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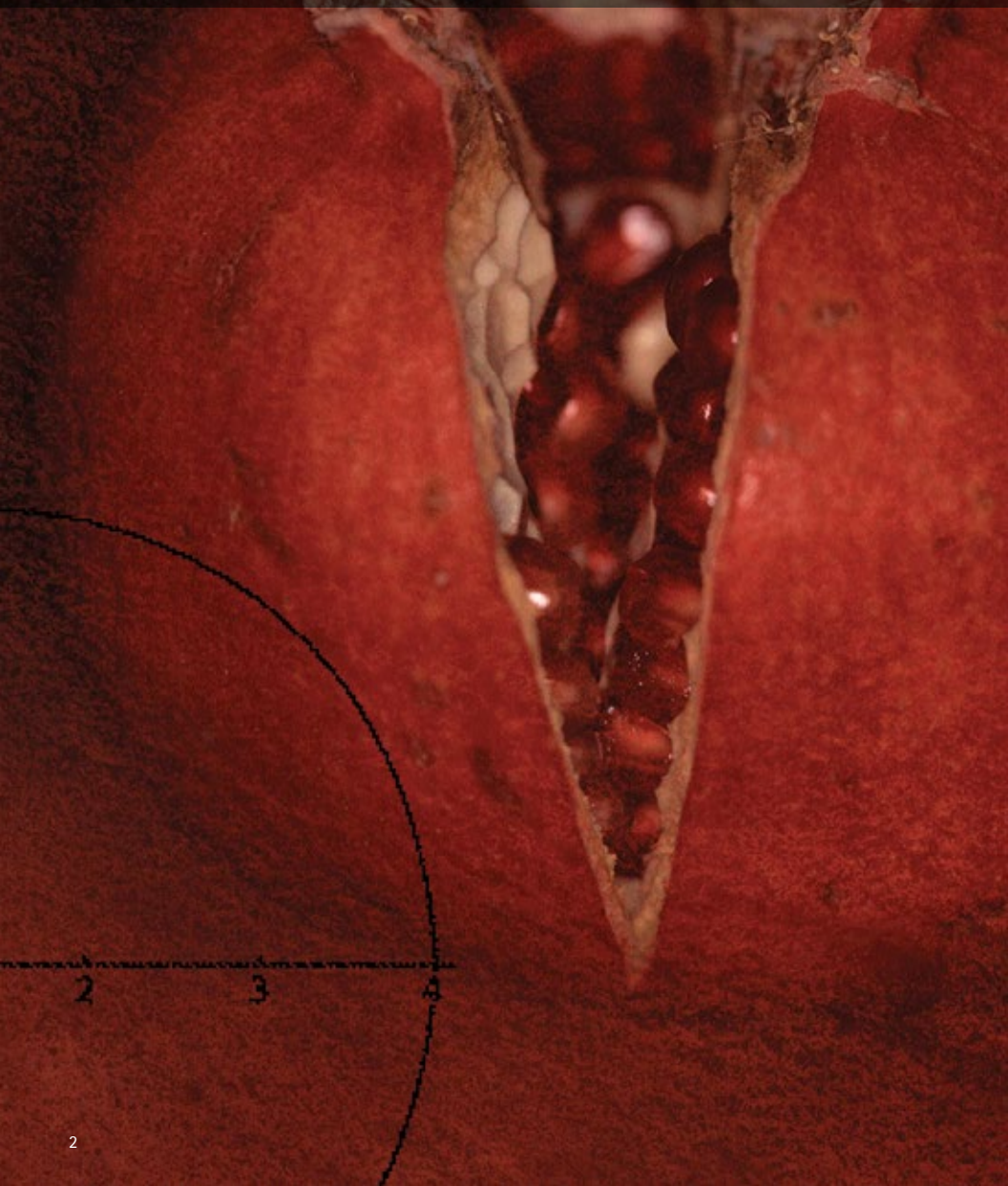
Luminous Writing, Beautiful Books, Since 1999

SUMMER | FALL 2017

TUPELOPRESS.ORG

OUR MISSION

Tupelo Press is an award-winning independent literary press that publishes fine fiction, nonfiction, and poetry in books that are a joy to hold as well as read. We are a registered 501(c)3 nonprofit organization and rely on public support to fulfill our mission to publish extraordinary work that may be outside the realm of large commercial publishers. Donations are welcome and are tax-deductible.



