

Time Capsule

A Poetry Anthology from the Putney Public Library

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By Way of Introduction

This poetry chapbook is a unique project by the Putney Public Library, which collected poems by a number of poets with a connection to Vermont and an awareness of ecology, seasonality, and community within the Green Mountain State. It includes writers who have visited during a writing residency, our current poet laureate, poets in the immediate Putney community, poets from around Vermont, young and previously unpublished poets, and lauded poets who have put forth multiple poetry collections in their careers. Initialized in late 2019, the anthology now serves as a bit of a time capsule for the zeitgeist immediately before the Covid-19 pandemic, even as the book and accompanying broadsides came to fruition these 4 years later.

Local artist and letterpress printer Candace Jensen envisioned the project and collaborated to curate the selection with library director Emily Zervas and Michelle Blake, former Putney Library Writer in Residence. Through the pandemic, the chapbook project involved local kids marbling end-papers under tents with the collaboration of the wind, many of the poets visiting the Ruth Stone House in Goshen, VT to hand print broadsides of their included poems on the letterpress there, community members hand-stitching the chapbook edition, and much more.

The heart of this project has always been making the publishing and book-making process accessible to our community and relaying how special book-arts methods such as bookbinding, paper-marbling, and letterpress printing really are. It has also been a flex to find the real edge of possibility for a small but mighty local library to venture outside proscribed presumptions about libraries' roles in supporting writers, authors, artists and education! Lastly, but far from least, the chapbook is a collection of beautiful, strange, provocative and evocative poems that speak to the variety and power of poetic voices Vermont has the pleasure of hosting.

We hope you enjoy the collection you hold in your hands!

Candace Jensen, Emily Zervas & Michelle Blake

*Watching the Morning Mist near Mount Sunapee
(While Flipping Through Plath's Ariel and Homer's Odyssey)*

It concentrates over the bodies of water
like breath above the speakers of winter.

Over the Sugar River, over Lake Solitude,
a gauze packing the wounds

a glacier gouged into the region, the sink holes
in the wake of something colossal

receding. It's hard for a girl to lose her father
while he's still a god, leaving her

with a taste for mountainous terrain,
for monolithic granite with its veins

of iron, its blocky heights, the mist lifting
toward the peak as if drawn by the distance.

Each day, it burns off
but comes back the next, wafting

again around the mountain's foot
in a stasis of waiting, loyal to a fault,

the way women have always waited
for the hero to return, the mist separating

from itself in twisted strands
like threads pulled by a woman's hand

from morning's freshly-woven shroud.

Kate Gleason

Tintype

I do not want to—
blackflies follow me
and I must stand their soft touch

their feet rubbing like
doctors scrubbing-in in the birthing
room of the corpse—
the blackflies
see the faces of it. The big picture.

It is looking out like the faces of
Civil War soldiers on tintypes.
Hollowed out. Bewildered.

Bianca Stone

Enchanters of Addison County

We were more than gestural, close-listening,
the scent of manure writing its waft on the leaves
off Route 22A. By nightfall, our gaze flecked
like loon cries, but no one was up for turnips
nor other roots, not least of which the clergy.
Romanticism has its detractors, which is why
we lined the road with tea-lit luminaries
and fresh-cut lemons. We called it making magic,
then stormed the corners and porches
of General Stores, kissing whenever cars idled
at four way stop signs or sought Grade A maple syrup
in tin containers with painted scenes of horse-drawn
farmers plowing through snow. The silhouetted, rusted
farm equipment gave us the laidback heaven
we so often wished, and fireflies bequeathed earth stars,
such blink and blank and bunk-a-bunk-bunk.
And of course we wondered if we existed,
and also too, the cows in the ancient pastures,
and the white milk inside our heads
like church spires and ice cream cones.
Even after all of that cha-cha-cha, we still came
out of swimming holes shivering our hearts out.

