

Fine **Poetry**

from the

Cleveland State University
Poetry Center



1971 - 2000

THE CLEVELAND STATE UNIVERSITY POETRY CENTER

Founded in 1962 to offer encouragement to poets and writers and to further the public's knowledge of and appreciation for contemporary poetry, the center is co-directed by Ted Lardner and Ruth Schwartz. Poetry Center Coordinator is Rita Grabowski.

The Poetry Center has published over 120 nationally distributed titles since 1971. Its publications include the national "CSU Poetry Series," the "Cleveland Poets Series" for Ohio writers, as well as other titles of interest, including the **imagination** series. The current editorial board consists of David Evett, Bonnie Jacobson, Ted Lardner, Ruth Schwartz, and Leonard Trawick. The Cleveland State University Poetry Center Prize of \$1000.00 is awarded for the best book-length manuscript submitted annually from November through January. Please send a business-sized, self-addressed, stamped envelope for complete contest guidelines.



The Poetry Center sponsors The Common Hour Reading Series and other free public readings by local and nationally known writers; provides competitive scholarships for Cleveland State students; and has run its popular Poetry Forum, a monthly free public workshop, for over 30 years. The Poetry Center also oversees the Hazel Collister Hutchinson Contemporary Poetry Room (Cleveland State University Library Room 415), a major collection of contemporary poetry books and journals open to students, writers, and the community.

Each summer, with the Creative Writing Program, the Poetry Center co-hosts the Imagination Conference, an intensive, five-day program of lectures and workshops on creative writing by noted writers and editors. Educators, writers and students are encouraged to apply. For more information, call The Creative Writing Program at 216-687-4522.

The activities of the Poetry Center have been supported since 1975 by grants from the Ohio Arts Council. To find out more about our programs or to order books, call 216-687-3986 or call toll-free at 1-888-CSUNIPPEG (278-6473).

E-mail: poetrycenter@popmail.csuohio.edu
Website: <http://www.ims.csuohio.edu/poetry/poetrycenter.html>

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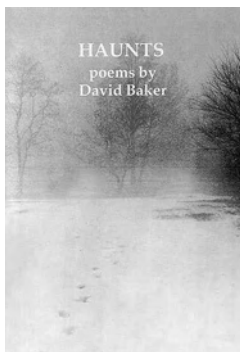
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David Baker

Cleveland Poets Series
No. 39.

ISBN 0-914946-53-6
(paper)
53 pp.
\$6.00.



Haunts

David Baker's second poetry collection, Haunts, achieves a remarkable originality of tone: a tenderness and low-keyed honesty on the surface masks, but beautifully enhances, the shattering psychic dramas that build slowly behind the plain story-line of Baker's narratives.

— Laurence Lieberman

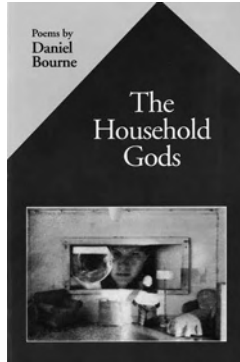
Dark Earth, 1963

We go down into that sour dark, the cellar.
I go down praying I'll come back,
too old to wait, too scared to look back.
She carries jars of fruit. I'm helping her
but don't like this part where
she pulls the light on. The racks
seem to jump and the bulb bobs in the black
air like a spider's egg. Everywhere
things move that I don't dare
touch. She lines the jars in rows
in the dust and laughs when I cough. Dave,
she laughs — but I'm already back up the stairs.
I slam the door down on everything below
like the lid of a jar, a grave.

Daniel Bourne

CSU Poetry Series XLV

ISBN 1-880834-13-8
(paper)
84 pp.
\$10.00.



The Household Gods

Dan Bourne's poems . . . pick up "the splinter of metaphor" with exactness. The "cost of the image" is sometimes high, but then so are the stakes. These are generous, unflinching poems.

— Roger Mitchell

Unburied Shoes

They look the same size. This left shoe
uncovered by my hoe

and my right shoe whose leather heel ripped
in the back spokes of a motorcycle

last Friday. The family story goes
that a boy with my name last century

died from a fever, hoeing in his sleep
the rows of sweet corn and butter beans, his toes

wiggling at the fierce smell of marigolds, the orange
bloom of typhoid in his veins. If only

he put the handle down he could have lived
long enough to marry, to create a boy

whose own boy would work the garden, too. Well I
haven't died yet, but I pause in the middle

of these three rows of okra, hold this rotting foot, and knock
the dirt from my own split shoe. Even though

he would be my great uncle, I think this boy
is my only child. Sixteen, I know I am pregnant,

a clump of dirt grows in my dark hidden shell.

David Breskin

CSU Poetry Series LIII

ISBN 1-880834-31-6

(paper)

-32-4

(cloth)

82 pp.

\$12.00/\$22.50.



Fresh Kills

David Breskin is a contemporary town crier, . . . an ironic prophet who goes for the jugular in these canny and acute renderings of our American moment, our postmodern world. He has given us a fresh sound — a new sounding — in American poetry.

— Edward Hirsch

A Divorce

Everything falls: Rome, leaves,
breasts, the apple, shadows across
the city of your good deeds.

The koala out of the tree,
grumpy drunk on eucalyptus,
is the dull ache of your teeth

after yesterday's drink, sleep
the only cure for life
and muscle-tearing dreams.

What is the name of the soft
knee she gave your groin? Who
owns your memory? Birds see seeds

from killing heights, free
fall with wings tucked then
trimmed, ready against need,

fall out of the sky without
caring, hatred, or kisses,
and land without looking back.

Ralph Burns

Winner, 1984
Great Lakes Colleges
Association New Writer
Award for best first book
of poetry.

CSU Poetry Series XII

ISBN 0-914946-38-2
(paper)
43 pp.
\$4.50.



Us

PRIZE WINNER

"We can believe awhile in words," one of these poems says. And the whole collection helps us bring our own experience along for special awareness. Pieces of human time are caught, highlighted, and saved for living and reliving. This book reminds us that we all "dream as far as we have to," and each poem merges into the reader's dream. We are reminded of the anguish and the powerful richness of being alive.

— William Stafford

Fishing in Winter

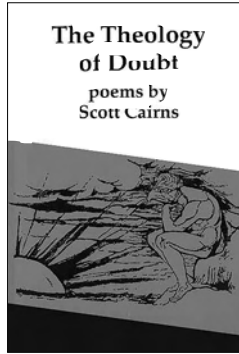
A man staring at a small lake sees
his father cast light line out over
the willows. He's forgotten his
father has been dead for two years
and the lake is where a blue fog
rolls, and the sky could be, if it
were black or blue or white,
the backdrop of all attention.

He wades out to join the father,
following where the good strikes
seem to lead. It's cold. The shape
breath takes on a cold day is like
anything else—a rise on a small lake,
the Oklahoma hills, blue scrub—
a shape already inside a shape,
two songs, two breaths on the water.

Scott Cairns

CSU Poetry Series
XVIII

ISBN 0-914946-52-8
(paper)
58 pp.
\$6.00.



The Theology of Doubt

Cairns' is a wit and humor that deepens into those true realizations which only the best poems offer — insights which are strange and sustaining and unerringly human.

— Larry Lewis

Selecting a Reader

— after Ted Kooser

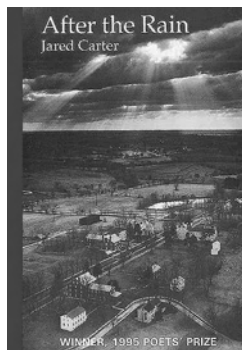
The one I want is the one
whose nape is a little damp
from perspiration, and who
would be beautiful if only
her nose were a little shorter, or
if her eyes didn't hint the way they do
of wanting to move closer together.
One of her front teeth will be
leaning just a little on the shoulder
of the other. She will have
come into the bookstore to fill
out a lunch break alone. I'd have her
lift this book not thinking much
about wanting it, but she'd read
this first poem and find herself
smiling, forgetting how her eyes
actually cross when she reads, letting
her lips part just enough for the light
to catch the edge of her tooth.

Jared Carter

CSU Poetry Series
XXXVII

Winner, 1995
Poets' Prize

ISBN 0-914946-97-8
(paper)
ISBN 1-880834-03-0
(cloth)
98 pp.
\$10.00/\$17.50.



After the Rain

PRIZE WINNER

A poet who knows exactly what he wants to say and how to say it . . . Behind the range of styles and approaches, one recognizes a single honest and contemporary voice.

— Dana Gioia

The Purpose of Poetry

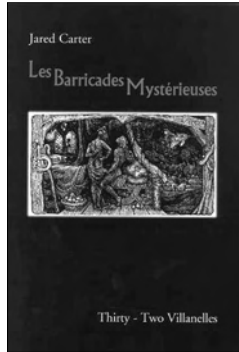
This old man grazed thirty head of cattle
in a valley just north of the covered bridge
on the Mississinewa, where the reservoir
stands today. Had a black border collie
and a half-breed sheep dog with one eye.
The dogs took the cows to pasture each morning
and brought them home again at night
and herded them into the barn. The old man
would slip a wooden bar across both doors.
One dog slept on the front porch, one on the back.

He was waiting there one evening
listening to the animals coming home
when a man from the courthouse stopped
to tell him how the new reservoir
was going to flood all his property.
They both knew he was too far up in years
to farm anywhere else. He had a daughter
who lived in Florida, in a trailer park.
He should sell now and go stay with her.
The man helped bar the doors before he left.

He had only known dirt under his fingernails
and trips to town on Saturday mornings
since he was a boy. Always he had been around
cattle, and trees, and land near the river.
Evenings by the barn he could hear the dogs
talking to each other as they brought in
the herd; and the cows answering them.
It was the clearest thing he knew. That night
he shot both dogs and then himself.
The purpose of poetry is to tell us about life.

Jared Carter

ISBN 1-880834-40-5
(paper)
48 pp.
\$10.00.



Les Barricades Mystérieuses (Thirty-Two Villanelles)

Drawn into the villanelle's world, reader and listener cease to remember that it is a formal poem; the rhymes and recurring lines may be likened to the corridors of a labyrinth or a road that beckons to the pilgrim. One gradually finds oneself caught up, engaged in a different kind of journey.

Improvisation

To improvise, first let your fingers stray
across the keys like travelers in snow:
each time you start, expect to lose your way.

You'll find no staff to lean on, none to play
among the drifts the wind has left in rows.
To improvise, first let your fingers stray

beyond the path. Give up the need to say
which way is right, or what the dark stones show;
each time you start, expect to lose your way.

And what the stillness keeps, do not betray;
the one who listens is the one who knows.
To improvise, first let your fingers stray;

out over emptiness is where things weigh
the least. Go there, believe a current flows
each time you start: expect to lose your way.

Risk is the pilgrimage that cannot stay;
the keys grow silent in their smooth repose.
To improvise, first let your fingers stray.
Each time you start, expect to lose your way.

Jared Carter

Winner, 1980
Walt Whitman Award

ISBN 1-880834-20-0
(paper)
48 pp.
\$8.00.



Work, for the Night Is Coming

PRIZE WINNER

One of the clearest and strongest first books to have appeared in recent decades . . . a beautiful, enriching book.

— Henry Taylor

Early Warning

When the weather turned
Crows settled about the house
Cawing daylong among the new leaves.
It would be a hard spring,
Folks said, the crows —
They know. There are folks
up near where I come from
In Mississinewa County
Who study such things.
Folks who believe tornadoes
Are alive; that polluted streams
Rise from their beds
Like lepers, following after
Some great churning, twisted cloud.
With their own eyes
They've seen a cyclone stop,
Lap up electricity
From a substation, then make
A right-angle turn
And peel the roof off some
Prefabricated egg factory.
Thousands of hens, who've never seen
The light of the sun, or
Touched the earth with their beaks,
Go up the funnel like souls to God.

