



COPPER CANYON PRESS

BROADSIDE REGISTER



Copper Canyon Press  
Broadside Register



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*Signed, Limited Editions*

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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.





## BROADSIDES

## MARVIN BELL

### *Less Self*

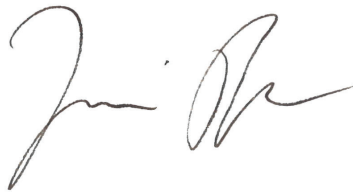
Throwing your voice is one of those things also.  
They think it's you when it's not you.  
They certainly thought it was me.  
I was there when the one they thought me said yes.  
And no.  
I send my voice out under cover of darkness.  
It is widely assumed that winter makes the pine tree stronger.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

Marvin Bell      *Nightworks: Poems 1962-2000*

## 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*

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Marvin Bell", written in a cursive style.

Size	7" x 7.5"
Available stock	10 of 250
	Signed
Price	\$25

Year	2001
Printed By	Sam Hamill and Nellie Bridge

## MARVIN BELL

### *To Dorothy*

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.

*Dorothy*  
**To Dorothy**  
Marvin Bell



From Marvin Bell's collection,  
*Nightworks: Poems 1962–2000*.  
Published by Copper Canyon Press,  
a nonprofit publisher that believes  
poetry is vital to language and living.



**Y**ou 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.

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, 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 sun.  
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,  
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and sex into its gender, every touch  
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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.

OLGA BROUMAS



One hundred copies designed and printed by Sam Hamill  
for the Copper Canyon Press board and staff retreat, 2000.

Size	7.25" x 13"
Available stock	10 of 100
	Signed
Price	\$20

Year	2000
Printed By	Sam Hamill

STEPHEN BERG

from *Crow with No Mouth: Ikkyū*

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.



Size	9" x 10"
Available stock	50 of 300
Price	\$20

Year	2001
Printed By	Sam Hamill Nellie Bridge Kathie Meyer

## 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.





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  
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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 *Doctor Jazz*,  
on the poet's 80th birthday.

Size	9.75" x 13.5"	Year	2001
Available stock	50+ of 300	Printed By	Sam Hamill
Price	\$25		Nellie Bridge
			Amy Schaus

# MADELINE DEFREES

## *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 from 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

*A*LL 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, décor 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 from its thirst, hummingbird  
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that labor, too cautious then to spin.  
Not even Solomon would know these regal lily flowers,  
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provides, the glory *flowers-de-luce*, of light breaking  
clean on the iris. I open  
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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.

✿ *Madeline DeFrees*

Size	7.5" x 13"	Year	1980
Available stock	20 of 250	Printed By	Copper Canyon Press
Price	\$20		

# NORMAN DUBIE

## *The Amulet*

*for Laura*

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 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,  
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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



*Three hundred copies designed and printed at Copper Canyon Press by Sam Hamill,  
Nellie Bridge, and Susan Scarlata, March, 2001, celebrating the publication of  
The Mercy Seat: Collected and New Poems, 1967 - 2000.*



Size	9" x 11.25"	Year	2001
Available stock	20 of 300	Printed By	Sam Hamill Nellie Bridge Susan Scarlata
Price	Signed \$25		



DAN GERBER

*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.  
Buddhas see no difference between  
themselves and other; 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.

## 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.  
Buddhas 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*



From *A Primer on Parallel Lives*, Copper Canyon Press, 2007.  
Two hundred copies printed by Daniel Urban.

COPPER CANYON PRESS

Size	6.5" x 13"	Year	2007
Available stock	25 of 200	Printed By	Daniel Urban
	Signed		
Price	\$25		

**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

HAN-SHAN

№ 82

碧澗泉水清      Spring water is pure in an emerald stream  
寒山月華白      moonlight is white on Cold Mountain  
默知神自明      silence thoughts and the spirit becomes clear  
觀空境逾寂      contemplate emptiness and the world becomes still



Red Pine

*From Finding Them Gone: Visiting China's Poets of the Past,*  
by Bill Porter/Red Pine, Published by Copper Canyon Press.

Printed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington.

Size	8" x 8"
Available stock	50 <sup>+</sup>
	Signed
Price	\$30

Year	2015
Printed By	The North Press

## JIM HARRISON

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  
**at its best** your soul would speak  
**is the language** the language  
**your soul would speak** at its best  
**if you could teach your soul to speak.** **POETRY**

— Jim Harrison  
*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

ROBERT HEDIN

*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 Bashō  
Hard at work, hoeing.

**AN HOUR AGO**

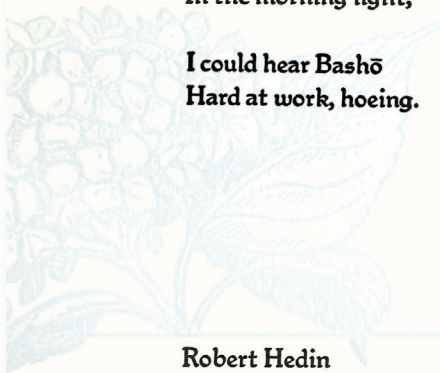
---

**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 Bashō  
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

Size	6.25" x 10"
Available stock	50+ of 115
	Signed
Price	\$20

Year	2017
Printed By	The North Press



## ROBERT HEDIN

### *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.

# 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
	Signed
Price	\$20

Year	2017
Printed By	The North Press

JIM HEYNEN

*Staying With Old People*

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

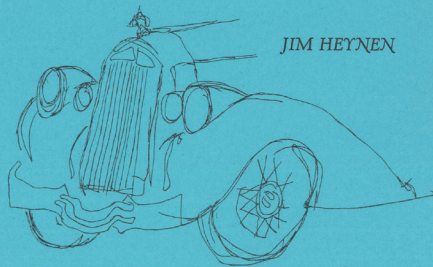
an adversary. Do you  
suppose the greatest  
kindness is thoughtless?