Major Jackson

एक रात में

मैंने एक रात बारिश के हज़ार नाच सुने
चूड़ी की तरह आकाश टुकड़े टुकड़े हो गया
गली के आईने में पृथ्वी उलटी लगी
पानी के हिलने से सब दुनिया बदलने लगी
और मेरी तस्वीर भी दूसरी हो गई
चारों तरफ़ आकाश के नाच में
असली दुनिया नक़ली लगने लगी
और पानी के एक एक टुकड़े में
चाँद हँस रहा था।

One Night

One night I heard the thousand
dances of rain—

like a bangle, the sky broke
into pieces

in the mirror of the alley,
the earth looked up-

side-down, the world kept
transforming

in the moving
water, my face, too, became another—

from all four directions, in the sky's
dance, the world appeared

unreal, and in each broken piece of water,
the moon remained, laughing—

-translated from the original Hindi by the author Rita Banerjee

The Fox

One red fox crosses Route 100
skittering past our front tires —
a few yards up, another.
We could be near or half a world from
our home. Wheeling
in our seats, we try to catch
a glimpse of these two fiery hymns,
their chanting footsteps
crossing the familiar spine of a road.
I bless your ears and eyes,
and remember last winter when we watched
a fox span a snowy field, pause,
then call the other, as if with small bits of thunder,
and it was then I asked myself
how shall I live?
The dead have no lovers
and I was young and dead
until you swerved enough.
Four young birch trees
penciling the road sag knowing
that everything almost dies and then does.
For what are our eyes?
For what are our ears?
Into whose mouth are we followed?
That night we are kept awake by the moon
following the mountains' ridge
like the tracery of a child.
In the morning, all the lines are erased.
We have coffee, read the news,
and see shards of red flashing across our screens.

Didi Jackson

Time Capsule of January 2020

Breathe as you listen to the heartbeat of the world
Be quiet, if you are hiding, do not make noise
Listen to me now, I do not care if you are loud
Hold hands with the floor as she tips her angle
Breathe in the trees while you still can
Become courageous in the lion's roar
Do not throw a stone at your reflection
Marvel at the fact that you are living
You breathe air
You walk upon the earth
You feel
Marvel at the fact that you have hands
You can bend them
Make beautiful things with them
Cradle with them
Outstretch them
Now become delirious with the fact that you are breathing
Air is flowing in and out of your lungs
That in itself is a miracle
You inhale through your nose
Feel it pass through your body
And out again
There is more of this world than you can possibly understand
And there is too much of you for this world to possibly know
Now listen to the heartbeat of the world
It is you

Emma Paris

Winter Polaroids

I love an orange bed
of coals: the Jötul's
glowing casserole



O cardinal!
I thought you were
a red leaf falling

Megan Buchanan

With a Bone in His Heart

“Only the lull I like...” —Walt Whitman

He sat in his pew of piled up stones in the hedgerow
where a crow cried out to him in ribald caws to “Listen!
Listen!” So he did until the raw, explosive syllable
of the crow blessed his voice with the sound of sky,
which he had forgotten but remembered now
with a bone in his heart, which was also a tuning fork
that rang in the lull like a star. He was moved, there-
fore, to hum the score of clouds back to the crow
on his mercy seat of a long dead limb that scratched
the sky and made it bleed a sudden rain from swollen clouds
that floated by like notes to the oldest song the silence sings.

Chard de Niord

Mud Season

Fleshy nightshade tones the thump-thump-thump
of the grouse taking flight.
Oil drifting on the surface a hazy
bluish track mark in the fecund mud
from an ATV or something.
Everything about this is soprano when what is called for is
guttural. Throat singing.

A painful teacher, the inconvenient and uncomfortable. Uncomfortable
uncomfortable creek gurgling and the wood frogs tic-wack-knock-
knocking.

Amphexuser layers, a frog gang-bang.
Vernal pools so fertile, you'd be pregnant with tapioca tadpoles to
meander through them. The soft, dead body of a frog who, maybe,
didn't move away fast enough. The body of a frog caught in the
amorous embrace of,
there might be five, or six frogs
in the conga line to the frog eggs. Om-el-ette. Over, easy.

