

Gloryland

by Anne Marie Macari

Anne Marie Macari's breath-taking second collection finds unapologetic revelation in the female body. *Gloryland* re-examines motherhood, death, birth, and rebirth, drawing on religious and secular creation myths to enact a feminist religion. Bold, rich lyrics reveal the grand in the domestic, claiming the physical as an essential part of the female experience, declaring that to live fully in the body is the truest, bravest and most glorious form of worship.

praise for *Gloryland*

"In her sumptuously visceral second collection, Macari (*Ivory Cradle*) invites readers into a world alive with women, where every 'you' and 'she' is an echo of another 'I.'"

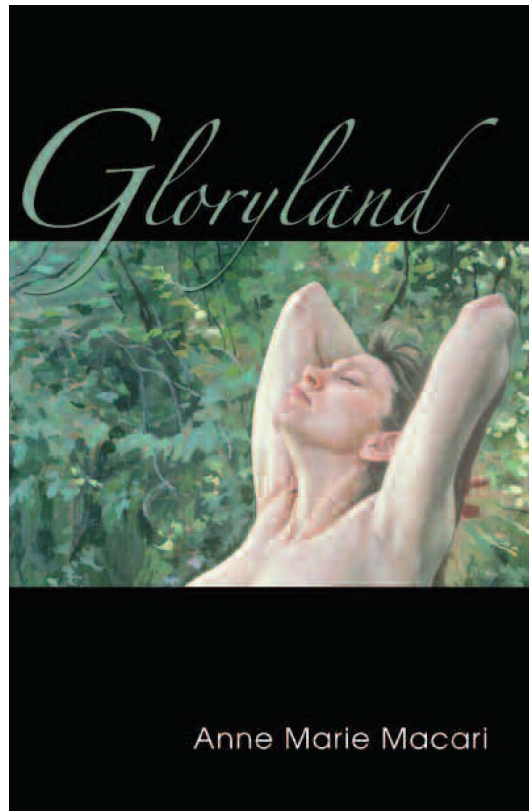
—*Publishers Weekly*

"from Eve to Mary to the poet's foremothers, immigrants who live in American tenements, Macari's language is never self-effacing, and her women are never regretful, even as they know they will suffer, even as they assess their losses"

—*Dragonfire*

Anne Marie Macari's powerful poems make poetic speech seem an utterly natural act. She is the latest ambassador of a great lineage of strong poets whose subject is blood-knowledge. Sexual without needing to be seductive, spiritual without being sentimental, tough and full-bodied, I like so very much the way the poems are always in hot pursuit of the serious mysteries (kinship, sex, mortality)—at once blind and deeply intelligent, pushing into the underbrush of knowing. *Gloryland* is a sensational collection."

—Tony Hoagland



Gloryland is a Ploughshares "Editor's Shelf" Selection

"This is what poetry does for me when it opens the self and enters the deep places, the sea bottom where our lonely islands are connected. It gives joy."

—Alicia Ostriker

Alice James Books titles are distributed to the trade by Consortium Book Sales & Distribution and Small Press Distribution. Individuals may order from the press directly. AJB was named for Alice James, sister of novelist Henry and philosopher William, whose fine journal and gift for writing went unrecognized within her lifetime. Alice James Books is affiliated with the University of Maine at Farmington.

poems from *Gloryland*

MARY'S BLOOD

It was Mary's blood made him, her blood
sieved through meaty placenta to feed him,
grow him, though Luke wrote she was no more
than the cup he was planted in, a virgin
no man ever pressed against or urged
who could barely catch eyes with the towering
angel but felt God come to her like light
through glass, like a fingerprint left on glass;
still, it's hard to believe she never wanted
to be rid of the thing inside her, wasn't
shamed carrying him, the child's
perfect head pointing at the ground
and rubbing her cervix like the round earth
rubbing the thin wall of the sky that holds it.
All women reach the time of wanting it out
but not wanting it out, not knowing
what's coming, so she must have spread
her legs in anguish because what was inside
pressing her membranes for release
was both herself and a stranger;
and she must have cried out
as the small head crowned,
splitting her, her pelvis swung
wide to push him through the wall
of this world, till what came from her
was a child lit with her own gore,
soiled, everything open so her inside
was now outside, cracked open, it means
mother to crack open, to be rent
by what comes to replace her. Such
is love—the only way. It was Mary's
blood made him: his eyes, tongue,
his penis, her milk fattened his legs,
made hair on the crown of his head,
she grew caul to wrap him and door
to come through and nothing, not even
crying Father, Father, to the warped
blue sky can change it.

BOOK ONE

Light *was* being, held by her own hands or
touched like water burning bare skin.
In the beginning meant learning to see: a thousand
kinds of green, the vine-crawl along rocks,
the groping mouths of flowers. In the beginning
all they knew was yes, so when the first *no*
settled quietly around the tree
they thought it birdsong, it took days or weeks
for them to even notice its echo
in the leaves, an absence really, the start of loss.
Later, when the suffering began, who could
she turn to and say: *I didn't ask to be born,*
squatting, the light separate and cold, distant
as God, and she, already, refusing to kneel.



ANNE MARIE MACARI'S first book, *Ivory Cradle*, won the APR/Honickman first book prize in 2000. Her poems have been published in many magazines, such as *TriQuarterly*, *The American Poetry Review*, *Five Points*, and *The Iowa Review*. Macari is on the core faculty of the New England College low residency MFA program.

Publicity & Events

Upcoming Events:

April 14: Reading: Alice James Books Fundraiser
(Washington, DC)

Readings:

Northshire Bookstore (Manchester, VT), Belfast Poetry Festival (Belfast, ME), Philadelphia Art Alliance (Philadelphia, PA), The Hudson Valley Writer's Center, with Kazim Ali (Sleepy Hollow, NY), AWP 2006 Annual Conference (Austin, TX), The Skaggit River Poetry Festival (La Conner, WA), Cody's Books, with Jane Mead (Berkeley CA), The Bitter End, with Jean Valentine and Frannie Lindsay (New York City, NY), The Dodge Poetry Festival (Stanhope, NJ), The Poetry Center at Smith College (Northampton, MA), Brookdale Community College (Lincroft, NJ)

Reviews/ Features

Publishers Weekly, *Ploughshares*, *Dragonfire*, *The Southeast Review*, www.fishhousepoems.org, *Kingdom Books*