



PRESS RELEASE

15 SEPTEMBER 2006

JUST RELEASED: *Exit Interview*, a chapbook by the inimitable Paul Guest. A finalist in the 2006 chapbook contest, this 40pp chapbook is perhaps the finest work we've published to date. The poems are lyric, luminous, hilarious and heartbreaking by turns. Axe that: that description just doesn't do it justice; it's blurbese.

Let us just say that this is really good. The chapbook is tender and speculative, lit up by Elvis, Jonny Quest, robot butlers and the general widespread need for them, the invisible man, Godzilla, and the worlds of pain and memory and love. A sample excerpt appears at right. The chapbook is available now by mail, at excellent independent booksellers, or from the NMP storefront (credit cards accepted) at: <newmichiganpress.com/nmp>.

PAUL GUEST is the author of *The Resurrection of the Body and the Ruin of the World*, winner of the 2002 New Issues Poetry Prize, and *Notes for My Body Double*, winner of the 2006 Prairie Schooner Book Prize. His poems appear in *Poetry*, *The Southern Review*, *Slate*, *The Iowa Review*, *Crazyhorse*, and elsewhere. He lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

We would like to invite you to order a copy. \$8 + \$1 (s&h) gets you yours. Or test-drive his work in *DIAGRAM* available online at: <<http://thediagram.com>>.

Paul Guest's *Exit Interview*. NMP, 2006. Saddle-stitched, 40pp. ISBN: 0-9762092-7-6. For more information (or for bookstore orders), email New Michigan Press at <nmp@thediagram.com>.

ORDER FORM

Yes! Please send me [] copies of *Exit Interview* at \$8 per copy + \$1 for postage. I've enclosed cash or a check/money order made out to New Michigan Press. Please send my copy/copies to:

THESE ARMS OF MINE

Let's promise never to love like the octopus:
floating in darkness, in jellied ink,
its beak the only hardness it knows,
and though I can't imagine how
it helps matters, in the eight-armed
midst of its mating, a limb
will often fall away from the body,
by ecstasy amputated to the silt.
All morning I've failed to find
why, though no one fails to mention
that death soon follows all
this armlessness. It's fascinating but a mess.

Imagine if each time we kissed
my ear fell off. If the morning
was not so much for brushing
the fog of the night from the mouth,
but reassembly. You might go
out into the day with my bad ankle.
I'd never hear the end.

What would there be to talk about
except that we were falling
apart, and too soon, and how dull
it had all become, this entropy, this shedding,
this habit of the cephalopod
no one can explain. Maybe
it's like the threatened sea cucumber
everting its guts, to leave
less to hunger's hunger. Maybe
eight arms is one arm too many to bear
in the alien instant
of that inscrutable love.

That I would understand, that I could recognize
in the mirror of my skin,
in yours, there in the crushing depth
of the night. There we'd find
each other like exotic gods,
our hands manifold, our fingers infinite—
well, almost. Soon:
the subtraction, the severing, the silence like a wave.