whiskers

Each spring a farm bleats and squeals—impatient
with new animals,
I name as many as I can mark.
This year the orphaned pig is Joseph,
Rose Red, the delicate Guernsey heifer,
And Chicken Little, the timid Leghorn
that won’t rush to the feeder.
I can’t stop the baby chicks
from piling up in the corner
and smothering the one I meant to protect.
Between midnight and dawn,
a sow devours the runt.
The calf falls down on its knees.

Some lived long enough to recognize me,
ran on shaky legs
when I brandished the Nehi bottle of milk.
Converted to lamb chops & sausage,
they prospered the table.
Looking the other way,
I passed the platters of what used to be
Bobtail or Slurpy
and vowed I’d name nothing more
and care only for what grew in gardens.

It can’t be helped,
Mother said.
Blizzards, floods, each animal death
can’t be helped.
Twins one night.
You didn’t know.
One born dead;
one already grown & thriving.
It can’t be helped.
It’s more than recognition
or your love
that makes the difference.
After Matchbox Funerals, Stock Trucks
& Elegies in the Pasture

Not many old animals on a farm. Sometimes
the watchdog's smart enough
not to chase machinery
or a prize cow tops the milk bucket
one more season. An occasional shy cat.
These earned their names
and I call them out:

Gelded Deuce
Old Bess
Gray Whiskers

Each spring a farm bleats and squeals—impatient
with new animals.
I count as many as I can mark.
This year the orphaned pig is Joseph,
Rose Red, the delicate Courtney belle;
And Chick-a-Dee, the timid lapdog
that won't rush to the finder.
I can't stop the baby chooks
from piling up in the corner
and murmuring the one I meant to protect.
Between midnight and dawn,
the cows chew the russ.
The calf falls down in its house.

Some lived long enough to recognize me,
ran on shaky legs
when I brandished the Nehi bottle of milk.
Converted to lush shops & services,
they prospered the table.
Looking the other way,
I passed the platters of what used to be
Bolita or Slappy
and vowed I'd name nothing more
and care only for what grew in gardens.

It can't be helped.
Mother said.

Nothing. Foods, each animal death
can't be helped.

Turns one night.
You didn't know.

One fish deal;
one already grown & thriving.
It can't be helped.

It's more than recognition
of your loss
that makes the difference.

Kathleen West
KATHLEENE WEST

Roundel on a Sonnet by Marilyn Hacker

We need more boozy women poets,
I read. The whiskey blurred, confuses
me near enough to accepting it,
but first—we need more booze.

And then, define the crucial word. To booze:
drinking to excess, and there we’ve set
the standard to join our Muse
of bourbon-in-hand women poets, reciting sonnets

in colorful bars, and not just sonnets,
but bawdy pantoums and tough lyrics—to lose
“poetess” forever, but Hell—we don’t need more poets
of any kind. We need more booze.
Roundel on a Sonnet by Marilyn Hacker

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“poetess” forever, but Hell—we don’t need more poets
of any kind. We need more booze.

Kathleene West

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C.K. WILLIAMS
Lost Wax

My love gives me some wax,
so for once instead of words
I work at something real;
I knead until I see emerge
a person, a protagonist;
but I must overwork my wax,
it loses its resiliency,
comes apart in crumbs.

I take another block;
this work, I think, will be a self;
I can feel it forming, brow
and brain; perhaps it will be me,
perhaps, if I can create myself,
I’ll be able to mend myself;
my wax, though, freezes
this time, fissures, splits.

Words or wax, no end
to our self-shaping, our forlorn
awareness at the end of which
is only more awareness.
Was ever truth so malleable?
Arid, inadhesive bits of matter.
What might heal you? Love.
What makes you whole? Love. My love.
Lost Wax

My love gives me some wax, so for once instead of words I work at something real; I knead until I see emerge a person, a protagonist; but I must overwork my wax, it loses its resiliency, comes apart in crumbs.

I take another block this work, I think, will be a self; I can feel it forming, brow and brain; perhaps it will be me, perhaps, if I can create myself, I’ll be able to mend myself; my wax, though, freezes this time, fissures, splits.

Words or wax, no end to our self-shaping, our forlorn awareness at the end of which is only more awareness. Was ever truth so malleable? Arid, inadhesive bits of matter. What might heal you? Love. What make you whole? Love. My love.

—C.K. WILLIAMS
C.D. WRIGHT

*It is a function of poetry...*

It is a function of poetry to locate those zones inside us that would be free, and declare them so.
It is a function of poetry inside us to locate those zones that would be free, and declare them so.

