though parallel lines touch in the infinite,
the infinite is here—

Arthur Sze
Dear Poetry Reader,

Some things never change—like our dedication to poetry, and to you, the reader. But when Copper Canyon Press published our first poetry collection in 1973,

- We typeset, printed, and bound each book by hand.
- Phones weighed nearly five pounds and were attached to walls.
- The word combinations “world wide web” and “search engine” did not yet carry meaning.

As we celebrate the launch of our new website—five hundred titles and several decades of technological and cultural advances later—Copper Canyon Press is changing how we think.

Specifically, **we are changing how we think about getting books into the hands and hearts of those people we care deeply about: readers like you.**

One vestige of the old model of publishing—traditional direct sales—no longer serves our readers the way it used to. Sales through our catalog and website have become few and far between, with the vast majority of book purchases happening elsewhere. While we are thrilled by the myriad contemporary ways for readers to find and fall in love with poetry, we are pushed to think differently about what it means to operate sustainably. So we’ve decided to let our friends in retail do what they do best: sell books. That allows us to turn, with gratitude, to you, our community.

This new Copper Canyon Reader introduces a new way of thinking:

**To directly support Copper Canyon Press, we invite you to Read Generously!**

Donate $35 or more to help sustain our nonprofit mission of publishing poetry, and we will be delighted to send you the book of your choice from among those featured within these pages.

Your contribution will go far beyond a traditional sale, directly communicating your belief in the power of poetry and the importance of independent publishing.

As you experience the poems and quotes and reviews in the following pages, join us in thinking differently about the powerful relationship between publisher and reader. We are grateful for your generosity.

With appreciation,

Copper Canyon Press
“I think a poem can transform or illuminate out of our day-to-day or mundane world. I like the idea that a poem isn’t reserved for some special occasion.”

from LICHEN SONG

I am flinging your words and if you absorb not blot my song you could learn you are not alone in pain and grief though you’ve instilled pain and grief you can urge the dare and thrill of bliss if and when you stop to look at a rock at a fence post but you cough only look yes look at me now because you are blink about to leave—
The poems in Matthew Zapruder’s fifth collection ask how can one be a good father, partner, and citizen in the early twenty-first century. Zapruder deftly improvises upon language and lyricism as he passionately engages with these questions during turbulent, uncertain times. • “Zapruder wants us to feel like we can hang out with poems just like we hang out with our lovers or our friends. He also wants us to think about what spending time with poetic language might offer each of us.” —NPR • “In his poignant fifth collection, Zapruder recounts collisions of hope and despair, privilege and privation, and of finding joy on the precipice of disaster.” — Publishers Weekly, starred review

$17 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-578-3 • 152 pages • September 2019

ALSO BY MATTHEW ZAPRUDER:
Sun Bear • $17 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-246-3
The Pajamaist • $15 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-244-7
Marvin Bell

*Incarnate: The Collected Dead Man Poems*

“My poems do not need ‘unpacking.’ I do the unpacking myself by writing the poem.”

*from* THE BOOK OF THE DEAD MAN (#38)

1. About the Dead Man and Sap

The dead man will not add 1 + 1.
He squeezes things that settle near him until they drip a little.
The dead man’s things shine with an oil pressed from the raw flakes of
beached fish, the ripe carcasses of birds that winter would not release,
the everyday jam and jelly of who wants what.
Who and the dead man have felt the earth heave though the air was still?
Who and the dead man have made their bed and lie in it?
It is a panoply, a plethora, a surplus, a surfeit, an abundance, a bounty and
an earthly prosperity.
The dead man cut his hand caressing the scaled hearts of catfish and trout,
he stiffened from gripping the back of the crab while its claws clicked,
his joints display the geology of labor and lovemaking, he is wrinkled
from laughter and stained from tears.
When there is no more wrinkling and weeping, no physiognomy of
pleasure, no anticipation, no abundance, nothing extra, then okay it’s the
way it is, not the way we remember.

*Introduction by David St. John:* “Remarkable for its eclectic and culturally diverse
vision, *Incarnate* embodies a vivid world of poetic reflection unlike anything else in
American poetry.” • Marvin Bell’s brilliant poetic invention offers searing insight into
the joys and catastrophes of fluctuating cultural and political moments. *Incarnate* draws
from previous collections and adds an abundant cache of new poems that resonate
with “the dark matter and sticky stuff” of life. • “Marvin Bell’s Dead Man poems should
close out any anthology of the twentieth century and open any anthology of this new
century’s work. They change the game. They insist that we pay a new and different kind
of attention.” — *The Georgia Review*

$24 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-583-7 • 352 pages • October 2019
$35 hardcover • ISBN 978-1-55659-582-0 • 352 pages

ALSO BY MARVIN BELL:

*Vertigo* • $16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-37-65
Focusing on figures such as Thomas Hardy, Alan Turing, Virginia Woolf, and the World War I poets, The Hardy Tree examines power, oppression, and individual rights in ways that reverberate through our lives today. Uniting these themes is the issue of communication—the various methods and codes we use to reach one another. “Not least of Bierds’s achievements is the way in which poems interweave historical periods and voices in such a way as to make their stories feel intensely of the present even when they are set in the past.” — The Times Literary Supplement • “Her poems, with their constantly surprising delicacy and their language rich with insight and a sensuous music, radiate real power and authority and animal presence.” — W.S. Merwin