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,

warming up. When she  
comes, those warm  
teeth slide

into her warm mouth  
so easily she hardly  
notices her own smile.



JIM HEYNEN

Size	5.75" x 11.5"
Available stock	5 of 175
Price	\$20

Year	1981
Printed By	Copper Canyon Press

## CAROLYN KIZER

### *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, 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:  
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So here's to Solidarity, cinquains, brave bearded ladies—Hooray!

*Carolyn Kizer*

*Two hundred copies designed and printed, hors de commerce,  
by Sam Hamill and Leslie Cox, December, 2003, celebrating  
the eightieth anniversary of the birth of the poet.*



Size	8" x 14"	Year	2003
Available stock	50+ of 200	Printed By	Sam Hamill
Price	\$20		Leslie Cox

**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

東坡雪不寒  
 有雪無梅  
 日暮詩成  
 又雪  
 梅無雪不香

# 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-PO

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.

Red Pine

Size	11.5" x 7"
Available stock	10 of 300
	Signed
Price	\$50

Year	2004
Printed By	Sam Hamill Leslie Cox



# 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

THOMAS McGRATH

from **LETTER TO AN IMAGINARY FRIEND**



**D**akota 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**

Size	9.5" x 14"
Available stock	50+ of 250
Price	\$35

Year	1997
Printed By	Sam Hamill

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.



Two hundred fifty copies reprinted from *I Don't Bow to Buddhas:  
Selected Poems of Yuan Mei*, translated by J. P. Seaton, published  
by Copper Canyon Press, 1997.



Size	7.25" x 8"
Available stock	25 of 250
Price	\$30

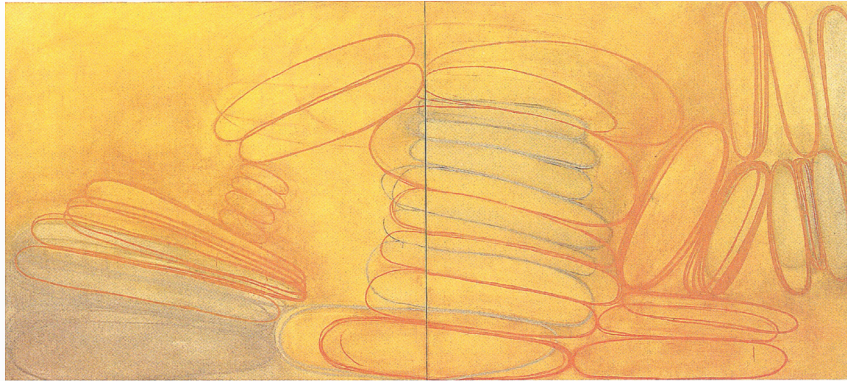
Year	1997
Printed By	Sam Hamill

## W.S. MERWIN

### *West Wall*

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

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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,  
Port Townsend, Washington, 2012.

Poem from *Migration: New & Selected Poems* by W.S. Merwin

Art: Jill Moser, *Tender Ransom*, 2003, oil on canvas, 68 x 140 inches.

Size	8.5" x 11"
Available stock	10 of 250
Price	\$25

Year	2012
Commercially printed	

JANE MILLER  
*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

## 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.



Size	5.5" x 7.25"
Available stock	10 of 500
Price	\$20

Year	1999
Printed By	Sam Hamill



## 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.

*Por eso si extiendes tu cuerpo y de pronto en la sombra sombría  
asciende tu sangre en el río del tiempo y escucho  
que pasa a través de mi amor la cascada del cielo  
y que tú formas parte del fuego que corre escribiendo mi genealogía  
me otorgue tu vida dorada la rama que necesitaba,  
la flor que dirige las vidas y las continúa,  
el trigo que muere en el pan y reparte la vida,  
el barro que tiene los dedos más suaves del mundo,  
los trenes que silban a través de ciudades salvajes,  
el monto de los alhelicos, el peso del oro en la tierra,  
la espuma que sigue al navío naciendo y muriendo y el ala  
del ave marina que vuela en la ola como en un campanario.*

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,  
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of a gull that flies through the curling wave as though it were a bell tower.

*Translated by Forrest Gander*

From *Then Come Back: The Lost Neruda*, 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

## PABLO NERUDA

### *Crossing the Sky*

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  
 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 le 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 abrasa.*

PABLO *Neruda*

*C*rossing 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.

*Translated by Forrest Gander*

From *Then Came Back: The Lost 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

## PABLO NERUDA

### *Por el cielo...*

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 abrasa.

Aix. 29-Diciembre 1952  
11 de la mañana  
volando a 3.500 mts  
de altura entre  
Recife y Rio Janeiro



## MENU

por el cielo me acerco  
al raso rojo de tu cabellera.  
De tierra y trigo soy y al acercarme  
tu fuego se prepara  
dentro de mi 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  
aguada.  
Tu y yo somos la tierra con  
tus frutos.  
Pan, fuego, sangre y vino  
es el terrestre amor que nos  
ahasa.