Join The 30/30 Project!

Check out our inspired program inviting poetry “marathoners” to compose one new poem a day for a month, published on our website, while attracting sponsors in support of Tupelo Press. Join this expanding and vibrant community of writers as they challenge themselves, try new forms, and take risks. Consider becoming a 30/30 poet in a future month, or support a runner!
<https://www.tupelopress.org/the-3030-project-2/>

Contests & Reading Periods

Become the next acclaimed Tupelo Press author! Visit our website to see the many ways each year we welcome your work, including a new partnership with Hill-Stead Museum.
<http://www.tupelopress.org>

The Million-Line Poem

A celebration of the collective poetic process, the MLP is being written, couplet by couplet, by readers and writers around the world, and published online by Tupelo Press. Your contribution is part of the dynamic synergy of this unique art form.
<https://www.tupelopress.org/the-million-line-poem/>

Tupelo Quarterly

Tupelo Press discovers luminous writers, gives each author the vessel of a beautiful book, and speaks to the diversity of influences upon contemporary art and culture. *Tupelo Quarterly* extends and expands upon that vision in a digital milieu, publishing work by emerging and established writers and artists of many sensibilities and styles. *Tupelo Quarterly* cultivates a generous artistic community, celebrates intellectual curiosity and creative risk, and presumes abundance. We hold the gate open, not closed.
<http://tupeloquarterly.com>

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Almost Human

Poems by Thomas Centolella

Winner of the Dorset Prize, selected by Edward Hirsch

As in a profound love affair, *Almost Human* searches for the restive life-force incarnated in an endangered species—our own—and charts the movement of the self between spirit and human, recalling Teilhard de Chardin’s impression that we aren’t human beings having a spiritual experience but spiritual beings having a human experience.

“Somehow magical — the way these oddly elusive, sometimes funny, lyrically discursive and poignantly beautiful poems engage the mysteries.” — **Edward Hirsch, final judge for the Dorset Prize**

“*Almost Human* has an arresting, original voice, . . . both elusive and direct . . . riddling and elliptical, the voice of someone who possess the ‘art of caring from afar.’ . . . Bracingly honest about the world’s resistance to revelation, and at the same time . . . always open to change, so that the simple act of sitting down to play the piano is felt as making contact ‘with everything that has come before / and is still to come.’ The result is a book that keeps drawing the reader back.” — **Carl Dennis, Pulitzer Prize winning author of *Practical Gods***

Thomas Centolella, has published three previous books of poetry: American Book Award-winner *Terra Firma* (Copper Canyon, 1990), California Book Award-winner *Lights & Mysteries* (Copper Canyon, 1995), and *Views from along the Middle Way* (Copper Canyon, 2002). He was a Stegner Fellow at Stanford University and has taught literature and creative writing at various universities and writing programs, as well as for the Institute on Aging and WritersCorps. He lives in San Francisco.



from “*Namaste*”

There were the generous days
in the beginning, when every
word
was made flesh. In the beginning
the gods in us were content
to let us go on
behaving like perfect mortals,
which is to say imperfectly,
which is to say with our
tenderness fully intact: the good
kind
that let us gladly undress
our trepidations, and pleasure
our solitude into a blissful
oblivion; and the bad kind—
invisible woundings
no compliment or hot kiss,
no confession of the amorous
could soothe for long.

\$16.95 Trade Paperback
ISBN 978-1-936797-97-4
July 1, 2017

Ordinary Misfortunes

Poems by Emily Jungmin Yoon

Winner of the Sunken Garden Chapbook Award

Korea continues to grapple with the shared memory of its Japanese and US occupations. The poems in *Ordinary Misfortunes* incorporate actual testimony about cruelty against vulnerable bodies—including the *wianbu*, euphemistically known as “comfort women”—as the poet seeks to find places where brutality is overcome through true human connections. Emily Jungmin Yoon asks *Why do we write poems amid such violence? What can I, and what can poetry, do?* Her response to those tough questions is a sequence of reverberating poems that blend documentary precision with impassioned witness, bringing to bear both scholarship and artistry.