Sunny-side up (this is two mornings after): I am wondering about the
holy shift from periwinkle to pale yellow in the morning sky as the
rosebud horizon portends the arrival of the blaze orange sun all too hot
too soon this year again
all of the mating frogs
soft and dead.

The muck site of their lovemaking, full of bobbing blobs of eggs and
their soft, dead bodies.

Some still locked in embrace.

This is the end, they might think, it feels good. I'm fine with this.

Candace Jensen

At Pierce Pond With My Old Dad

under
the lightlessness
of no moon
we return to the ice
and make circles in the dark
blindly we orbit
nothing
on the horizon the trees link boughs
nobody
not even the solidness of matter
this rippled frozen slab
via cellular expansion
to be a lake in winter is special
great tons of liquid sloshing underneath
insulating the warmest and softest
there's entire fish down there
swimming and being alive
here we are
being translated up
and wool

I trust
beneath me
holding itself up
via crack and boom
and grotesque
the coldest hardest part
like a microwave filled with bread
entire families of fish
it is hard to skate at night but
it seems as though the necessary topographical information is
through the layers of metal and plastic composite
surrounding my feet
and I can feel

in the muscular cling of my plantar muscles
of my blue heron
adjust
we leave the knobby patch near the island
I can hear your skates slicing
while mine cut

the changing texture of the ice
and in the swift attention
quadriiceps
adjust
for the glassy expanse near the inlet
easy there-circles
easy here-circles
earlier in the night:
you, stooped at the computer,
turn and ask

is return the same thing as enter
and before I have time to answer
another voice
says yes

Em Peake

Putting Food By

The achingly red Roma tomatoes
fill the bleached porcelain sink
like the bulbous detritus of summer.
The remnants of seed and skin
collide and float broken and hollow,
the women work, cut, seed, and trim
with tanned and muscled hands
(those of sewing, knitting) weeds that are pulled as if,
like clumps of dry, worn-toe shoes, they only matter to the cloven.

The jars are erect and waiting the next morning—
the way they are lined up, shiny later in the bright afternoon sun,
speaks of and whispers to something unutterable
and pitiful: loneliness, cancer, death, mourning.

But then, the wide-mouth jar rings are forever sealed
smiling and satisfied in that red-tomato-juice-kind-of-way.
The way it will be like when you open the jar mid-winter
in your white field with your wood pile
having come down to a skeletal sculpting,
a sweet, yet tangy, smell will engulf you
(not unlike the smell after sex),
but it will remind you of the two women
who wear their secrets in the blood-red bath.

Dede Cummings

How Many More

snowflakes can I promise
you? The white fireflies

that cling to the strands
of your branches. The ones

to gather and form clouds
on your shoulders. The ground

a stretched canvas to map prints:
padded and clawed, hoofed, leafed,

and booted. All my favorite shapes
that cannot promise next year.

Amanda Galvan Huynh

How we enter the palace

It is not about speed, the body
sees this, banging its shin on the fender
spilling white flour across linoleum

and the soul knows, wizened fig, big sister

Not about rue, the shame you drag behind
in your wagon, the urge to pay back, to harm

Each dawn a black shelled turtle, face
like a prize fighter, hoists herself onto the rock ledge
to dig in the narrow strip of soil

All through the day I see her head
surface, sink
in the green heart of the lake

This morning I find eight eggs, round
white syllables, lined beside the holes she has dug

By dusk each one is crushed
In the dark, I hear her clamber onto the rocks

My teacher says life is hard, and we must
respect the hardness, stand in awe of it
as we stand before the throne
of Vikramaditya

no hat, no shoes

But first we go slowly slowly
allowing the world to crack the cage of our ribs
so we enter the palace heart first

Shapeshifting (excerpt)

...