— C.D. Wright
I was satisfied with haiku until I met you,
jar of octopus, cuckoo’s cry, 5-7-5,
but now I want a Russian novel,
a 50-page description of you sleeping,
another 75 of what you think staring out
a window. I don’t care about the plot
although I suppose there will have to be one,
the usual separation of the lovers, turbulent
seas, danger of decommission in spite
of constant war, time in gulps and glitches
passing, squibs of threnody, a fallen nest,
speckled eggs somehow uncrushed, the sled,
outracing the wolves on the steppes, the huge
glittering ball where all that matters
is a kiss at the end of a dark hall.
At dawn the officers ride back to the garrison,
one without a glove, the entire last chapter
about a necklace that couldn’t be worn
inherited by a great-niece
along with the love letters bound in silk.
Changing Genres

Dean Young

I was satisfied with haiku until I met you,
jar of octopus, cuckoo’s cry, 5-7-5,
but now I want a Russian novel,
a 50-page description of you sleeping,
another 75 of what you think staring out
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At dawn the officers ride back to the garrison,
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inherited by a great-niece
along with the love letters bound in silk.

From BENDER, published by
Copper Canyon Press
and printed by hand
at The North Press,
Pert Townsend,
Washington.
Spinning Down to Clear Water
This portfolio of letterpressed broadsides is the result of a collaboration between Copper Canyon Press and the School for Visual Concepts in Seattle. In the Spring of 2017, under the guidance of Ellie Mathews of The North Press, eight designers used handset type and photopolymer plates to create broadsides centered around the theme of water.

Portfolio includes the following broadsides:

Ted Kooser, *Dishwater*
Dan Gerber, *After the Rain*
Alberto Ríos, *The Thirst of Things*
Jim Harrison, *Waves*
Olav H. Hauge, *Ocean* (translated by Robert Hedin)
Heather Allen, *Pool*
Arthur Sze, *June Ghazal*
Tom Hennen, *Late March*

Available exclusively through donations of $100 or greater.
Spinning Down to Clear Water

Choosing a theme for this suite of poems was easy. A wealth of suggestions poured in. Ultimately, eight designers in a master class at the School of Visual Concepts in Seattle, spent an evening paging through books, reading aloud, discussing, and deciding which poems best fit our theme. We are thrilled with the results of that process, a balance of ocean, river, rain, and desert.

The poems were letterpress printed with handset type and photopolymer plates under the guidance of Ellis Mathews. We are grateful to Boncar Press, Nemah Papers, and Washi Art for their support.

Copper Canyon Press
School of Visual Concepts
Spring 2017
DISHWATER
TED KOOSER

Slap of the screen door, flat knock
of my grandmother's boxy black shoes
on the wooden stoop, the hush and sweep
of her knob-kneed, cotton-aproned stride
out to the edge and then, toed in
with a furious twist and heave,
a bridge that leaps from her hot red hands
and hangs there shining for fifty years
over the mystified chickens,
over the swaying nettles, the ragweed,
the clay slope down to the creek,
over the redwing blackbirds in the tops
of the willows, a glorious rainbow
with an empty dishpan swinging at one end.

From Delights & Shadows, published by Copper Canyon Press.
Designed and printed by Jane Suchan at the School of Visual Concepts, Seattle, Washington.
After the Rain

Dan Gerber

I spot a young barn owl
standing by the road
peering at his own reflection in a puddle,
or so it seems,
when I pull off on the shoulder to see
if I can help.

Dazed,
probably struck by a car,
though not visibly wounded,
he looks up across the puddle
where I'm standing,
as if to ask about this
wondrous, underground bird he is seeing,
as if to ask if I see it, too.

From A Primer on Parallel Lives, published by Copper Canyon Press.
Designed and printed by Glenn Fleishman at the School of Visual Concepts, Seattle, Washington.
Alberto Ríos

The Thirst of Things

Desert having been ocean
Remembers water, misses it,
Hugs it and kisses it when it visits,
Stoals a little when it tries to leave,
Prickly pear and ocotillo and mesquite
A little fatter, a little wider, a little greener,
These plants having been coral and puffer fish
And green seaweed in their ocean lives.
In this place new, one can still see
This place then,
Every grain of sand once having been
A point of light in the crest of a wave.
Heat on the highway, that slight, quivering
Ghost of the desert world.
That mirage shows for its brief moment
The fierce what was in all of us.

From A Small Story about the Day, published
by Copper Canyon Press. Designed and
printed by Amy Raymond at the School of
Waves

A wave lasts only moments
but underneath another one is always
waiting to be born. This isn’t the Tao
of people but of waves.
As a student of people, waves, the Tao,
I’m free to let you know that waves
and people tell the same story
of how blood and water were born,
that our bodies are full of creeks
and rivers flowing in circles,
that we are kin of the waves
and the nearly undetectable ocean currents,
that the moon pleads innocence
of its tidal power, its wayward control
of our dreams, the way the moon tugs
at our skulls and loins, the way
the tides make their tortuous love to the land.
We’re surely creatures with unknown gods.

