

### AN ANATOMY OF THE NIGHT

by Clayton Eshleman

An Anatomy Of The Night by Clayton Eshleman is a magnificent new work by one of America's foremost poets. In thirty-one parts written between December 2010 and February 2011, Eshleman's long poem creates a choral effect that masterfully evokes fragments of candid observation shimmering in rhythmic intensity. In bold simplicities, illustrative sensibilities and lyrical integrity this work is imaginative, intimate and beautifully controlled. Hauntingly, these poems rip open the space of the long form poem and create something new and brilliant.

This fall Black Widow Press will publish a massive compendium of Clayton Eshleman's poetry, lectures, journals, prose poems, essays, reviews, notes, and a new Michaux translation, spanning some 45 years, called The Price of Experience. Eshleman's most recent publications include The Complete Poetry of César Vallejo (University of California Press, 2007), The Grindstone of Rapport / A Clayton Eshleman Reader (Black Widow Press, 2008), Anticline (Black Widow Press, 2010), Solar Throat Slashed (a translation of Aimé Césaire's Soleil cou coupé, with A. James Arnold, Wesleyan University Press, 2011), and Endure (a selected translations of Bei Dao, with Lucas Klein, Black Widow Press, 2011). Eshleman is the first poet to realize a huge, researched, and imaginative project, in prose and poetry, on Ice Age cave art: Juniper Fuse: Upper Paleolithic Imagination & the Construction of the Underworld (Wesleyan University Press, 2003). He was also the founder and editor of Caterpillar magazine (1967-1973) and Sulfur magazine (1981-2000). He continues to live with his wife Caryl in Ypsilanti, Michigan.

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What is the nature of the night?

Might it be the boundless destruction of existence in the origin of the universe?

Is it an infusion brewed of cosmic darkness, initially articulated by those shamans who, spanning the abyss of the Fall, reconnected, if only in vision, humankind with its animal matrix?

Is earth but a tear in mad Ophelia's mangled target eye as she crawls the Milky Way searching eternally for the right black hole in which to deposit the God-crisis in her being?

O light, you are oasis!

Descending / ascending, a plumb line through our minds, the *axis mundi* longings to connect that antlered shaman buried in ice with the morning stars all singing hosanna together.

Is there a basic dream?

An animal dives deep into primal waters, brings up earth...  
I tumble into a hole, turn my body into a womb; while in this cave I begin to daub its walls, out of my body  
I begin to make a world...