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THE CENTER FOR POETRY AT CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY

T A B U L A
p o e t i c a

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DESIGN STATEMENT

The print issues of *TAB: The Journal of Poetry & Poetics* are special editions, each published at the beginning of the calendar year. These issues reflect the mission of Tabula Poetica: The Center for Poetry at Chapman University to create an environment that celebrates poetry in various forms and venues. The annual print issue engages the reader with poetry as a material object and asks that the reader negotiate between image and text. The design of the print issues do not assume a traditional role of quietly framing content; instead, design actively shapes the reading experience. The special print editions of *TAB* will continue to experiment and explore the intersections between form and content, object and space, and reader and reading.

The 2015 print issue explores mapping as place, location, and orientation. The journal's design this year encourages reading mindfulness with the intention of getting lost, disoriented, having to navigate a way through as someone might navigate a journey and encourage discovery. The journal emphasizes the iconic ritual of unfolding and refolding maps and also the visual weight of traditional street maps in order to communicate credibility and an authoritative source of being an actual place. But this place is no place.

We examined work by Jacques Bertin, a French cartographer and a visual semiotician. In his book, *The Semiology of Graphics*, he synthesized design principals with rules applied to writing and topography. His work was dedicated to the study of visual variables (shape, orientation, color, texture, volume, and scale) of maps and diagrams to code visual combinations that would create successful map-reading objectives. We challenge these guidelines by employing visual variables associated with illegibility, including graphic density and angular illegibility. The front side of the map, which contains the poems, tightly compresses layers between text and texture, eliminating hierarchy and contrast. There is no right side up so disorientation is part of the reading experience. This is further emphasized by orientation conflict in which each poem is placed on its own angled baseline.

This back side of the map provides information about the authors. In order to discover the author of a poem, the reader must flip between the front and back of the map to determine its placement on the latitude and longitude grid. This side of the map uses photography of places so specific that the reader is excluded from knowing the place. With the common use of GPS and everyday devices that lead the way rather than show the way, this print issue empowers the reader to lead their own way.

Electronic issues, on the second Wednesday of every other month, follow the printed issue. Using these differing formats—print and digital—allows experimentation with design and materiality in a time when print and electronic dissemination coexist. *TAB* will not force either format to adapt to the other and the reading experience for each format drives the design. The electronic issues are shaped by Open Journal Systems, a federally funded, open-access system from the Public Knowledge Project designed to serve the public good globally. While the electronic files can be printed, each electronic issue are formatted for ease of reading on the screen. Decisions about page size, typography, and composition are driven by the online reading experience. In this electronic issue, the design of the author pages play into the print issue by including author bios and designating “location” on a zoomed-in part of the map. *TAB* also makes use of the audio/video possibilities of digital dissemination.