For we are forever holy
 money making hip shaking
 wading through the trash heaps
 swaying drunkards on city streets
 stitching love into bedsheets
 broken-boned deadbeats

We moan tirelessly through exhaustion
 through ecstasy
 through pain

and yet the rain always washes our supple bodies pure again always pure
always light ALWAYS READY FOR THE FIGHT!

WE ARE ANIMALS WE ARE EONS WE ARE DREAMERS OF THE
NIGHT

this body is not mine

this body never was

for it belongs to something much bigger than only "I" can ever be For a
long time I grieved.

For a long time I couldn't see. THE DARK was all encompassing the
void had been decreed so I kneaded ribs across the crushing lungs that
never breathed and I puzzle pieced my way back up the mountainside
each day and I said a prayer of gratitude before going on my way you
see the way back down Olympus is both treacherous and clean after
dusk sets and the winds slip footpaths beneath your feet.

Counterintuitive,

 is it not,

to believe that knowing happens in the dark?

When did you first begin to doubt your own church of bone and clay?

Claire Gieringer

Barbarians

Here and there, between trees,
cows lie down in the forest
in the midafternoon
as though sleep were an idea
for which they were willing
to die.

Mary Ruefle

Culvert Replacement at Moon Brook

Before the poem, I let my truck recite a text which read, “Man have you seen the prices of Beyond Death are dropping?” As I left the office John spoke to someone on the phone and said, “I just want you to make the highlighted parts less so, then we can have Ben print those thousand or so pages.” Leaving work late because I dropped my daughter off this morning at preschool, always worth it because it’s a kind of limited resource experience, even if your brother-in-law works across the street from the school, I pulled off the backseat head-rest in a rush to get to work after dropping her off, felt bad that I didn’t offer our friend and fellow father a ride, he stepped off the bus after I’d already been heating up my car. On the ride there, it was important for my daughter to tell me about the dragons. At first, I thought it might have been a recap of a TV show but it dawned on me it had been one of her dreams. Did the dragons breathe fire? No. Did they speak to you, at all? No. Did they fly? No. But they had wings? Yes. What colors? How many were there? There was a blue one, and a green one, and a yellow one. Why bother telling anyone anything especially when you can’t make sense of it? Or is that the point of talking to anyone at all, to get out of one’s head, to not work it out alone? Or that I spent 15 minutes

deleting the phrase "Moon Brook" out of the contract documents thinking it was from a previous job, but Bob Harrigan informed me that no, the name Town Line Road Culvert Replacement at Moon Brook was necessary because there was yet another brook on Town Line Road. And I got to thinking of the person who named that small body of water: I like to imagine it wasn't just a random word that some administrator liked and tossed in front of another stream, but it held some significance, a pair of cobbled shoes on the bank, the administrator, even if only ankle deep in the lapping water, standing in a darkness before streetlights, bathed in the moonlight on Town Line Road.

Ben Pease

It snowed all night and nothing happened.

Nancy Storrow

Vermont

The shadowed snow is as blue and strange
as if it's never heard a song about itself,

and more is ashing its way in over the mountain;
we can see it.

The light visits us for a little while.
It's cold in a way that would kill you

if you let it.
Firs rise up animal and resplendent

among the whittled-down.
So much organism

grows back in the spring.
Where does it keep itself, how

does it trust itself
to survive?

In other lives,
I wait tables in Arizona,

I have leukemia,
I'm cruel to my neighbors,

I love a woman,
I swim laps every day.

In some life or other, I'm patient,
I snow.