Pablo  
Neruda

Size	9" x 12"
Available stock	25
Price	\$20

Year	2016
Commercially printed	

## PABLO NERUDA

### *I Remember*

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

*recuerdo,  
 y recorrimos  
 otras calles  
 buscando  
 pan,  
 botellas  
 deslumbrantes,  
 un fragmento  
 de pavo,  
 unos limones,  
 una  
 rama  
 en flor  
 como  
 aquel  
 día  
 florido  
 cuando  
 del barco,  
 rodeada  
 por el oscuro  
 azul del mar sagrado  
 tus menudos  
 pies te trajeron  
 bajando  
 grada y grada  
 hasta mi corazón,  
 y el pan, las flores  
 el coro  
 vertical  
 del mediodía,  
 una abeja marina  
 sobre los azúcares,  
 todo aquello*

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

*Translated by Forrest Gander*

From *Then Come Back: The Lost Neruda*, published by



COPPER CANYON PRESS

Printed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington

*Recuerdo*

Size 8" x 13"  
 Available stock 50 of 200  
 Price \$35

Year 2016  
 Printed By The North Press



# PABLO NERUDA

## *Lilac Leaves*

Lilac  
leaves  
all 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  
de lila  
todas las hojas,  
multitud  
del follaje,  
pabellón  
tembloroso  
de la tierra,  
ciprés que clava el aire,  
rumores de la encina,  
hierba  
que trajo el viento,  
sensibles alamedas,  
hojas de eucaliptus  
curvas como  
lunas ensangrentadas,  
hojas,  
labios y párpados,  
becas, ojos, cabellos  
de la tierra,  
apenas  
en la arena  
cac  
una gota  
cepas  
del trino,  
castaño negro,  
último  
en recoger  
la savia y levantarla,  
magnolios y pinos,  
duros de aroma,  
frescos  
manzanos temblorosos*

Lilac  
leaves  
all 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  
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treetops brimming  
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magnolias and pines,  
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*Translated by Forrest Gander*

From *Then Come Back: The Lost Neruda*, published by



COPPER CANYON PRESS

Printed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington

*Then Come Back*

Size 8" x 13"  
 Available stock 50 of 200  
 Price \$35

Year 2016  
 Printed By The North Press

## 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 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 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.

BILL O'DALY

## THE LEGACY



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  
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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.

Size	7.5" x 12.5"
Available stock	10
Price	\$20

Year	2007
Printed By	Sam Hamill

GREGORY ORR

*Orpheus & Eurydice*

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

*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 Luteria,  
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

Size	7" x 10"
Available stock	50+
Price	\$20

Year	2016
Printed By	Expedition Press



## 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.



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;  
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And moments that should each last forever

Slide unconsciously by us like water.



Three hundred copies designed and printed at Copper Canyon Press by  
Sam Hamill, from Leslie Cox's hand set type and illustration,  
commemorating publication of *The Complete Poems of Kenneth Rexroth*.

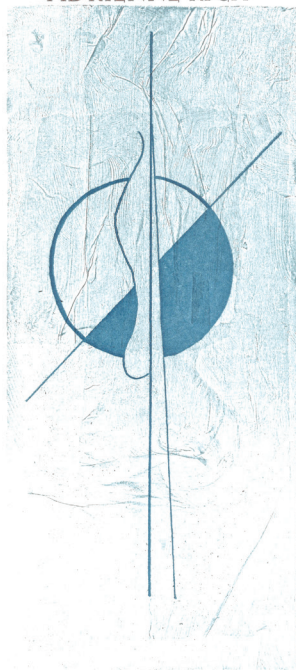
Size	11" x 14"
Available stock	50+ of 300
Price	\$20

Year	2004
Printed By	Sam Hamill Leslie Cox

*Equinox*

# EQUINOX

ADRIENNE RICH



COPPER CANYON PRESS

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 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 on 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 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

Size	9.5" x 14"
Available stock	20 of 300
Price	\$50

Year	2002
Printed By	Sam Hamill Leslie Cox

THEODORE ROETHKE  
from *On Poetry & Craft*

What we need is more people who specialize in the impossible

What we need is more people who

SPECIALIZE

IN THE



*Theodore Roethke*

IMPOSSIBLE

From *On Poetry & Craft*

published by Copper Canyon Press

Size	9" x 6"
Available stock	50+ of 300
Price	\$20

Year	2015
Printed By	The North Press

## REBECCA SEIFERLE

### *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 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.

*Rebecca Seiferle*

REBECCA SEIFERLE

## 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,  
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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.

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

*Bitters.*



Size	7" x 13"
Available stock	50 of 300
	Signed
Price	\$20

Year	2001
Printed By	Sam Hamill Daniel Urban



RICHARD SIKEN  
from *Dots Everywhere*

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.

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

Size	7" x 10"
Available stock	50
Price	\$20

Year	2015
Printed By	Expedition Press

## 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.

# 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.

From *What About This*, published by Copper Canyon Press  
Printed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington

Size	8" x 9.25"
Available stock	25 of 50
Price	\$35

Year	2015
Printed By	The North Press

## 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 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 hard rocks  
And the furious wind  
I love her  
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  
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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.



*Two hundred copies printed at Copper Canyon Press  
by Sam Hamill, B. J. Doty & Nellie Bridge,  
July 21, 2000, celebrating the 62nd birthday of the poet.*

Size

7.5" x 14"

Available stock

10 of 200

Price

\$20

Year

2000

Printed By

Sam Hamill  
Nellie Bridge  
B.J. Doty

RUTH STONE

*One Thought*

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*



From *What Love Comes To: New & Selected Poems*,  
published by Copper Canyon Press  
and printed by hand at The North Press,  
Port Townsend, Washington.

