



LOST HORSE PRESS

is proud to announce the publication of

LOST HORSE PRESS NEW POETS SERIES

New Poets • Short Books • Volume V

Series Editor • Marvin Bell



I asked power to spit on my hands,  
Bring death closer to my heart, I said.  
Inside *me, me, me, me.*

—from "Bring Death" by Valentine Freeman

WHAT'S TRULY IS FERAL  
*poems by Valentine Freeman*

It is mine  
to bear, this sack  
of dust, broken  
rhythms of night's  
covered drum.

The wind has something  
to tell me.  
Look how it tugs  
at my sleeve.

—from "To Friends Not Knowing What To Say" by Robert Peake



HUMAN SHADE  
*poems by Robert Peake*

... As he fell  
into her arms, panting like a dog,  
he knew only that the catcalls  
beyond the silence filling his ears  
were not from heaven  
for heaven was nowhere.  
Only the foothold of cornflowers  
rose above him carrying the scent  
of his brothers' boots.

ON THE MURDER OF JUAN DE LA CRUZ  
*poems by Jensea Storie*

—from "On the Murder of Juan de la Cruz, August 16, 1973" by Jensea Storie

... Our country is being attacked from without and within. Ideologues have taken the place of thinkers and judges, democracy has been distorted by TV politics, and the so-called American Dream is fast disappearing as health, safety and privacy become increasingly the luxuries of the wealthy. As always, the soul of a nation survives in the interstices of political and economic events. It survives, preeminently, in the arts. Art makes life better, even in the harshest of circumstances.

In the glut of poetic gymnastics, amusements, hip talk, glittering confessions and conventional commentary, there will yet and always be, I believe, poets who write from inside, for whom poetry is a way of thinking from within emotion, and for whom a poem is about what happens as you write, read or hear it. No village explainer can tell you why this matters or persuade you to love it. I have cared for my students, and for these "New Poets," more than they know. But they had to do the work themselves for it to matter. As I said, check back in ten years. Maybe twenty.

—Marvin Bell, 10 November 2010

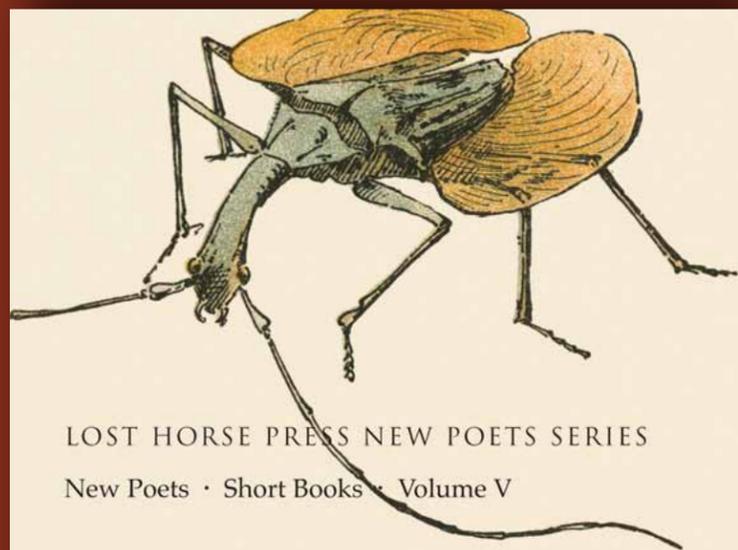
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