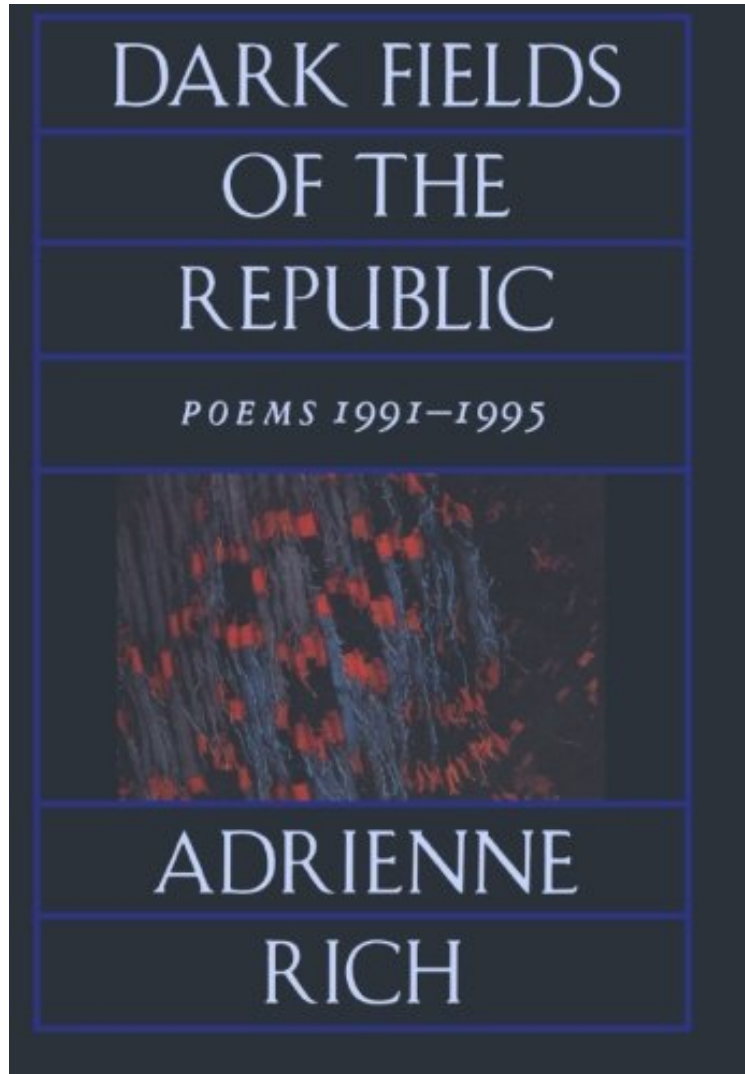


Dark Fields of the Republic: Poems 1991-1995

Adrienne Rich

*DOC | *audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF | ePub*



 Download

 Read Online

#1660540 in Books Adrienne Rich 1995-09-17 1995-09-17Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 8.20 x .40 x 5.50l, .32 #File Name: 039331398096 pagesDark Fields of the Republic Poems 1991 1995 | File size: 46.Mb

Adrienne Rich : Dark Fields of the Republic: Poems 1991-1995 before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Dark Fields of the Republic: Poems 1991-1995:

1 of 4 people found the following review helpful. Good, but has she lost her relevance?By A CustomerI have long been an admirer of Rich's beautiful poetry and ideas. Even though a male reader, I have found her company through her books over the years some of the best. However, in this volume, there is a real lack of vision. Rich comes accross at times like a parody of herself and her causes--instead of celebrating the victories, she acts as if she is hidden and on-the-run. This attitude hurts this otherwise interesting book. Her meditations on aging that appear throughout several poems in this volume are affecting and exciting, but there is still something missing. If you've never read Rich before,

start with the works of the seventies; if you have read and loved Rich, then pick this up and settle in with a dear, if slightly crusty, slightly out-of-touch old friend.

"When does a life bend towards freed? grasp its direction" asks Adrienne Rich in *Dark Fields of the Republic*, her major new work. Her explorations go to the heart of democracy and love, and the historical and present endangerment of both. A theater of voices of men and women, the dead and the living, over time and across continents, the poems of *Dark Fields of the Republic* take conversations, imaginary and real, actions taken for better or worse, out of histories and songs to extend the poet's reach of witness and power of connection--and then invites the reader to participate.

From *Publishers Weekly* In poems written since 1991, Rich conceives a spare but variegated poetic landscape where the borders of politics, art and personal relationships dissolve to unloose disembodied, truth-telling voices: "...this is not somewhere else but here,/ our country moving closer to its own truth and dread,/ its own ways of making people disappear." Two sections, "What Kind of Times Are These" and "Then Or Now," explore the individual mind's impress on the world, sometimes drawing from the lives of political visionaries and intellectuals. In the 10-part poem, "Calle Vision," a real place becomes a topography of human memory and imagination. Ideas ("surely the love of life is never-ending") undulate with imagistic details ("a cat drinks from a bowl of marigolds") in poems with often shorter lines than in her last book, *An Atlas of the Difficult World*; forms like couplets and quatrains are also more frequently used here. Distilled to shorthand, this is political, deeply personal poetry that emerges from Rich's experience of the world's horrors and beauty, and her knowledge that "The beauty of darkness/ is how it lets you see." Copyright 1995 Reed Business Information, Inc. From *Library Journal* "This is not somewhere else but here,/our country moving closer to its own truth and dread," warns Rich in the grand, admonitory poem that opens her 20th collection. But this new work is not thoroughly foreboding despite "acceptable levels of cruelty, steadily rising." Rich displays omnivorous avidity ("Whatever you bring in your hands I need to see it"); sure, pure imagery from "this my labyrinthine filmic brain"; testiness "because in times like these/to have you listen at all, it's necessary/to talk about trees"; and even occasional, incremental succor: "and yes, you can feel happy/with just one piece of your heart." Both particular and portentous, these poems continue the testament of one of our most committed poets, who reflects in the volume's closing strophes, "These are the extremes I stoke/into the updraft of this life/still roaring/into the thinnest air." Highly recommended. ?Thomas Tavis, San Francisco P.L. Copyright 1995 Reed Business Information, Inc. From *Booklist* Cassandra, you may remember, was cursed to speak only the truth but never to be believed. Rich has much of Cassandra about her. Her poetry is based in the moral demand that each word be truth, most exactly defined, which does not make her a comfortable poet. She does not pepper (or salt) her pages with the cosy paraphernalia of modern life: when the TV appears in her lines, it is most often blaring forth bad news of poverty or violence. She does not confide in confessional asides. She does not restrict her vision or her voice to the polite or the acceptable. She has never been more public nor, at the same time, more private than in these fin de siecle lyrics, some of the most moving of which detail her fierce awareness of mortality: "dying in full desire / thirsting for the coldest water / hungering for hottest food / gazing into the wildest light." Rich, however uncomfortable, has won virtually every honor in American poetry. Patricia Monaghan