GET A COPY

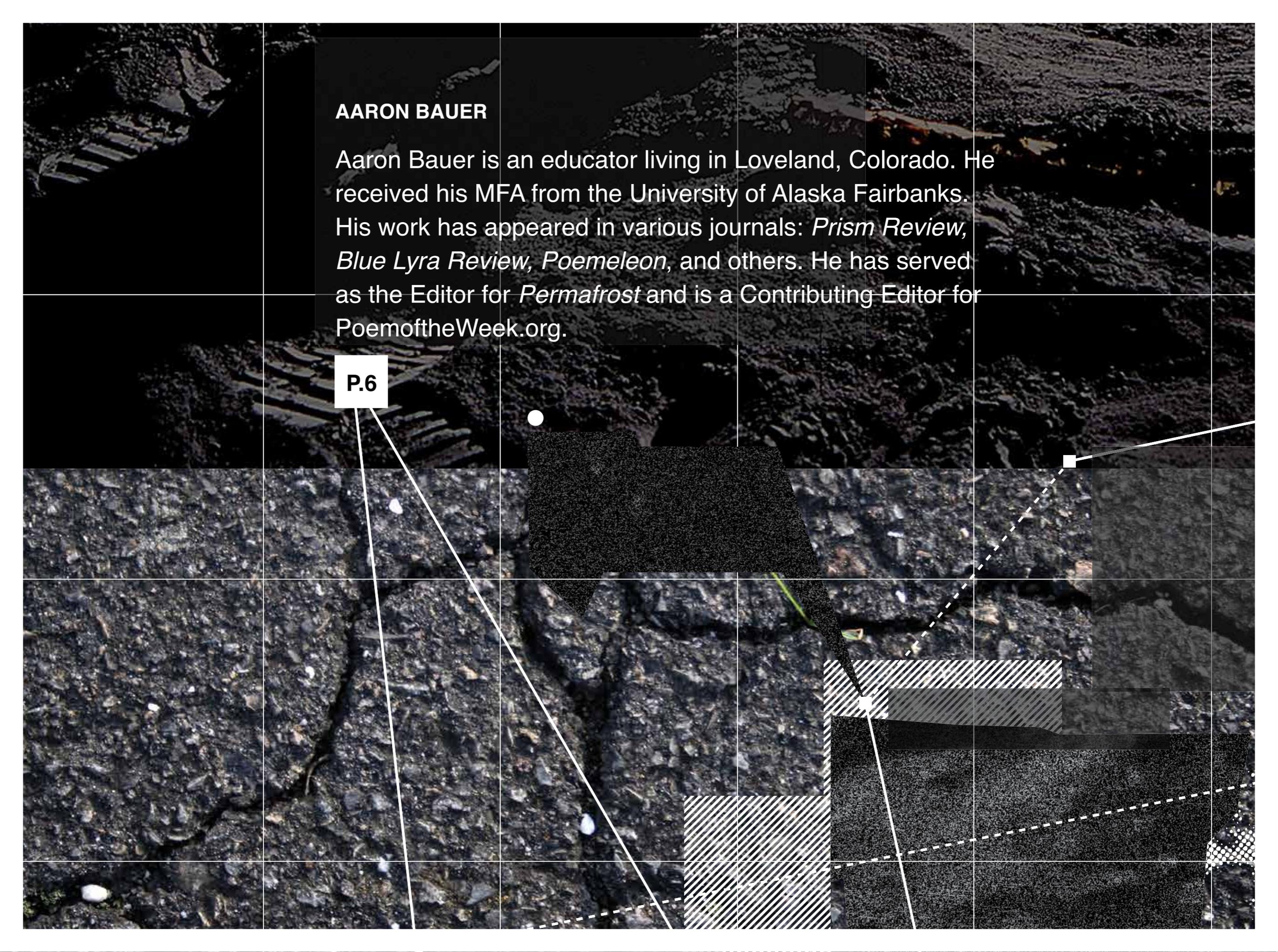
To receive a complete copy of the print issue as a map, please send a check for \$10 made out to *Tabula Poetica* and mail to:

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Contributors receive complementary copies and can request additional copies. *TAB* is distributed at the AWP Conference each year.



AARON BAUER

Aaron Bauer is an educator living in Loveland, Colorado. He received his MFA from the University of Alaska Fairbanks. His work has appeared in various journals: *Prism Review*, *Blue Lyra Review*, *Poemeleon*, and others. He has served as the Editor for *Permafrost* and is a Contributing Editor for *PoemoftheWeek.org*.