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.

Size	9" x 6"
Available stock	50
Price	\$30

Year	2013
Printed By	The North Press



STONEHOUSE

translated by RED PINE

from *The Mountain Poems of Stonehouse*

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

百年日月閒中度  
綠水光中山影轉

八萬塵勞靜處消  
紅爐焰上雪花飄

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

Red Pine 詩

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

83/150

Size	9.5" x 9"
Available stock	50 of 150
	Signed
Price	\$40

Year	2014
Printed By	The North Press

ARTHUR SZE

*From a Painting of a Cat*

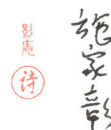
Nan Ch'uan wanted to be reborn as a water buffalo,  
but who did the body of the malicious cat become?  
Black clouds and covering snow are alike.  
It took thirty years for clouds to disperse, snow to melt.

ARTHUR SZE THE SILK DRAGON: TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE

PA-TA-SHAN-JEN

*From a Painting of a Cat*

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.



A KAGE-AN BOOK FROM COPPER CANYON PRESS

Size	9.5" x 8.5"
Available stock	50 of 250
	Signed
Price	\$25

Year	2001
Printed By	Sam Hamill Nellie Bridge

# ELAINE TERRANOVA

## *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 to 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.

ELAINE TERRANOVA

*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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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

Size	7.5" x 13"
Available stock	10
Price	\$20

Year	1995
Printed By	Copper Canyon Press

JEAN VALENTINE  
*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.

g  
reat-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.

J E A N   V A L E N T I N E



From *Shirt in Heaven*,  
Published by Copper Canyon Press.  
Printed at The North Press,  
Port Townsend, Washington.

Size	8" x 10"
Available stock	50
Price	\$35

Year	2015
Printed By	The North Press



## 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



From "Someday I'll Love Ocean Vuong," *Night Sky with Exit Wounds*  
Copper Canyon Press, 2016 · Print by Expedition Press

Size	7" x 10"
Available stock	50
Price	\$30

Year	2016
Printed By	Expedition Press

## REBECCA WEE

### *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 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 WEE

*Rebecca Wee*

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 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.

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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

Size	7.5" x 11.75"
Available stock	50+ of 300
	Signed
Price	\$20

Year	2001
Printed By	Sam Hamill Nellie Bridge Amy Schaus

JAMES WELCH

*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.

## 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,  
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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

Size	8" x 13"
Available stock	10 of 150
Price	\$70

Year	1975
Printed By	Copperhead

## KATHLEENE WEST

### *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 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 wily cat.  
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*Colonel Dehman  
Old Ross  
Gray Whiskers*

Each spring a farm bleats and squeals—impatient  
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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.

 *Kathleene West*

Size  
Available stock  
Price

5" x 13"  
25  
\$20

Year  
Printed By

1978  
Copper Canyon  
Press



## KATHLEENE WEST

### *Roundel on a Sonnet by Marilyn Hacker*

We need more boozy women poets,  
I read. The whiskey blurs, 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

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

And then, define the crucial word. To booze:  
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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.