$17 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-576-9 • 96 pages • September 2019

from THE HARDY TREE

1941

Leaves: serrated. Last to open—he had read this somewhere—first to fall. Blossoms: petalless. And the dark trunk, eighty years in the ground: fissured vertically. The seeds are weights on weightless wings, oval, embedded, forward-thrust—the whole so unbalanced it spirals down. The wholes are “keys”—but why? Because they click? Because their spinning-jenny whirligigs, between pure flight and gravity, unlock a little fuse?
Mark Bibbins
13th Balloon

“Right now I suspect [the world] will end in paperwork. That, or water—abundance and/or lack thereof. But the earth won’t be ending. It will be editing.”

from 13th BALLOON

You and I never called each other
by the name we shared
It would have been like eating an echo
each of us checking
opposite sides of a two-way mirror
for fog left by his own breath

Mark Bibbins’s 13th Balloon, written in elegy to a love lost during the AIDS crisis, is at once intimately candid, darkly humorous, and unabashedly political. The unpunctuated and untitled poems roll one to the next with the fragmented music of the inexplicable, the bafflement inherent in personal loss and widespread tragedy. • "Implying that the consequence of acquiescence is the privatizing of public response, his associative, oblique technique becomes the perfect tableturning weapon against the culture of mass distraction." — Boston Review • ”In the end, Bibbins’s talent is the ability to articulate our common desires with a combined sense of understanding and humor that unites us all in this endless pursuit.” — Carrie Adams, Verse Online

$17 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-577-6 • 104 pages • February 2020

ALSO BY MARK BIBBINS:
They Don’t Kill You Because They’re Hungry, They Kill You Because They’re Full • $16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-458-8
The Dance of No Hard Feelings • $15 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-292-8
In her debut collection, Monica Sok uses poetry to reshape a family’s memory about the Khmer Rouge regime—memory that is both real and imagined—according to a child of refugees. Driven by myth-making and fables, the poems examine the inheritance of the genocide and the profound struggles of searing grief and PTSD. Though the landscape of Cambodia is always present, it is the liminal space, the in-betweenness of diaspora, in which younger generations must reconcile their history and create new rituals. A Nail the Evening Hangs On seeks to reclaim the Cambodian narrative with tenderness and an imagination that moves toward wholeness and possibility.

“I want to discover that already existing joy that lives inside of me, because I really believe it’s there even when the nightmares of the outside world loom over us. We can make our own worlds as easily as we can laugh, and I insist on laughter, always.”

from CAMBODIA


Mosquitoes live longer, as long as trees. The jaws of mosquitoes will bite children who belong to their parents, and the girl who runs to the hut where her family eats will be greeted by vultures, worshipped in the temple where children don’t sleep.
Railsplitter provides a lasting reflection on how poetry guided and shaped Abraham Lincoln’s mind while he led a divided nation. Manning, who spent his childhood near Lincoln’s birthplace in Kentucky, writes each piece in Lincoln’s persona, breathing life into a new aspect of Lincoln’s legacy. “Manning is at his best in quiet moments of stunning lyricism... There is a deep reverence for the ancestral spirit of the land, as if Kentucky’s rich hills and flowing streams were a part of its residents’ DNA. Manning’s verse resonates with the plaintive loneliness of his rural landscapes and the divine presence that alleviates that loneliness, be it God, one’s forebears, or poetry.”

—Publishers Weekly

$17 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-571-4 • 104 pages • October 2019

ALSO BY MAURICE MANNING:
One Man’s Dark • $23 hardcover • ISBN 978-1-55659-474-8
In **Solar Perplexus**, Dean Young uses the surreal as the thread that weaves in and out of the complications of existence. The result is a textured, honest work that grapples with what it means to love, lose, and hang in the afterward. • “Young has mastered his own style and way of thinking in poems. Only a rare poet can make a reader simultaneously cry and laugh this way.” — Publishers Weekly • “Young has always stood out for his sharp humor, boundless poetic energy, and sheer readability. If adventurous poetry can sometimes feel like a tenuous tightrope walk, Young’s poems feel more like zip lines.” — The Boston Globe

$22 hardcover • ISBN 978-1-55659-572-1 • 96 pages • October 2019

**NEW TITLE**

**Dean Young**

**Solar Perplexus**

“Poetry defies the law of supply and demand. Its value is not diminished by the amount available. The more poetry there is, the more poetry there is. There is no limit. Poetry is never saying no to poetry.”

from **REFINERY FIRE**

Maybe no one believes anything I say because my ears are so small, my face looks like another face is under it which even I admit, peeping through its ports, seems shifty like the only sober guy at the crash site, like singing at the funeral while keeping a blizzard on life support, neutrinos constantly hurtling through us bright bits through bright emptiness so no wonder the mirror’s tired of being a mirror and wants to be water again, dark water and the horse wants to be a proscenium arch and the flower wants teeth and you can stand in your own kitchen and still be miles from yourself.