P.6

REVIVE

Yet the sunburn
burning within
the body
to find its refuge. Yet the sponsor

the rounding
of the surreptitious
men, dim
in the window. Yet the summons

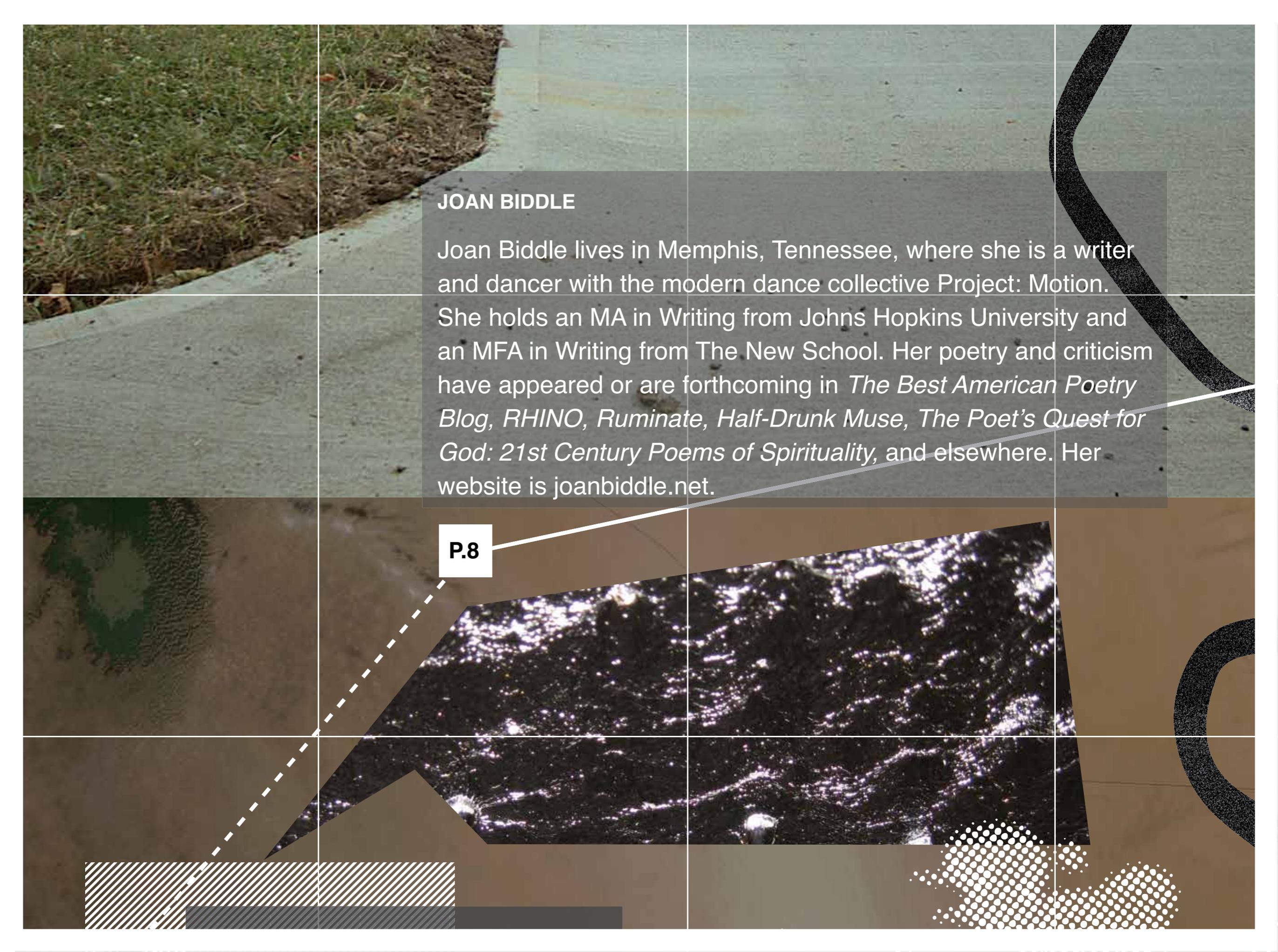
gone diffuse
in the end
to yet more revive
the grubs, the rounding of the wrists

ever tighter.
Put our fissures
before our fetters
for our song's end. No more

the mystifying
housemen
nor the good-for-nothings,
nor the vendors, nor the buyers.

Put it in your reserves,
The fights
of wisdom
for our desire, envoy or sentry,

Short-existing
spirits for
the prominent good
or instruments for restoring the wound.



JOAN BIDDLE

Joan Biddle lives in Memphis, Tennessee, where she is a writer and dancer with the modern dance collective Project: Motion. She holds an MA in Writing from Johns Hopkins University and an MFA in Writing from The New School. Her poetry and criticism have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Best American Poetry Blog*, *RHINO*, *Ruminate*, *Half-Drunk Muse*, *The Poet's Quest for God: 21st Century Poems of Spirituality*, and elsewhere. Her website is joanbiddle.net.

P.8

THE BODIES THAT FELL FROM THE SKY

You are spooning her in the bed. You are eleven years old.
The giant Swatch hanging from her closet door ticks, ticks.
You hold her till she falls asleep, but you stay awake forever. You ask her
about the bodies falling from the sky that morning
in Manhattan, several years in the future.
What did they look like?

STILL SUNSET

It all started on New Year's Eve.
You watched the sun fall off a cliff with your dad and uncle
in Del Mar. You're still waiting for someone to say goodnight. You're still
alone with the ribbons of smoke in the garden. Still
in the bathroom, kissing the cool tile. Your limbs
are still tangled in knots as the world
changes colors unbelievably.



P.11

YU-HAN CHAO

Yu-Han (Eugenia) Chao was born and grew up in Taipei, Taiwan. She earned a BA from National Taiwan University and an MFA from Penn State. She currently lives in northern California. Her full-length collection, *We Grow Old*, was published by Backwaters Press; Dancing Girl Press, Imaginary Friend Press, and Boaat Press published her chapbooks. Her website is www.yuhanchao.com.

TAEGEUK IL JANG

- Heaven brings rain and light, warmth, so life grows with *keon*, the creative force, from the *Yi Jing*, Book of Changes.
- Sir, the **Sino-Korean numbers one** to ten are: *il, ee, sam, sa, oh, yuk, chil, pal, gu, ship*, Sir!
- Consider the thicker vinyl padding rather than cheap cloth and foam—it might make the difference between a minor bruise and bad bruise, a god-awful bruise and broken tibia, though unfortunately it drinks sweat.
- **No headshots** delivered to anyone under the age of 12.

18 movements between heaven and light. No longer stepping out barbarously, taking up space, the walking stance is introduced, from which you can block, punch, and kick on 14 and 16.