Kathleene West

© 1977 Copper Canyon Press



Size	10" x 11"
Available stock	10
Price	\$20

Year	1977
Printed By	Copper Canyon Press

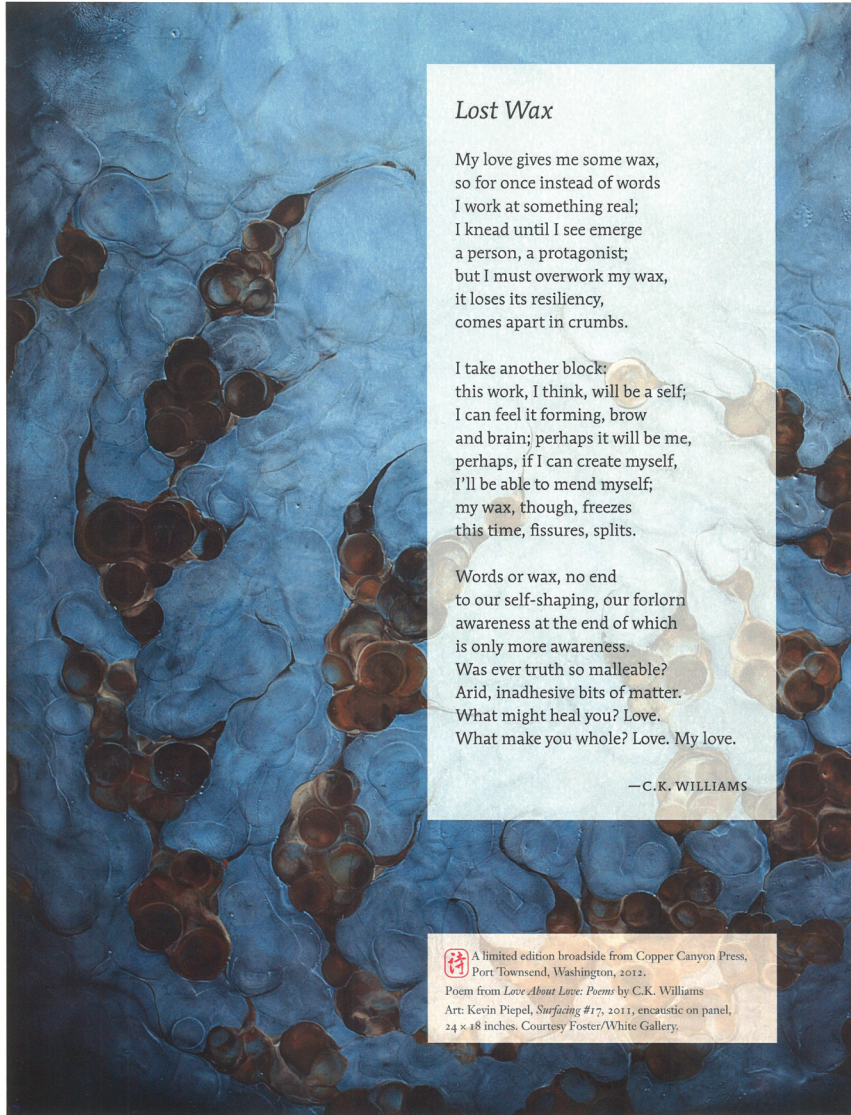
## C.K. WILLIAMS

### *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;  
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—C.K. WILLIAMS



A limited edition broadside from Copper Canyon Press,  
Port Townsend, Washington, 2012.

Poem from *Love About Love: Poems* by C.K. Williams

Art: Kevin Piepel, *Surfacing #17*, 2011, encaustic on panel,  
24 x 18 inches. Courtesy Foster/White Gallery.

Size	8.5" x 11"
Available stock	10
Price	\$20

Year	2012
Commercially printed	

**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  
that  
inside us  
to locate  
those zones  
would be free, and declare them so.  
— C.D. Wright

COPPER CANYON PRESS • Printed at The North Press, Port Townsend, Washington

Size	9" x 6"
Available stock	50+
Price	\$25

Year	2016
Printed By	The North Press

DEAN YOUNG

*Changing Genres*

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  
*Dean Young*



From BENDER.  
published by  
Copper Canyon Press  
and printed by hand  
at The North Press,  
Port Townsend,  
Washington.

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.

Size	7" x 10"
Available stock	25
	Signed
Price	\$50

Year	2016
Printed By	The North Press





## 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: water. Selecting the poems, not so 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 Ellie Mathews. We are grateful to Boxcar Press, Neenah Paper, and Washi Arts for their support.

*L. Bentley*  
LAURA BENTLEY

*Heidi Hespelt*  
HEIDI HESPELT

*T. Copley*  
CHRIS COPLEY



*Sukmie Patel*  
SUKMIE PATEL

*Danielle Crandall*  
DANIELLE CRANDALL

*Amy Keumond*  
AMY KEUMOND

*Glenn Fleishman*  
GLENN FLEISHMAN

*Jane Suchan*  
JANE SUCHAN

Copper Canyon Press   
School of Visual Concepts  
Spring 2017 


## Spinning Down to Clear Water



COPPER CANYON PRESS

# DISHWATER

T E D K O O S E R



**S**lap 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.

## 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.

ALBERTO RÍOS

# THE THIRST OF THINGS

Desert having been ocean  
Remembers water, misses it,

Hugs it and kisses it when it visits,  
Steals 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 now, 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 Sky, published  
by Copper Canyon Press. Designed and  
printed by Amy Redmond at the School of  
Visual Concepts, Seattle, Washington.*



# 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.

J I M H A R R I S O N

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



# Ocean

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

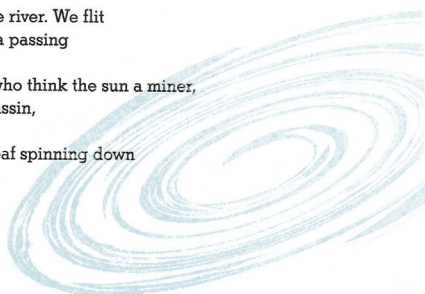
**I**s the sun a miner, a thief, a gambler,  
an assassin? We think the world

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.





## 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 *Darkness Sticks to Everything*, published by Copper Canyon Press.  
Designed and printed by Heidi Hespelt at the School of Visual Concepts, Seattle, Washington