“I’m completely taken in by these poems, how they deftly balance lyric and narrative, history and the present, body and mind. These are poems of violence – against women, and against Korean women in particular – but they are also poems about the pain and pleasure in language itself: ‘pear in Korean is a homonym for ship or boat’; ‘A homonym for apple is apology.’ *Ordinary Misfortunes* is a remarkable collection.” —Maggie Smith

Emily Jungmin Yoon grew up in Korea and Canada. She received a BA at the University of Pennsylvania and an MFA in creative writing at New York University. Now pursuing a PhD in East Asian Languages and Civilizations at the University of Chicago, she serves as poetry editor for *The Margins*, the journal of the Asian American Writers’ Workshop.



An Ordinary Misfortune

What is pressing. What is pressed.
Or who. My grandmother. A
woman. A teen. Her father presses
the gates shut. Presses her into a
crate. The crate into a shed. She
unfolds by morning. Binds her
chest. She walks unwomanned.
An American soldier sees her and
yells *Stop over there!* in Japanese.
The language they’ve both
learned. When she runs, she is
unmistakably woman. She falls. He
laughs. What is a body in a stolen
country. Or whose. What is right
in war. What is left in war. War
hasn’t left Korea. I have. I fold.
I give up, myself, to you. Which
one of you said *Let’s have raunchy
Korean sex* to me. Which one
of you didn’t. Do you represent
America to me. Did those soldiers
to her. *We didn’t fear war. We
feared the allies*, she said.

\$11.95 Trade Paperback
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July 1, 2017



Morning, with Rooks

The republics are looking for a
declaration,
hillsides of silence under the gale
of trees.
The county of cows stands.
Anyway,
the skies are windy and
womanish.
I have so much background – the
barn doors open.
There's rural news from the
provinces,
the republics are looking for
dénouement.
Beautiful are the skies and
womanish.
Promise fields of harrows and
plows,
the whole countryside blooming.
Catastrophe such a rickety world.
We sleep tonight under the
thinnest blankets.
Girls lift their spring skirts and
slip from the balcony.
Rooks are flying south, creaking
overhead.

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July 1, 2017

The Voice of That Singing

Poems by Juliet Rodeman

Juliet Rodeman creates a visionary world in which the here and now—each remembered place, historical or mythical landscape, and moment alive with casual gesture—is redeemed by intimacy. Whimsical and sometimes shocking, these poems are filled with the heartbreak of what happens to our bodies, transforming individual grief with tenderness.

“All throughout *The Voice of That Singing* there gathers, most gently yet undeniably, a sense of awe and honor for creation impossible to interrupt. Mist and sunlight, fence-lines, lilacs and human voices enter here upon transcendent errands and onto an America we have nearly forgotten how to imagine, much less to love. This is Luminist writing. This is poetry that cannot fail.” —**Donald Revell**

“Rodeman’s love for the land and its ability to awaken even our most dormant sensibilities is felt in her words; they recall the wide-eyed wonder she developed on her family’s 150-acre dairy farm . . . The time that passes between lines and stanzas is marked by an inborn meter, rhythms felt and internalized while hearing music during formative years.” —*Columbia Daily Tribune*

Juliet Rodeman grew up on a farm in Missouri, one of twelve children. She earned a PhD at the University of Missouri, where for nearly two decades she taught literature and composition. Her poems have appeared in *Crab Orchard Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *American Poetry Review*, and this is her first published collection.

Good Bones

Poems by Maggie Smith

Featuring “Good Bones,” which has made a difference to so many people around the globe—called “Official Poem of 2016” by the BBC/Public Radio International

Maggie Smith writes out of the experience of motherhood, inspired by watching her own children read the world like a book they’ve just opened, knowing nothing of the characters or plot. These poems stare down darkness while cultivating and sustaining possibility and addressing a larger world.