Buy a stars-and-stripes bag of protective gear and start contact sparring. Helmet, mouth guard, chest guard, forearm and shin guards, instep protectors and peek-a-boo gloves.

Practice control. Aim kicks at your sparring partner's chest pad. Block kicks with your padded arms and gloved hands.

- Otherwise when you accidentally kick a little 11-year-old boy in the neck and he crumples, cries, hyperventilates and requires ice and much comforting, you will feel so bad you wish you'd kicked yourself in the throat instead.
- You will spend the next few days apologizing every chance you have—to him, his parents, his sister, in every medium and manner possible.
- At least they seemed to enjoy the card, book and drawing.

BACK KICK

- Not to be confused with a kick to the back, which is never cool, in or out of the *dojang*.
- Overturn and it begins to look like a **side kick**.
- The image of the back kick is that of a **donkey** kicking with its hind legs, a furry little donkey, using one leg.
- The stepping is trickier than you'd think. Step to the right with the left foot for a right back kick, step to the left with the right foot for a left kick. Step with the front foot.

Dwi Chagi, chucking by dweeb.

Your first time trying, a black belt grips and puppets you in a disturbing manner by the top of your *dobok* lest you overturn.

Step, turn, look, chamber, kick. The back kick is the strongest kick. Work on targeting. You can break boards and bricks with this—maybe not now, but one day.

Beginning in fighting stance, prepare to kick with the rear leg. If kicking with right leg, turn right 180 degrees to the back, looking at the target over the right shoulder.

- This requires a **chamber** as well, close to the chest, before driving the heel into the target.
- Step forward for additional momentum. Know how long or short your leg is, what or who you can reach, and how high.
- One day you could snap *him* in half if you want.
- Unless sparring or doing combos, after the kick **rewind** back to fighting stance rather than spinning in a circle. This is not a dance.



MERRIDAWN DUCKLER

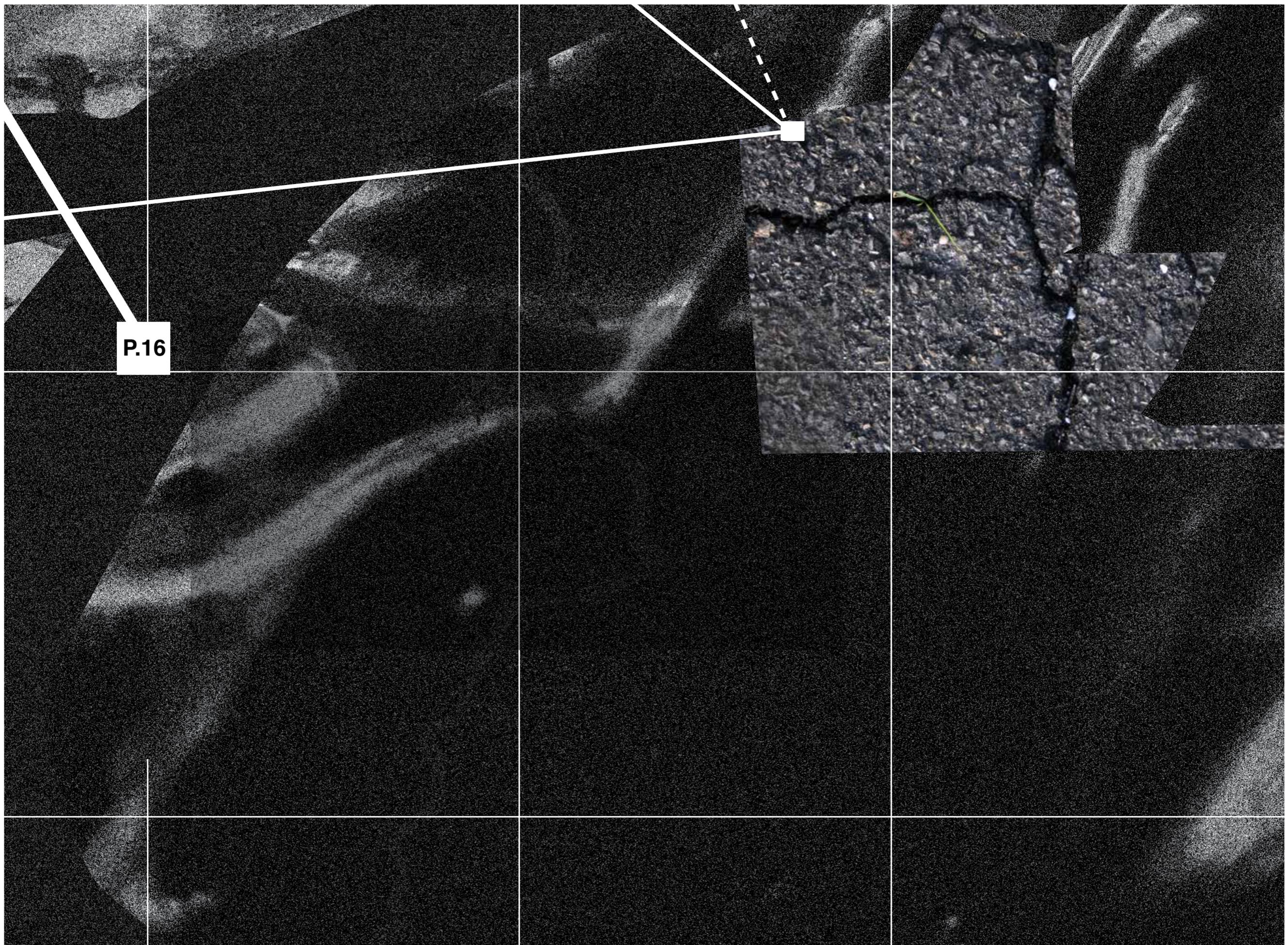
Merridawn Duckler lives in Portland, Oregon. Her poems have appeared or will appear in *Buddhist Poetry Review*, *Empty Mirror*, *Five Quarterly*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *Cirque Journal*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *Agave*, and *Sugar House Review*. Her play in verse was in the Manhattan Shakespeare Project. She has received awards from Writers@Work, NEA, Yaddo, Squaw Valley, SLS St. Petersburg, and the Southampton Poetry Conference.