Chrystos

Winner, 1994
Audre Lorde Poetry
Competition

Finalist, 1995
Paterson Prize

ISBN 1-880834-11-1
(paper)
70 pp.
\$10.00.



Fugitive Colors

PRIZE WINNER

These poems burn incandescently hot, in the flames of desire and anger. Read Fugitive Colors; the intense poet-voice of Chrystos will summon you to stand with her and know this place of fire.

— Minnie Bruce Pratt

The Real Indian Leans Against

the pink neon lit window full of plaster of paris
& resin Indians in beadwork for days with fur trim
turkey feathers dyed to look like eagles
abalone & bones
The fake Indians, if mechanically activated
would look better at the PowWow than the real one in plain jeans
For Sale For Sale
with no price tag
One holds a bunch of Cuban rolled cigars
one has a solid red bonnet & bulging eyes ready for war
Another has a headdress from hell
with painted feathers no bird on earth
would be caught dead in
All around them are plastic inflatable
hot pink palm trees grinning skulls
shepherd beer steins chuckling check books
black rhinestone cats
& a blonde blow up fuck me doll for horny men
who want a hole that will never talk back
There are certainly more fake Indians
than real ones but this is the u.s.a.
What else can you expect from the land of sell
your grandma sell our land sell your ass
You too could have a fake Indian in your parlor
who never talks back
Fly in the face of it
I want a plastic white man
I can blow up again & again
I want turkeys to keep their feathers
& the non-feathered variety to shut up
I want to bury these Indians dressed like cartoons
of our long dead
I want to live
somewhere
where nobody is sold

For Nancy Emery

Susan Firer

CSU Poetry Series XLI

CSU Poetry Center
Prize Winner, 1992

ISBN 1-880834-05-7
(paper)
-04-9
(cloth)
82 pp.
\$10.00/\$15.00.



The Lives of the Saints and Everything

PRIZE WINNER

In this latest collection, by turns reverent, sardonic, and hilarious, Susan Firer continues to experience and re-experience the rituals, feelings, and language of a Catholic childhood, probing the mysterious images of her own history and the curious lives of the saints.

God Sightings

Will you let me love everything?
What does your trampled body do
under your rough clothes
when violet Morrissey music plays?
Wearing my father's yard gloves,
I dance catalpa drunk in fluted
blossoms and red thrown
from heaven paisley mother kisses,
star eyeglasses, moon crutches, and
botanical playing cards. I'm a
walking genetic junk yard,
a tannery on a hot July
night: light, stink, and noise
from every yellow opened window.
I hate being crushed easily
as a concertina or a star gazing lily.
In this drunk gathering arsonist life,
what do you hide from the flames?
Why the always hurry to dismantle
every fragrant loud miracle?
A rabbit kickboxing a crow, a
tickertape rain clothespin holding
heaven to earth, reminding us of saints
and apples, and our puddle of earth
our jewel bones will rest in.
I have never seen all of God
only the red-glow tip of Her cigarette
on midnight porches and the raspberry
dipped birds, flying reminders like hula
hoops from Her sweet punctured body to mine.

Jan Freeman

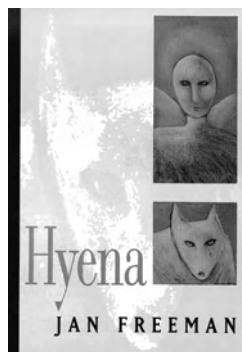
CSU Poetry Series XLII

ISBN 1-880834-06-5

(paper)

68 pp.

\$10.00.



Hyena

This book is a revolution. . . . These are poems of great tenderness, violence, and sensual beauty. They are lyrical, hypnotic. . . . You don't forget them. Hyena is ground-breaking work. This is poetry of genius.

— Ruth Stone

Hyena

The hyena has a happy heart:
hearts, hearts, many hearts.
The hyena has a happy heart.
At noon she seeks them,
at dusk she finds them,
at night she grabs them, bleeds them, eats them.
The hyena grins at the scent of a lame one,
one in mourning, one in pain, one barely breathing:
weak ones! weak ones!
Sometimes they fold themselves
into her jaws;
mama, they cry.
She swallows the flesh.
She loves the blood, the silky gestures and the scrub,
the matted hair, each forlorn whimper.
So what if the lions hate her.

Deborah Gilbert

Cleveland Poets Series
No. 48

ISBN 1-880834-27-8
(paper)
48 pp.
\$8.00.



You Find Yourself Believing in Things

Her wisdom, wit, humor, mystery, and agile techniques will instantly attract readers to Deborah Gilbert's poems. But what will intrigue them most is her intensity Readers will be jolted alive by such poems.

— Alberta Turner

Markings

A small cut below the knuckle of your thumb.
Can't miss it. How it breathes
like a private second mouth, hot
in its isolation. Think to kiss it,
want to watch the red line pull away,
seal off, grow whole. Want to. Won't.
Would rather make that red flesh stretch itself,
return the skin to sleek again,
youthen you back to your exits,
unmarked by fatal yellows.

All the gold sparks that never lit
your eyes, the soft puffs of your wounds,
the bruised stigmata of your blondness.
Can't. Might miss the target. Saw
those sacrificial strengths bend,
miss the target, once before.
Out there, where the spare bedroom
met with yard because we left that west wall off,
and all the trees have learned to dread me.
They cough up flags, allegiances.

Beckian Fritz Goldberg

CSU Poetry Series
XXXI

ISBN 0-914946-83-8
(paper)
-82-X
(cloth)
92 pp.
\$8.00/\$12.00.



Body Betrayer

These first poems . . . are inscriptions dark and planetary. The miracle is that we can live in them as easily as they live in us.

— Norman Dubie

Walking in the Solstice

Tonight no one makes love. Genie silhouettes of women float, their B-movie negligees skimming screens among the motels half-lit and wholly quiet. Suddenly I am the stranger following cigarettes down avenues in the innocence of suburbs, the cat who walks with the warp of evening mist through parking lots and elm frazzle to lie in the toy tropic of lawns.

I don't take anyone with me, not even to hear the radios throw whistles of Sinatra, Tormé. Nothing I'd do would make one bed groan under the moon-dumped roofs, or move the young men whose mouths lie tented under newspapers. Tonight they don't hear the junk rain of car keys, or gun for curves. There is time to learn by heart along the way the sudden graveyard of the drive-in, the lunar funk of a living room where a man sets his dinner tray before John Wayne. A girl in a second story undresses

to the eunuch in the mirror. No complaints. Just for tonight the need goes away. It is all in perspective: The housewife is dreaming of Aristotle, the salesman lying down with his shoes. And the sulfurous green-blue of the night horizon is crowded with blacknesses like boats.

Beckian Fritz Goldberg

CSU Poetry Series XL

Finalist, 1994
PEN Center USA West
Literary Awards

ISBN 1-880834-02-2
(paper)
-01-4
(cloth)
86 pp.
\$10.00/\$15.00.



In the Badlands of Desire

In the Badlands of Desire is full of intense, surprising, highly original turns of phrase, and these poems from Beckian Fritz Goldberg's private worlds fulfill the strong promises of her first book. Definitely a poet to watch and remember.

— David Wagoner

Red

The burden of all things is light.
As the stone bears its mist in the dream,
as the bay in the field its dust
of snow. The burden of the wheel

and the stake the same. And the moon's
grain-weight on the staggering night.
Below the Mill Street Bridge, air
runs the dry bed of the river, glass

spiking its plum auras. Here a woman
who broke her neck and lived began to see
colors emanating from the body,
copper of love, indigo

halos of lust. The yellow of a man
looking in a window. Tonight
you sleep — a terrible red
solitaire, carrying your red breath

like steps, like red steps . . .
and a gray apple falling
one clot of the starlight where still
our dead hold the earth

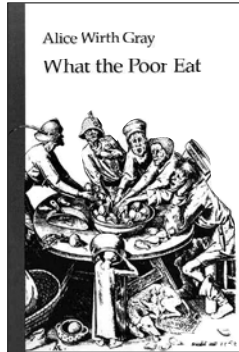
in white starched mouths.

Alice Wirth Gray

CSU Poetry Series
XXXIX

Finalist, 1994 PEN
Center USA West
Literary Awards

ISBN 0-914946-99-4
(paper)
102 pp.
\$8.00.



What the Poor Eat

Surprising, confident, dangerous, off-beat, askew, her poems, armed with whimsy and intelligence, pursue the surreal, the dreamlike, the mythic.

— Ron Wallace

What the Poor Eat

I read a recipe today by a man
who collects awful recipes
because it's funny that Velveeta's
in the gourmet section in Chico
and all that, and this recipe
was for boiling wieners in water
and drinking the water afterwards,
or chopping the wieners up
and serving them in liquid
as soup, and we're supposed to feel
pretty good we wouldn't do that,
we've climbed so far down
from the trees or up the ladder,
but I just felt incredibly sad.
What the poor eat can make you cry.
You don't want to think about things
like the biggest treat being a Hershey bar
on rye bread, which isn't really so bad
if you think about it. An old woman
picks up a box of raspberries,
counts the change in her hand over
and over and puts the box down.
A French noble, when they remembered
to remove him from the oubliette
was found to have eaten his fingers.

Susan Grimm

Cleveland Poets Series
No. 51

ISBN 1-880834-35-9
(paper)
40 pp.
\$6.00.



Almost Home

Susan Grimm's Almost Home is a tightly weaved collection in celebration of the doggedness of life. . . . With unabashed intimacy, her stunningly lyrical voice directs us away from the darkness, home.

— Claudia Rankine

Blue Lips, Yellow Hair

At nine she has not yet entered the sturdy house of double numbers: her head swelled with knowing, she stands on one leg. She is like the Pharaoh's dream cattle from the seven lean years; blue lips, raisin fingers and wrinkled plum toes. Oh indignity of the beach that she is so thin and fair, her body an imperfect engine that neither warms nor browns. Mother,

with her freckling skin, beckons from the shore. Yellow hair, yellow suit, she is sun to the home planet. It's for your own good, she might say, tugging the blue, cap-sleeved T-shirt over her child's salmon-colored suit. Later, the mother,

intent on gathering children, sings across the distance. The girl tries to look smaller, further away. She wills the wind to blow against her mother's mouth, to raise a blue mountain between them. Shivering, stippled with lavender stars, she floats on the waves, her body touched everywhere by the dark water.

Jeff Gundy

CSU Poetry Series
XLVI

ISBN 1-880834-14-6
(paper)
77 pp.
\$10.00.



Flatlands

Reading Flatlands, you feel the author's honesty palpably, his lack of side; these are genuine, searching poems, with no airs about them, full of wry wonder and warmth.

— Jean Valentine

from *Three for April*

The science of clouds is postgraduate but open
admission, and so I have tested the wind,
consulted the thermometer, pondered and come out
without a sweatshirt to sit bemused by the ease

of small things lying in the world, the charity
they offer, and so I am grateful for relations
sparse enough to be elegant, this creek
and scrubby wood and soggy bank

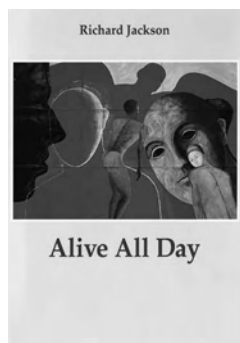
soaking through my sweatpants, none
too beautiful or useful or worth too much money,
so that I can sit and hint about them, sink slowly
toward the body that dreams itself alive.

Richard Jackson

CSU Poetry Series
XXXVI

CSU Poetry Center
Prize Winner, 1991

ISBN 0-914946-96-X
(paper)
-95-1
(cloth)
91 pp.
\$10.00/\$15.00.



Alive All Day

PRIZE WINNER

The poems in Alive All Day take on a nearly impossible job: to consider what it means to belong to modern history and not to put down that dismal, monolithic weight. The wonderful amplitude of the poems, their teeming grace, testifies that we can live with such chaos and not lie about it or ignore it; indeed the poems are demonstration of how we might do such a thing. This is a heartening and full-hearted book.

