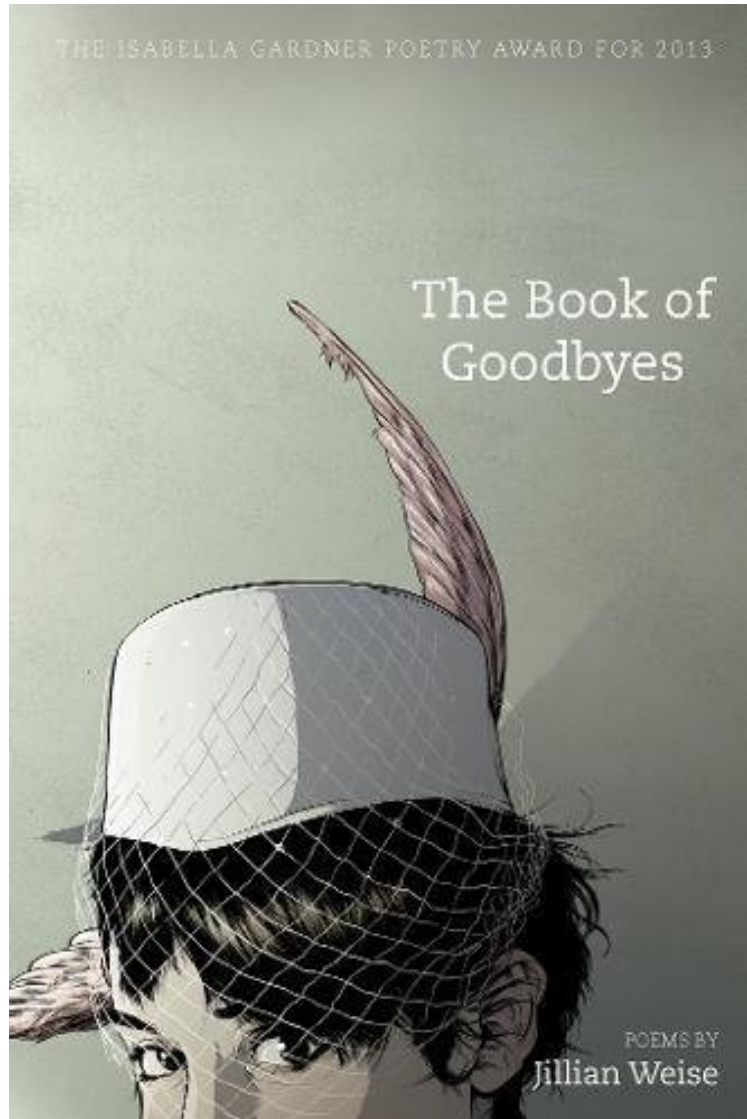


[Read download] The Book of Goodbyes (American Poets Continuum)

The Book of Goodbyes (American Poets Continuum)

Jillian Weise

*audiobook / *ebooks / Download PDF / ePub / DOC*



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

#1184595 in Books BOA Editions Ltd. 2013-09-03 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.80 x .30 x 5.90l, .30
#File Name: 193816014288 pages | File size: 69.Mb

Jillian Weise : The Book of Goodbyes (American Poets Continuum) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Book of Goodbyes (American Poets Continuum):

5 of 5 people found the following review helpful. The Amputee's Dream By Kevin L. Nenstiel Jillian Weise is an amputee. Let's discuss that first, because her altered body, and its attendant demands on her spirit, recur early and often in her verse. Does her prosthetic leg make her disabled, disfigured, different? Like the best poets, she resists answering her own questions, preferring the process. After all, her leg isn't her only interesting trait, just the one outsiders see first, and judge. And that dominates the greatest portion of her verse: not how she responds to her own