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CLASS AVES

They write themselves in the sky, the Secretary birds,
while New World vultures gaze down tube noses
to see a pin fowl feed its young on crop milk.
The *gruiforme* misfits, drab and button punk,
beneath the perfumed breath of the superficial doves
soaking their belly feathers in watery holes.
And my own, *answeriformes*, the screamers:
ducks, swan geese, screaming formally
behind my floating world on the never ending river.
All these families of strong flyers, auks and terns;
brilliant and gregarious, I've seen at parties
shrieking flight obscenities, toes front and back
snacking on the seeds of their own name.
Todies, motmots, rollers, whoopers and hornbills,
once naked and helpless before the great
dharma of evolution, ascend the swallowing ice,
to specialize in warm blood by sunset, rising at dawn with their own kind.

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THE TWO LIVES OF ALEPPO CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL SESTINA FOR CAPTIVES

Shortly after his capture, James Foley, later beheaded, was held
at Aleppo Children's Hospital.

—as reported by *The New York Times*

In the war with no uniforms, no faces, black masks
at check points. Jihadists or The Free
Syrian Army? Jim Foley, freelance journalist, after the story
so near the Turkish border he foolishly risked their
nets and snares. Captured, he was fodder for ransom,
propaganda. He could not know what would not save

him. First jailed at Aleppo Children's Hospital, they saved
him for waterboarding, beatings. His captors, masked
doctors of death, specialists in cruelty, demanded ransom,
wanted new, crisp bills, millions to set him free,
European governments paid. U.S. won't pay for their
captives. Journalists left bleeding inside their stories.

Eighteen in one cell. They told each other stories
they remembered from movies, TV. They saved
paper to make a chess set. They quarreled, too. Their
captors tortured them in operating rooms. Hate masked
jihdist faces at the hospital turned charnal house, depravity free
to captives, anguish to parents who cannot afford ransom.

Before the war, doctors there gave their services for a ransom
to bacteria, virus. They dispensed kindness, cures, a healthy story
Dr. Hannah, pediatrician, young intern, spent her learning freely,
saving the lives of babies as winter hardened. Saving
them at year's end when government free medicine ran out—her mask
secure against their coughs and wheezes, she attached their

little faces to oxygen, two babies on one bottle, their
breath eased. In winter pneumonia was the enemy. To ransom

them, doctors paid ingenuity and luck. The mother's masks
of hope and dread could not presage a happy ending of every story—
sometimes it was too late, child gasping, turning blue, she couldn't save
them all. She goes home at night, never quite free

from those pleading faces, but she was happy to give her life to free
children from pain and death; broken bones, infected wounds, their
ear aches, stomach aches, childhood diseases. But she could not save
the country from civil war, tribal war. No doctor could ransom
it from religious rancor, simmering for centuries, history's cruelest story.
She prayed her peaceful prayer for all of them behind her doctor's mask.

Before the war Children's Hospital: doctor's masks told a story for healing, free
to a generation of children and their families. Now jihadists' black-masked bloody story
filmed: beheadings, burnings, decency held for ransom, no captive, no child saved.