Advance praise:

“As if lost in the soft, bewitching world of fairy tale, Maggie Smith conceives and brings forth this metaphysical Baedeker, a guidebook for mother and child to lead each other into a hopeful present.” — **D. A. Powell**

“Truthful, tender, and unafraid of the dark . . .” — **Ada Limón**

“It’s Smith’s dynamically precise and vivid images, and her uncanny ability to find just the right word or action to crack open our known experience, that make *Good Bones* an extraordinary book.” — **Erin Belieu**

Maggie Smith's previous books are *The Well Speaks of Its Own Poison* (Tupelo, 2015), *Lamp of the Body* (Red Hen, 2005), and three prize-winning chapbooks. Her poem “Good Bones” has gone viral—tweeted and translated across the world, featured on the TV drama *Madam Secretary*, and called the “Official Poem of 2016” by the BBC/Public Radio International, earning news coverage in the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Slate*, the *Guardian*, and beyond. Maggie Smith was named the 2016 Ohio Poet of the Year.



Heart

A child of, say, six knows you're
not the shape
she's learned to make by drawing
half along a fold,
cutting, then opening. Where do
you open?
Where do you carry your dead?
There's no locket
for that—hinged, hanging on a
chain that greens
your throat. And the dead inside
you, don't you
hear them breathing? You must
have a hole
they can press their gray lips to. If
you open—
when you open—will we find them
folded inside?
In what shape? I mean what cut
shape is made
whole by opening? I mean besides
the heart.

\$16.95 Trade Paperback
ISBN 978-1-946482-01-3
October 1, 2017



Hallowed: New and Selected Poems

Poems by Patricia Fargnoli

Featuring selections from Patricia Fargnoli's four previous books along with twenty-four new poems, here is a celebration of poetic endurance, filled with quietly distinctive cadences and images closely seen, now freshly understood.

Reincarnate

I want to come back as that
ordinary
garden snail, carting my brown-
striped spiral shell
onto the mushroom which has
sprouted
after overnight rain so I can
stretch
my tentacles toward the slightly
drooping
and pimpled raspberry, sweet
and pulsing –
a thumb that bends on its stalk
from the crown
of small leaves, weighed down
by the almost
translucent shining drop of dew
I have
been reaching and reaching
toward my whole life.

“There will not be a more beautiful book published this year than *Hallowed* . . . (Fargnoli’s) poems speak with gravitas, courage, and tenderness of the soul’s desire to bless, even through grief and physical suffering . . . What an exquisite addition to the world’s poetry.” — **Ann Fisher-Wirth**

“Patricia Fargnoli’s poems are vividly and gratefully aware of the comforts and assurances of the natural world; she does not miss a stitch of beauty, neither does she avoid the darker aspects of our own human awareness of our continual aging, to which she gives sharp and poignant attention.” — **Mary Oliver**

“The language and cadences seem natural, even casual. Yet something causes Patricia Fargnoli’s lines to penetrate the psychic armor we all wear. Perhaps it is because the poems are simply beautiful.” — **Alicia Ostriker**

Patricia Fargnoli, former New Hampshire Poet Laureate (2006–2009) is author of several books, including *Duties of the Spirit* (Tupelo, 2005), winner of the Jane Kenyon Award. Her book *Then, Something* (Tupelo, 2009) won the Silver Medal in *ForeWord Magazine’s* Poetry Book of the Year awards. A graduate of Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, the Hartford College for Women, and the University of Connecticut School of Social Work, she lives in Walpole, New Hampshire.

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September 1, 2017

The Life Beside This One

Poems by Lawrence Raab

The poems of Lawrence Raab are accessible yet mysterious, their complexities an aspect of (and sometimes hidden by) their clarities. The title of his ninth collection suggests both the life we live and another life alongside—what might have been but wasn't, yet remains in the imagination.

“The casual tone,” Mark Strand has written of Raab’s work, “the offhand remark, are not only the means by which sense establishes itself, but also the way it take on a miraculous resonance.”