“Poetry defies the law of supply and demand. Its value is not diminished by the amount available. The more poetry there is, the more poetry there is. There is no limit. Poetry is never saying no to poetry.” — The Boston Globe

$22 hardcover • ISBN 978-1-55659-572-1 • 96 pages • October 2019

**ALSO BY DEAN YOUNG:**

**Shock By Shock** • $16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-527-1

**Bender: New and Selected** • $26 hardcover • ISBN 978-1-55659-403-8

**Fall Higher** • $16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-311-6
The poems in Joseph Stroud’s sixth book, *Everything That Rises*, explore living in a mortal world, the passage of time, aging, the experience of loss, the power of memory, and the redemptive possibilities of poetry. “It is necessary to read these poems with care. It is easy to miss these tiny details and they are so much what make the poems exceptional.” — *Eclectica* “Whatever the subject, Stroud’s true subject is always observation and wonder at the world’s luminous presence.” — *Virginia Quarterly Review*

$18 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-564-6 • 176 pages • October 2019

ALSO BY JOSEPH STROUD:
*Of This World* • $18 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-285-0
*Country of Light* • $15 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-205-8
*Below Cold Mountain* • $14 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-084-9

"Inaccessibility has almost become a virtue. I have little patience for obfuscation and obscurity, which should not be confused with ambiguity and mystery. I take my mantra from Sappho: clear keen song. I think clarity honors the reader.”

*Sit on a bench in the plaza of Mendoza watching the skeletons*

A policewoman in shorts and helmet
rides a bike
a pistol strapped to her hip bone
the bike like the skeleton
of some future creature
both skeletons
wheeling through time
mocking gravity
the pull to earth
where it all ends
in the end
Liu Tsung-yuan
(trans. Red Pine)

Written in Exile: The Poetry of Liu Tsung-yuan

Translator Red Pine writes, “I have come to realize that what we consider the original text is, in fact, not the original text. The original text is the music; it’s what is making that dancer dance. Translation is a seductive art.”

WITH MASTER HAO-CH’U LOOKING AT MOUNTAINS:
SENT TO LOVED ONES BACK IN THE CAPITAL

These peaks at the ocean’s edge are like knives
they’ve cut my aching heart to pieces this fall
if I could conjure a million bodies
from every summit I would look for my hometown

The renowned translator Red Pine (also known as Bill Porter) discovered Liu’s poetry during his travels through China and was compelled to translate 140 of the 146 poems attributed to Liu. As Red Pine writes, “I was captivated by the man and by how he came to write what he did.” Appended with thoroughly researched notes, an in-depth introduction, and the Chinese originals, Written in Exile presents the long-overdue introduction of a legendary T’ang poet. • “This bilingual collection provides readers with generous, thoughtful contextualizing material and a memorable introduction to Liu’s vivid writing.” — Publishers Weekly • “Porter’s tone is not reverential but explanatory, and filled with humorous asides… His goal is to tell interested foreigners about revealing byways of Chinese culture.” — The New York Review of Books

$18 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-562-2 • 296 pages • September 2019

ALSO BY RED PINE:
The Collected Songs of Cold Mountain • $17 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-140-2
The Mountain Poems of Stonehouse • $17 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-455-7
From the rubble of the World Trade Center to Washington's troops crossing the Delaware, from the fall of Saigon to the modern-day city of Ho Chi Minh, Balaban's genius is in connecting the dots of history. "Peopled with poets and writers, figures ordinary and historical, his new work winds through wars and nations...[and] achieves great dignity." — Library Journal

"It takes a poet of Balaban’s depth and prowess to fully express how, after history’s dust has settled, and human folly has evaporated, this world’s beauty will continue." — Booklist

Empires

“$17 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-570-7 • 72 pages • September 2019

ALSO BY JOHN BALABAN:

Path, Crooked Path • $15 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-238-6
Locusts at the Edge of Summer • $15 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-123-5
Ca Dao Viet Nam • $15 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-186-0
Spring Essence • $15 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-148-9

“I’m still discovering the solace and beauty of literature.” — John Balaban

from BACK THEN

At dawn the bats were pocketed upside down in hollows of the canyon wall rinsing in pink light and he saw the burros grazing wheatgrass and sage. At the canyon head, a cave yawned open but empty of the voices that muttered in the night. And the blasted tree, high on the mesa rim—that writhed at dusk like a man crucified—was a tree again, rocking in the wind. Stars gone, the sky streaked in sunlight. A canyon wren, perched in a willow, plied the dawn with inquiring song.
Sarah Ruhl’s first book of poetry offers a subtle, deeply personal meditation on family, motherhood, loss, a miscarriage, a close friend lost to cancer, and the sublimity of nature. This collection sings with a deep honesty about what it means to share our lives with others and those who form our hollows. As a playwright, Sarah Ruhl’s work has earned rave reviews: “Ruhl has found the time to ask the right questions; it’s up to us to make time to think about her—and our—answers.” — The New York Times

$16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-584-4 • 96 pages • February 2020

Sarah Ruhl

44 Poems for You

“... became a kind of poetic idiom so I didn’t have to steal from my own work... I think they’re very similar and they’re both about animating voice.”

from I WILL PRAISE YOUR PLAIN SONGS

I will praise your plain songs.
I will praise your plant songs.
You will give me weeds
and distraught calendars.

I will praise you for the things you choose:
the color of your shirts.
I will praise you for unchosen things:
the contour of your chin.