Robin Myers

Kate Gleason is the author of a full-length collection of poetry, *Measuring the Dark* (winner of the 2008 Zone 3 Press First Book Award judged by Phillis Levin), and two chapbooks of poetry, *The Brighter The Deeper* (winner of the 1997 Embers chapbook competition) and *Making As If To Sing* (Amherst Writers & Artists Press chapbook series). Her work has appeared in *Best American Poetry*, *Verse Daily*, *Los Angeles Times Book Review*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Sonora Review*, *The Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Ekphrasis*, *Boomer Girls*, *Claiming the Spirit Within*, and elsewhere. A recipient of writing fellowships from the NEA (in conjunction with the Ragdale Foundation artist colony), the Vermont Studio Center, and the New Hampshire State Council on the Arts, she also won the Outstanding Emerging Writer Award from the New Hampshire Writers' Project and was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Formerly the editor of Peregrine literary journal and a poet in the schools, she leads writing workshops, retreats, and seminars. kategleason.net

Bianca Stone is author of the poetry collections *What is Otherwise Infinite* (Tin House, 2022) which won the 2023 Vermont Book Award; *The Möbius Strip Club of Grief* (Tin House, 2018), and *Someone Else's Wedding Vows* (Octopus Books and Tin House, 2014). She collaborated with Anne Carson on the illuminated version of *Antigonick* (New Directions, 2012). Her work has appeared in many magazines, including *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic* and *The Nation*. She teaches classes on poetry and poetic study at the Ruth Stone House (501c3) where she is editor-at-large for *ITERANT Magazine* and host of Ode & Psyche Podcast.

Ben Pease is a poet and multi-disciplinary writer who is dedicated to fostering a more accessible literary community in Vermont and beyond. He is the author of the full-length poetry collection *Chateau Wichman: A Blockbuster in Verse* (Big Lucks Books), a Dungeons & Dragons adventure module set on the Ruth Stone property called *The Light of Mount Horrid* (Ghost in the Forest Games), the hybrid illustrated edition *Furniture in Space* (factory hollow press), and several chapbooks. He is the Executive Director of the Ruth Stone House, Communication Coordinator at Otter Creek Engineering, and book designer for various enterprises. He lives in Brandon, VT. ben-pease.com

Major Jackson is the author of six books of poetry, including *Razzle Dazzle: New & Selected Poems* (2023), *The Absurd Man* (2020), *Roll Deep* (2015), *Holding Company* (2010), *Hoops* (2006) and *Leaving Saturn* (2002), which won the Cave Canem Poetry Prize for a first book of poems. His edited volumes include: *Best American Poetry 2019*, *Renga for Obama*, and *Library of America's Countee Cullen: Collected Poems*. He is also the author of *A Beat Beyond: The Selected Prose of Major Jackson* edited by Amor Kohli. A recipient of fellowships from the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Guggenheim Foundation, National Endowment for the Arts, and the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study at Harvard University, Major Jackson has been awarded a Pushcart Prize, a Whiting Writers' Award, and has been honored by the Pew Fellowship in the

Arts and the Witter Bynner Foundation in conjunction with the Library of Congress. He has published poems and essays in *American Poetry Review*, *The New Yorker*, *Orion Magazine*, *Paris Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Poetry*, *Poetry London*, and *Zyzzva*. Major Jackson lives in Nashville, Tennessee where he is the Gertrude Conaway Vanderbilt Chair in the Humanities at Vanderbilt University. He serves as the Poetry Editor of *The Harvard Review*. majorjackson.com

Didi Jackson is the author of *Moon Jar* and the forthcoming collection *My Infinity*. Her poems have appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *Alaska Quarterly*, *Kenyon Review*, *The New Yorker*, *Oxford American*, *Ploughshares*, *Virginia Quarterly Review*, and *World Literature Today* among other journals and magazines. She has had poems selected for *Best American Poetry*, *Academy of American Poets' Poem-a-day*, *The Slow Down with Tracy K. Smith*, and *Together in Sudden Strangeness: America's Poets Respond to the Pandemic*. She is the recipient of the Robert H. Winner Memorial Award from the Poetry Society of America and was a finalist for the Meringoff Prize in Poetry. She teaches Creative Writing at Vanderbilt University. didijson.com

Robin Myers is a poet, translator, essayist, and 2023 NEA Translation Fellow. Her poems have recently appeared in the *Cortland Review*, *The Drift*, *Poetry London*, *Yale Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, and the 2022 *Best American Poetry* anthology. Full-length collections have been published in Mexico, Argentina, Chile, and Spain. Currently based in Buenos Aires, her US "home" is in Washington, Vermont.

