



Advance Praise

for *Earth Again*

“ Chris Dombrowski's new book, *Earth Again*, is extraordinarily powerful and graceful. ”

—Jim Harrison

“ An anonymous, Middle-English lyric from the early 14th century goes, in one modern English version, like this: Earth took of earth earth with ill; / Earth other earth gave earth with a will. / Earth laid earth in the earth stock-still: / Then earth in earth had of earth its fill. Chris Dombrowski's *Earth Again* calls to mind the elemental (and existential) mouthful contained in this early, four-line lyric. What we might make of earth (again and again-materially and imaginatively) is set in ultimate relation to what earth will make of us. Composition and decomposition are not opposites; together they constitute our most mysterious singularity. This is our vale of soul-making, as Keats, a presiding spirit in this collection, called it. Dombrowski's own vale is as ample as it is precise, as wide-reaching as it is achingly, lovingly intimate. Like a photographer whose chosen depth of field comprehends the 'first poppy . . . in the backyard's palm'—as sharply as the peak on the looming horizon—Dombrowski apprentices himself, again and again, to feeling the earth precisely, whether glorying or grieving, or caught in their impassable coincidence. I am wowed by his courage and his care. Nothing escapes his scrutiny, least of all the medium of his own imperfect heart. EARTH AGAIN. We are here to be schooled, to be shaken from our grossest, and even our smallest forms of negligence. Dombrowski is a poet of conscience. A river-guide in every sense. A psalmist overcoming a cynic. We are fortunate, I think, to have this kind of poet still among us. ”

—Sarah Gridley

“ Memory should not be called knowledge, Keats wrote, and yet in Chris Dombrowski's patient hands, the memory of the natural world is knowledge indeed. This poet knows how to witness snow galloping headlong in grains, and lets us, readers, see vividly how the geese peel off the sewage treatment settling pond like strewn clutch of change. Who knows this? The one mind of woods. What is the knowledge? It is what lets us see buff-colored moth, tracings of wingscales on pane, ledger of its last minutes. Why is it important? Because we had to stop what we were doing / to see what we had done. This is a generous, clear-eyed, lyricism. The wisdom of one who sees a flying object and says it could be a helicopter or archangel. Beautiful poems. ”

—Ilya Kaminsky

“ *Earth Again* is an arresting, beautiful collection of poems. Chris Dombrowski is musical and intellectual in equal measure, and the poems here are memorable in every way—surprising and strange, moving and alarming, delightful and frightening. This is important new work. ”

—Laura Kasischke

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