



PRESS RELEASE

NEW MICHIGAN PRESS IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE the release of the 2010 *DIAGRAM*/NEW MICHIGAN PRESS chapbook contest winner, Eric Weinstein's great debut, *Vivisection*.

"Reading these poems bring to mind the precision, the imagination and the profound questioning of being of Leonardo da Vinci's drawings where metal and flesh would seem to mate and mesh to be animated in perpetual movement. With a preternatural mastery of meter and rhyme, Weinstein's verses become wonderful human machines to convey, with the precision of scalpels, the complex uncertainties and the sorrows of living." —BREYTEN BREYTENBACH

"These elegant lines cut deep, not into bodies but into thoughts, thoughts about bodies, about the pain, shame, and delight of incarnation. For Eric Weinstein, poetry may be vivisection, but vivisection is, for him, metaphysical, an art of awe and understanding, where it is not so much poetry as our own contradictions that rend us, that appear to us, in these pages, with such an arresting tension, between galaxy and microbe, flesh and metal, living and dead. These poems peer into the dark." —JOSEPH DONAHUE

Eric Weinstein's *Vivisection* is available by mail, at excellent independent booksellers, at Amazon, or best, from the NMP storefront at: <newmichiganpress.com/nmp>. NMP, 2010. Perfect-bound, 72pp. ISBN 978-1-934832-25-7. For more information (or for bookstore orders), email New Michigan Press at <nmp@thediagram.com>.

ORDER FORM

Yes! We love you, Eric Weinstein! Please send me [] copies of *Vivisection* at \$9 per copy + \$2 for postage. I've enclosed cash or a check/money order made out to *New Michigan Press*. Please send my book(s) to:

30 OCTOBER 2010

ANATOMY LESSON (I)

Note the dark concavity of the skull.
(Inside it the night is very long.)

The architecture of the inner ear
a marvel: hammer & anvil, hammering

away in the long night. Here is the heart
with six wings (fig. b). Primordial

dragonfly, it hovers all day over water (remember
that water, like all things, casts a shadow).

See here the shadows of the ribs
over the lungs: thin, insisting,

rungs of a bowed ladder folding
like wind into night, into longing, into night.

