

To 2040

Jorie Graham

It is rare to find in one collection an entire skyline burning as well as the quiet to follow a single worm, to hear soil breathe—in Jorie Graham's fifteenth poetry collection, you do.

Jorie Graham's fifteenth poetry collection, *To 2040*, opens in question punctuated as fact: "Are we / extinct yet. Who owns / the map." In these visionary new poems, Graham is part historian, part cartographer as she plots an apocalyptic world where rain must be translated, silence sings louder than speech, and wired birds parrot recordings of their extinct ancestors. In one poem, the speaker is warned by a clairvoyant "the American experiment will end in 2030." Graham shows us our potentially inevitable future soundtracked by sirens among industrial ruins, contemplating the loss of those who inhabited and named them. In poems that look to 2040 as both future and event-horizon, we leave the collection warned, infinitely wiser, and yet more attentively on edge.

Copper Canyon Press

9781556596773 Hardcover
Apr. 18, 2023 80 Pages
\$25.00 9.25 in x 7.325 in

Contributor Bio

Jorie Graham is the author of a dozen collections of poetry. Her work has been widely translated and she is the recipient of multiple honors including a John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Fellowship, the International Nonino Prize, and most notably the 1996 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry for *The Dream of the Unified Field: Selected Poems*. Currently, Graham is the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard University.

From "Are We"

extinct yet. Who owns
the map. May I
look. Where is my
claim. Is my history

verifiable. Have I
included the memory
of the animals. The animals'
memories. Are they

still here. Are we

alone. Look
the filaments
appear. Of memories. Whose? What was
Land

like. Did it move
through us. Something says nonstop
are you here



West: A Translation **Paisley Rekdal**

Copper Canyon Press

9781556596568 Trade Paperback
May 02, 2023 176 Pages
\$22.00 9 in x 7 in

West: A Translation

Paisley Rekdal

Punctuated by historical images and told through multiple voices, West: A Translation explores what unites and divides America by drawing a powerful, necessary connection between the completion of the transcontinental railroad and the Chinese Exclusion Act (1882-1943).

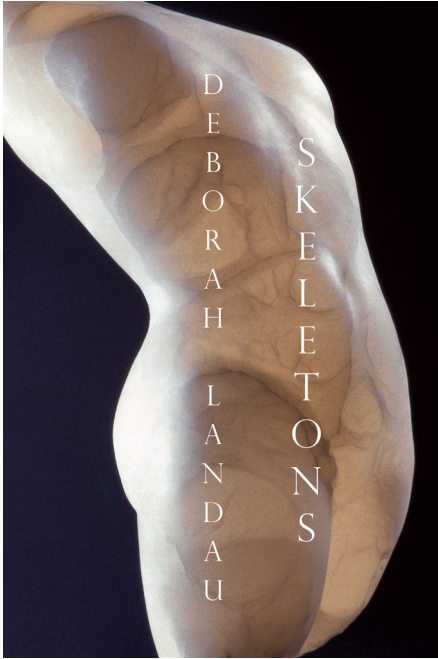
Carved into the walls of the Angel Island Immigration Station, where Chinese migrants to the United States were detained during the Chinese Exclusion Act, is a poem elegizing a detainee who committed suicide. As *West* translates this anonymous Chinese elegy character by character, what's left is a haunting narrative distilled through the history and lens of transcontinental railroad workers, and a sweeping exploration of the railroad's cultural impact on America. Punctuated by historical images and told through multiple voices, languages, literary forms, and documents, *West* explores how our ideas about American history creep forward, even as the nation itself constantly threatens to spiral back.

Contributor Bio

Paisley Rekdal is the author of four works of nonfiction, including *Appropriate: A Provocation*, and six collections of poetry, most recently *Nightingale*, which won the 2020 Washington State Book Award for Poetry. She is the recipient of fellowships, grants, and prizes from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Guggenheim Foundation, Pushcart Press, and the Academy of American Poets, among others, and is the former Utah State Poet Laureate. A Seattle area native, Rekdal received her MA in Medieval Studies from the University of Toronto, and an MFA from the University of Michigan.