SIGNED LIMITED  
EDITIONS

## 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*

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MAN'S  
FLOAT

*Jim Harrison*

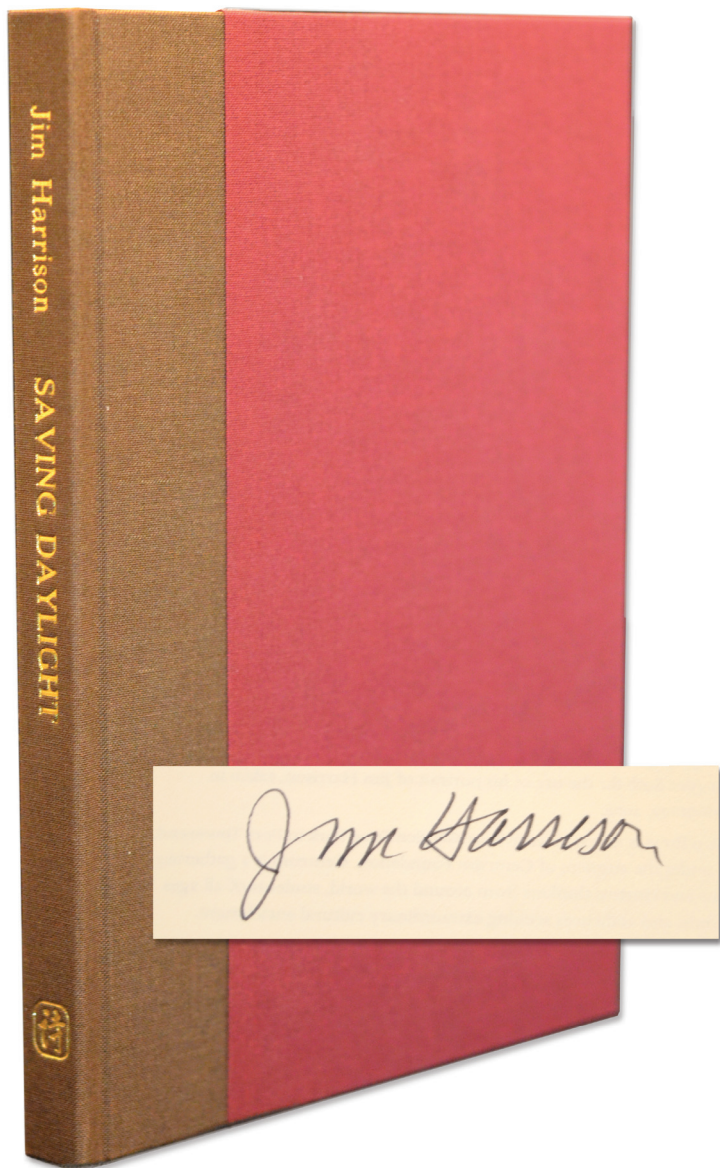


JIM HARRISON  
*Saving Daylight*

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## TED KOOSER

### *Delights & Shadows*

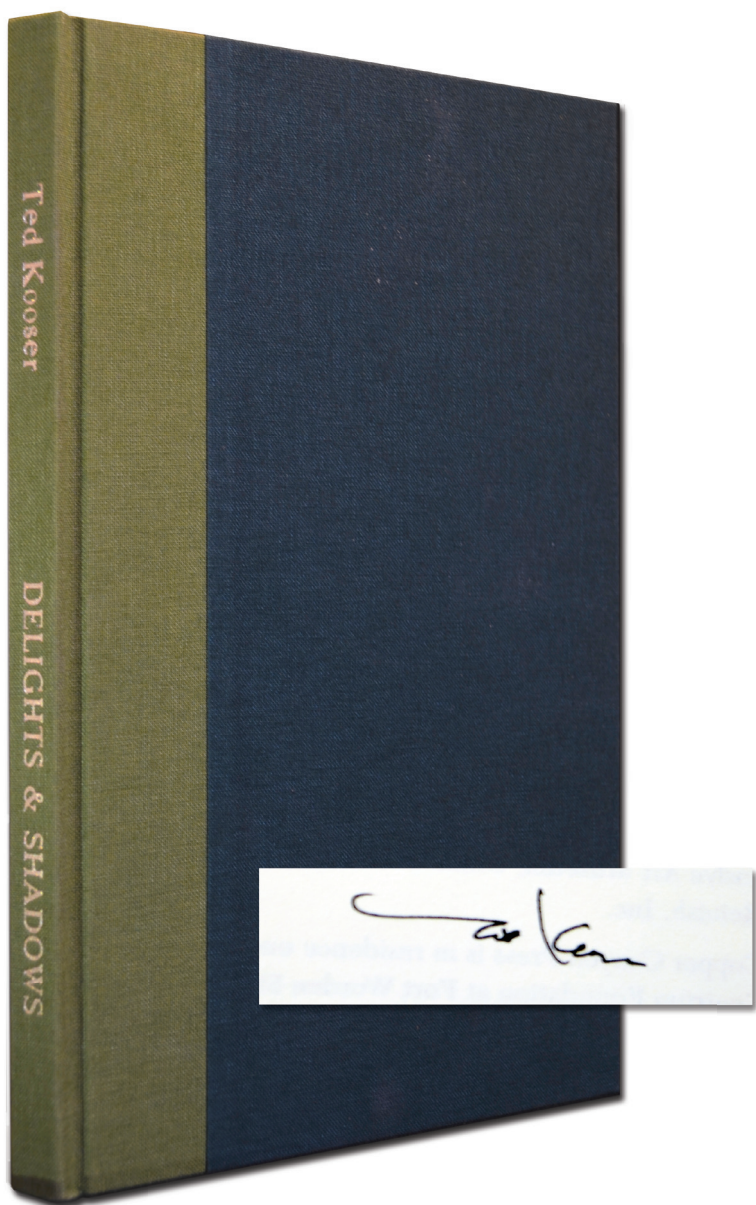
Ted Kooser served two terms as Poet Laureate of the United States, and his *Delights & Shadows* won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 2005. Lauded for the accessibility of his work, he has been noted as the “first Poet Laureate of the Great Plains.” A retired life insurance executive, Kooser holds a position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

### *Garden Time*

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.

