



Advance Praise

for *That That*

// Trust Mikolowski to say it right and tight like Creeley, Saroyan, Heraklitus, and Li Po.

—Andrei Codrescu, author of *The Poetry Lesson*

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// Mikolowski is a poetic trickster, using minimalism and humor to reveal the emperor without any clothes. His short poems are just the tip of a vision that is full of love for the world and all of its failures.

—Matthew Rohrer, author of *Surrounded by Friends*

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// Ken Mikolowski's poems, with their surgical precision and laserlike insights and breathtaking minimalist shifts, induce a wonderful whiplash in the reader. You read a line or two, and think you are ready to turn the page, until you have to stop, think, wait, go back, and see all the things that are there on the page that you almost missed. Mikolowski has a comedian's timing with a painter's eye and novelist's breadth and a philosopher's depth. This is a book you might read quickly, but the echoes and insinuations of which won't be finished with you for a very long time. This is poetry at the wittiest, wildest, sharpest edge of the art.

—Laura Kasischke, author of *The Infinitesimals* and *Eden Springs* (Wayne State University Press, 2010)

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// That *That* is a witty, crystalline long poem of aging and mortality, composed of Mikolowski's traditional short shorts. It makes you think it. You have to be in the words of it exactly, or you can't read it. You have totally to identify with those words as that, *That That*. That is its singular accomplishment, the singular word you become—art. Not that!

—Alice Notley

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