From "Thousand"

A thousand spades to clear the cuts. A thousand ropes
to haul out redwoods. For the mountains, a thousand arms
to scale the rocks, a thousand hands to lose
in blasts. A thousand corpses frozen in the snow.
A thousand bags of opium, oolong, rice mats. A thousand
and a thousand and a thousand added to each payroll
but not a single name. A thousand shards of pottery
haloing the trestle. Someone's sketched a worker's face
along the flip side of a telegram. He's four dollars
a day, \$35 a month. His profile wreathes
like smoke between the numbers. How many cairns
did you say we passed outside Kelton?
Translate these absences to bodies.
Translate these bodies back to men.



Skeletons

Deborah Landau

Witty and glam, Skeletons is a prismatic collection that shrugs off even the most disillusioned nihilist with humor and intimacy.

Existentialism takes on a glamorous flair in Deborah Landau's dazzling new collection. Through a series of poems preoccupied with loneliness and mortality, *Skeletons* flashes across the persistent allure of the flesh. Initiated during Brooklyn's early lockdown, the book reflects the increasingly troubling simultaneity of Eros and Thanatos, and the discontents of our virtual lives amidst the threats of a pandemic and corrosive politics. Spring blooms relentlessly while the ambulances siren by. Against the mounting pressure that propels the acrostic "Skeletons," a series of interstitial companion poems titled "Flesh" negotiate intimacy and desire. With characteristic humor and pitch-perfect cadence, Landau finds levity in pyrotechnic lines, sonic play, and a wholly original language, asking: "Any way outta this bag of bones?"

Copper Canyon Press

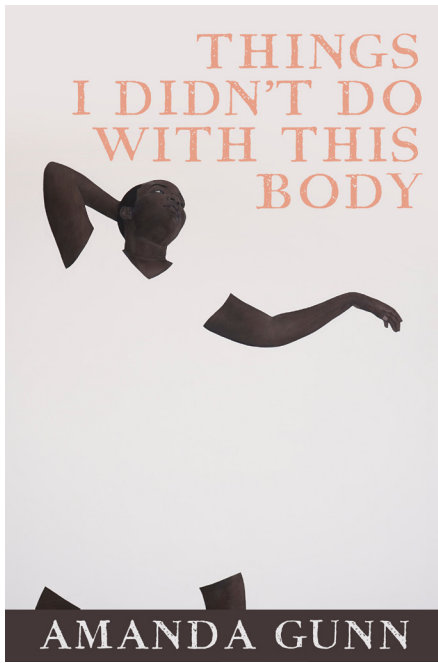
9781556596650 Trade Paperback
Apr. 04, 2023 80 Pages
\$18.00 9 in x 6 in

Contributor Bio

Deborah Landau is the author of four poetry collections: *Soft Targets*—winner of The Believer Book Award, *The Uses of the Body*, *The Last Usable Hour*, and *Orchidelirium*, selected by Naomi Shihab Nye for the Robert Dana Anhinga Prize for Poetry. In 2016, she was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship. *The Uses of the Body* was featured on NPR's All Things Considered, and a Spanish edition of the collection, *Los Usos Del Cuerpo*, was published by Valparaiso Ediciones in 2017. Landau's work appears in *The New Yorker*, *The Paris Review*, *Poetry*, *The New York Times*, and has been anthologized in *The Best American Poetry*. She is a professor at New York University, where she directs the Creative Writing

From "Flesh"

I thought a lot about your body, my body,
what it is to lie in bed together and sleep.
To the shores of silent-dark and back
we went each night, like that wasn't a mystery.
Our physicality grew more hulking as we aged.
More and more I had to squint at the mirror
to recognize my face, that cracked window.



Things I Didn't Do with This Body

Amanda Gunn

Things I Didn't Do with This Body sings in myriad voices and forms—ragged columns rich with syncopated internal rhyme, crisp formal sonnets, and the angular shapes of a stream-of-pill-induced-consciousness.

Bedecked in Fenty and Shalimar, Amanda Gunn's startling debut, *Things I Didn't Do with This Body*, invites you to read with all of your senses and gives fresh meaning to the phrase "a body of work." Both tender and emotionally raw, these poems interweave explorations of family and interrogations of history over six sections, and include an unforgettable sequence that meditates on the life of Harriet Tubman. With Tubman's portrait perched above her writing desk, Gunn pens poems that migrate from South to North, from elegy to prayer, from borrowed shame to self-acceptance.