MICHAEL F. GOLDMAN (Translator)

Michael F. Goldman taught himself Danish by translating a copy of *Catcher in the Rye* word for word to help him win the heart of a lovely Danish girl—and they have been married ever since. He has received seven translation grants for his work with five distinguished Danish writers. His translations have appeared in many literary journals, and his original poetry appeared in *Poet Lore* and *The Fourth River*. He lives in Florence, Massachusetts. Find out more at www.hammerandhorn.net.

KNUD SØRENSEN (Author)

Knud Sørensen is a Danish author born in 1928. He was a certified land surveyor for twenty-eight years, during which he became intimate with the Danish agricultural landscape. A book reviewer for fourteen years and board member of numerous community organizations and cultural institutions, he has written forty books and won numerous literary awards, including a lifelong grant from the Danish Arts Council and the 2014 Great Prize of the Danish Academy. He lives on Mors Island.

WHEN HANS NIELSEN'S FARM WAS CUT IN HALF BY THE COUNTY ROAD

The property lies in slightly undulating terrain approx. 30 ac on a uniform lot favorable for agriculture. The buildings sit along the town road in the northeast corner. (Farmhouse modernized in '58. New pighouse in '64). At the appraisal in '69 the property was assessed as following: Improvements 126,000, land 49,000. The family consists of a man and wife and a daughter living at home (office intern).

It starts with baseless rumors. Then comes the notice about the survey. Then come the markers. Then comes the certified letter with summons to an inspection of the property. Then comes the day.

A couple of carfuls of county board members and technicians arrive at 10am and take in the field conditions . The fall plowing has been done and it is not good for walking, so observing is done from the stone boundary wall. Afterwards they continue with negotiations around the table in the living room.

Presented:

As passed by the county board and approved by the cabinet minister consisting of plats, elevations, cross-sections and land register maps. Plus: Registry of owned property and copy of the summons with postal receipts. And not mentioned in the minutes: cigars, cheroots, cigarettes.

DA HANS NIELSENS GÅRD BLEV GENNEMSKÅRET AF LANDEVEJEN

Ejendommen ligger i svagt kuperet terræn ca. 12,2 ha i en regulær og driftmæssig fordelagtig lod. Bygningerne ligger ved kommunevej i det nordvestlige hjørne. (Stuehuset moderniseret i 58. Ny svinestald i 64). Ved vurderingen i 69 blev ejendommen ansat således: Ejendomsskyld 126.000, grundværdi 49.000. Familien består af mand og kone og en hjemmeboende datter (kontorelev).

Det begynder med løse rygter. Så kommer annoncen om opmåling. Så kommer afmærkningen. Så kommer det anbefalede brev med indvarsling til en åstedsforsretning. Så komme dagen.

Et par bilfulde amtsrådsmedlemmer og teknikere ankommer kl. 10 og man besigter forholdene i marken. Den er efterårspløjet og ikke rar at gå i og man holder sig til skeldiget hvorfra situationen kan overses. Derefter fortsætter man forhandlingerne omkring bordet i opholdsstuen.

Det fremlægges:

Det af amtsrådet vedtagne og af ministeriet godkendte projekt bestående af plankort længdeprofiler tværprofiler og matrikelkort. Desuden: Lodsejerfortegnelse og kopi af indvarslingen med postkvitteringer. Og uden at det nævnes i protokollen: Cigarer, cerutter, cigaretter.

The project is reviewed. Vehicular crossings of the new road will not be constructed. Instead the establishment of smaller underpasses are suggested and detailed drawings are presented to the county board members and to Hans Nielsen. Hans Nielsen says My harrow won't fit through that. The technicians think that it can and two men go out to measure the harrow. Nielsen is right. And what if I get a combine. The 1.8 mile alternate route that would otherwise have to be used is studied.

Hans Nielsen goes out to the kitchen to talk with his wife. A county board member remarks that it's just a matter of time before the property would cease operations. Looking around the living room, the furniture is quite new. There is a 19" television and a tapeplayer. Hanging on the wall are a colorized aerial photograph of the farm buildings and portraits of family members at different ages. Also an agricultural board certificate that Hans Nielsen and his wife received in 58. A fly buzzes in the window sill. The air is blue from cigar smoke. Hans Nielsen comes back and says How about taking the whole thing.

It is dictated to the minutes that the lot owner desired the cut-off land area expropriated (approx. 10.4 ac). The minutes are signed. (Compensation is referred to Assessment).

There is some chat for a few minutes about commonplace things. Like raising pigs and such. Then the visitors say goodbye. And continue on. It's 11am.

