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PRESS RELEASE

NEW MICHIGAN PRESS IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE the release of Weston Cutter’s excellent All Black Everything.

Weston Cutter’s poems are ecstatic—reaching out, pulling an eyelid over, pulling everything in. Emerson’s transparent eyeball and Ashbery’s convex mirror combine in symphony, with the Peterson’s Field Guide to North American Birds for a libretto and a train derailment for an orchestra. That’s Cutter’s address. Keep walking till you see light streaming from the chimneys and the windows every moving thing is crowded in. What’s inside: more zoology than zoo, more everything than ever. —JAKE ADAM YORK

Cutter’s world is vividly and joyfully detailed—here be licking and willows and liquor and birds and and and—but his book’s central subject is its thrilling syntax, which rushes wild, stops short, tests, sniffs, hesitates, and gusts away again, ever on the verge of chaos but never quite out of control. It’s a delirious ride, equal parts scary and beauty; you’ll enjoy every minute you dare to. —JOEL BROUWER

Weston Cutter’s poems are accelerants of invention—highly flammable as they careen adeptly past matches, burlap, and gods on fire. What the poems give light to is what gets traded, lost, or abandoned as our past and possible lives lose their force, and we are left to claim the improbable, persistent self. Such awareness results in the restless hilarity of never quite knowing whether “the neighbor’s dog’s barking at meaningless blowing leaves or someone approaching finally with the axe.” Disconcerting, really, to have this much fun racing to watch the fire and finding it’s our own house in flames. —JENNIFER BOYDEN


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Yes! We love you, Weston Cutter! Please send me [ ] copies of All Black Everything at $9 per copy + $2 for postage (in USA). I’ve enclosed cash or a check/money order made out to New Michigan Press. Please send my book(s) to:

15 OCTOBER 2012

from All Black Everything:

LUCINDA WILLIAMS VS. WEINERDOGS [EXCERPT]

I’ve been circling: wandering around, looking for something bright: maybe chewable: to -day the rain: enough to set the grass on fire with runoff: and the neighbor’s weinerdog had his first impression of ocean: and I just walked through it: through worms: through old Lucinda Williams songs all day about seeing something in someone’s eyes: all day, songs about almost-but-not-quite being alone: the coded what-if of a lovesong: an umbrella: the first guy I walked past this afternoon, both us watching the wetground in front of us, had an umbrella with words printed on the inside: Sunny! it said: Clearing up!: my umbrella’s black as a sixteen year-old’s wishes: as a lung: the man and I did not nod as we passed, and later, over […]