— William Matthews

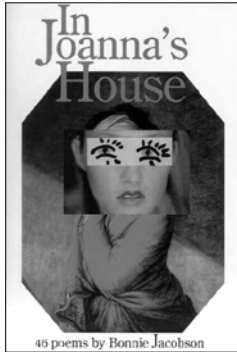
from *True or False*

In 1955 the nuns marched us across the street from St. Patrick's school to attend the wake of a classmate. I had not yet abandoned my love for Maureen Brennan. I bought my first telescope and saw my first binary star. I leaned over, as I was told, to kiss the side of his face not covered by bandages to hide the cancer. On Mount St. Helens, patches of flowers are growing out of ash in the shape of decayed animals that died there. If we ever wrecked this tin car we'd be dead. For thirty years I couldn't attend another funeral. On Sept. 6, 1991 in Croatia seven men are laid out by the side of the road like burnt wicks, throats cut, testicles jammed into their mouths. For 30 years I believed my friend, Bernie Doyle, had moved away, but it was him, wasn't it, in that casket in 1955. Everyday, it seems, another dream is chained to the cell wall. Even the flowers have put on their gray trenchcoats. 12 billion light years from here a gas cloud 100 times the size of the Milky Way is getting ready to form a second generation of stars from the elements of millions of supernovas, which means that all life begins in a kind of fog and no matter how many times we start over we will never see clearly enough. Therefore, I am abandoning my life as a fish, my reptilian brain, even my allegiance to lower animals. What we are is 62,000 miles of capillaries if we care to line them up. It seems like every galaxy is tumbling through space as if it, too, had missed in its grab for the bar.

Bonnie Jacobson

CSU Poetry Series LVI

ISBN 1-880834-42-1
(paper)
54 pp.
\$12.00.



In Joanna's House

Joanna spends a lot of time agonizing about death, her dining room chairs, the nature of reality, and being nice. In this brilliant sequence of forty-six 26-line poems, Bonnie Jacobson has created a memorable character, whom we laugh at, but can't help loving.

Picnic at the Shore

Then pleasure said, Let us speak candidly.
Let us speak lyrically of in-the-fist-money.
Of money in its cool and figgy beauty.
Oil of money, Joanna, drizzled onto
your shoulder, spread along your thigh.
And guilt said, Oh quiet, Money's naughty.
Not a fit topic for Presbyterians
or lovers of poetry, guilt said.
You can't take it with you, charity said.
And pleasure said, What *will* you take away?
Will you unscrew the sun, fold up the sea?
Will you be traveling at all, by the way?
Faith does not know, nor hope, obviously.
They do not know the whereabouts of their
own grandmothers, that's their specialty.
Try the new paté, pleasure said.
And modesty said, But money's greedy.
The Delaware Indians lost Manhattan
because they wore more beads than necessary.
Money should be tasteful, modesty said
plucking a grape. And then money spoke up.
Money said gosh it was only money.
Live by the sea with your love, money said.
And the sea said it was only the sea, live with love.
And love said it was only love, live.
And life said it was only life.

Mark Jarman

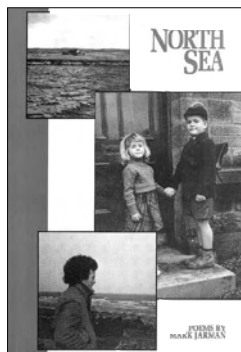
CSU Poetry Series VI

ISBN 0-914946-77-3

(paper)

69 pp.

\$6.00.



North Sea

North Sea demands to be read again and again. . . . The book consists of poems that are, for the most part, utterly unlike those normally found in contemporary books and magazines. Their intelligence is unusually demanding and acute, their perceptions uncompromising. . . . Jarman is never gratuitous or facile. He looks around him with Yeats' cold eye. There are no pulled punches, no slips or cover-ups. There is only the truth—chilling, beautiful, real. . . . This is the one first book for which I am grateful. It makes me feel good about American poetry.

— Robert McDowell

Premonition

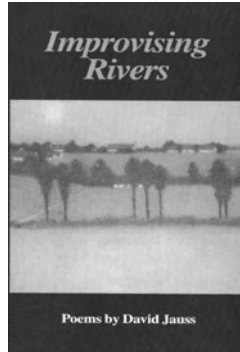
Mother, I see you blocking the door,
your skin is a mesh of light.
letting the night through,
your breasts are no longer toylike
as in the bath, they are cones
of moonlight tipped with darkness,
and between your thighs
that reddish wedge of hair
that hovered near my palm-sized face
is white with a black crease.

When you turn completely to memory
that is the shape you'll take,
reminding me each time I pass
through you into another room
that death is a short trip;
your heart stops and you're there.

David Jauss

CSU Poetry Series
XLVII

ISBN 1-880834-15-4
(paper)
-16-2
(cloth)
83 pp.
\$10.00/\$15.00.



Improvising Rivers

David Jauss sees the exercise of style as a form of pilgrimage to the human heart. And he knows the heart in all of its intricacies, misery, and splendor. It is hardly the fashion anymore to label a book as noble — but no other word will suffice.

— David Wojahn

The Proposition of Any River

i.

The proposition of any river
is *surrender*. The tug of current

at the will, the lure
of oblivion, so tempting

when each stroke of the paddle
burns in our shoulders

and August heat laps at us,
dissolving the day

into perpetual noon. It's impossible
to paddle further: we belong

to the river now, flotsam
on the surface of its dream . . .

ii.

Later, we lie in the shade of poplars,
too tired to talk. Bees hum around us

a language water could understand,
and leaves flicker in the sun

like rocks under quick current.
I close my eyes and the light

is still there, licking at my eyelids,
and the earth beneath me

drifts and eddies like a river.
I'm almost asleep. Then you turn

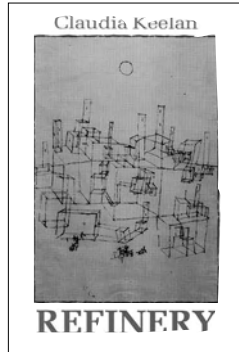
and kiss me, the smell of your hair
an undertow that pulls me

all the way down.

Claudia Keelan

CSU Poetry Series
XLIII

ISBN 1-880834-08-1
(paper)
59 pp.
\$10.00.



Refinery

Keelan is always "cursing and praising . . . in the same breath." Hers is a harsh, demanding music. I recommend these poems for their (to quote Mallarmé re Baudelaire) "Tutelary poison, always to be breathed even if we die from it."

— Bill Knott

Refinery

Let the words fall, please just let them.
With all we've abandoned by now
chances are we could piece the fallen
city together by recall, assemble

the family members for a new portrait.
We could put the terror in reverse: how
the black chalk erases off the faces and the blood
returns from the salt water, filling

the scattered limbs that are assembling now,
back onto the bodies. How the boys, enamored,
amnesiac, stare down at their boots until

they board the ships and sail back the way
they came from, the sands left unstained,
apologies forgotten in their throats.

Robert Kendall

CSU Poetry Series
XXXIII

CSU Poetry Center
Prize Winner, 1990

ISBN 0-914946-87-0
(paper)
-86-2
(cloth)
74 pp.
\$8.00/\$12.00.



A Wandering City

PRIZE WINNER

In Robert Kendall's lovingly alarming poems, the world we try to rationalize and control insists on not being bent to our purposes. It is what is. To that central, tautological possibility Kendall's poems are constantly alert, as they record with equal fidelity the bumbles we lead, instead of lives, when we act out our longing that the world be not itself but what we want it to be.

— William Matthews

The Moral History of an Image

An expensive china question balanced
on the counter's edge and the cat walked toward it.
We should have known better than to ask.

Everywhere else the world was
brightly colored balloons in the wind.
All that yellow guilt among the good blue deeds.

The question thought of itself as this:
When the air goes out of the world,
what will hold the heavens up?

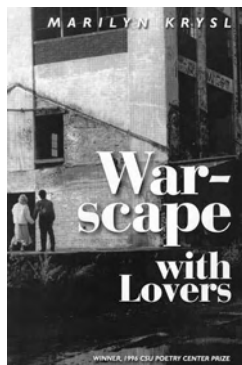
But it was really just a setting missing
from the table where the facts would sit
down in black and white for a last sensible meal.

Marilyn Krysl

CSU Poetry Series LII

CSU Poetry Center
Prize Winner, 1996

ISBN 1-880834-28-6
(paper)
-29-4
(cloth)
72 pp.
\$12.00/\$22.50.



Warscape with Lovers

PRIZE WINNER

Marilyn Krysl has found balance in places shaken by deprivation and injury. This is a beautiful book of poetry, not because it is lyrical (though it is), but because it treats suffering with love. It embraces what devours us.

— Marvin Bell

Blazon

How say you're sexy oh my centerfold!
The coral is boiling, and the carcasses of flamingos

How say *the pillars of your thighs*
The hummingbird is on its last legs

How say the *mighty shield of your torso*
Ivory of elephants, tusks stacked in piles

And how shall I describe your eyes, my beloved
Eyes that cast the glittering net of heat over my body

If I look in your eyes I will see myself there
and behind me

the shipments of dolphin calls
the shipments of eagle wings
the shipments of hills, lakes, clouds

Robert Hill Long

CSU Poetry Series L

CSU Poetry Center
Prize Winner, 1995

ISBN 1-880834-22-7
(paper),
-23-5
(cloth)
90 pp.
\$10.00/\$17.50.



The Work of the Bow

PRIZE WINNER

The Work of the Bow is intense, edgy but at the same time serene; it builds and moves like a river. There are poems here that are so human and alive they will break your heart and end up leaving it better. This is a beautiful book.

— Thomas Lux

from *Sara, 4:30 a.m.*

Robin-song loud at the bedroom window,
a three-note descant

over the weak groundnote of my newborn
daughter's milk-cry. . . .

Grief, I think, has the voice of a robin
but its hands are human:

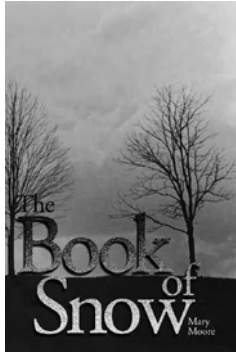
each touch of my daughter already part
of an ongoing goodbye

for the way she'll quicken through dependence
into a country

I won't be living in.

Mary Moore

ISBN 1-880834-36-7
(paper)
64 pp.
\$8.00.



The Book of Snow

The Book of Snow *introduces us to a poet who peers uncannily through the crust of things to “the under-mother, matter’s / plum-red magma, / enigma’s / very oven” even while, with elegance and eloquence, she celebrates the riches of a surface world*

— Sandra M. Gilbert

from *The Book of Snow*

1

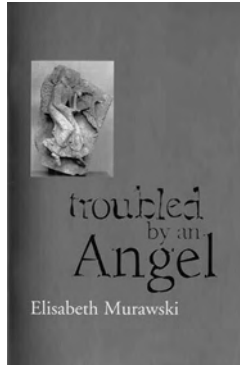
The opened clocks of the night have offered
Katharine promises. They tick in her hand
like the wings of beetles, open, shut, open
shut. If she mouths the rain, she’ll
swallow the syllables for grief, but it’s too cold
to go outside or drink the air. Katharine is
silent in the dark room with apricot
painted walls. The drapes are drawn like the world,
all shut down, all artifice. The jocular
flash-bulbs at Christmas have left dark
rings in her sight. The stars wore holes
in the darkened branchwater cutting the snow
in Connecticut. Truth was stark and white in Ohio.
That’s why Katharine knows what she knows.

2

Katharine says her fingerprints were heliotrope roses
in the book of snow you wrote. But you gave her a carbon
heart, which is black and bold. That’s why you
added to her circumspection, helping her
to learn limits. The limits of not eating
the room, the table, the oak chair with its pressed
cornucopia on the back; of not swallowing the
cosmographies under the floral
“Cs” of encyclopedias. Eat a few moons
you told her, some stars, say grace, sleep and dream.
You can dream entire lives of the missing,
you said. This will fill the gaps left by train
wrecks and cave-ins. Still, she knew she was only imagined.