You will give me subscriptions, brevity,
towers of flat, sweet grass.

I will praise your plain songs.
I will praise your plant songs.
You will give me weeds
and distraught calendars.

Sarah Ruhl’s first book of poetry offers a subtle, deeply personal meditation on family, motherhood, loss, a miscarriage, a close friend lost to cancer, and the sublimity of nature. This collection sings with a deep honesty about what it means to share our lives with others and those who form our hollows. As a playwright, Sarah Ruhl’s work has earned rave reviews: “Ruhl has found the time to ask the right questions; it’s up to us to make time to think about her—and our—answers.” — The New York Times

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"I think the longer I wrote plays, the more the play itself became a kind of poetic idiom so I didn’t have to steal from my own work... I think they’re very similar and they’re both about animating voice.”

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towers of flat, sweet grass.
Marianne Boruch
The Anti-Grief

“The Anti-Grief blends Boruch’s fantastical writing style with multifaceted levels of meaning to create a collection that challenges our conceptions of memory, age, and time. These poems provoke melancholy and nostalgia and also quietude and hope. • “Boruch refuses to see more than there is in things—but her patience, her willingness to wait for the film of familiarity to slip, allows her to see what is there with a jeweler’s sense of facet and flaw.” — Poetry • “She sees and considers with intensity. Her poems often give fresh examples of how rare and thrilling it can be to notice.” — The Washington Post • “Boruch displays a quietly gymnastic intellect in the examinations of art, the body, and the human condition.” — American Poets

$17 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-568-4 • 104 pages • October 2019

ALSO BY MARIANNE BORUCH
Eventually One Dreams the Real Thing • $15 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-491-5
Cadaver, Speak • $16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-465-6
The Book of Hours • $15 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-385-7

from VERMEER’S WOMAN IN BLUE READING A LETTER ON LOAN IN AMERICA

Nothing stops her search
for something. Hearts could break or mend
however badly as she reads, tiny
valves doing their best,
the blood flow. Yours. Mine.

Art can be weirdly
instant, not artifice at all, the light
in her room the ordinary same endless

as in our rooms. And is it even thinking,
what we think.

“Poetry is the single voice, the individual consciousness, the thing that lasts and is private, what should be treasured. Its great subjects are the oldest we have: time, the natural world, love, knowledge, grief.”
“I do know that poetry’s ability to give shape to nameless experiences—emotional truths, et cetera—seems essential to me in its role as a vehicle for personal and societal change.”

from RAY

_These are life lessons—_
how to clean trash cans:
lighter fluid and a cigarette.
All it takes to hypnotize a chicken
is its neck in your armpit.
_What you need is to kill something and eat it._
He finds old condoms
to chuck at me, hornet nests
stuck in Pepsi cans he calls
_Michael Jacksons._ Getting stung
is crew initiation. Bets I’ve never
worked a day, shows me
lumps where a saw slipped
through his face. Lets me struggle
over the dumpster:
_you should have to weigh more
than this bag of garbage
for them to pay you
to throw away._

**APR/HONICKMAN AWARD WINNER**, introduced by judge Sharon Olds: “**Vantage** is a moving, radical work of art, written in a quiet, clear voice. Taneum Bambrick has given us an extraordinary first book.” • “**Vantage** has a story to tell, about a dam that has drowned a town and about the workers there, from the point of view of a woman on an all-male crew. Taneum Bambrick sets surprising, disturbing, complicated—one might say novelistic—characters into formally rigorous poems of clarity, heart, and much music... we’re witnessing work that’s politically important, environmentally urgent, and personally necessary.” — Daisy Fried

$15 paperback • ISBN 978-098609-380-7 • 88 pages • September 2019
from DUPLEX

A poem is a gesture toward home.
It makes dark demands I call my own.

Memory makes demands darker than my own:
My last love drove a burgundy car.

My first love drove a burgundy car.
He was fast and awful, tall as my father.

Steadfast and awful, my tall father
Hit hard as a hailstorm. He’d leave marks.

Light rain hits easy but leaves its own mark
Like the sound of a mother weeping again.

Like the sound of my mother weeping again,
No sound beating ends where it began.

None of the beaten end up how we began.
A poem is a gesture toward home.
"Here: Poems for the Planet
Elizabeth J. Coleman, editor

“I no longer feel despair but hope, like a crocus shooting up from the ground, the kind I could count on seeing at the beginning of April when I was a child.”

from PREGNANT AT THE ALL-NIGHT SUPERMARKET by Laura Kasischke

Here

my hand passes over
what I once wanted to buy—all
those cold loaves and indifferent lies—and I

begin to believe there's nothing left
in this world
I could bear to eat

until, leaving, I see
a luna moth on my windshield.

Its wings are pale green.

Foreword by His Holiness the Dalai Lama. Introduced by Elizabeth J. Coleman: “There are 128 poems in Here by a diverse group of contemporary writers from around the world... As a final section, we have included an activist’s guide written by the Union of Concerned Scientists. The guide details some of the steps you can take by yourself, in community, and in communication with the institutional powers that be.” • “This book, Here: Poems for the Planet, contains many beautiful, generous poems and ideas for action. It is my heartfelt hope that they will inspire readers who ask themselves, ‘But what can I do?’ to see that there is a way forward—learning to share the earth and its resources, while taking care of it together.” — Tenzin Gyatso, the Fourteenth Dalai Lama

$18 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-541-7 • 240 pages • April 2019
What beauty in this the darkest music
over which you can hear the lightest music of human
behavior, the tender connection between men and galaxies.

