PRESS RELEASE

JUST RELEASED: Exit Interview, a chapbook by the inimitable Paul Guest. A finalist in the 2006 chapbook contest, this 40pp chapbook is perhaps the finest work we’ve published to date. The poems are lyric, luminous, hilariously and heartbreaking by turns. Axe that: that description just doesn’t do it justice; it’s blurbese.

Let us just say that this is really good. The chapbook is tender and speculative, lit up by Elvis, Jonny Quest, robot butlers and the general widespread need for them, the invisible man, Godzilla, and the worlds of pain and memory and love. A sample excerpt appears at right. The chapbook is available now by mail, at excellent independent booksellers, or from the NMP storefront (credit cards accepted) at: <newmichiganpress.com/nmp>.


We would like to invite you to order a copy. $8 + $1 (s&h) gets you yours. Or test-drive his work in DIAGRAM available online at: <http://thediagram.com>.


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Yes! Please send me [ ] copies of Exit Interview at $8 per copy + $1 for postage. I’ve enclosed cash or a check/money order made out to New Michigan Press. Please send my copy/copies to:

THESE ARMS OF MINE

Let’s promise never to love like the octopus: floating in darkness, in jellied ink, its beak the only hardness it knows, and though I can’t imagine how it helps matters, in the eight-armed midst of its mating, a limb will often fall away from the body, by ecstasy amputated to the silt. All morning I’ve failed to find why, though no one fails to mention that death soon follows all this armlessness. It’s fascinating but a mess. Imagine if each time we kissed my ear fell off. If the morning was not so much for brushing the fog of the night from the mouth, but reassembly. You might go out into the day with my bad ankle. I’d never hear the end. What would there be to talk about except that we were falling apart, and too soon, and how dull it had all become, this entropy, this shedding, this habit of the cephalopod no one can explain. Maybe it’s like the threatened sea cucumber everting its guts, to leave less to hunger’s hunger. Maybe eight arms is one arm too many to bear in the alien instant of that inscrutable love. That I would understand, that I could recognize in the mirror of my skin, in yours, there in the crushing depth of the night. There we’d find each other like exotic gods, our hands manifold, our fingers infinite—well, almost. Soon: the subtraction, the severing, the silence like a wave.