PRESS RELEASE

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Just released: Halflives, a chapbook by ANDREW C. GOTTLIEB. A finalist in the 2005 NMP/DIAGRAM chapbook contest, this lovely thing, 40pp, is available now by mail or from the NMP storefront (credit cards accepted) at: <newmichiganpress.com/nmp>. Several poems from this chapbook are at right. You are going to like this chapbook, mature, accomplished, excellent.

ANDREW C. GOTTLIEB was born in Ontario, grew up outside of Boston, and now lives and writes in Seattle where he most recently taught creative writing at the University of Washington. He has received grants from the Seattle Arts Commission, Artist Trust, and the Washington State Arts Commission, and his short fiction and poetry has appeared in many journals and literary reviews. He has his MA in creative writing from Iowa State University and his MFA from the University of Washington. He is currently working on a novel.

We would like to invite you to order a copy. $7 + $1 (s&h) gets you yours. Or test-drive his work in DIAGRAM available online at: <http://thediagram.com>.

(Bookstores and press, contact nmp@thediagram.com.)

STAND-OFF, BEDSIDE

My grandmother’s breath had weakened by then, brief exhalations lifting slurried sound out thin, wrinkled lips taut over teeth reddened with blood she coughed. We urged her to stop, as if silence could comfort our watching, and save her for one more day of sun, but she fought us and our wait, talked on as if her words stood up on their own, pulled on boots with their ties, marshaled life with a song, and escaped in the dark with a march.

FUGUE FOR WHEELCHAIR

We’d find my father sprawled on the hard wood floor of the master bedroom, fallen from his scooter—as we called it, hoping names could make things not what they were—and waiting for us to return home grocery-laden. I’m okay, he’d shout, and heavy bags of food would drop. My mother’s face. Could she run. And he, always amused at the refrain of our concern as if the strains of panic weren’t the dissonance of fear and anger, proof that leaving home could be a danger. My parents wrestled with such tasks—balance lost and found with luck—but me, I simply etched the record with new grooves. The needle sticks sometimes; the clinging notes of home repeat: my father’s careless laugh; my mother’s pounding feet.

PRODUCE CO-OP

My storefront racks up losses. I don’t mind. Business is a toss-up when you share. I give change to strangers, love women with dropped hearts, large purses. A stolen apple means it’s needed elsewhere. Inventory’s useless, only shows the hurts, the broken glass. My awning still holds water. I’ll line the bins, count soft touches, gently cup bruised fruit.