Projektet gennemgås. Der anlægges ikke overkørsler til den nye vej. I stedet foreslås etablering af en mindre underføring og detailtegningerne vises frem for amtsrådsmedlemmerne og Hans Nielsen. Min harve kan ikke komme igennem siger Hans Nielsen. Det mener teknikerne den kan og to mand går ud for at måle harven. Nielsen har ret. Og hvis jeg nu får en mejetærsker. Man studerer den 2,9 km lange omvej der i så fald skal bruges.

Hans Nielsen går ud i køkkenet for at snakke med sin kone. Et amtsrådsmedlem bemærker at det kun er et spørgsmål om tid før ejendommen nedlægges. Man kigger rundt i stuen. Møblerne er ret nye. Der er et 19" fjernsyn og en bånd optager. På væggen hænger et farvelagt luftfoto af gårdens bygninger og portrætter af familiemedlemmer i alle aldre. Endvidere landboforeningens diplom som Hans Nielsen og hans kone fik i 58. En flue summer i vindueskarmen Luften er blå af cigarrøg. Hans Nielsen kommer tilbage og siger: Kan I ikke ta det hele.

Der dikteres til protokollen at lodsejeren begærede det fraskårne areal medeksproprieret (ca 4,2 ha). Protokollen skrives under (erstatningsspørgsmålet er henvist til taksation).

Så snakker man et par minutter om almindelige ting. Svineavl og den slags. Så siger de fremmede farvel. Og kører videre. Klokkeren er 11.

HANSTHOLM

The dreams arose out on the ocean
carried by the waves they sought the coast
some
were crushed in the breakers
while others reached land
and materialized
in houses
in breakwaters
in wharves
in factory buildings
and in lanes and new streets
and people took up residence
in the newly grounded
visions.

And out on the ocean
new dreams
are constantly being born
seeking the wavecrests
that can lead them
to that place
at the edge of the land
where those people
who thrive
living with dreams
reside.

HANSTHOLM

*Drømmene opstod ude på havet
båret af bølgerne søgte de mod kysten
nogle
knustes i brændingen
mens andre tog land
og materialiserede sig
i huse
i moler
i kajer
i produktionsbygninger
og i gader og nye veje
og mennesker bosatte sig
i de nu jordfaste
visioner.*

*Og ude på havet
fødes til stadighed
nye drømme
som søger de bølgetoppe
der kan føre dem
ind til det sted
på det yderste land
hvor de mennesker bor
som netop vil trives
i samvær med drømme.*

HEART OF THE MORNING

There is a sound—and it must be
what woke me up—
there is a sound
of quick heaving breaths
that are not ours
and it is morning now, and I look
—and it is the first time this morning
that my eyes see other than dreams --
I see
the sunlight strained
through the curtains' tight
weave, and still I hear
these quick heaving breaths
that penetrate the house
together with the light particles,
and even before
I have decided to
I am over at the window
I pull the curtain aside
and it gets louder
the sound
and now I see it too,
a black wavy line
across the southern sky
that the sun still
is able to illuminate from below,
and the wave stretches almost
from the eastern and almost
to the western horizon.
I say behind me
“It’s thousands of Brent geese
flying north,”
and I also say
“like an ascending garland,”

MORGENENS HJERTE

*Der er en lyd—og det er nok den
der har vækket mig—
der er en lyd
af hastige hivende åndedrag
som ikke er vores egne,
og det er morgen nu, og jeg ser
—og det er første gang denne morgen
at mine øjne ser andet end drømme—
jeg ser
sollyset blive siet
gennem gardinets tætte
vævning, og stadig hører jeg
disse hastige hivende åndedrag
som trænger ind i huset
sammen med lyspartiklerne,
og endnu inden
jeg har besluttet det,
er jeg henne ved vinduet,
og jeg trækker gardinet fra,
og den bliver kraftigere
lyden,
og nu ser jeg den også
en sort bølgende linje
over det sydlige himmelrum
som solen endnu
kan belyse skråt nedefra,
og bølgen strækker sig
næsten
fra den østlige og næsten
til den vestlige horisont.
Jeg siger bagud:
“Det er tusinder af knortegæs
på træk mod nord.”
og jeg siger også:*

but that's not entirely accurate,
I must admit
when we are now two
at the window, there is
too much sideways movement,
too many changing peaks
and varying depths in the picture
up there. And suddenly
I see it:
of course, it's an extended
and kindly rounded cardiogram
rising over the horizon
flapping its way across
the great bluish screen up there.
Now we can
hold hands.
"Look," I say
"one more day
with a heart out there
beating as it should."