Elisabeth Murawski

ISBN 1-880834-37-5
(paper)
32 pp.
\$6.00.



Troubled by an Angel

Elisabeth Murawski's work probes the wounds at the interstices of knowledge and experience. From the sadness of domestic love and tragedy, to the exaltations of consciously being in history, to the most subdued cry of disappointment towards a God, there's a rigor and a spirit in her poems. . . .

— C.K. Williams

from *The Moon Academy*

You fly into the sky
wary as a rose
that's never bloomed this high.
The moon comes up
rich and full. . . .

The sky darkens.
The moon disappears.
You come back to earth
but when you walk
it's with the heavy feet
of movie monsters.
The cradle scene of straw
continues to burn.

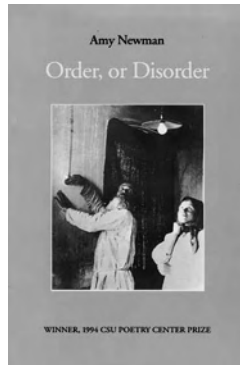
To hold your own
you must open the moon's changes.
You must push off again
like a sea from the shore
leaving a trail of shells behind
for light to follow.

Amy Newman

CSU Poetry Series
XLVIII

CSU Poetry Center
Prize Winner, 1994

ISBN 1-880834-17-0
(paper)
-18-9
(cloth)
66 pp.
\$10.00/\$15.00.



Order, or Disorder

PRIZE WINNER

This is poetry of the first order, the work of an original, resourceful writer. . . . Her language caresses and celebrates the contours and textures of the world as body, even as it reveals an unshakeable longing for something beyond it.

— Wayne Dodd

Bones in the Hand

Here the world opens out:
the room upstairs, the familiar

light and sense, only
more so now, the hand

I touch, the smooth and
sentimental quality of skin, the slope

of bones in series, below, and smaller, that give,
the measure of them poured, and unaneled. Your skeleton

that cantilevers flesh
like an overcoat, its lure

towards the horizontal, a ridiculous
bittersweet mix

of lean and climb, a palm tree,
a still and holy pond, vast

and still, steadfast, and vanishing.

Frankie Paino



CSU Poetry Series LIV

ISBN 1-880834-33-2

(paper)

90 pp.

\$12.00.

Out of Eden

Frankie Paino possesses a riveting narrative gift and a hell-bent, unprecedented, Gatling-gun ear: Out of Eden is elegiac, erotic, and brilliantly imagined. No matter what corner of human history she illuminates, she transforms it into an almost unbearable beauty.

— Roger Weingarten

Ophelia

No one else had ever told her that.

Only the shining wasp with a voice clean
as a spinning needle —
how water would hold her closer
than any body. Never betray her.
It would polish her bones like fever.

This is why she pushed her way through
cattails which sprang
like a crown of thorns along the riverbed,
her red slippers going burgundy
in the bloodwarm, tidal mud.

The water's green meniscus wavered
in the swell of her advance. Abandoned,
her bouquet spread across the surface
like frail arms opening toward the perfect
cerulean sky. Her pale braids unspooled

like screams of light. The spoiled lace
of her gown, yellowed with pollen
and sun, tangled in a willow branch torn
free in the past night's storm, and
for a single breathless moment held

her in the shadow of that ancient tree
while, just above her watery eyes,
the black wasp hung, unfurling paper
from its mouth like a delicate scroll
upon which nothing was written.

Or else it was something unbearable as grief.

Frankie Paino

Cleveland Poets Series
No. 47

ISBN 0-914946-91-9
(paper)
61 pp.
\$8.00.



The Rapture of Matter

*Lavish, passionate, heretical, the poems
in Frankie Paino's debut collection . . .
read like illuminated leaves in a postmodern
book of hours.*

— Lynda Hull

St. Teresa's Ecstasy

At last we know Bernini deceived us
when he chiseled his name on this stone.
Seven years his calloused hands dreamed
against the burnished limbs, grew pliant
as beeswax in sun, the artist unable
to confess the miracle he'd seen—
cool marble melting over the shoulders
of a seraph who, granted the gift
of incarnation, emerged from his airy cloak
like flame, wavered before the kneeling saint
and smiled, the feel of his lips a brief
distraction until he lifted her scapular, opened
the coarse wool of her dress to expose
a breast not unused to discipline,
nights she'd tear at her inconstant, flickering
heart which he pierced with his burning dart
to make concrete the abstraction of love,
the distance between earth and heaven
diminished with each descending arc,
her head thrown back as he shrugged off
his immortal form, feathers settling
like ash at her feet earth and heaven
when flesh was seared into stone
by a god who merely lifted his hand,
that gesture which left Lot's wife white
and framed against burning sky. How else
can we explain such perfect forms,
saint and angel enthroned on a cloud
in the act of rising toward the chapel dome,
when flesh and spirit faltered, entwined
in the rapture of matter which refused
their swift ascent, which whispered,
touch me here and here.

Sarah Provost

CSU Poetry Series XXX

CSU Poetry Center
Prize Winner, 1989

ISBN 0-914946-81-1
(paper)
-80-3
(cloth)
70 pp.
\$8.00/\$12.00.



Inland, Thinking of Waves

PRIZE WINNER

*An almost flawless ear for language, a
knack for making metaphors that dazzle
and reverberate in the memory. . . .*

— Colette Inez

Dark Silk

No one understands the mystery,
how it sneaks past the guards in our sleep
and clambers up the delicate pipes of our bodies.
We store what love we can while the night,

too, sneaks past the guards in our sleep
and leaves no footprint in the dust.
We store what love we can while the night
stalks, dressed like a king in dark silks

and leaves no footprints in the dust
where we traced our names.
Dressed like a king in dark silks
and dim moon, the shadow of a tree

where we traced our names
fell across the faces of our children,
dim moons in the shadow of a tree.
The night was long and cold, it

fell across the faces of our children,
and the dying moon barely touched the water.
“The night was long and cold,”
you told me over and over. It was a dream

and the dying moon barely touched the water.
Though you have touched my waking body
you told me over and over it was a dream.
The motion of waves carries you away.

Though you have touched my waking body
no one understands. The mystery,
the motion of waves carries you away
and clambers up the delicate pipes of our bodies.

Martha Ramsey

CSU Poetry Series XLIX

ISBN 1-880834-19-7

(paper)

75 pp.

\$10.00.



Blood Stories

There is a consoling wisdom at the heart of these poems, and a stunning technical tension that derives from an understated voice speaking with great openness.

Martha Ramsey's Blood Stories has an accumulative and original power.

— John Skoyles

Now

Now that the leaves are down
from the maple tree, I can see how
it is trying to rejoice. It keeps its arms
up in a posture of dancing.
It does not know how to move very well
but it tries,
it manages a stiff sort of crawly whirl
while streams of satisfaction run down its sides
and slide all the way down its trunk
along its feet and into the earth
where it stays, secure, year after year.

Now that my father is old, I can see
how he has tried not to be happy.
His wife is fallen to earth,
finished, his children
drifted off. He reaches sideways after them
needing to feel the weight he used to bear,
heaving it up, throwing it down.

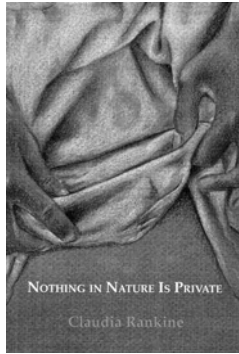
Now odd movements enter his limbs,
casting a sort of smile over his body.
A child in a game of tag stumbles, and laughs,
fear and laughter make her legs drag,
she knows in the next second she will be caught.

Claudia Rankine

CSU Poetry Series
XLIV

CSU Poetry Center
Prize Winner, 1993

ISBN 1-880834-09-X
(paper)
-10-3
(cloth)
76 pp.
\$10.00/\$15.00.



Nothing in Nature is Private

PRIZE WINNER

I am excited by Claudia Rankine's poems, their emotional force, their scrupulous imitation of multiple identities. Representing the vision of a Jamaican, middle-class, intellectual, black woman, they address the widest constituency of readers.

— Mervyn Morris

How It Is

Walking the dirt road an entire hour early
to journey back to the mainland,

when the boy, generous with his concern,
wearing worry all over his face,
pointing to the sea, shouts, *Lady*.

Lady. Ship gone. Ship gone.

She stares at him
unbelieving, as if, suddenly,
the ship,
out there, far from shore in full sail,
is a phantom ship,

below an intense sun trying hard to focus.

Red Hawk

CSU Poetry Series
XXXV

ISBN 0-914946-90-0
(paper)
60 pp.
\$10.00.



The Sioux Dog Dance: shunk ah weh

Red Hawk is like Whitman because he can contain multitudes and yet he is always so authentically himself. . . . Haunting and stark, ironic and spare. . . . Red Hawk speaks of the wise silence and the raw courage and the animal honesty and the elemental pride we will all be needing if we are to survive in this godforsaken planet as free men and women.

— William Packard

Madness

The first to go was 2-Crows by drink.
Afraid and angry, when drunk
he pees all over himself
and rides his shaky bicycle everywhere,
constantly falling over and picking
himself back up again.

Jaynor, also afraid, went quietly.
He comes over and talks, then
just sits there, waits to be fed,
waits desperately for love to happen.
He wants to be a stand-up comic.
Once I saw him booed and heckled viciously
off the stage after 2 minutes of material
so awful it had me screaming with laughter.

Then there's me.
I teach in a hell-hole to an audience
angrier than the comic's worst nightmare.
I hold my temper, pay attention to my
madness and when I get afraid I
meditate and eat lots of sweets,
try not to hurt anyone else.

When it gets too bad I remember Jaynor
standing there on the stage doing his material,
holding on for two minutes in hell;
I remember 2-Crows
riding a crooked block,
falling over, getting back
on, riding, falling,
getting back
on, riding, falling,
getting back
on again.

Steven Reese

Cleveland Poets Series
No. 50

ISBN 1-880834-34-0
(paper)
45 pp.
\$8.00.



Enough Light to Steer By

Steven Reese explores a wide range of quotidian mysteries in language that puts on such a performance — vigorous and surprising, punctuated by leaps like a dancer's — the poems never settle down or settle for less; they keep moving and pushing. . . .

— Philip Dacey

Why These Saturday Nights

Because we make moan without melody,
Because so much fingering is guesswork,
is groping improvisation on the dark
motifs of throat and thigh and shoulder
blade, in all the arcane modes of the body
to which touch brings its tin ear.

Because the clock keeps a mirthless time,
because its hands think only to chase and lap
each other, never to turn back and clap.
Because our bones will not be whittled
into pipes at last, will beat no drum,
nor our veins be drained, stretched, fiddled.

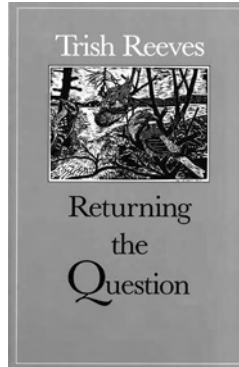
Because the lids of our cases will be lowered
over us, we spring these latches and tune;
because moment yields to moment and is gone
we crowd round this refrain; because of all
the silence in which spent lives are honored,
we stomp and strum and raise this hell.

Trish Reeves

CSU Poetry Series XXV

CSU Poetry Center
Prize Winner, 1987

ISBN 0-914946-66-8
(paper)
-67-6
(cloth)
62 pp.
\$6.00/\$12.00.



Returning the Question

PRIZE WINNER

Trish Reeve's vision is so urgent, utterly original, and lucid that I felt upon reading this book that I was seeing and understanding some things — passion, death, childhood, terror, courage — for the first time. This an extraordinary book — in its craft, its imagination, its heart.