Copper Canyon Press

9781556596582 Trade Paperback
May 23, 2023 80 Pages
\$18.00 9 in x 6 in

Contributor Bio

Amanda Gunn is a poet, teacher, and doctoral candidate in English at Harvard University where she studies Black poetics, ephemerality, and Black pleasure. With an MFA in poetry from the John Hopkins Writing Seminars, she is currently a Wallace Sterger Fellow in poetry at Stanford University, and designs and instructs the Reading + Writing Black Poetry course at the John Hopkins Center for Africana Studies. A contributing editor at the *Kenyon Review* and co-editor of poetry for the journal *Peripheries*, she has previously served as assistant editor for *The Hopkins Review*. In 2014, she won the inaugural Auburn Witness Poetry Prize Honoring Jake Adam York, and, in 2015, received the Benjamin T. Sankey Award for poetry.

From "Repair Work"

We came to have our favorites
among the staff, though it was slim
pickings, the way most of them looked
at us—like handlers at a zoo: occasionally
affectionate, always wary. Jim was mine.
He gave us two-cigarette breaks and
one-armed hugs, forbidden even when
we cried so hard our toes were clenched
and snot came pouring in rivers out of us.
We told him one night over the popsicles
he'd sneaked us that we liked him most.
He said, "It's nothing, you know. You're not
that much different than me," proving that
even to the best of them, we weren't
whole, we weren't quite human.



Overland

Natalie Eilbert

Part warning, part rumination, Natalie Eilbert's Overland is a powerful survey of the plight of both body and planet.

Natalie Eilbert's anticipated third collection, *Overland*, invokes elegy and psalm to speak to assault on the bodies of women and our planet. In a collection that is part warning, part rumination, Eilbert snapshots violence—the scorch marks on California lumber, the discarded tools used to arrest climate change activists, the crescent moons on skin photographed by a forensic nurse. A chronicling of the 1969 Santa Barbara oil spill and death cycles of the Great Barrier Reef, *Overland* maps an industry-scarred landscape that travels from coast to coast only to pause on the Congress floor where we are made to recognize: “Disappearance is active loss.”

Copper Canyon Press

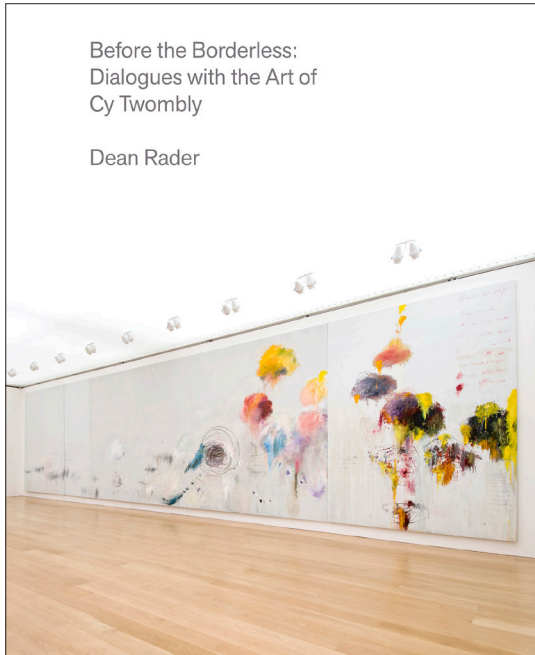
9781556596681 Trade Paperback
May 16, 2023 128 Pages
\$18.00 9 in x 6 in

Contributor Bio

Poet and journalist, **Natalie Eilbert** is the award-winning author of two poetry collections, *Swan Feast* (2015) and *Indictus* (2018), winner of the 2016 Noemi Press Prize. In addition to her prize-winning chapbooks, *And I Shall Again Be Virtuous* (2014) and *Conversations with the Stone Wife* (2014), her works can be found in *POETRY*, *Granta*, *The New Yorker*, and elsewhere. Her works engage with systemic power imbalances, social and environmental justice, and climate change, and were awarded the 2021 George Bogin Memorial Prize. Founding editor of *The Atlas Review*, she is the recipient of a 2021 Poetry Fellowship from the National Endowment of the Arts, and the 2016 Jay C. and Ruth Halls Poetry Fellowship from the University of Wisconsin–Madison.