disability (if that's the word), but how others respond to it. She appears to take it for granted. Poems like "The Ugly Law," about how cities formerly used legislation to keep undesirables out of sight, or "Elegy for Zahra Baker," about a murder victim similarly transformed, unpack how others perceive women with prosthetics. Therefore, Weise crafts remarkable voice poems, creating wholly realized identities who judge and criticize, dissecting herself vicariously. Sometimes Weise slips among voices, sudden and unannounced, mid-poem, creating a dreamlike texture where everything and nothing coexists simultaneously. At times, it's impossible to determine exactly who's speaking, as in her thirdhand self-examination, "Caf Loop": She had it easy, you know. I knew her from FSU, back before she was disabled. I mean she was disabled but she didn't write like it. Did she talk like it? Do you know what it is exactly? She used to wear these long dresses to cover it up. She had a poem in *The Atlantic*. Yes, I'll take water. But despite this motif, Weise doesn't write a book about her amputation. She's written two previous books; perhaps she's already come to grips with this theme. Instead, she expounds how her condition colors how she receives others, and how others receive her. Friends, lovers, lost loves: this is a book about people communicating, or failing to communicate, with one another. Recurrent throughout this collection, Weise revisits Big Logos, a mysterious, self-destructive figure and apparently burned-out poet. Weise calls herself Big Logos' mistress, and speaks of his other woman as his girlfriend, lover, wife... Just as other voices meld into a dreamlike gestalt, one suspects Big Logos is an amalgam of men who have hurt her, as in "Semi Semi Dash," which I quote in full: The last time I saw Big Logos he was walking to the Quantum Physics Store to buy magnets. He told me his intentions. He was wearing a jumpsuit with frayed cuffs. I thought the cuffs got that way from him rubbing them against his lips but he said they got that way with age. We had two more blocks to walk. "Once I do this, what are you going to do?" he asked. "I wish you wouldn't do it," I said. Big Logos bought the magnets and a crane delivered them to his house. After he built the 900-megahertz superconductor, I couldn't go to his house anymore because I have all kinds of metal in my body. I think if you love someone, you shouldn't do that, build something like that, on purpose, right in front of them. Big Logos arrests Weise's attention: his massive generator, his struggles with ancestry, his apparent violent streak. But who is Big Logos? Weise is inconsistent, probably because she has combined many men to create this monument to her pain. Big Logos becomes, not an individual, but a prism through which Weise examines her own *Todestrieb*. Consider "Poem For His Ex," where she enumerates her perceived unworthiness: So what's up? Where are you these days? Last I heard you worked at a bakery. Last I read your poems were lower case with capital content. I used to like to read them in the dark. It's weird you're not his girl anymore. You were the picture in a snow globe on his desk that I'd go to, shaking, when he left the room. That room. Weise's catalog of disappointment could easily slip into a self-parodying dirge. Indeed, she dances close to the maudlin more than once. But she retains her essential humanity, and her readers' loyalty, by keeping her gaze clear during her long, minute self-autopsy. She doesn't make herself either a romantic hero or the dregs of something lesser; she's just herself, capable of emotional extremes like you or I. Weise might call herself a partial woman. She might call herself a disabled soul. But her ability to know herself, and show what she knows, makes her greater, and more direct. This isn't easy reading. But it is very, very honest.

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Sometimes raw, sometimes searing, always arresting. By Glynn Young. Its about relationships, whether the subject is an antiquated law about maimed people, a recipe for tilapia, even flower arranging. Welcome to *The Book of Goodbyes: Poems* by Jillian Weise. Its a notable volume, and not only because it was the 2013 winner of the James Laughlin Award for best second book of poetry from the Academy of American Poets. Weises first was *The Amputees Guide to Sex* (2007), the title of which tells you at least some of what you might expect in *The Book of Goodbyes*. A law about maimed or disfigured people (they used to be called ugly laws and that's the title of one of Weises poems) is not a figment of the poets imagination; the last such law was repealed by Chicago in 1974. Such people were not to be allowed on the streets. Weise is abrupt, occasionally shocking, and free in her use of language including profanity, which sometimes sneaks up on you when you dont expect it. Or sometimes you do expect it and its missing in action. Weise keeps you guessing, and not only with language. Youre never quite sure where shes going to take you. I work with people like that. Theyre millennials. Weise captures how they speak and think. And writes poems about how they speak and think. *The Book of Goodbyes* is structured like a two-act play, including a titled intermission and an official curtain call. It could simply be an organizing device for the poems. I suspect the structure is designed to suggest were attending a play; in fact, were part of the play. The language of the poems is urgent and compelling enough to pull us right into the poems themselves. Up Late and Likewise It never stopped raining when I was with him and we were wet and there were parties. He was from another decade. It was honest. With some you never can tell but with him I could. My decade let the POWs come home. What did you decade do? The thing about him is he keeps being the thing. You could never count on him. I did. It never stopped raining and I could, it was honest, tell. Would you like to be in the same decade with me? Would you like to be caught dead with me? The section entitled Intermission includes three longish poems about two finches in a cave on the Argentine side of Iguazu Falls. The poems are actually much more engaging than that brief summary might imply; the poems use finches but they, like the other poems in this volume, are about relationships, human relationships. The final poem, the only one included in the section entitled Curtain Call, is *Elegy for Zahra Baker*. Its a prose poem about a missing child, based on a real case in North Carolina in 2010. Its an angry poem. It should be. *The Book of Goodbyes* is sometimes raw, sometimes searing,