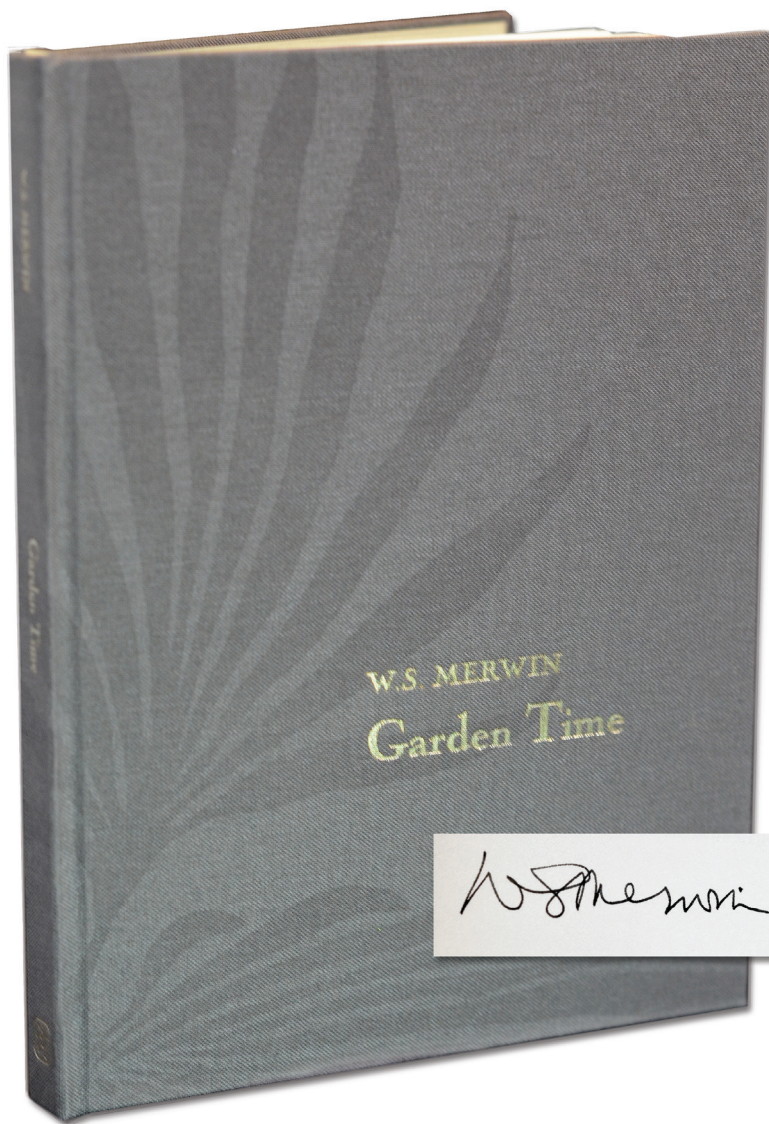
In a review of *Garden Time*, Merwin's most recent book of poems, *The New York Times* noted that his work "feels like part of some timeless continuum, a river that stretches all the way back to Han Shan and Li Po."

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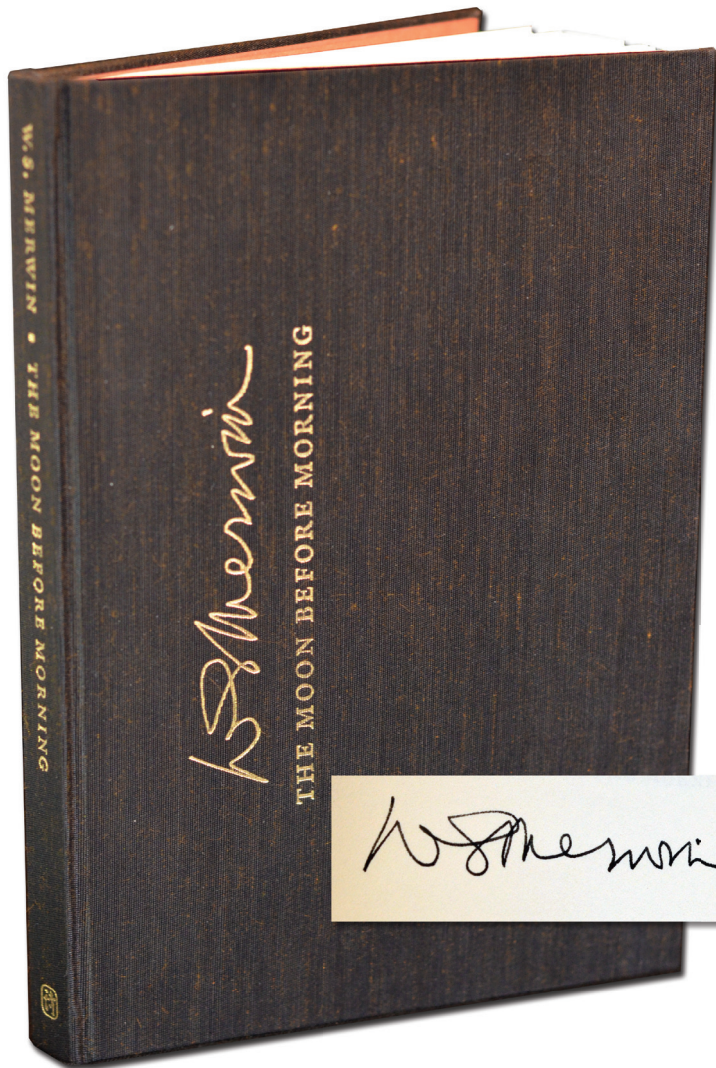
W.S. MERWIN