From “Caliche”

I don't know how many ways a body can end.
Night is a steady calculus, volitional in its
Grief. What was resolved in all these books on
Poisoned water and child cancer yielded no
Causation. A girl dies from a knot behind her
Spine one after the other and this is confidence
Interval. Page after page, the fanning of money.
Inside a book, the decades-long action group
Ends contorted. I pull a 1968 *Life* magazine
From its sleeve and read the anger back into
Hippies. Only one agitator at the Dakota crowd
To greet Nixon, thrown from the rally in a
Familiar way. The Santa Barbara oil spill, the
Neglect at San Miguel, dead slick pups between
Rocks. Disappearance is active loss. We lose
The world with deliberate focus. Factory dyes
Bleed into spongy soil for two World Wars.
Neuroblastoma mutated already in utero, primed
For footnote. . .



Before the Borderless: Dialogues with the Art of Cy Twombly

Dean Rader

Winner of the T.S. Eliot Poetry Prize, Dean Rader reaches beyond artistic description to engage Twombly's work in conversation.

In 2018, just a few weeks after his father's death, Dean Rader made a pilgrimage to the Gagosian Gallery in New York to see a retrospective of Cy Twombly's work, *In Beauty It is Finished: Drawings 1951–2008*. The exhibit led to a poem that would become the genesis of this book—from loss and fear to regret and beauty, *Before the Borderless* reaches for the embodiment of emotion and the aesthetics of possibility.

Copper Canyon Press

9781556596759 Hardcover
Apr. 25, 2023 144 Pages
\$36.00 9 in x 11 in

Contributor Bio

Dean Rader's most recent book from Copper Canyon Press, *Self-Portrait as Wikipedia Entry* (2017), was a finalist for the Oklahoma Book Award and the Northern California Book Award. He is also the author of *Works & Days*, which won the 2010 T.S. Eliot Poetry Prize, was a finalist for the Bush Memorial Prize, and won the Texas Institute of Letters Poetry Prize. His 2014 collection *Landscape Portrait Figure Form* was named by The Barnes & Noble Review as a Best Poetry Book. Often engaging in collaborative projects, Rader is also the co-author of a book of collaborative sonnets with the poet Simone Muench, *Suture*, and he co-edited *Bullets into Bells: Poets and Citizens Respond to Gun Violence* with Brian Clements and Alexandra Teague.

From "Meditation on Instruction"

I.

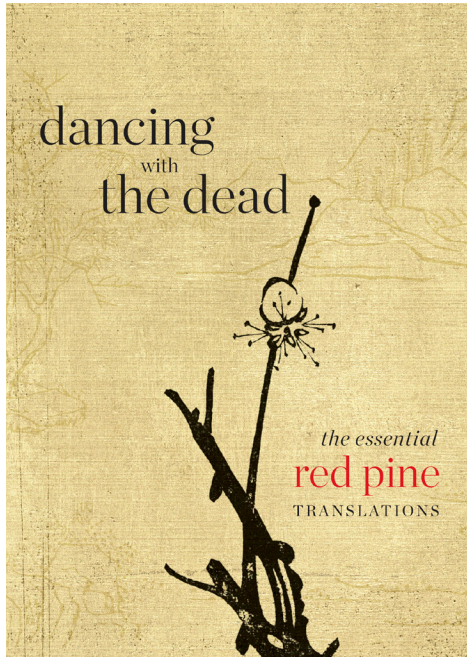
In Twombly's Untitled you don't know where to look because you can't figure out which way the surface is moving. At first you believe it begins at the top of the canvas, almost in mist, before spiraling down toward you. But then, you see the direction is upward, a landscape in reverse, scaling a shifting mountain of stones and debris, until it disappears into the clouds. Vast swirl of stasis and motion, umber erasure of the heavens.

III.

How many fields go fallow inside me? Do you recognize me, wind, blind in the emptiness made by your moving?

IV.

This is one of the few scribble paintings Twombly executed in earth tones. Color is its own language, its own metaphor. Imagine the same composition but in blue or green. Imagine this poem in stanzas. Imagine the dead deep below the surface of the field: the roots of the stalks stretching toward history as the little tips in the bright breeze make their own marks in infinite space.