JIM HARRISON

From Searing Daylight, published by Copper Canyon Press.
Designed and printed by Chris Copley at the School of Visual Concepts, Seattle, Washington.
Oce an

Olav H. Hauge
Translated from Norwegian
by Robert Hedin

This is the ocean.
Vast and gray,
gravity itself.
Yet just as the mind
in solitary moments
suddenly opens
its shifting reflections
to secret depths —
so the ocean
one blue morning
can open itself
to sky and solitude.
See, the ocean gleams,
I, too, have stars
and blue depths.
Pool
Heather Allen

In a wide and quiet hollow
Where the river slows,
Dark in the shadow of the trees
And amber with the light of stones,

The water turns upon itself, and shifts
Transparent panes above an unknown depth.
Trees overhang
Their images, that seem to rest

Upon the dark leaves on the bottom,
Where twigs and spotted shadows
Turn to fish, and drift
Into the center of the pool to feed—

Their circles widening
Then disappearing,
Like echoes of a sound
Beyond our hearing.

From Leaving a Shadow, published by Copper Canyon Press.
Designed and printed by Laura Bentley at the School of Visual Concepts, Seattle, Washington.
JUNE GHAZAL
Arthur Sze

Is the sun a miner, a thief, a gambler,
an assassin? We think the world

is a gold leaf spinning down in silence
to clear water? The deer watch us in the blue leaves.

The sun shines in the June river. We flit
from joy to grief to joy as a passing

shadow passes? And we who think the sun a miner,
a thief, a gambler, an assassin,

find the world in a gold leaf spinning down
in silence to clear water.

From The Shedding Web, published by Copper Canyon Press.
Designed and printed by Danielle Crandall at the School of Visual Concepts, Seattle, Washington.
Late March

A dark day raining.
A bright flash
Of blue jay disappearing
Into black folds
Of a dripping spruce tree.
Bark of ash and apple tree shine
In the dim drizzle.
The woodpecker’s song this afternoon
Is a chipping noise,
A sound that puts little dents
In the wet air.

Tom Hennen

From Darker Side to Everyday, published by Copper Canyon Press.
Designed and printed by Heidi Hasselt at the School of Visual Concepts, Seattle, Washington
JIM HARRISON
Dead Man’s Float

Jim Harrison (1937–2016) called poetry “the true bones of my life,” and published seven collections with Copper Canyon Press. A highly accomplished prose writer, Harrison’s legacy also includes the novella trilogy Legends of the Fall, the novels Dalva and Farmer, and the pæan to good food and cooking, A Really Big Lunch.

“Dead Man’s Float is, as its title would suggest, a flinty and psalmist look at mortality and wonder.”—Los Angeles Times
JIM HARRISON

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Delights & Shadows

Ted Kooser served two terms as Poet Laureate of the United States, and his *Delights & Shadows* won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 2005. Lauded for the accessibility of his work, he has been noted as the “first Poet Laureate of the Great Plains.” A retired life insurance executive, Kooser holds a position as a Presidential Professor at University of Nebraska.

“Kooser documents the dignities, habits, and small griefs of daily life, our hunger for connection, our struggle to find balance in natural and unnaturally human worlds.” —Poetry


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W.S. Merwin is one of America’s greatest poets. He has authored over fifty collections of poetry, translation, and prose. He served as Poet Laureate of the United States, and he has received nearly every major literary accolade this country has to offer, including two Pulitzer Prizes.

In a review of Garden Time, Merwin’s most recent book of poems, The New York Times noted that his work “feels like part of some timeless continuum, a river that stretches all the way back to Han Shan and Li Po.”

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Bill Porter, under the pen-name Red Pine, is one of the world’s foremost translators of Chinese poetry and religious texts. He has published six volumes translations with Copper Canyon Press, including the bestselling Taoteching and Collected Songs of Cold Mountain.

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RICHARD SIKEN

War of the Foxes

Richard Siken is a poet, painter, filmmaker, and an editor at Spork Press. He is a recipient of the Yale Younger Poets Prize, two Lannan Residency Fellowships, and a Literature Fellowship in Poetry from the National Endowment for the Arts. His second book of poetry, War of the Foxes, appeared from Copper Canyon Press in 2015.

“This may be the most anticipated poetry book of the last decade… expect it to haunt you.”—NPR.org

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