ABOUT SIXTEEN RIVERS PRESS

Sixteen Rivers Press is a shared-work, nonprofit poetry collective dedicated to providing an alternative publishing avenue for Northern California poets. Founded in 1999 by seven writers, the press is named for the sixteen rivers that flow into San Francisco Bay.

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SIXTEEN RIVERS PRESS

A Northern California Publishing Collective

New Titles 2017

Erin Rodoni
Body, in Good Light

BODY,
IN GOOD
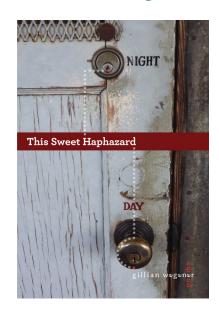LIGHT

poems by

ERIN RODONI

Here is a book that journeys out into the world, and also inward into the mysteries of private life, of the body. . . . This is a marvelous debut. —Ilya Kaminsky

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Throughout this debut collection, Erin Rodoni distills experience for its essence, rendered in language that is fierce, tender, penetrating in its precision and astonishing in its turns of phrase. Whether describing "turncoat cells" of cancer or the alien landscape of a childhood seared by wildfire, Rodoni's poems remind us how tenuous our lives are, how each moment arrives as inescapably painful and miraculous as birth.

$16 paperback • ISBN: 978-1-939639-12-7 • 96 pages

Gillian Wegener
This Sweet Haphazard

NIGHT

This Sweet Haphazard

DAY

gillian wegener *poems*

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While sweetness resides here, it's a sweetness hard-won by looking at life unflinchingly. Wegener's gift is to show us that the ever-changing, the temporal, is as close as we're apt to come to paradise. These are poems that no one will forget, radiating as they do with Central Valley heat, with the beauty of the ordinary, and with the love of a woman for the "sweet haphazard of home," from which everything here so accurately and ingeniously arises.

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A Sample of the Poets' Work

Between Any Two Points, There Is a Love Story

Maori towns soft as a lover's nickname—Keri-
keri, Kaikoura, Waiheke—and rumors

we could travel from one to the next
paying our way by picking apples. We bought

a beat-up Corolla at the backpackers' market,
sped off with the windows rolled down

and sun on the dash, never bothering to ask
if apples were in season.

—*Erin Rodoni*

from New Life with Bees and Fire

My mother's head was wreathed in nonsense.
My mother's head was wreathed in the shadows of owls
And sometimes in stars, a million winks around her.
My mother's head was wreathed in sweat, in tears.
My mother's head was wreathed in bees.
Their buzzing was the second language I learned.
My mother's head hung low when she slept.
My mother's head was wreathed in regret.
She whispered in the night, *no phone, no water, four
    apples to eat,*
Stupid short-cut through the woods, over the river
And through the woods to grandmother's house, she
    sang
And she whispered. Her head hung low when she slept.
Her breathing was the first language I learned. . . .

—*Gillian Wegener*