Dancing With the Dead: *Essential Red Pine Translations* Red Pine

An essential collection from the leading figure of Chinese poetry translation, presenting work of insight, humor, and musicality that resonates across thousands of years.

Dancing with the Dead: The Essential Red Pine, gathers over thirty voices from the ancient Chinese past—including Buddhist poets Cold Mountain (Hanshan) and Stonehouse (Shiwu), as well as Tang-dynasty luminaries Wei Yingwu and Liu Zongyuan. Featuring selected translations of Chinese poetry ranging from Red Pine's earliest work (1983) to his forthcoming work on Tao Yuanming,

Copper Canyon Press

9781556596452 Trade Paperback

Apr. 11, 2023 344 Pages

\$22.00 5 in x 7 in

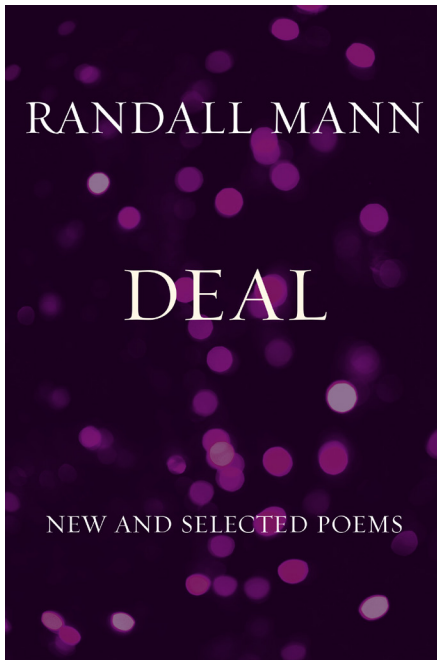
Contributor Bio

Bill Porter assumes the pen name **Red Pine** for his translation work. He was born in Los Angeles in 1943, grew up in the Idaho Panhandle, served a tour of duty in the US Army, graduated from the University of California with a degree in anthropology, and attended graduate school at Columbia University. Uninspired by the prospect of an academic career, he dropped out of Columbia and moved to a Buddhist monastery in Taiwan. After four years with the monks and nuns, he struck out on his own and eventually found work at English-language radio stations in Taiwan and Hong Kong, where he interviewed local dignitaries and produced more than a thousand programs about his travels in China. He lives in Port Townsend, Washington.

From In Such Hard Times —Wei Yingwu

149. While Observing Local Customs, I Visited My
Daoist Nephew Without Success and Wrote This on
His Wall

Last year's mountain stream is still flowing today
last year's apricot blossoms I picked again today
a hermit on the trail asked me who I am
I'm the same spring visitor as last year.



Deal: New and Selected Poems

Randall Mann

Political and sequined, Deal contains the most memorable of Mann's poems across his career and presents new pieces of disco, lament, and formal invention.

One of our leading American practitioners of poetic form and liberating constraint, Randall Mann has confronted what it means to identify as multiracial and queer in urban America for thirty years. *Deal: New and Selected Poems* harnesses five previous volumes and includes economical yet expansive new works rooted in an age of Wi-Fi, apps, and chat notifications. His newest poems, written in concise, contemporary lines, move us word by word, until we arrive at a stark reality.

Timestamped by surprise and exhaustion, and filled with the everyday indignities of being alive, *Deal: New and Selected Poems* affirms Randall Mann, in the words of Garth Greenwell, as “among our finest, most skillful poets of love and ruin.”

Copper Canyon Press

9781556596766 Trade Paperback
May 09, 2023 144 Pages
\$20.00 6 in x 9 in

Contributor Bio

Randall Mann is the author of five books of poetry including *Complaint of the Garden*, *Breakfast with Thom Gunn*, *Straight Razor*, *Proprietary*, and, most recently, *A Better Life*. Recipient of the Kenyon Review Prize in Poetry and the J. Howard and Barbara M.J. Wood Prize awarded by *POETRY* magazine, Mann is also author of *The Illusion of Intimacy: On Poetry*, a book of literary criticism. Mann's poetry has appeared in the *Adroit Journal*, *Asian American Literary Review*, *Kenyon Review*, *Lit Hub*, *Paris Review*, *Poem-A-Day*, *POETRY*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, and elsewhere. Three-time finalists for the Lambda Literary Award, Mann's poetry collections have been shortlisted for the California Book Award and Northern California Book Award, and long-listed for the Golden Poppy Awards' Martin Cruz Diversity and Inclusion Award. Mann lives in San Francisco.

