

My Mojave



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著者:Revell, Donald

出版者:

出版时间:

装帧:

isbn:9781882295401

Donald Revell's eighth collection, "My Mojave," concerns itself with beauty, with the way in which the divine pours through the eye and into the soul. The poems seek their gods in that place where the natural and human worlds come together, where "miserable cardinals comfort/The broken seesaws/And me who wants no comfort/Only to believe." With tightly crafted, sensual lines, the poems are keenly aware of the deserts we inhabit, all the while marveling at the effortlessness of poetry and worship in a world so magnificently capable of proliferating itself and its beauty.

Short Fantasia
The plane descending from an empty sky
Onto numberless real stars
Makes a change in heaven, a new
Pattern for the ply of spirits on bodies. We are here. Sounds press our bones down. Someone standing recognizes someone else. We have no insides. All the books
Are written on the steel beams of bridges. Seeing the stars at my feet, I tie my shoes
With a brown leaf. I stand, and I read again
The story of Aeneas escaping the fires
And his wife's ghost. We shall meet again
At a tree outside the city. We shall make
New sounds and leave our throats in that place.

Praise for Donald Revell's "There Are Three": "The touch throughout is extraordinarily refined, the -language trimmed and delicate beyond praise. It's almost as terrible and pure as Bach's music for solo violin, so to speak, deep into the strings. . . ." -Calvin Bedient, "The Denver Quarterly"

"There Are Three" is a grave and compelling book, the kind which demands rereading." -"Poetry"

作者介绍:

目录:

[My Mojave 下载链接1](#)

标签

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[My Mojave 下载链接1](#)

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