



P R E S S R E L E A S E

Just released: *The Winchester Monologues*, a chapbook by RACHEL MORITZ. The winner of the 2005 NMP/DIAGRAM chapbook contest, this 48pp chapbook, an amazing collage of found and bewitched text, a sort of operetta sprawled out all over the page, is available now by mail or from the NMP storefront (credit cards accepted) at: <newmichiganpress.com/nmp>. An excerpt—we tried the best we could, but you’ve got to see this in its entirety—appears at right. This is a really unusual and lovely book. The first half of the chapbook is an experimental long poem that makes use of the page as a canvas, followed by more traditional lineated poems in the same setting and voices. We’re very proud to be publishing this accomplished manuscript. The first reader of this manuscript said “F***ing great!” This accurately reflects our feelings about *The Winchester Monologues*. Yours too, we hope.

Rachel Moritz’s poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Colorado Review*, *Court Green*, *DIAGRAM*, *How2*, *Indiana Review*, *Typo*, *Word for / Word*, and elsewhere. Her honors include an Academy of American Poets Prize and a fellowship from the Minnesota State Arts Board. She co-edits the poetry chaplet series, *WinteRed Press*, and teaches writing at the University of Minnesota, where she is completing her MFA.

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

ORDER FORM

Yes! Please send me [] copies of *The Winchester Monologues* 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:

06 SEPTEMBER 2005

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New Haven, 1881

Inside the shoulder blades
lodge the birds’ wings

Doctor applies percussive
tapping where his drill moves
in To drill into shoulder blades
one needs a most prepared
listener Link up ear to
percussive bone I’ll be your
listener where phthisis is

Rubbing lard on his dry skin

It becomes paler William’s
wrist and so light slips like the
bones

‘The shoulder blades are like
the wings of the birds’

Two grains of antimony
tartrade dissolved in gentian
water

Doctor advises

Bear with me dissolving
William

It is the heavy well water
sparkling luminant in my chest
cavity

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(Bookstores and press, contact nmp@thediagram.com.)