From “Straight Razor”

He slid the stiff blade up to my ear:
Oh, fear,

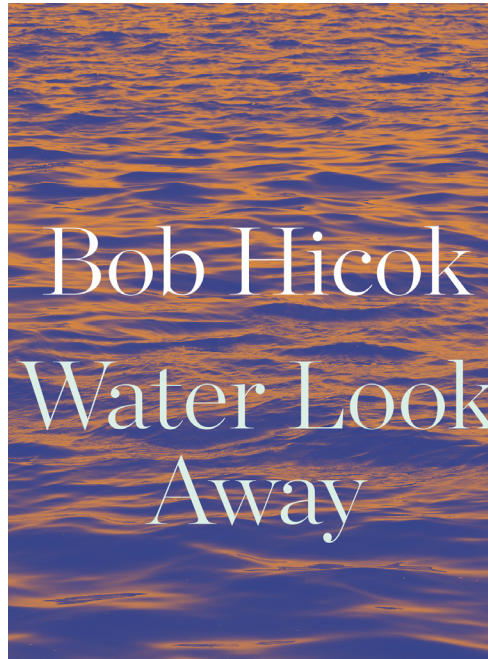
this should have been thirst, a cheapening act.
But I lacked,

as usual, the crucial disbelief. Sticky, cold,
a billfold

wet in my mouth, wrists bound by his belt,
I felt

like the boy in a briny night pool, he who found
the drowned

body, yet still somehow swam with an unknown joy.
That boy.



Copper Canyon Press

9781556596506 Trade Paperback
Aug. 01, 2023 112 Pages
\$18.00 6 in x 9 in

Water Look Away

Bob Hicok

Bob Hicok's Water Look Away is an experimental conversation that touches on the deepest grief between people.

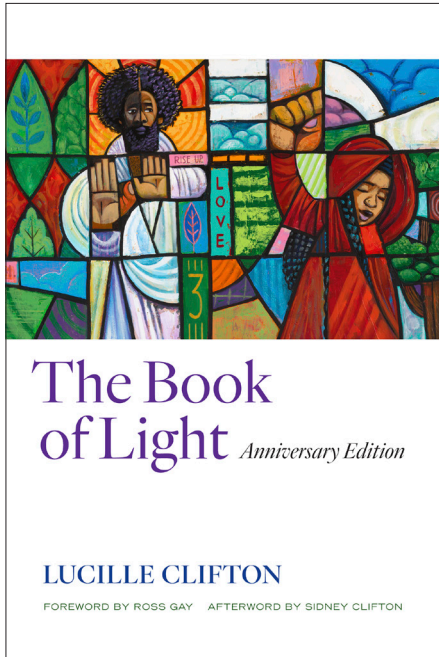
In Bob Hicok's *Water Look Away*, we witness a brilliant poet enter a dark space and attempt to write himself out again. Told from a range of perspectives—a wife who commits suicide, a husband left behind—this raw collection reads like a novella and wrestles with loss as it complicates the grief process. Working backwards from acceptance to explore depression and anger, heartbreak and remorse, often with great tenderness, *Water Look Away* offers pages of insight that will make you reach for a pen. Here, poetry embalms a marriage—an experimental affair, a series of miscarriages, a red bed painted on a wall. When the retelling of their first meeting morphs from “recounting” to “dreampage,” Hicok asks, how long can we trust memory when those we love are no longer there to remember with us?

Contributor Bio

Bob Hicok was born in 1960 in Grand Ledge, Michigan. His first book of poems, *The Legend of Light*, was published in 1995 by the University of Wisconsin Press, and he earned his master of fine arts degree from the Vermont College of Fine Arts in 2004. His work has earned him a number of accolades, including two NEA Fellowships, a Guggenheim Fellowship, eight Pushcart Prizes, and the Library of Congress Rebekah Johnson Bobbitt Prize. He has published eleven previous books of poetry, most recently *Elegy Owed*, *Sex & Love &*, *Hold*, and *Red Rover Red Rover*, all from Copper Canyon Press. His writing has appeared in journals and magazines such as *The New Yorker*, *Poetry Magazine*, and *The American Poetry Review*, and has been anthologized in nine volumes of *The Best American Poetry*. He is currently an English professor at Virginia Tech University.

