



The Whole by Contemplation of a Single Bone: Poems

Nancy K. Pearson

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If Nancy Pearson chose to offer life lessons, moralizing, and even a bit of poetifying about her struggles with meth addiction and depression in this latest collection, we'd forgive her. Indeed, we'd happily climb mountains to read anything she writes. A former prof at the University of Houston and a L.L. Winship/Pen New England award winner for Two Minutes of Light, she lives in Maryland.

mirrors

We eat slices of pig so thin I can see right through it. Lardo. Butter.
We eat olives and asparagus with red sauce and shrimp in garlic
wine broth and bread in oil. Everything in oil, even the pig fat.
We drink wine and I feel sexy and you have a stomachache and
we love each other so much it hurts to disagree about something
as small as okra. You wear a new tank dress and I, soft light-
blue linen. The sky is blue and clear, honey and lemon, the corn
whistling on our way to town. The horses slick. We were married
yesterday or eight years ago. I could be high. Between the trees.
I feel like swimming. To spoon the stars, collapse the sheering
insects. We eat lemon cake with olive oil.

MATT SUTHERLAND (Summer 2016)

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