— Thomas Lux

The Silver Coin

The cows once believed that if you stand in a pond
shaped like a circle
during the full moon
you'll die. That was everyone's first summer
and it finally got so hot
the animals decided to hire another cow
to go in the water, Just to be sure.
This was a cow nobody cared much about
from the dry farm next door.
She squeezed through the wires one evening
saying there was no need for pay —
death would be enough.

She stood in the pond all night.

Now during a full moon, the pond fills with animals
waiting for death. They call their pleasure
the other side of the silver coin.

Tim Seibles

CSU Poetry Series
XXXVIII

ISBN 0-914946-98-6
(paper)
89 pp.
\$12.00.



Hurdy-Gurdy

From the “sweet scat” and “jump rope hymns” of wonder and wistfulness to the transformational, lithe, sexually charged energy of jazz, *Hurdy-Gurdy* earnestly explores the differences between what we want, what we get, and what we must be willing to pursue at any cost.

— Mark Cox

from *For Brothers Everywhere*

There is a schoolyard that runs
from here to the dark's fence
*where brothers keep goin to the hoop, keep
risin up with baske'balls ripe as pumpkins
toward rims hung like pinatas, pinned
like thunderclouds to the sky's wide chest
an everybody is spinnin an' bankin
off the glass, finger-rollin off the glass. . .*
and even with the day gone, without even
a crumb of light from the city, *brothers
keep runnin-gunnin, fallin away takin
fall-away j's from the corner, their bodies
like muscular saxophones body-boppin
better than jazz, beyond summer, beyond
weather, beyond everything that moves—
an with one shake they're pullin-up
from the perimeter, shakin-bakin,
brothers be sweet pullin-up from
the edge a' the world, hangin like
air itself hangs in the air,
an gravidy gotta giv'em up: the ball
burning like a fruit with a soul
in their velvet hands, while the wrists
whisper backspin, an the fingers comb the rock
once—givin it up, lettin it go, lettin it go
like good news because the hoop is a well,
a well with no bottom, an they're
fillin that sucker up!*

Amy Bracken Sparks

Cleveland Poets Series
No. 49

ISBN 1-880834-24-3
(paper)
48 pp.
\$8.00.



Serious Red

Amy Bracken Sparks' poems are dangerous. . . . Her vivid images rear up on the page. Sound and rhythm pulse and fuse in daring combinations. . . . Her passionate voice and technical skill mark her as that rare phenomenon — a literary poet. . . . This is the most powerful collection of poems I've read in years.

— Kathleen Kisner

Swimming in Retrograde

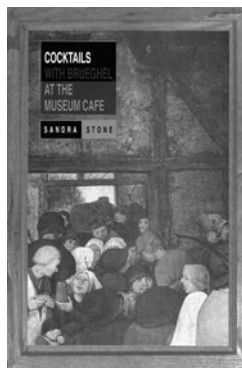
The moon you claim moves
in retrograde motion.
You say this as we spin
thigh on thigh, the lake
an oily cloak enormous and
slipping off our shoulders.
Together we know the ascent
to shore is studded with rocks.
Easier to swim there, drag our
evolutionary bellies
onto the sand, with chins
weed-bearded, our toes grown
together. Look up to see
the moon recede into the
glossy shell of the sky
as if we too could retract,
fold flesh back and back
through silt, back through
time, through impossible
love and the spill
of a billion eggs.
We watch the lake close
over, a magician's cloth
covering the disappeared,
water rushing in to fill
the void our bodies once were.

Sandra Stone

CSU Poetry Series LI

Winner, 1998 Hazel
Hall Award for Poetry,
Oregon Book Awards

ISBN 1-880834-25-1
(paper)
-26-X
(cloth)
100 pp.
\$10.00/\$22.50.



Cocktails with Brueghel at the Museum Cafe

PRIZE WINNER

*Here is a real discovery — the secret book
like the secret room one dreams about.
Sandra Stone's is that rare original voice
which seems to come from an awareness
so unusual it can't help but be true to
itself, its only real model. . . .*

— Sandra McPherson

from *The Art of Crackage*

The stone basin,
dependent for its mirror on rain, yesterday in the courtyard
unfilled itself. I suppose this is what is meant
by seepage, the barely perceived hairline crack,
the weathered days, one after one,
the sieve through which fathers baldly pass,
mother, with her badly conceived apron,
and, finally, ourselves, from wherever we were,
last seen by ourselves. . . .

I prefer the face
behind its indifferent mask. And the body,
a sad scaffold. Or the heart, perched on a lifeguard's scan.
Because the flower folds sooner.
And father. And mother.

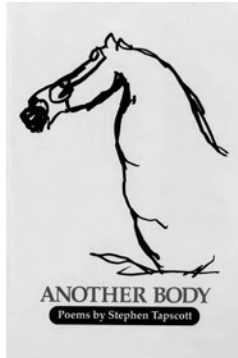
Still, don't we go on
craving the sight of the face of the other?
Isn't this too bad, such hunger in the courtyard
for the reflection of what is lapsed or eluded,
vainly, for the sight of itself,
a small blue flower of no particularity, bent to an absence,
an unbearable crack, a report of the dark?

Stephen Tapscott

CSU Poetry Series
XXVII

CSU Poetry Center
Prize Winner, 1988

ISBN 0-914946-76-5
(paper)
-75-7
(cloth)
83 pp.
\$7.00/\$14.00.



Another Body

PRIZE WINNER

The language of these poems puts itself at the service of the subtlest finding and naming of human feeling. What was unsayable finds words. What was aura becomes enlightened. Following Mesopotamia, this is another brilliant—and brilliantly different — second book.

— A. R. Ammons

Gallinules

Oddly I console myself
that you are gone:
saying much remains,
much deserving

of wonder. Even the black ducks
have returned, those
that pleased you so, in intricate raw March.

They have survived themselves,
and the vivid insistence
of breeding, and summer
in the riceland marshes.

Sad materialists, they gather
on the ridges of the supple water.
They do not notice, where they bobble
in the late light, how each

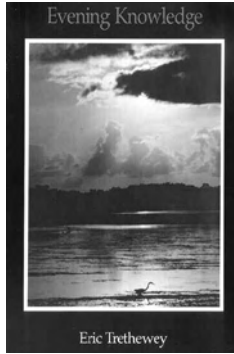
pulls behind him a red
abandonment of water,
dissolving. How lightly they work
across the great depth!

Pushing and
pushing the wild ducks swim,
and the slash behind them heals,
water into water into water.

Eric Trethewey

CSU Poetry Series
XXXII

ISBN 0-914946-85-4
(paper)
-93-5
(cloth)
91 pp.
\$8.00/\$12.00.



Evening Knowledge

The forty-nine richly varied poems of this book are alike in their earned accessibility, their concentration and commitment, and, above all, in being about people, places, and things that really matter, that are worthy of the closer attention we can offer. Trethewey is a major poet and Evening Knowledge is a collection to cherish and to honor.

— George Garrett

The Snowy Owl

The trail is there still, snaking past screes
on the ridge where he hunted, once, at dawn,
the rifle new, held in the crook of his arm.
And the wings, their thrum sudden through the trees.

All there still, the smell of wet spruce, that sound
settling high in the branches of a beech,
the white radiance like humped snow in a patch
of sun, and the rifle leaping in his hand.

He strokes the white bird, limp in his folded arm,
and a williwaw drifts through that far-off day,
a cold breath insisting that he will pay,
for what he didn't mean, in days to come.

Anthony Vigil

imagination series #2

ISBN 1-880834-43-X
(paper)
88 pp.
\$12.00.



The Obsidian Ranfla

This is the poetry we've been waiting so long to hear — as well-crafted as the face of Pedro Infante with a voice you'll never forget. This is Lola Beltra'n y Diego Rivera in one. To compare these poems to any written by an American poet today is like viewing Uxmall or Palenque next to Stonehenge. . . . If you're It, this book will make you cry, sweat and burn a blue flame from the inside out; it will help keep it down like a spoon of sugar. And if you're not It, pues, you've been TAGGED, ESE!

— Lorna Dee Cervantes

from *La Raza Park*

1981

Inside my eyes and nostrils,
the invisible flames of tear gas
thickened as clouds of blue and silver.
As they smeared my breath out,
I felt my bronze skin ignite
like a book of mechas struck
against the blunt sun of June.

I heard the clawing of screams
trapped under the weight of billies,
nightsticks, and chingazos.
Through the lacquer of clear gray
sheened over my eyes, I watched
the black streaks of our mexica hair
tattoo their placas into the sky,
words broken as glass,
spelling out the tongues of witnesses.

I hid under a green tree,
crying for my primos and homies,
reading the scars of faces for my jefita,
but the sirens wailed above my stare.
My grito haloed into the rings of dust,
as my lungs opened into flowers
of pure blood, moment of obsidian silence.
And when the chota slapped me
back into the haze, I was cuffed
behind the tree, charged
with resisting arrest, because
I waived my obedience to silence.

Judith Vollmer

CSU Poetry Series LV

CSU Poetry Center
Prize Winner, 1997

Finalist, 1999
Paterson Prize

ISBN 1-880834-41-3
(paper)
80 pp.
\$12.00.



The Door Open to the Fire

PRIZE WINNER

The subject — the obsession — of this book is place; the particular focus of both its rage and its love is the American city. What is amazing is the book's exemplary originality. The Door Open to the Fire is a book about the city as an idea, about the city as body. The writing is stern and gorgeous, wry and mournful.

—Lynn Emanuel

Star Gazing with My Brothers

I have to walk through the darkness to get to them,
down through the cellar then up through the little greenhouse
our father built instead of a bomb shelter in 1960 —
I step out onto the patio where they're taking turns at the big black scope,
and another of Jupiter's moons glides out from behind that gigantic
planet of emotions. Rege says we're standing under The Summer Triangle:
there's Albireo, the Double Star. The colors —

how can clear fire have color? —

drug me, my father is on his chair murmuring about the War in the Pacific
again: "The equator was one big centrifugal force, coconuts were falling,
the trees were swaying, Manos Island was the most beautiful place
but everyone was lonely." He laughs. Stars are in motion around
his body. I have to turn my back on him to look
into the dark tunnel that leads upward. Saturn's rings slant,
oily dust, here comes the white crystal of Jupiter's hidden fourth moon.

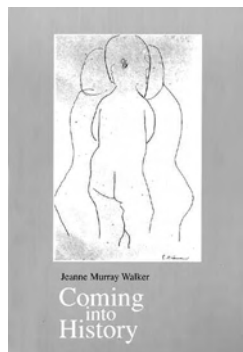
Out here the zinnias touch my right shoulder. This one is black velvet,
this afternoon it was dark red, and these graywhite ones are pink
in daylight. My black sandals are black, my mother's voice is silver
falling down from the kitchen window
where she's wrapping food in foil for her shut-in neighbors
and she's delirious to have all her children here.
I ask Bob where Cassiopeia is and Rege answers. His son Paul
calls me over to get a look at M2 awash with studded
veils of stars on stars. He is so shy & beautiful I want to dance.
Now my brothers are assuring me
there is life as we know it in all the distant places.
Our mother the genius eavesdropper calls down, "Of course,
remember Copernicus."

Here is one of the centers of my world, so momentary
I wonder if it's even a system. A sister might mean anything
to her dreamers-for-brothers. I wish for friend for life. How easy
that feels, how fragile here at our childhood home
where every fir tree in the yard was once a tiny Christmas tree,
where the oldest dog is buried,
where I stand with my brothers, we have always been three.

Jeanne Murray Walker

CSU Poetry Series
XXVIII

ISBN 0-914946-79-X
(paper)
ISBN 0-914946-78-1
(cloth)
82 pp.
\$8.00/\$12.00.



Coming Into History

What an exhilarating book this is, full of passion and wit. . . . Jeanne Murray Walker's poems connect us with our past and our future; they shower us with the riches of the world, and I know no one who loves the world more than she does.