From “Gone”

He passes steam
climbing the ladder of itself.
A metal man
on a metal horse
from a rusted war.
Manuscripts of windows.
If I do not turn around,
the horse is now riding the man.
Full moon, high tide.
The water of him sits
higher in his thoughts.
His thoughts sit higher
in his head. He is living
a few inches above himself.
An hour of walking, two.
A good flâneur is deadtired
by the time he walks up
behind himself, asks,
Have we met? No.
I have me confused
with someone else.



The Book of Light: Anniversary Edition

Lucille Clifton

Introduction by Ross Gay

Afterword by Sidney Clifton

With a powerful introduction by Ross Gay and a moving afterword by Sidney Clifton, this special anniversary edition of The Book of Light offers new insights on one of the most beloved voices of the 20th century.

A meeting place of myth and the Divine, *The Book of Light* exists “between starshine and clay” as Clifton’s personas allow us to bear the world’s weight with Atlas and witness conversations between Lucifer and God. While names and dates mark this text as a social commentary responding to her time, it is haunting how easily this collection serves as a political palimpsest of today. We leave these poems inspired—Clifton shows us Superman is not our hero. Our hero is the Black female narrator who decides to live. And what a life she creates! “Won’t you celebrate with me?”

Copper Canyon Press

9781556596780 Trade Paperback
Aug. 29, 2023 96 Pages
\$22.00 9 in x 6 in

Contributor Bios

Lucille Clifton was born in Depew, New York in 1936, and educated at Howard University and the State University of New York at Fredonia. She was awarded two fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and served as the Maryland Poet Laureate from 1974–1985.

Ross Gay is the author of four books of poetry: *Against Which*; *Bringing the Shovel Down*; *Be Holding*, winner of the PEN American Literary Jean Stein Award; and *Catalog of Unabashed Gratitude*, winner of the 2015 National Book Critics Circle Award and the 2016 Kingsley Tufts Poetry Award.

Sidney Clifton is an Emmy-nominated producer with over twenty years of experience as an executive producer and development executive of animated and live-action content across multiple platforms.

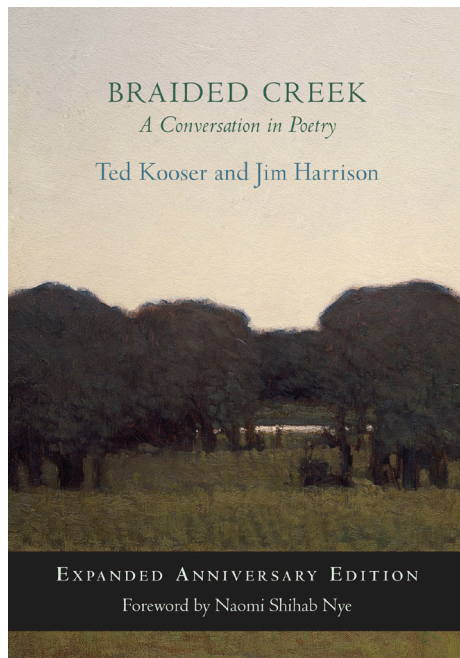
From “Far Memory”

trying to understand this life

who did i fail, who
did i cease to protect
that i should wake each morning
facing the cold north?

perhaps there is a cart
somewhere in history
of children crying "sister
save us" as she walks away.

the woman walks into my dreams
dragging her old habit.
i turn from her, shivering,
to begin another afternoon
of rescue, rescue.



Braided Creek: A Conversation In Poetry

Jim Harrison & Ted Kooser

Foreword by Naomi Shihab Nye

In her loving Foreword to this expanded anniversary edition, Naomi Shihab Nye writes “Braided Creek: A Conversation in Poetry is one of the dearest, most appealing books ever published.”

While Ted Kooser and Jim Harrison were an unlikely pair to become friends, they shared an intimate correspondence of handwritten letters that often included new poems. After Kooser was diagnosed with cancer, Harrison sensed his friend’s poetry becoming “overwhelmingly vivid,” and their friendship deepened through the exchange of brief poems that captured “the essence of what [they] wanted to say to each other.” After hundreds of poems were sent back and forth through the mail, they found this volume hidden within the stacks of envelopes and postcards.