So I sit on the edge, wagging my feet above
the abyss. Tonight the moon will be in my lap.
This is my job, to study the universe
from my bridge. I have the sky, the sea, the faint
green streak of Canadian forest on the far shore.
Deborah Landau

Soft Targets

“When a poem works, the familiar is made strange again, and life is revealed in all of its inarticulate weirdness.”

from THOSE NAZIS, THEY KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH A SOFT

And now we know from Soft.

Pulse you know it, and History knows.

Over and over it sics itself upon the soft.

Eat Drink Breathe and Kiss your favorite face—

Do what you want and now.

Soon laid deep beneath the flimsy weeds we’ll be

and how—

The last day is the purest theft.

Deborah Landau’s fourth book, Soft Targets, draws a bullseye on humanity’s vulnerable flesh and corrupted world. Her deliberate stitching of mortality into the fabric of the everyday asks what we should do with the body, with lust, with motherhood in the midst of tragedy. • “Landau’s killer wit evokes Dorothy Parker crossed with Sylvia Plath—leaping spark after spark, growing to deadly dark fire...with lines of grave and startling beauty.” —Los Angeles Times • “Through the cadence of these poems, which sometimes resemble lullabies in their dreaminess and gorgeous lyricism, Landau captures the ways humans persist, despite our collective anxiety, in our longing for ‘something tender, something that might bloom.’” —Publishers Weekly

$16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-566-0 • 80 pages • April 2019

ALSO BY DEBORAH LANDAU:
The Uses of the Body • $16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-481-6
The Last Usable Hour • $15 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-334-5
“It’s inevitable, and problematic, but it’s also fascinating to find a way of writing that approximates personal experience. I’m always aware of the failure, and yet I keep trying. I think I like the failure.”

from GOKSTADT/GANYMEDE

In dreams, someone calls me in the woods.
But when I turn it isn’t you, just the pocked face of a stranger, shirt and breath gin-soured,
body a grunting weight that knocks
the flight right out of me, pins me to the ground
when I try to run, one rough touch rooting
me in place. My limbs grow numb, bark-sheathed
and pale under the grasping fingers, shoots
of hair twined to hawthorn lances
that cut his knuckles, blood sprays
of winter berries spangling my branches
that he quickly hews away. Something for me to keep,
he says, or whispers, my own voice hissed away
into the wind’s dull soughing of leaves.

Paisley Rekdal radically rewrites Ovid’s Metamorphoses, contemporizing the myths to discuss change in the modern era, while also including intimate lyrics that explore personal and familial transformation. “Rekdal’s sixth book of poetry, Nightingale, uses myth as a frame through which to engage the question of how violence, particularly sexual violence, remakes those who experience it. In the process, Rekdal interrogates the concepts of language, poetry, and beauty, unraveling attendant tropes and, ultimately, weaving something more honest and strange from their loose strands.” — The Adroit Journal

“Lovely, lyrical, bracing work: a must-read.” — Library Journal, starred review

$16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-567-7 • 112 pages • May 2019

ALSO BY PAISLEY REKDAL:

Imaginary Vessels • $17 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-497-7
Images of the Virgin Mary crying glass tears and a border fence that leaves never-healing scars intertwine as Scenters-Zapico writes unflinchingly about domestic violence and its toxic duality of masculinity versus femininity, while highlighting the hardships and stigma immigrants face on both sides of the U.S./Mexico border.

• “Reading the book doesn’t make me feel better. It makes me weep with anger and frustration. It opens the wounds people try to ignore. It calls the ambulance.” —Indiana Review
• “Like the fabric whose sutures create both its integrity and its vulnerability, people, in these poems, are real only insofar as they can be damaged, and complete only through the act of putting themselves back together.” — The New Yorker

$16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-531-8 • 80 pages • May 2019

MACHO :: HEMBRA

This is how macho :: hembra play house. This is how macho :: hembra play love. This is how macho :: hembra crave violence. This is how macho :: hembra purge themselves. These events are related. A man whispers in my ear: I want to break you & I think I am in love. I accept machismo. Hembra is to let men bite your mouth until it bleeds. Hembra is to witness your thighs cut to stars by the thrusts of men. Hembra is to know sex is a blind flicked shut. Machismo is not about the father. Machismo is not about walnuts waiting to be peeled, chiles turned soft, pomegranate thrown on a plate to be served to your macho. Machismo is men as animals hunting: kiss her neck, crack it, still her under your chin.

Natalie Scenters-Zapico
Lima :: Limón

“I want to write about the things that keep me longing and the things that keep me up at night.”