— Lisel Mueller

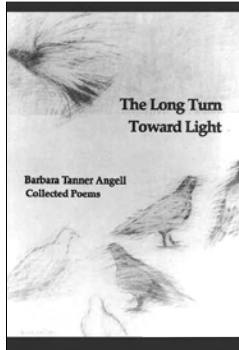
Coming into History

While I sit in south light, suspecting nothing,
your cells begin to read the hidden code
which teaches your hand it must become your hand
and inform your foot of its own metatarsal.
Every minute, now, is hazardous.
Suppose your cells forget your language?
Suppose the language they know is monstrous?
But your tiny body lengthens, becomes a stalk.
The vertebrae bubble on your spine like pearls.
Your head begins to bulge. Your eyes appear
like flecks of pepper. Your nervous system spreads
its net. And then in the fourth week, your heart
starts beating. Careful and adroit, your cells
rehearse, trying to crowd out accident,
filling up the acquiescent water.
They copy their nature over and over like doom,
straining to make alternatives unthinkable,
practicing to grow inevitable,
to bring your body into history where
the midwife's hands are drawing on their gloves.

**MORE OUTSTANDING POETRY
FROM CLEVELAND STATE UNIVERSITY**

Barbara Tanner Angell

ISBN 0-914946-94-3
(paper)
121 pp.
\$10.00.
1991



**The Long Turn
Toward Light**

Collected poems of a widely admired Cleveland poet and artist. "Barbara Angell loved living on earth. She loved peaches, ferns, crockery, trains, parties, weathered wood. . . . Barbara wrote the poems in this collection between 1966 and 1990. She spent a good part of the last year of her life polishing the manuscript. . . . The Long Turn Toward Light is her gift to us."

— Meredith Holmes

Barbara Tanner Angell

Trumedia Records Ltd.
092831
\$16.00.
1992



It Is All Music

Compact disc of poems by Barbara Angell in a live reading by the poet and in musical settings by Klaus George Roy, Bain Murray, Linda Allen, and Frederick Koch. Performed by Andrius Kuprevicius piano, Andrew White baritone, Julie Prohaska mezzo-soprano, Ruth Bent soprano, Eugenie McAllister flute, Louis Gangale clarinet, and Frederick Koch piano.

Bill Arthrell, ed.

ISBN 1-880834-30-8
(paper)
64 pp.
\$8.00.
Third Printing —
Bicentennial Edition
1996

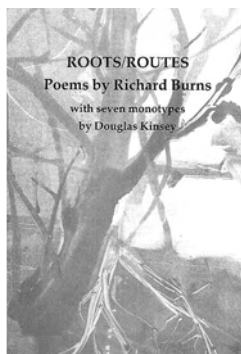


Heart's Cargo

A collection of poems by 13 Cleveland area poets: Bill Arthrell, John Bassette, Ben B. Berkey, Nancy Spider Camposo, Robert Drake, Michael Drexler, Joel Garson, Donald Hassler, Tim Joyce, Peter Kassmiller, Diane Kendig, Marlene Lapars, Mary Ann Lowery, Dennis McDonnell, James A. Miller, S.B., John Stickney, Daniel Thompson, Doc Zbornik, Barry Zuckor. Originally published in 1985, this 1996 re-print is sponsored as a bicentennial project of the CSU Poetry Center.

Richard Burns

ISBN 0-914946-32-3
44 pp.
\$8.00.
1982



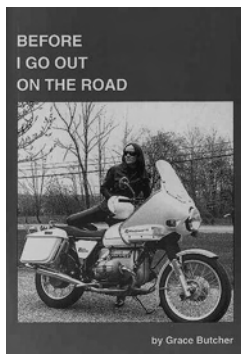
Roots/Routes

Includes seven full-page monotypes by Douglas Kinsey, executed especially for this book; and a fold-out broadside of the typographic poem "Rose of Sharon," which won first prize in the 1974 Keats Memorial Poetry Competition, with a visual motif by Will Hill.

Grace Butcher

Cleveland Poets Series
No. 20

ISBN 0-914946-15-3
(paper)
52 pp.
\$6.00.
1979



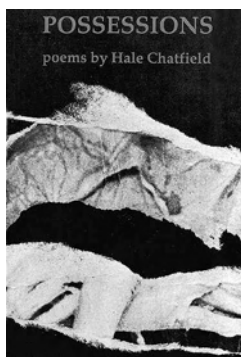
Before I Go Out on the Road

Grace Butcher writes of riding and running. She is a three-time national half-mile champion runner, and has run competitively since 1949. Riding has involved horseback riding — teaching riding, and showing horses — and, more recently, motorcycle riding: A 900 BMW touring cycle, racing motocross on a 125 Suzuki, and road racing a 250 Yamaha. She is also a professor of English at Kent State's Geauga Campus.

Hale Chatfield

Cleveland Poets Series
No. 36

ISBN 0-914946-39-0
(paper)
34 pp.
\$4.00.
1984

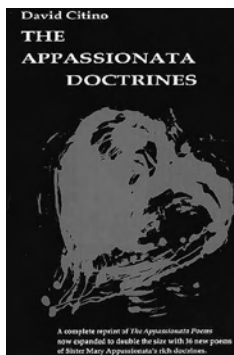


Possessions

Memorable poems by the widely published founder of the Hiram Poetry Review, including "The Confession of Thomas Owl," "The Fears of Running Bear," "Going to War for Horace Sondergard," and "Ruby Church."

David Citino

ISBN 0-914946-56-0
(paper)
-57-9
(cloth)
97 pp.
\$6.00/\$12.00.
1986



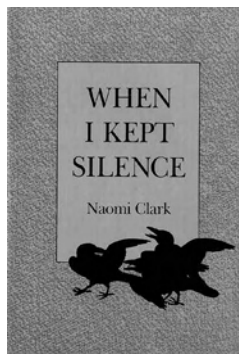
The Appassionata Doctrines

David Citino . . . has created a literary heroine as earthy as Ben Jonson's Ursula, as complex as Shakespeare's Rosalind, and as mythic as Chaucer's Prioress. . . . A masterful piece of work.

— Michael J. Bugeja

Naomi Clark

CSU Poetry Series
XXVI
ISBN 0-914946-69-2
(paper)
-68-4
(cloth)
80 pp.
\$6.00/\$12.00.
1988



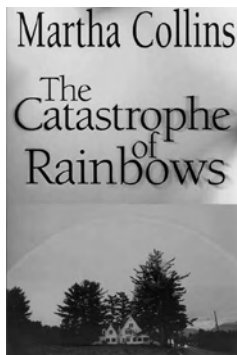
When I Kept Silence

Naomi Clark writes wicked, violent, beautiful poems of the West Coast and its mythologies. When I Kept Silence is a collection of disturbing poems, visually memorable, dramatic with the dilemmas of our current civilizations. This is tight, tense, exciting writing with nothing feminine about it, though it is 'female' all the way. No wonder we avert our eyes from the power which could turn us to stone.

— Diane Wakoski

Martha Collins

CSU Poetry Series XVII
ISBN 0-914946-48-X
(paper)
68 pp.
\$12.00.
1985



The Catastrophe of Rainbows

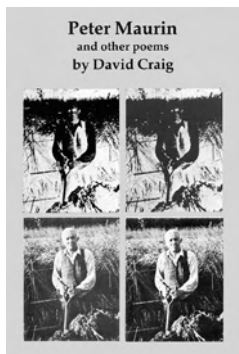
Martha Collins is a poet whose command of craft rises beautifully to meet the needs of her vision. . . .

— Denise Levertov

I admire the fierce purity of Martha Collins's language and, more, the sardonic imagination with which she explores and elaborates alternative—and sometimes sinister—fictions about the world. . . .

— Sandra Gilbert

David Craig



Cleveland Poets Series
No. 40

ISBN 0-914946-54-4
(paper)
61 pp.
\$5.00.

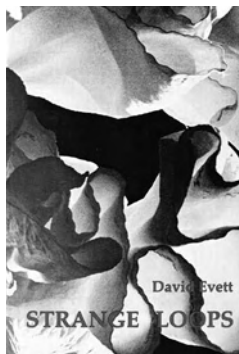
1985

Peter Maurin and other poems

While this poetry belongs to the tradition of celebratory and mystical religious poetry, it does not shun ordinary life or language and it does not avoid contact with sinners or the anti-poetic. Nor does it make faith easy. It simply tries to say: faith, yes, reality, yes, and hope, somehow.

— Mary Crow

David Evett



Cleveland Poet Series
No. 38

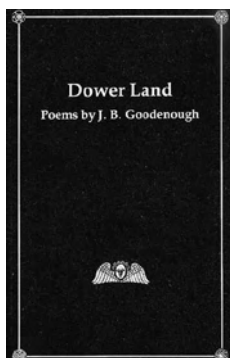
ISBN 0-914946-47-1
(paper)
63 pp.
\$5.00.

1985

Strange Loops

In Evett's poetry deep learning, sincere feeling, madcap humor, and rampant imagination all find a felicitous synthesis. The title poem is about Escher, Gödel, and Bach but the whole book loops in and out among the manifold convolutions of our domestic, political, and intellectual lives. A poetry of wit in the profoundest sense.

J. B. Goodenough



CSU Poetry Series XV

ISBN 0-914946-44-7
(paper)
84 pp.
\$5.00.

1984

Dower Land

The texture of Judith Goodenough's language is gritty, stony, salty; there's a direct path between the New England fields, weathers, persons, interiors and dreams she writes about and the diction in which she evokes them. She has a gift of seeing with the ears, hearing with the eyes. A valuable first book.

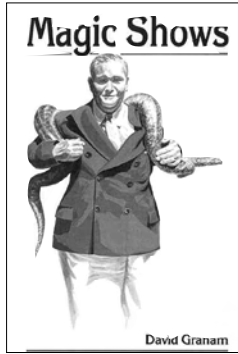
— Denise Levertov

David Graham

CSU Poetry Series XX

ISBN 0-914946-58-8
(paper)
92 pp.
\$6.00.

1986



Magic Shows

David Graham's Magic Shows is a superb collection of poems, creating a world largely but not exclusively American, in settings vividly but never wholly familiar. . . . His wonderfully skillful poems are alive with lovely echoes of a literature he has as much by heart as our landscape, habits, and history. This is a fine and generous volume by a poet of remarkable talent.

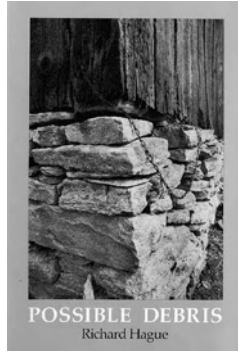
— Anthony Hecht

Richard Hague

Cleveland Poets Series
No. 43

ISBN 0-914946-70-6
(paper)
60 pp.
\$6.00.

1988



Possible Debris

Like someone spading a garden, Hague turns up from the dark ground of memory flashing, glittering debris that haunts the light. His poems cast spells, body forth visions.

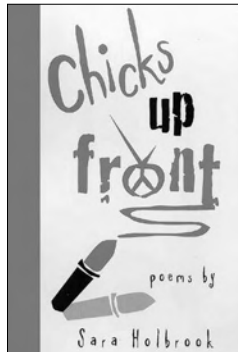
— Jim Wayne Miller

Sara Holbrook

imagination series #1

ISBN 1-880834-39-1
(paper)
56 pp.
\$9.00.

1998



Chicks Up Front

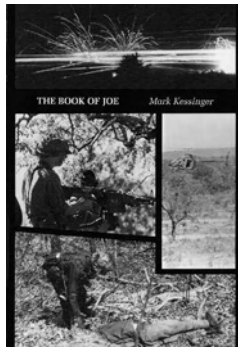
Sara Holbrook continually works miracles by giving substance to steam — in these keepsake poems she is matriarch, mojo and mind-bender, guiding us toward insight with an unerring hindsight. . . . What's important is that you discover her, this wondrous wordsmith, one of the reasons poetry has a pulse again.