Copper Canyon Press

9781556596797 Hardcover
Aug. 15, 2023 112 Pages
\$22.00 5.25 in x 7.5 in

Contributor Bios

Jim Harrison (1937–2016) was the author of over three dozen books, including *Legends of the Fall* and *Dalva*, and served as the food columnist for the magazines *Brick* and *Esquire*. He published fourteen volumes of poetry, the final being *Dead Man’s Float* (2016). He earned fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Guggenheim Foundation.

Thirteenth United States Poet Laureate (2004–2006) **Ted Kooser** is a visiting professor at the University of Nebraska, where he teaches poetry and nonfiction writing. His collection *Delights & Shadows* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in Poetry in 2005.

Naomi Shihab Nye is a poet, children’s book author, essayist, and translator. Nye received fellowships from the Lannan Foundation, Guggenheim Foundation, and Witter Bynner Foundation.

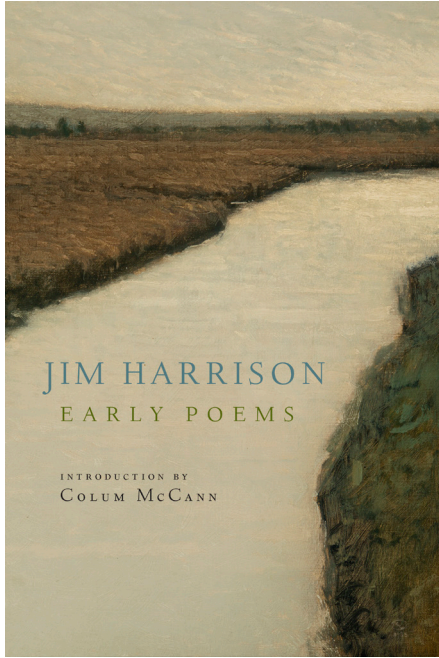
From *Braided Creek*

Rowing across the lake
all the dragonflies are screwing.
Stop it. It’s Sunday.

Throw out the anchor
unattached to a rope.
Heart lifts as it sinks.
Out of my mind at last.

On every topographic map,
the fingerprints of God.

When we were very poor one spring
I fished a snowy river and caught
a big trout. It changed our lives
that day: eating, drinking, singing, dancing.



Jim Harrison: Early Poems

Jim Harrison

Introduction by Colum McCann

Throughout the pages of these *Early Poems*, a young, ambitious poet engages with a wide range, sounding for voice and vision in lyrics, prose poems, long suites, and propulsive ghazals.

As Colum McCann writes in his generous introduction, “*Jim Harrison: Early Poems* showcases the poems of the early years. Harrison gets us—his readers—to have a hard look at ourselves primarily because he opens up his internal tuning fork to all sorts of sounds and ideas. There is enormous bravery here.” Regarding the poetry written during this period, *Publishers Weekly* called Harrison, “an untrammelled renegade genius . . . a poet talking to you instead of around himself, while doing absolutely brilliant and outrageous things with language.”

Copper Canyon Press

9781556596803 Paperback
Aug. 08, 2023 344 Pages
\$25.00 6 in x 9 in

Contributor Bios

Jim Harrison (1937–2016) was the author of over three dozen books, including *Legends of the Fall* and *Dalva*, and served as the food columnist for the magazines *Brick* and *Esquire*. He published fourteen volumes of poetry, the final being *Dead Man's Float* (2016). He earned fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Guggenheim Foundation.

Colum McCann is the author of seven novels and three collections of stories. Born and raised in Dublin, Ireland, he has been the recipient of many international honors, including the U.S. National Book Award, the International Dublin Literary Prize, a Chevalier des Arts et Lettres from the French government, election to the Irish arts academy, several European awards, the 2010 Best Foreign Novel Award in China, and an Oscar nomination.

From “Lost”

When hunting I became lost,
I walked for hours.
All the ridges looked the same—
the snow had a thick crust
but not enough to hold my weight.
I crossed my path twice.
It began to get dark, my sweat
turned cold, when between two huge
charred pine stumps I thought I saw
myself. I raised my rifle to shoot
this ghost but then my father spoke.