NEW TITLE
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Keith S. Wilson
Fieldnotes on Ordinary Love

“What poetry does is what science does and is what ceremonies like baptisms do, which is it tells us to stop and consider a bigness—a bigness that might make us feel small or might remind us we can never be.”

from AUBADE TO A COLLAPSED STAR

Our body heat in space, the condensation
as the light makes heaven of it. We’re early,
curved and signatory, the sheets
paler than the sky and made
immaterial. My hands confused
for want of your hands
or waist. Rolling, what claims
we make of earth, what is inferred and isn’t
sure, what the undersides of the leaves
of the forest floor are called. Your breath.
Alison C. Rollins
Library of Small Catastrophes

“I realized fairly recently that I have to write. I am a poet and I claim that and it is a necessity. The same way I breathe, the same way I blink, it must be done.”

from SKINNING GHOSTS ALIVE

Even a snake loses itself in its skin.
Its life’s throat peeled back in molting song.

A second me lies somewhere on the ground.
Hollowed as the cicada shells I collected in the woods
as a child. Knowing then that the anatomy of loss
was worth picking, if only to acknowledge that

something has shed and not died, something brown as me
has left its skeleton behind, more intact than broken,

as if to say we are living and dying just the same.

This is why we are so homesick,
why we hull ourselves in shadows.
Robert Schumann Is Mad Again

From the fields of a fallen Jerusalem to the sci-fi prison of Ukraine’s Crater Lviv, Robert Schumann Is Mad Again is a kaleidoscope of reserved places. This ekphrastic work spirals across nonfiction and surrealism to capture a haunting sense of wonder that lingers like a cold touch and draws compassion for humanity’s future. • “Dubie’s dramatic poetry seeks to represent our deepest moments of perception, struggle, and revelation. Out of his voice come the voices of multitudes. Yet his achievement and vision are singular.” — American Book Review • “Dubie’s poems are works of great beauty, even when they deal with harsh realities.” — National Poetry Review

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TROW HILL, VERMONT

Death now like some long pardonable yellow strand
of hair—well, that’s okay, not
a ramshackle American bomber smudging out
over Vesuvius the very night
of my birth, a cold rainy April night, just
about midnight and my grandfather
on the porch leaving an open can of tuna
for a stray cat my aunt
found frozen to the granite hitching post
at sunrise. It was a long war; thank god
for a newborn and bourbon in the morning’s coffee.

“There are people out there who are completely taken up with language. It’s our first resource almost after whatever is going on in terms of smart proteins inside our bodies.”

Norman Dubie

“TROW HILL, VERMONT”
“One is aware of this as one gets older. You can't waste time.”

from SO FAR

xi. Night

Between the blazing firmament
and the black abyss we are
in the mercy of the wind
that moves us on
through darkness over images of stars
between elements not ours.

Earth made our body,
rock made our bone,
Ocean is no man’s country,
Heaven is not my home,
O may we come at last to land
in the mercy of the wind.
Are we more than our age and attire, our choices and circumstance? Honest and tragically comic, Miller examines our modern-day hypocrisies and the walls we build without wanting to. • “Miller wrestles—at times brawls—with the question of whether a writer, in rendering another person, even a fictional one, wields power from her subject.” — Publishers Weekly • “Miller is frankly romantic, visionary, and political.” — The Harvard Review • “A marvelously penetrating, synoptic poet, her best moments sublimely diagnostic.” — Threepenny Review

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“Poetry, it seems to me, works in subterranean ways, impacting over time like geo-plates under the earth.”

from SPACE, LIGHT, AND A BLUE CYCLORAMA

Love is asleep. My darling dreams that I lose my mind in a restaurant’s powder room. When we leave after the meal, it’s still light. I take the wheel because she’s on the phone. She’s on the phone when she realizes I’m driving off the road. Then perpendicularly, to correct the mistake. I manage a U-turn and set the car by the opposite side. By now, she’s red-faced. Also, I exited the restroom with my hair soaking wet, but she hasn’t had a chance to ask about that. Tenderness has a million questions it can’t answer.

“Poetry, it seems to me, works in subterranean ways, impacting over time like geo-plates under the earth.” — Jane Miller

Who Is Trixie the Trasher? and Other Questions
Chase Twichell

Things as It Is

“[Poems] want to perceive and express what human consciousness is, and that’s hard work!”

THE BACKGROUND

Snow hushes the secret rooms of the woods,

where in summer ferns in the undergloom unfurl their slow green feathers.

The sky glitters with garbage and cargo.

I read the *Evening News of the War*,

about the death of everything.

That’s all there is—the sound of snow

in the inner ear, sound with nowhere else to go. The background.

Chase Twichell’s new poems are attentive to joy as they mourn a changing world. Through reencountering shushed traumas, Twichell reminds us that a person is more than the sum of his or her past. • “The poet’s gift, her love of language is inspiring, a celebration of a lifetime of moments, the embrace of conflicting emotions, and the skill to turn phrases into shining castles.” — *Curled Up With a Good Book* • “Her poetry marries an urbane intellectual rigor—a classical grace and distance—to the passion of one who loves the world outside.” — *Ploughshares* • “Chase Twichell’s poems are among my favorite ever written. Often brash, always vivid, smart and lyrical, pointing toward essential things—this is a marvelous and rich body of work.” — Tony Hoagland

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Bob Hicok’s tenth collection of poetry, *Hold*, shifts from childlike revelry to serious introspection. Hicok poignantly satirizes the dark irony of contemporary America: a culture that champions anti-abortion, pro-life legislation while normalizing assault rifles, dismissing freedom of gender identity, and discriminating based on race and immigration status. • “Yet ultimately the most potent ingredient in virtually every one of Bob Hicok’s compact, well-turned poems is a laughter as old as humanity itself, a sweet waggery that suggests there’s almost no problem that can’t be solved by this poet’s gentle humor.” — *The New York Times Book Review*