— Patricia Smith

Mark Kessinger

Cleveland Poetry Series
No. 46

ISBN 0-914946-74-9
(paper)
60 pp.
\$6.00.
1990



The Book of Joe

A coolly devastating portrait of a Viet Nam veteran trying to reassimilate into suburban American life but quietly imploding with his horrendous combat memories.

David Kirby

CSU Poetry Series XI

ISBN 0-914946-36-6
(paper)
56 pp.
\$5.00.
1983



Sarah Bernhardt's Leg

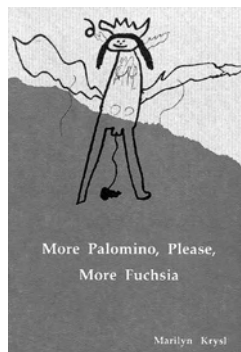
... Lustrous with learned humor and an intense, but courtly, embroidered imagination. ... From Freudian extrapolation to James Bond Fantasies, David Kirby's clever but profound imagination will keep you coming back.

— D. K. Roberts

Marilyn Krysl

CSU Poetry Series VIII

ISBN 0-914946-20-X
(paper)
65 pp.
\$4.00.
1980



More Palomino, Please, More Fuchsia

Marilyn Krysl's poems ... have energy and excitement. Krysl enjoys form — no less than half a dozen sestinas grace the book. Krysl also explores prose poems, repeated forms, and "Eight Ways of Looking at the Brain." ... An exuberant and vital book.

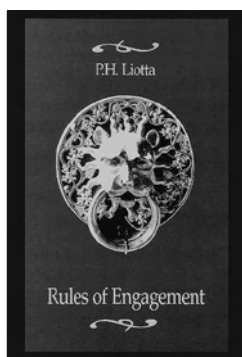
— Miriam Sagan

P. H. Liotta

CSU Poetry Series
XXXIV

ISBN 0-914946-89-7
(paper)
88-9
(cloth)
137 pp.
\$10.00/\$15.00.

1991



Rules of Engagement (Poems 1974-1991)

Peter Liotta's poems of flight are stunning, perils Dickey might have shared if he had flown four decades later. Liotta is a poet of the air, but also of love and the heartbreak of history, a poet of fierce detail and wit, of lost friends and strangers found.

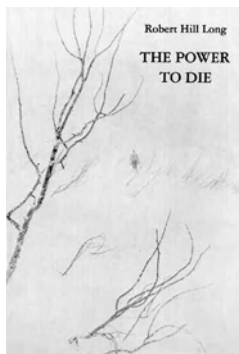
— Walter McDonald

Robert Hill Long

CSU Poetry Series
XXIV

ISBN 0-914946-63-3
(paper)
108 pp.
\$6.00.

1987



The Power to Die

At times wickedly funny, at others haunted by the legend and landscape of America, [Long's] poems are always politically informed and alert, and our poetry is the richer.

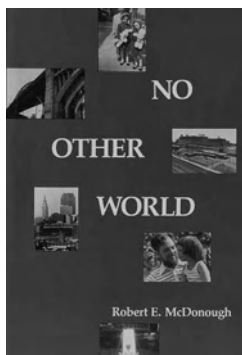
— Robert Morgan

Robert McDonough

Cleveland Poets Series
No. 44

ISBN 0-914946-72-2
(paper)
63 pp.
\$6.00.

1988



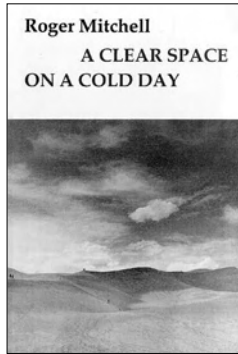
No Other World

"We were never meant to live in this world," McDonough says in one of his poems — then adds, "There is no other." In fact, life as portrayed in this collection is full of loving and laughing, as well as all the great and small sorrows that are part of being human.

Roger Mitchell

CSU Poetry Series XIX

ISBN 0-914946-55-2
(paper)
-65-X
(cloth)
80 pp.
\$6.00/\$12.00.
1986



A Clear Space on A Cold Day

Roger Mitchell, like all good writers is not one thing but many: he is wise, affectionate, rueful, judicious, eccentric. But above all he is funny and he is tender, qualities that make his poetry concentrically pleasurable. Roger Mitchell proves himself to be a remarkable poet. That has never been so true as it is in A Clear Space on A Cold Day.

— Dave Smith

Veronica Patterson

CSU Poetry Series XXIII

ISBN 0-914946-62-5
(paper)
92 pp.
\$6.00.
1987



How To Make a Terrarium

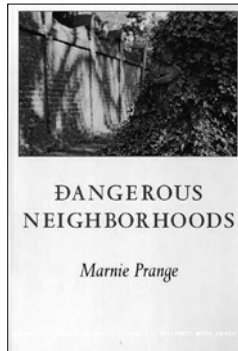
More authentically than any other recent poetry collection that I can think of, Patterson's How To Make a Terrarium recapitulates the process of individuation. So faithfully does her introspective journey chronicle the phenomenology of the rebirth archetype that her account becomes exemplary.

— Jonathan Holden

Marnie Prange

Winner, 1992-93
Montana Arts Council
First Book Award

ISBN 1-880834-07-3
(paper)
58 pp.
\$10.00.
1994



Dangerous Neighborhoods

PRIZE WINNER

The two things that are connected in the poetry of Marnie Prange are a certain wisdom (or cunning) (or rage), and a certain precision of language (that is moving), that reflects that wisdom. She knows something. And she has something to say. I recommend we read her.

— Gerald Stern

Michael Rattee

CSU Poetry Series XXI

ISBN 0-914946-59-5
(paper)
67 pp.
\$6.00.

1986



Calling Yourself Home

As a child I believed the birds
Reinvented light every morning
And during the day
It was slowly turned into ink
For the night to write stories with.

That's how Rattee's poem "Reinventing Light" begins, and you'll believe that these magical poems are written with some of that night ink — part dreams, part dazzlingly clear vignettes of everyday experience.

Janet Snell

*Cleveland Poets Series
No. 45*

ISBN 0-914946-84-6
(paper)
59 pp.
\$10.00.

1990



Flytrap

A sequence of 52 black-and-white drawings by Janet Snell, each with a verse commentary by the artist. Macabre, comic, mysterious, and subtly erotic, these fascinating drawings constantly flirt with disgust — a perfect example of graphic black humor.

Leonard Trawick

*Cleveland Poets Series
No. 41*

ISBN 0-914946-60-9.
(paper)
60 pp.
\$5.00.

1994



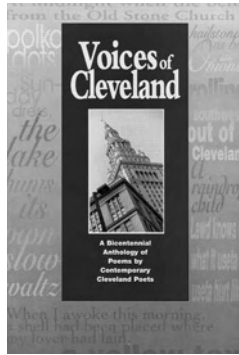
Beastmorphs

Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw, . . . of books and papers, loathly frogs and toads, Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke.

— Edmund Spenser

A reprint of Beast Forms (CSU Poetry Center, 1971), much expanded, with additional emblems and concrete poems.

ISBN 1-880834-21-9
(paper)
190 pp.
\$17.50.
1996



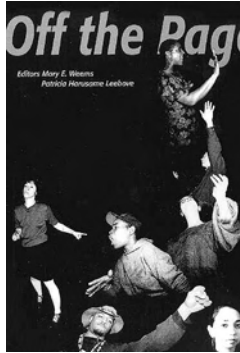
Voices of Cleveland

A collection of poems in which over 200 poets from a single metropolitan area write about what moves them. It's a poetic self-portrait of a city, a unique compendium of lifestyles and poetic styles. Fascinating for any reader — great for the classroom.

Mary E. Weems and Patricia H. Leebove, eds.

*Winner of the Regents
W.E.B. DuBois Award
for Community Service
A STARS Mentoring
Program Project*

72 pp.
video & text: \$24.95
video only: \$19.95
text only: \$7.95
1995



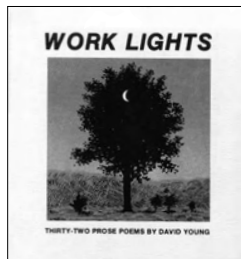
Off the Page

PRIZE WINNER

Off the Page is a multi-cultural video and text which celebrates the ancient African and European oral traditions that have evolved into the art of Performance Poetry. This inviting anthology and its accompanying video is a celebration of sound and rhythm, a horn of plenty of good poetry, and a basic roadmap to understanding poetry's newest child, The Slam.

David Young

CSU Poetry Series IV
ISBN 0-914946-06-4
(paper)
45 pp.
\$4.95.
1977



Work Lights

Thirty-two prose poems including "Sexual Groans," "Four About Reflecting Surfaces," "Four About the Letter P," "Four About Heavy Machinery," "Four About Metaphysics," "Four About Death," "Four About Apples," and "Four About Mummies." A tour de force by the widely published editor of Field and Models of the Universe.

ADDITIONAL AVAILABLE TITLES

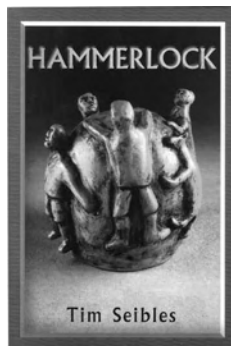
- Allen, Michael S.** *The Night Parents.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 42. ISBN 0-914946-64-1 (paper), 26 pp., \$4.00.
- Bennett, Bruce.** *Straw Into Gold.* CSU Poetry Series XVI. ISBN 0-914946-45-5 (paper), 52 pp., \$5.00.
- Carter, Jared.** *Pincushion's Strawberry.* (With photographs.) ISBN 0-914946-43-9 (paper), 31 pp., \$3.50.
- Corben, Beverly.** *On Death, and Other Reasons for Living.* CSU Poetry Booklet No. 6, (paper), 32 pp., \$2.50.
- Eckles, Georgiana.** *Gold Diggers, Sex Junkies, Needful Lovers.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 30. ISBN 0-914946-28-5 (paper), 20 pp., \$3.00.
- Elston, Angela.** *What Are Feathers After All But Glory.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 25. ISBN 0914946-22-6 (paper), 35pp., \$2.50.
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- Haagensen, Jan.** *Like a Diamondback in the Trunk of a Witness's Buick.* CSU Poetry Series V. ISBN 0-914946-07-2 (paper), 55 pp., \$3.50.
- Harold, Don.** *Who Are You This Morning?* Cleveland Poets Series No. 45. ISBN 0-914946-71-4 (paper), 27 pp., \$4.00.
- Hawley, Richard A.** *With Love to My Survivors.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 32. ISBN 0-914946-31-5 (paper), 23 pp., \$3.50.
- Horowitz, Bruce.** *Explaining Everything.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 37. ISBN 0-914946-46-3 (paper), 24 pp., \$3.50.
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- Kuby, Lolette.** *In Enormous Water.* Cleveland Poets Series 29. ISBN 0-914946-27-7 (paper), 27 pp., \$3.50.
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- Mason, Scott.** *No Dogs in Heaven.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 24. ISBN 0-914946-21-8 (paper), 28 pp., \$2.50.
- McLaughlin, William.** *At Rest in the Midwest.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 28. ISBN 0-914946-26-9 (paper), 48 pp., \$4.50.
- Monacelli, Linda.** *Lacing the Moon.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 17. ISBN 0-914946-11-0 (paper), 40 pp., \$2.50.
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- Nelson, Howard.** *Creatures.* CSU Poetry Series XIII. ISBN 0-914946-40-4 (paper), 47 pp., \$4.50.
- Neroni, Rosalind.** *The Porcupine's Princess.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 18. ISBN 0-914946-12-9 (paper), 29 pp., \$2.50.
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- Smith, Larry.** *Scissors, Paper, Rock.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 31. ISBN 0-914946-30-7 (paper), 32 pp., \$3.50.
- Trawick, Leonard.** *Mary Stuart: A Queen Betrayed.* (Opera in Four Acts by Bain Murray.) ISBN 0-914946-92-7 (paper), 77 pp., \$6.00.
- Turner, Alberta, ed.** *Poetry: Cleveland.* (paper), 92 pp., \$4.50.
- Umphey, Michael.** *The Lit Window.* CSU Poetry Series XXII. ISBN 0-914946-61-7 (paper), 47 pp., \$6.00.
- Wright, Franz.** *The Earth Without You.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 14. ISBN 0-914946-23-4 (paper), 36 pp., \$3.50.