*"som en opstigende guirlande,"
men det passer ikke helt,
må jeg indrømme
da vi er blevet to
derhenne ved vinduet, der er
for megen bevægelse på tværs,
for mange bevægelige højder
og flygtige dybder i tegningen
deroppe. Og pludselig
ser jeg det:
Det er jo et langstrakt
og venligt afrundet kardiogram,
der har hævet sig over horisonten,
og basker sig hen over
den store blålige skærm deroppe.
Vi kan godt
tage hinanden i hånden nu.
"Se," siger jeg, "se
endnu en dag
er der et hjerte derude,
der slår som det skal."*

P.25

KELSEY PRATTO

Kelsey Pratto is currently pursuing an MFA in Poetry at Chapman University. Drafts of his poetry can be read at jackgiaourpoetry.tumblr.com.

Book review

**LITTLE SPELLS BY JENNIFER K. SWEENEY
PUBLISHED BY NEW ISSUES POETRY & PROSE, 2015**

The world created by Jennifer K. Sweeney in her third book of poetry, *Little Spells*, is a gorgeous hybrid of real and imagined, fantastic and mundane, natural and man-made. These are not necessarily juxtaposed against one another but are, rather, blended together to create a language that is at once terrifyingly dark and delicately magical. To call this book a book of “spells” feels more than appropriate.

These poems are as much dialogic as they are absolute. We, the readers, feel we are being spoken to personally, as if these poems were written just for us. Yet, they also seem to speak to everyone and everything in the world, addressing a more universal way of being.

Wake up, the currents of bees have fled
this hour of seed
dark imaginings in their wake—
unsweet feverless drone.

This stanza comes from the first poem in the collection, “Abandoning the Hives.” In this stanza, we see a natural event (bees abandoning their hives) turned into something dark and ominous with phrases like “this hour of seed” and “dark imaginings.” The poem ends with the line “A row of empty jars fills with sunlight.” This language is much more concrete, more straightforward, than anything preceding it, but the image of the empty jars filled with sunlight—filled with nothing of substance—has the same haunted tone as the rest of the poem. Its bluntness only increases the horror of the statement; this is an end, but what kind of end? Is the sunlight an image of home or an image of emptiness?

The next poem, “Call and Response,” gives us no answers to these questions, but, as the title suggests, raises even more of questions.

There are mnemonics for remembering bird calls,
a goldfinch’s airy *Po-ta-to chip!*
or the Inca dove’s bleak *no-hope*. That spring,
a pair of meadowlarks pleaded *But-I-DO-love you*
from the maple boughs...

The listing of the bird-calls seems to have meanings, seems to give multiple personalities, ways of looking at life. But these are mnemonics, ways of remembering the sounds of the calls. How far can we actually read into them? This tension is at work throughout the poem, wandering between positive and negative, romantic and realist, wondering how best to approach a world that contains such a kaleidoscope of joys and sorrows. The voice of the narrator becomes yet another “bird call,” another voice among and around the various sounds of the birds, and the mnemonics that mimic their song. There is one bird in the piece that has no call—the crow—a silence just as poignant as the bird calls all around it.

The poem “Field Accomplice” shares its name with the title of the first section. The second couplet in this poem reads:
She flies around for hours begging me
to catch her in my throat.

This couplet captures the tone, not just of the poem, but of this entire section. It is such a concrete image and, yet, is completely metaphorical. It’s a haunting, almost sullen line, but composed with a delicate musicality of sound that lifts it from merely somber to something almost gothic.

Echoing the book’s title—*Little Spells*—the “she” in this poem is an earthy, witchy personage associated with both life and death, putting “dead leaves back on the trees.” The meter and the assemblage of sounds gives this poem the musicality, and therefore the mystique, of a chant, a place where poetry and music intersect. But who is doing the chanting? Not “she,” but the narrator, who, with the power to “catch” this mystical “she” in its throat—in the place where words are made—becomes even more strange and terrible than “she.” The speaker/narrator/poet is a person with real power, the person with the power of language.

The title poem of the collection explains:

We are not witches as fable stoops us
hunchback over caldrons, not women
hobbled sinister by absence though we know
there are tides in our blood that lean us
toward some ancient clock.

“We are not witches,” says the speaker—but only not “as fable stoops us.” In short, “we” *are* witches but not in the way we have come to think of witches.

These little “spells” turn the world we thought we knew into a world of vivid fantasy. We see “the trick of the moon” in a row of apartment windows and see the roughened bark of a tree as “etched with secrecy.” These poems are dramatic, even over-dramatic, but that’s exactly what’s appealing about them. Sweeney manages to take tropes we think we know inside-and-out and make them feel utterly new. These poems are long, thin, meanderings—they look slender and delicate on the page. Each line carries contemplative weight even as it is impossible for the eye to zip across the shortest line.

This is a book that will stay in the mind long after it is finished. These are lines that will float through the reader’s mind at random moments in the world, that will continue to have meaning no matter how many times they are read and re-read. A beautiful collection, *Little Spells* is a book well worth the read (and re-read).