Emma Paris is a 17-year-old poet hailing from Putney, Vermont. (However she was 13 when this project first began.) She has been writing poetry intensively for over 6 years, some of her most recent publications and accomplishments include: receiving 5 Silver Keys and 7 Gold Keys, including an American Voices Nomination from Scholastic Art and Writing Awards 2023; poetry published in Chautauqua "Close Encounters" 2023; attending the Governors Institute of the Arts 2022 in Castleton, Vermont. She is an alumnus of the Ruth Stone House Next Galaxy Retreat 2021. Emma has been published in *The Brattleboro Reformer* and *VTDigger* through the Young Writers Project, and her poetry has been featured in Poems Around Town and Poem City programs across the state.

Megan Buchanan is a poet, performer, collaborative dancemaker, educator and author of *Clothesline Religion* (Green Writers Press, 2017) Find her poems in *ITERANT Magazine*, *The Sun Magazine*, *Mom Egg Review*, *A Woman's Thing*, and other journals and anthologies. Her work has been supported by the Arizona Commission on the Arts, the Vermont Arts Council, Vermont Performance Lab, the Arts Council of Windham County, Eastern Frontier Society, Vermont Studio Center, and the Brattleboro Museum and Arts Center. She lives in Putney with her teenaged son and works in area schools supporting students with learning exceptionalities. meganbuchanan.net

Chard de Niord was the poet laureate of Vermont from 2015 to 2019. He is the author of six books of poetry, including *In My Unknowing*, (The University of Pittsburgh Press, 2020), *Interstate*, (The University of Pittsburgh Press, 2015) *The Double Truth* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2011), and *Night Mowing* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2005). He lives in Westminster West, Vermont with his wife Liz. <https://www.charddeniord.com/>

Rita Banerjee is an Assistant Professor of Creative Writing and Director of the MFA Program for Writers at Warren Wilson College. She is the author of the poetry collections *Echo in Four Beats*, which was named one of Book Riot's "Must-Read Poetic Voices of Split This Rock 2018," and *Cracklers at Night*. She is also editor of *CREDO: An Anthology of Manifestos and Sourcebook for Creative Writing*, and author of the novella "A Night with Kali" in *Approaching Footsteps*. She received her doctorate in Comparative Literature from Harvard and her MFA from the University of Washington, and she serves as Senior Editor of the *South Asian Avant-Garde* and Executive Creative Director of the Cambridge Writers' Workshop. Her work appears in *Academy of American Poets*, *Poets & Writers*, *PANK*, *Nat. Brut.*, *Hunger Mountain*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Isele Magazine*, *Los Angeles Review of Books*, *VIDA*, *Vermont Public Radio*, and elsewhere. She is the co-writer of *Burning Down the Louvre*, a forthcoming documentary film about race, intimacy, and tribalism in the United States and in France. She received a 2021-2022 Creation Grant from the Vermont Arts Council for her new memoir and manifesto on how to cultivate female cool against social, sexual, and economic pressure, and one of the opening chapters of this memoir, "Birth of Cool" was a Notable Essay in the *2020 Best American Essays*. ritabanerjee.com

Em Peake is a visual artist, poet, and chaplain based in Philadelphia. Their primary connection to Vermont is through The Sable Project in Stockbridge, where they have been an artist in residence (2019) and ensemble member (2023).