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## BILL PORTER / RED PINE

### *Finding Them Gone*

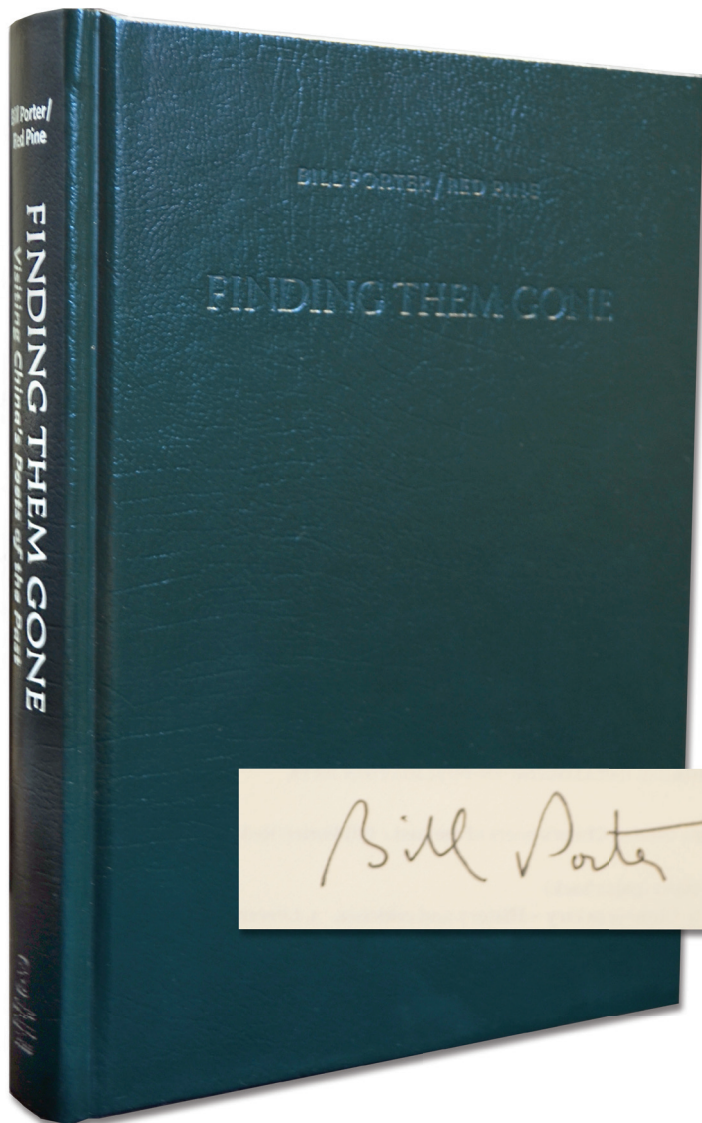
Bill Porter, under the pen-name Red Pine, is one of the world's foremost translators of Chinese poetry and religious texts. He has published six volumes translations with Copper Canyon Press, including the bestselling *Taoteching* and *Collected Songs of Cold Mountain*.

*Finding Them Gone: Visiting China's Poets of the Past*, is a fast-paced pilgrimage with the goal of paying homage to dozens of China's greatest poets by visiting their graves—or trying to—and performing idiosyncratic rituals with small cups of Kentucky whiskey. Illustrated with over one hundred photographs and two hundred classical poems, most of which have never before appeared in English translation.

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Bill Porter

## RICHARD SIKEN

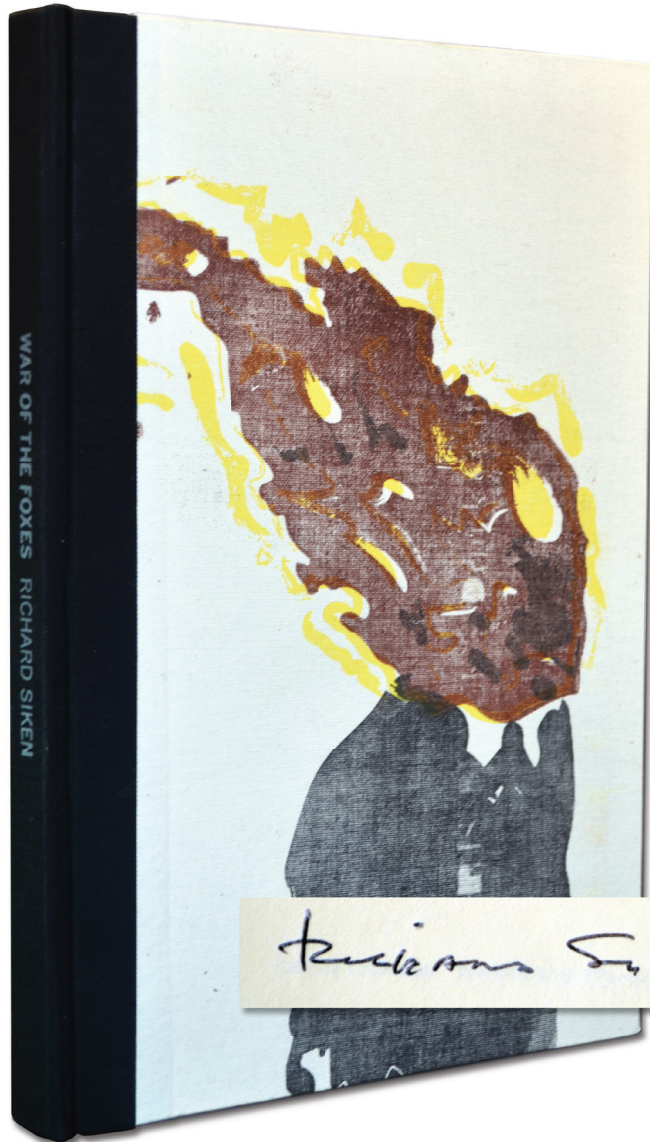
### *War of the Foxes*

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.

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The Chinese character for poetry is made up of two parts: “word” and “temple.” It also serves as pressmark for Copper Canyon Press.

The book is set in Minion, a typeface designed for digital composition by Robert Slimbach in 1989. Book design by Jacob Boles. Research and writing assistance provided by Jennifer Rudsit and Shelley Whitaker.

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