but always arresting and always honest. Even the finches.

WINNER OF THE 2013 JAMES LAUGHLIN AWARD
Winner of the 2013 Isabella Gardner Poetry Award
Publishers Weekly "Best Book of 2013"
A NPR "Best Book of 2013"
A Coldfront Magazine "Top 40 Poetry Book" for 2013
These fierce, hip, heartbreaking love poems call out to a lover who can't be lived with or without. They're humorous, odd, and full of all the unreasonable truth of love. This book is the real thing. Publishers Weekly
Weise's collection examines the daily life and consciousness of a speaker with a disability willing to confront all taboos associated with sex, intimacy, identity, gender, and love. - Coldfront Magazine
The Los Angeles Times described Jillian Weise's debut poetry collection as "a fearless dissection of the taboo and the hidden." In this second collection she forwards her bold, sexy poetics by chronicling an affair with a man she names "Big Logos." These poems throw into question sex, the law, identity, sentiment, and power, shifting between lyric and narrative, hyper-realism and magical realism, fact and fiction.
I've Been Waiting All Night
I reckon you were asleep with your girl before the phone rang. Make something up.
I've been waiting all night to tell you about the couple in post-War France, the woman fresh in her grave and the man who didn't like his mistress dead, no sir, and so exhumed her, to the dismay of his wife, who had him arrested for the stink he made. She was reburied, returned to the dead. After jail, he dug her up to fuck again. Attached suction cups and crafted a wig from a broom. You can go now. I'm more in the mood than you're used to.
Jillian Weise
an above-the-knee amputee with a computerized prosthetic identifies as a cyborg and has discussed the identity in essays for the New York Times and Drunken Boat. Her books include *The Amputee's Guide to Sex* (Soft Skull Press, 2007) and *The Colony* (Counterpoint/Soft Skull Press, 2010). She is an assistant professor at Clemson University, a contributing editor at the South Carolina Review, and co-director of the Annual Clemson Literary Festival.

From Publishers Weekly
Starred . Peace makes awful poetry writes Weise in her second collection, in which goodbyes begin long before you hear them/ and gain speed. Split into two main sections or acts with Intermission in between and Curtain Call at the end, this is a smart and savvy ode to absences of a lover, of a self, and of a part of the self, literal and figurative. Weise, an amputee, writes brilliantly about being marked as a disabled poet; in *Caf Loop*, a dialectic between strangers, she writes, I knew her/ from FSU, back before she was disabled.// I mean she was disabled but she didn't/ write like it. Big Logos, Weise's name for her paramour figure, is Li Po sometimes/ and Catullus others, making cameos in varying stages of departure: The thing about him is// he keeps being the thing. You could never/ count on him. I did. Intermission's whimsical, hip fables star anthropomorphic finches, and the *Curtain Call's* *Elegy for Zahra Bakera* philosophical tract on absence, presence, and pain brilliantly examines the case of a missing person, a young girl with a missing leg. Throughout, Weise's masterfully balanced voice transforms even unique intricacies of her experience into a way to relate to not alienate the reader. This is a brilliant book ultimately about connection. (Sept.)
"[The Book of Goodbyes]...is punctuated with an intriguing dip into magic realism." *Charleston City Paper*
"a smart and savvy ode to absences of a lover, of a self, and of a part of the self, literal and figurative ... This is a brilliant book ultimately about connection. Publishers Weekly *Starred* "This book reminds us that the pain of love and loss, in the hands of a powerful wordsmith such as Weise, might just morph into passion, thrill, strength. And that love-suffering can bring us ever closer to lovability because through it we learn to connect, renew, transform. -Brenda Shaughnessy, The Academy of American Poets