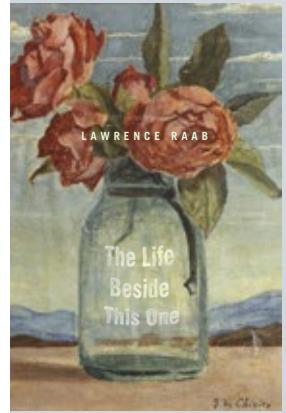
Praise for Raab’s *Mistaking Each Other for Ghosts*:

“ . . . beautiful, bewildered, disquieting, and full of paradoxical laughter and contemplative solace.” —**Tony Hoagland**

“Raab’s is a wholly American voice that reveals itself in sardonic humor and reflection as the poet addresses universal, philosophical quandaries; heaven and hell; and everything in between.” — **Mark Eleveld, *Booklist***

“What binds this collection is . . . his ability to move across registers with consistency and well-tempered feeling.”
— ***Publishers Weekly***

Lawrence Raab was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and is author of eight previous collections of poems, including *What We Don’t Know About Each Other* and *Mistaking Each Other for Ghosts*, both finalists for the National Book Award, and a recent book of essays, *Why Don’t We Say What We Mean?* He teaches literature and writing at Williams College.



Death's Many Special Agents

Try to pick us out in a crowd, and
of us,
all of us—strangers, neighbors,
your best friend. You can never

get it right, seeing only
who we've chosen to be.
Now picture everything you've
heard

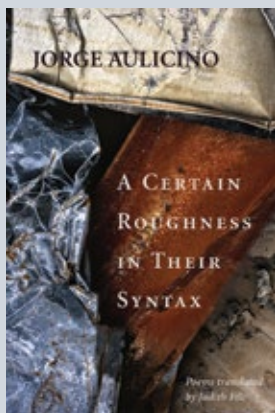
about the basements where we
operate—
how no one returns
to his family, or is allowed

to stay the same. It's all true.
Does it give us pleasure? Listen—
what happens has to happen.

Didn't our children once play
together?
Didn't we watch them in the park
as the leaves of the oaks

were beginning to fall? You may
not
have noticed, but I remember
those days.
How glad you were just to be
there.

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You ought to be able to walk
around there.
But you would find suburban
buildings,
not the path toward the trees
and that shack,
sullen under the stormy grove.
Bored, yellow, grey, dripping.
You wouldn't find the summer
afternoon
or the thrushes, usurpers of
that nest.
The city was badly used. Is used.
In a drizzly midday the buildings,
the shutters of aged paint
seem resigned to their
perplexity.
To see yourself before a sea
refused rather than virgin,
like thrushes in the nests of
others, abandoned.

A Certain Roughness in Their Syntax

Poems by **Jorge Aulicino**
Translated by **Judith Filc**

Splintering like light in a prism, the poems of Jorge Aulicino combine images of the Dirty War in Argentina, of historic Latin American independence struggles, and of the battles against fascism in Europe. Translated into English for the first time by poet Judith Filc working closely with Aulicino, this influential book (published in Spanish in 2008) is filled with the experiences of a grandson of European immigrants now chronicling a world where multitudinous cities are cracking under their own weight in an ongoing present whose common denominator is war. Testifying for the migrating masses he has called “pariahs of empire,” who traverse a globe with no stable borders, Aulicino’s lyrical “I” shifts between roles, exile or spy or reporter taking detailed notes.

Jorge Aulicino, who was born in Buenos Aires in 1949, has played a crucial role in Argentine and Latin American poetry for more than thirty years, working as a poet, translator, journalist, and editor. He has published more than twenty books of his own poems and translated the work of Cesare Pavese, Pier Paolo Passolini, Guido Cavalcanti, John Keats, Ezra Pound, and Marianne Moore, along with Dante’s *Divine Comedy*. In 2014 he was awarded the Argentine National Library Award, and in 2015 the National Poetry Prize. **Judith Filc** was born and raised in Buenos Aires, earned a medical degree from Buenos Aires University, then decided to pursue a PhD in literature at the University of Pennsylvania. In Argentina she taught at the Urban Studies Institute of the Universidad Nacional de General Sarmiento and in New York University’s Buenos Aires Program. Since 2002 she has been a visiting scholar at Columbia University’s Institute on Culture and Society, living in the Hudson Valley with her husband and son.

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