Candace Jensen is an interdisciplinary visual artist, writer, calligrapher, curator and community organizer. Her work is grounded in deep ecology, building creative community and expanding the cultural reliquary beyond the limits of anthropocentrism. Her poetry has appeared in the *Index Press* quarterly, *eRatio Postmodern*, *ITERANT Magazine*, the *Earthkeepers' Handbook* (ecoartspace, 2023) and the forthcoming *Disobedient Futures* anthology (Cambridge Writers' Workshop). She lives and works on the unceded lands of the Elnu Abenaki in Southern Vermont, Turtle Island. candacejensen.com / insitupolyculture.org

Dede Cummings is a book designer, publisher and writer—*Living with Crohn's/Colitis* book and *Cookbook*, *Healing Herbs*, *The Good Living Guide to Beekeeping*, *The Organic Composting Handbook*, *Questions for the Dalai Lama*, and two poetry collections: *To Look Out From* and *The Meeting Place*. She lives in Brattleboro, VT. dedecummingsdesigns.com/

Amanda Galvan Huynh (she/her) is a Xicana writer and educator from Texas. She is the author of a chapbook, *Songs of Brujería* (Big Lucks September 2019) and Co-Editor of *Of Color: Poets' Ways of Making: An Anthology of Essays on Transformative Poetics* (The Operating System 2019). Her debut poetry collection, *Where My Umbilical is Buried*, was published in March 2023 with Sundress Publications. She is an alumnus writer-in-residence at the Vermont Studio Center (Johnson, VT). amandagalvanhuynh.com

Michelle Blake has published three novels in the acclaimed Lily Connor mystery series, *The Tentmaker*, *Earth Has No Sorrow* and *The Book of Light*. She has also published a chapbook of poems, *Into the Wide and Startling World*, awarded publication in the New Women's Voices Competition, Finishing Line, and a collaboration of poems and images with the artist Fran Forman, *Escape Artist*. In addition, her poems and essays have appeared in *The New York Times*, *Tin House*, *Ploughshares*, *Southern Review*, *MORE*, *Mezzo Cammin* and others.

Claire Gieringer/Claire Yaseed (she/they) is a previously New York City-based performance artist and solitary hedgewitch. As a born psychic empath, she experiences art making as a natural extension of her spiritual practice, utilizing dance/movement, voice, poetry, meditation, and tarot reading as channels for reflection, storytelling, and healing. Her solo work explores ownership/agency of the femme moving body, boundaries, pleasure, spiritual channeling, dissolution of karmic contracts, lunar, solar, and earth based rituals, and the healing of generational wounds, abuse & trauma. She is a former resident at the Sable Project for the arts in Stockbridge, VT. serpentine-path.com

Mary Ruefle is the poet Laureate of Vermont (2019-present). She was born in Pennsylvania in 1952, and is the author of numerous books including *Dunce* (Wave Books, 2019), and *Madness, Rack, and Honey* (Wave Books, 2012). Her erasure books can be viewed online at maryruefle.com

Nancy Storrow is a visual artist who lives in Vermont. She has been a member of A.I.R. Gallery, Brooklyn, NY since 1982 and has shown her artwork in numerous galleries, institutions and museums. Her solo exhibition, *Seasonal Notations*, opens at A.I.R. Gallery in October 2023. Her drawings have been on the cover of several journals, most recently *Clockhouse*. She curates the visual art exhibitions at the Putney Public Library. nancystorrow.net

Partially hand-set by Candace Jensen and a few of the featured poets in 12pt Perpetua and Perpetua Italic lead type cast by M&H Type Foundry in San Francisco, CA, and hand-printed on 88lb Mohawk Natural Paper on a C&P platen press and a historic Vandercook proofing press at the Ruth Stone House. The remainder of the book was expertly laid out digitally in Perpetua by poet, teacher, and publisher Ben Pease and printed by Collective Copies in Amherst, MA.

The end papers were marbled on site at the Putney Public Library by Jensen and local children and Putney residents through suminagashi marbling workshops. The chapbooks were bound by hand at the Putney Public Library by volunteers in collaboration with Amber Paris. The covers were collaboratively designed and printed on the letterpress at the Ruth Stone House by the editorial team, Candace Jensen, Emily Zervas and Michelle Blake.