UPCOMING TITLES

Andrews, Nin. *The Book of Orgasms.* **imagination** series #4, ISBN 1-880834-48-0 (paper), 64 pp., \$9.00.

Bellm, Dan. *Buried Treasure.* CSU Poetry Series LVII, CSU Poetry Center Prize Winner, 1998, ISBN 1-880834-46-4 (paper) -47-2 (cloth), 88 pp., \$12.00/\$25.00.

Seibles, Tim. *Hammerlock.* **imagination** series #3, ISBN 1-880834-45-6 (paper) 120 pp., \$14.00.



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V. **Haagensen, Jan.** *Like a Diamondback in the Trunk of a Witness's Buick.*
VI. **Jarman, Mark.** *North Sea.*
VII. **Nash, Valery.** *The Narrows.*
VIII. **Krysl, Marilyn.** *More Palomino, Please, More Fuchsia.*
IX. **Walker, Jeanne Murray.** *Nailing Up the Home Sweet Home.*
X. **Luria-Sukenick, Lynn.** *Houdini Houdini.*
XI. **Kirby, David.** *Sarah Bernhardt's Leg.*
XII. **Burns, Ralph.** *US.*
XIII. **Nelson, Howard.** *Creatures.*
XIV. **Trethewey, Eric.** *Dreaming of Rivers.*
XV. **Goodenough, J. B.** *Dower Land.*
XVI. **Bennett, Bruce.** *Straw into Gold.*
XVII. **Collins, Martha.** *The Catastrophe of Rainbows.*
XVIII. **Cairns, Scott.** *The Theology of Doubt.*
XIX. **Mitchell, Roger.** *A Clear Space On A Cold Day.*
XX. **Graham, David.** *Magic Shows.*
XXI. **Rattee, Michael.** *Calling Yourself Home.*
XXII. **Umphrey, Michael.** *The Lit Window.*
XXIII. **Patterson, Veronica.** *How To Make a Terrarium.*
XXIV. **Long, Robert Hill.** *The Power to Die.*
XXV. **Reeves, Trish.** *Returning the Question.*
XXVI. **Clark, Naomi.** *When I Kept Silence.*
XXVII. **Tapscott, Stephen.** *Another Body.*
XXVIII. **Walker, Jeanne Murray.** *Coming into History.*
XXIX. **Moss, Thylia.** *At Redbones.*
XXX. **Provost, Sarah.** *Inland, Thinking of Waves.*
XXXI. **Goldberg, Beckian Fritz.** *Body Betrayer.*
XXXII. **Trethewey, Eric.** *Evening Knowledge.*
XXXIII. **Kendall, Robert.** *A Wandering City.*
XXXIV. **Liotta, P. H.** *Rules of Engagement.*
XXXV. **Red Hawk.** *The Sioux Dog Dance: shunk ah weh.*
XXXVI. **Jackson, Richard.** *Alive All Day.*
XXXVII. **Carter, Jared.** *After the Rain.*
XXXVIII. **Seibles, Tim.** *Hurdy-Gurdy.*
XXXIX. **Gray, Alice Wirth.** *What the Poor Eat.*
XL. **Goldberg, Beckian Fritz.** *In the Badlands of Desire.*
XLI. **Firer, Susan.** *The Lives of the Saints and Everything.*
XLII. **Freeman, Jan.** *Hyena.*
XLIII. **Keelan, Claudia.** *Refinery.*
XLIV. **Rankine, Claudia.** *Nothing in Nature is Private.*
XLV. **Bourne, Daniel.** *The Household Gods.*
XLVI. **Gundy, Jeff.** *Flatlands.*
XLVII. **Jauss, David.** *Improvising Rivers.*
XLVIII. **Newman, Amy.** *Order, or Disorder.*
XLIX. **Ramsey, Martha.** *Blood Stories.*
L. **Long, Robert Hill.** *The Work of the Bow.*
LI. **Stone, Sandra.** *Cocktails with Brueghel at the Museum Cafe.*
LII. **Krysl, Marilyn.** *Warscape with Lovers.*
LIII. **Breskin, David.** *Fresh Kills.*
LIV. **Paino, Frankie.** *Out of Eden.*
LV. **Vollmer, Judith.** *The Door Open to the Fire.*
LVI. **Jacobson, Bonnie.** *In Joanna's House.*
LVII. **Bellm, Dan.** *Buried Treasure.*

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- No. 1. **Trawick, Leonard.** *Beast Forms.*
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No. 3. **Magner, Mary Ann.** (!) *YEAH.*
No. 4. **Milic, Louis T.** *Erato.*
No. 5. **McLaughlin, William.** *Ourselves at One Remove.*
No. 6. **Corben, Beverly.** *On Death, and Other Reasons for Living.*
No. 7. **Beeler, Janet.** *How to Walk on Water.*
No. 8. **Bennett, Susan Sanders.** *Still Life.*
No. 9. **Kaminsky, Daniel.** *Snout to Snout.*
No. 10. **Dostal, Cyril A.** *Emergency Exit.*
No. 11. **French, David.** *Salt.*
No. 12. **Franck, Christopher.** *Title.*
No. 13. **Atkins, Russell.** *Here in the.*
No. 14. **Weigl, Bruce.** *A Sack Full of Old Quarrels.*
No. 15. **Angell, Barbara Tanner.** *Games & Puzzles.*
No. 16. **Ikeda, Patricia.** *House of Wood, House of Salt.*
No. 17. **Monacelli, Linda.** *Lacing the Moon.*
No. 18. **Neroni, Rosalind.** *The Porcupine's Princess.*
No. 19. **Pfister, Clara.** *A City Girl Sees, a City Girl Dreams.*
No. 20. **Butcher, Grace.** *Before I Go Out on the Road.*
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No. 22. **Gable, John.** *Beach Glass.*
No. 23. **Kendig, Diane.** *A Tunnel of Flute Song.*
No. 24. **Mason, Scott.** *No Dogs in Heaven.*
No. 25. **Elston, Angela.** *What Are Feathers After All But Glory.*
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No. 28. **McLaughlin, William.** *At Rest in the Midwest.*
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No. 30. **Eckles, Georgiana.** *Gold Diggers, Sex Junkies, Needful Lovers.*
No. 31. **Smith, Larry.** *Scissors, Paper, Rock.*
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No. 34. **Kessinger, Mark.** *Exploded View.*
No. 35. **Okantah, Mwatabu S.** *Afeeeka Brass.*
No. 36. **Chatfield, Hale.** *Possessions.*
No. 37. **Horowitz, Bruce.** *Explaining Everything.*
No. 38. **Evvett, David.** *Strange Loops.*
No. 39. **Baker, David.** *Haunts.*
No. 40. **Craig, David.** *Peter Maurin and other poems.*
No. 41. **Trawick, Leonard.** *Beastmorf.*
No. 42. **Allen, Michael S.** *The Night Parents.*
No. 43. **Hague, Richard.** *Possible Debris.*
No. 44. **McDonough, Robert.** *No Other World.*
No. 45. **Snell, Janet.** *Flytrap.*
No. 46. **Kessinger, Mark.** *The Book of Joe.*
No. 47. **Paino, Frankie.** *The Rapture of Matter.*
No. 48. **Gilbert, Deborah.** *You Find Yourself Believing in Things.*
No. 49. **Sparks, Amy Bracken.** *serious red.*
No. 50. **Reese, Steven.** *Enough Light to Steer By.*
No. 51. **Grimm, Susan.** *Almost Home.*

CLEVELAND STATE UNIVERSITY POETRY CENTER PRIZE WINNING TITLES

1987. Reeves, Trish. *Returning the Question.* Cleveland State University Poetry Series XXX.
ISBN 0-914946-66-8 (paper), -67-6 (cloth), 62 pp., \$6.00/\$12.00.

1988. Tapscott, Stephen. *Another Body.* Cleveland State University Poetry Series XXVII.
ISBN 0-014946-76-5 (paper), -75-7 (cloth), 83 pp., \$7.00/\$14.00.

1989. Provost, Sarah. *Inland, Thinking of Waves.* Cleveland State University Poetry Series XXX.
ISBN 0-914946-81-1 (paper), -80-3 (cloth), 70 pp., \$8.00/\$12.00.

1990. Kendall, Robert. *A Wandering City.* Cleveland State University Poetry Series XXXIII.
ISBN 0-914946-87-0 (paper), -86-2 (cloth), 74 pp., \$8.00/\$12.00.

1991. Jackson, Richard. *Alive All Day.* Cleveland State University Poetry Series XXXVI.
ISBN 0-914946-96-X (paper), 95-1 (cloth), 91 pp., \$10.00/\$15.00.

1992. Firer, Susan. *The Lives of the Saints and Everything.* Cleveland State University Poetry Series XLI.
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1993. Rankine, Claudia. *Nothing in Nature is Private.* Cleveland State University Poetry Series XLIV.
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1994. Newman, Amy. *Order, or Disorder.* Cleveland State University Poetry Series XLVIII.
ISBN 1-880834-17-0 (paper), -18-9 (cloth), 66 pp., \$10.00/\$15.00.

1995. Long, Robert Hill. *The Work of the Bow.* Cleveland State University Poetry Series L.
ISBN 1-880834-22-7 (paper), -23-5 (cloth), 90 pp., \$10.00/\$17.50.

1996. Krysl, Marilyn. *Warscape With Lovers.* Cleveland State University Poetry Series LII.
ISBN 1-880834-28-6 (paper), -29-4 (cloth), 92 pp., \$12.00/\$22.50.

1997. Vollmer, Judith. *The Door Open to the Fire.* CSU Poetry Series LV.
ISBN 1-880834-41-3 (paper), 80 pp., \$12.00.

1998. Bellm, Dan. *Buried Treasure.* CSU Poetry Series LVII.
ISBN 1-880834-46-4 (paper), -47-2 (cloth), 80 pp. \$12.00/\$25.00.

OUT OF PRINT

Angell, Barbara Tanner. *Games & Puzzles.* Cleveland poets series No. 15. ISBN 0-914946-80-0 (paper), 59 pp.
(Reprinted as part of *The Long Turn Toward Light*.)

Atkins, Russell. *Here in the.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 13. ISBN 0-914946-03-X (paper), 52 pp., \$4.50. **L.A.**

Beeler, Janet. *How to Walk on Water.* CSU Poetry Booklet No. 7. (paper), 28 pp.

Bennett, Susan Sanders. *Still Life.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 8. (paper), 32 pp., \$2.50. **L.A.**

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Citino, David. *The Appassionata Poems.* (Reprinted as part of *The Appassionata Doctrines*.)

Craig, David. *The Sandaled Foot.* Cleveland Poet Series No. 27. ISBN 0-914946-25-0 (paper), 59 pp., \$3.50. **L.A.**

Dostal, Cyril A. *Emergency Exit.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 10. (paper), 57 pp.

Franke, Christopher. *Title.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 12. ISBN 0-914946-09-9 (paper), 32pp., \$2.50. **L.A.**

Gable, John. *Beach Glass.* Cleveland Poets Series No.22. ISBN 0-914946-18-8 (paper), 29 pp.

Haviaras, Stratis. *Crossing the River Twice.* CSU Poetry Series III. ISBN 0-914946-05-6 (paper), 69pp., \$4.95. **L.A.**

Kendig, Diane. *A Tunnel of Flute Song.* Cleveland Poets Series No. 23. ISBN 0-914946-19-6 (paper), 30 pp.

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