



Advance Praise

for *Until the Full Moon Has Its Say*

// The virtuosic hand behind these poems—stark meditations on memory, loss, and the dark side of our animal nature—moves and turns in angles that weigh down each brief poem in the collection, a collage of feathers pasted to a stone. I am a longtime follower of Hilberry's work; I have never seen it so agile and unrelenting, bearing such enormous themes through the flute-space of the line, like his 'blackbird on a branch / long story caught in his throat.' It is a brilliant book by a master of the craft.

—David Keplinger

//

// In Conrad Hilberry's masterful new collection, limbs have been stripped of flesh and foliage, leaving us poems of wood, of bone. The sky is 'hung on a bare-branched oak.' Birdsong has been winnowed down—'no tune, no timing, just the metallic rasp.' What persists is form itself, the villanelle, its rhymes and teeter-totting iambs becoming a frame for memory, even as it slips from the speaker's grasp. 'I let fall what I can't hold onto anymore, what was and isn't,' Hilberry writes. The question at the hub of these poems is the same one we all hold at our center: What endures, when the sensual life and its echo—memory—have retreated, when the past has been 'peeled to the bone'? The answer, enacted in this stunning, courageous collection, can only be poetry. Poetry lasts.

—Diane Seuss

//

// Elegant, sure, deceptively straightforward, Conrad Hilberry's poetry engages the biggest questions with rare grace, even curiosity. Grief is a familiar companion and while these are poems of relinquishing, not once do they lose sight of the larger landscape. They will break your heart then heal it.

—Gail Martin

//

Made in Michigan Writers Series