



PRESS RELEASE

NEW MICHIGAN PRESS IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE the release of Justin Runge's *Plainsight*.

At once documentary in its plain-spoken observations and attuned to the romance of place, this chapbook buzzes with people laboring, cowering ranch houses, food courts and "failed utopias." A history and projective future of the Plains, Runge's poems vibrate with particulars and possibilities. —MEGAN KAMINSKI

Justin Runge's staccato travel narrative migrates across Nebraska, marking its stations, east to west, by way of mile and exit numbers on Interstate 80, the ghosted path of the Oregon, California, and Mormon trails. Disembodied in its vehicle, the thinking eye of these poems passes through the placed and put structures in the ether of the lost prairie as if passing the way stations on the road to Compostela, or Basho's narrow road north. At once a feature article and catchall, an elegy and an invitation to new vision, *Plainsight* reports and collects, laments and reflects: "Everything / is crushed / by this sky, / as if a vise / grip forms / from the ground / and it. Dark / mouth. Posts / but no lights." Here the world is recognized by one of its own. "As Roman / decay was / built in," Runge builds in subtle insight, deftly scored: "Two functions / here: departure / and effluvia." —PETER STRECKFUS

Plainsight is available by mail, at excellent independent booksellers, at Amazon, or best, from our storefront at: newmichiganpress.com/nmp. NMP, 2012. Perfect-bound, 56pp. ISBN 978-1-934832-38-7. Information & for bookstore orders, email us at nmp@thediagram.com.

ORDER FORM

Yes! We love you, Justin Runge! Please send me [] copies of *Plainsight* 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:

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Kid platoons
in a cornfield,
detasseling.
Their hands,
like locusts,
fidget plague,
but set stalks
to blossom.
Idle pivots
are plesiosaur
skeletons sat
in the field,
flake echoes
of here's actual
natural
history. Once

a sea. Rain
runoff coughs
flecked eras.
Weapon tips,
behemoth bone
shards worked
back like seeds
into soil, under
sneaker soles.
Noon held
aloft. The hay
stacked with
sack lunch
ate bleeding
from razor-
like leaves.