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**from EXHALING**

I wanted to be moved
so read the poems, wanted to know
all the ways we’ve talked to one another
so read the book, wanted to change
the shape of my mind
so started typing and am sad
that up to now I’ve hidden
behind interesting people and facts
and not told the truth,
that I woke up at three
and got out of bed at four
to ask my breath
why it won’t let me go,
why it keeps wearing my chest
when I know it could be out there
with sparrows and clouds, sunwarmed
or splashing rain across its face.
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“Right now, I’m being drawn to poems that help us travel (including to some uncomfortable places) around the world, but that situate ourselves as being part of a larger community without feeling lost.”

SELF-PORTRAIT AS C-SECTION SCAR

When I’m happy I can smile twice at the same time.
So thin—a marker-tip line with a waxy shine—
a vein of a maple leaf, a dog’s upper lip, arm of anemone.
Of all the magical plants and animals in the sea,
the hagfish is the most unpopular, the most horrifying—
the one that makes children burst into tears. And if that
isn’t enough, she is the only fish without vertebrae,
so she can literally tie herself into a knot to bulge out
and pop the small mouths of fish that dare try to eat her.
Don’t you admire her clever slip and wriggle? Don’t
you think her nerves are left a little more electric
after she is caught? Sometimes if you put an ear
to the dark slash between my hip bones, you can hear
a soft hum. Pretend it’s a skit of bees in late spring.

In Oceanic, Aimee Nezhukumatathil expresses global concerns—representing forms of love as diverse and abundant as the ocean itself. Using inquisitive flair, the poet creates a thorough registry of the earth’s wonderful and terrible magic. • “This is the sensation I often had reading Aimee Nezhukumatathil’s wonderful new collection—that of being immersed in a limber intelligence... How wonderful to watch a writer who was already among the best young poets get even better!” — Terrance Hayes • “Nezhukumatathil’s poems contain elegant twists of a very sharp knife. She writes about the natural world and how we live in it, filling each poem, each page with a true sense of wonder.”
— Roxane Gay

$17 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-526-4 • 88 pages • 2018
Sherwin Bitsui

Dissolve

“A poem is sunlight one minute, a shadow on a wall the next.”

from DISSOLVE

There’s a way out—
walk the dirt road into cerulean dawn,
tap with clear fingerprints
the windows of cars and trucks
rattling down Highway 77,
and clasp the nine eyes of the desert
shut at the intersection of then and now.

Ask: will this whirlwind
connect to that one,
making them cousins to the knife?

Will lake mist etched
on flakes of flood-birthed moonlight
hang its beard on a tow truck
hoisting up a buck,
    butterflies leaking from its nostrils,
dark clouds draining off its cedar coat?

Sherwin Bitsui blurs urban and rural, past and present, in this new collection that draws upon Navajo history, traditions, and language to address the violence, urbanization, and environmental ruin of the Navajo reservation. Fusing asphalt and desert, water and uranium, memory and history, Dissolve is a treacherous passage through the American Southwest. • “Sherwin Bitsui draws from the Diné language and landscape to create a third sensibility when it melds with the English.” — ForeWord • “Bitsui’s poetry returns things to their basic elements and voice in a flowing language rife with illuminating images. A great reading experience for those who like serious and innovative poetry.”— Library Journal

$16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-545-5 • 80 pages • 2018

ALSO BY SHERWIN BITSUI:
Flood Song • $15 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-308-6
from CASTING DEEP SHADE

In Toronto, I met a physically vulnerable, emotionally spirited English poet with a rare, agonizing disease, developed from collodion ichthyosis. When drugs offered no relief or necessitated tapering off, NATURE, she vowed (in all caps), was the only healer. Afflicted since birth, she recalled suffering greatly one day as a child, going outside and lying down on her back in the grass. When she stood up she beheld a glimmer of blue silhouetting her body that quickly dematerialized. She ran inside to tell her parents, who were watching the telly, and they told her not to worry about it. The phenomenon never recurred, but lying down next to the earth continued to soothe her. It was not enough to sit in the shade on a bench. Total physical contact was essential to receive the succor offered.

I would lie in the duff of a fern leaf in Warren, RI, were distress, mental or physical, to guide me there.
Ocean Vuong
Night Sky with Exit Wounds

“I often find myself writing to the terrified versions of myself. And maybe all I really want to say—if anything at all—is that you (whoever you are) are not alone.”

from TO MY FATHER / TO MY FUTURE SON

Once, I fell in love
during a slow-motion car crash.

We looked so peaceful, the cigarette floating from his lips
as our heads whiplashed back
into the dream & all
was forgiven.

Because what you heard, or will hear, is true: I wrote
a better hour onto the page

& watched the fire take it back.

Something was always burning.

Honored as a Best Poetry Book of the Year by The New York Times, The New Yorker, The Boston Globe, The Miami Herald, Poets & Writers, The San Francisco Chronicle, Library Journal, and NPR, Ocean Vuong’s first full-length poetry collection navigates the spaces where historic and personal violence intersect. Vuong transports readers to postwar Vietnam, the assassination of JFK, reconciliation with an Odyssean father, and the rescue of the queer and endangered self. • “Over and over, Vuong takes aim at his tough yet tenuous ability to soldier on with all he carries.” — Kenyon Review • “The poetry is a conduit for a life in which violence and delicacy collide.” —The Guardian

$16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-495-3 • 104 pages • 2016
In her debut collection, Natalie Diaz draws upon reservation mythology and American pop culture to explore fractured gospels, wildlife in zoos, and her brother’s struggle with addiction. • “The fact that Diaz can bring fresh insight and meaning to something as grim as a brother’s methamphetamine addiction is a testament to her skill as a poet. That she can do so while also offering the possibility of a radical political critique, applying the structures of myth as an elegant overlay to the content of her poetic vision, should solidify Diaz’s place as one of the most exciting young poets to enter the American literary scene in recent years.” — Sink

$16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-383-3 • 120 pages • 2012

from HOW TO GO TO DINNER WITH A BROTHER ON DRUGS

If he’s wearing knives for eyes, if he’s dressed for a Day of the Dead parade—three-piece skeleton suit, cummerbund of ribs—his pelvic girdle will look like a Halloween mask.

The bones, he’ll complain, make him itch. Each ulna a tingle. His mandible might tickle. If he cannot stop scratching, suggest that he change, but not because he itches—do it for the scratching, do it for the bones.

Okay, okay, he’ll give in, I’ll change. He’ll go back upstairs, and as he climbs away, his back will be something else—one shoulder blade a failed wing, the other a silver shovel. He hasn’t eaten in years. He will never change.
Edited with an introduction by Michael Wiegers

“A reader cannot avoid feeling a sense of legacy in cracking the covers of The Essential W.S. Merwin: the title alone exposes what readers of Merwin’s work have known for decades, that this is important work, that Merwin’s words are the bearers of effect.” — New York Journal of Books • “The Essential W.S. Merwin beautifully demonstrates why Merwin has been one of America’s most decorated and important poets for more than sixty years.” — The Washington Post

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from THE UNWRITTEN

what script can it be
that they won’t unroll
in what language
would I recognize it
would I be able to follow it
to make out the real names
of everything

maybe there aren’t
many
it could be that there’s only one word
and it’s all we need
it’s here in this pencil

every pencil in the world
is like this
MOM RESPONDS TO HER SHAMING

Dad chased me out of the house again with his machete
¿what would you have done? You’re up north,

I waited twenty-three months to date ¿and you say
you won’t speak to me? You must know

I’m not allowed to see our son. That I sleep
in the street because “my boyfriends”

won’t open their doors. No one will open.
Hijueputa, I was seventeen, the valedictorian,

you wouldn’t use a condom. Give me back
the minutes you’d undress me under

the grapefruit tree. Your new girlfriend,
your sisters say she’s a faithful one. Hipócrita,

I’m the one that caught you with La Salivosa,
no one believes me. I wish you knew

what it’s like to hide from my dad
and wait for him to pass out so I can hold

my son’s cheeks as I try to explain—
I can’t stay here.

Javier Zamora’s debut assesses borderland politics, race, and immigration on a profoundly personal level, and simultaneously remembers and imagines a birth-country that’s been left behind. Through an unflinching gaze, plainspoken diction, and a combination of Spanish and English, Unaccompanied crosses El Salvador and Mexico as families are lost and reunited, coyotes lead migrants astray, and real life fuses with myth. • “Zamora’s resourcefulness is one of his most distinctive qualities as a poet. If something seems inaccessible to him, he simply finds a way to get at it.” —The New Yorker

$16 paperback • ISBN 978-1-55659-511-0 • 88 pages • 2017
Victoria Chang

*Barbie Chang*

“I think of poetry as my special thing that I get to do on my own.”

DEAR P.

I.

Five seconds to open a parachute one that smells like terror I am a river and you a body when your body fell into the river you informed it ignored it I handled you as a half masted plank or wooden vessel when I received you it was night the constellations broke their vertebrae arching to see you I stumbled over myself to key you into my folds river of error river of dirty whiteness now I know if I press hard enough on my eyeballs I see geometric shapes and stars my love for you is something like this it is there like the stars but nothing I can grab or free

---

In *Barbie Chang*, Victoria Chang explores racial prejudice, gendered privilege, and the disillusionments of love through a reimagining of Barbie—perfect in the cultural imagination yet repeatedly falling short as she pursues the American dream. *Barbie Chang* is an investigation of the female Asian American experience which somehow transfigures struggle without eliminating its factual difficulty. • “Many poets display a single strength. Some write beautiful nature poems, others write well about relationships, still others have a gift for addressing issues like politics or economics. Chang can do it all.” —*The Kansas City Star* • “This collection speaks for those who have struggled with not meeting expectations or standards and have felt on the outside looking in.” —*The Los Angeles Review of Books*

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Thank you!

With immense gratitude,

George Knotek, Co-Publisher

“It is my heartfelt hope that Here: Poems for the Planet will inspire readers who ask themselves ‘But what can I do?’ to see that there is a way forward.”

—His Holiness, The Dalai Lama
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