

Sister Satellite by Cathryn Cofell

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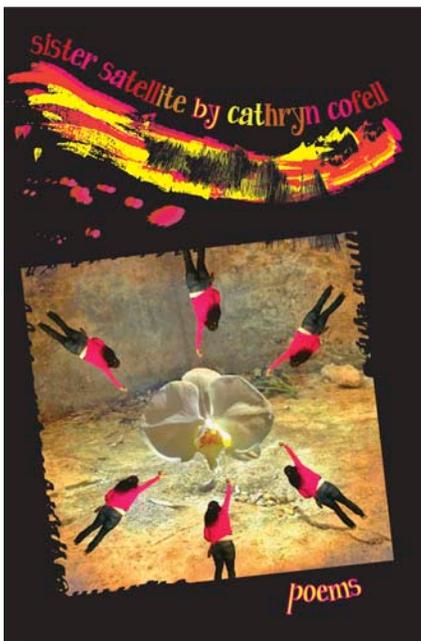
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"*Sister Satellite* has sass and snap, a fresh and entertaining voice, but it also wields a sharp edge, cutting deeper as it goes deeper. Sharper and deeper. Frankly feminist, Cofell's energetic, unconventional poems tell hard truths with wit and wide-open eyes." —Kelly Cherry, author of *The Retreats of Thought: Poems*

Appeal for Eclipse

Enough about the damn moon.
Bulimic bitch, four fits
of clothes, all that cellulite
and she still prances,
still tries
to light up the sky
when he wants only to be dark,
to be Johnny Cash and strum
the train ride right out of her.

Enough from the poets,
the artists, the astronomers.
Quit coveting her behind his back.
She needs to learn the ways
of a docile woman,
to be viewed askew
from inside a cardboard box,
her trashy peep show ass
puppeted from the earth,
strung up behind the sun
curtained by this ring of fire.



About *Sister Satellite*

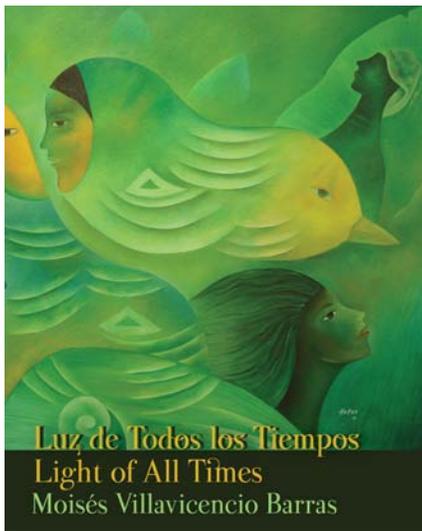
In *Sister Satellite* Cathryn Cofell writes with power and a hard-earned, wide-ranging scope. As poet Oliver de la Paz writes, "the language of Cofell's debut collection shimmers in amplitudes of love." Love, yes, but hers is an engaged love that won't let us go easily. Her poems provide an answer to the politics and pressures of our times, as Cofell wrests the microphone for herself, turns up the volume and the heat and writes about women's lives and bodies in lines which are funny, bold, defiant, angry and celebratory. Married love and unvoiced lust, pregnancy, miscarriage, adoption, abortion and aging all figure into the mix. And Cofell writes her version of the truth bravely. "The only hard part about the abortion / was getting the car to start," she tells us in the poem "Her Religion." She also writes movingly about families ("When I do arrive it will be coffee all day hot in the pot / spoiled milk in the fridge / twin beds bunk beds bags on the floor" from "Getting Home") and about just how fragile our time is on this planet. In Cofell's vision, even a brain tumor can bless us with new vision and tenderness: "I will stay. Here. / I will lay by my lay. / From the behind of my heart." As Kelly Cherry says, "Every woman should read this book. So should every man."

About the Author

Cathryn Cofell has published six chapbooks, most recently *Split Personality* with Karla Huston (sunnyoutside) and *Kamikaze Commotion* (Parallel Press). Her work appears in such places as the *New York Quarterly*, *North American Review*, *Oranges & Sardines*, *Prairie Schooner* and *Dirty Napkin* and has garnered numerous awards including the John Lehman Poetry Prize, the Wisconsin Academy Best Poem Award and multiple Pushcart nominations. You're likely to find her physically appearing in a Midwest bar or coffee shop, performing tracks from *Lip*, a CD of her poems set to the music of Obvious Dog. She's a tireless advocate for the power of poetry, including working with the governor to establish the Wisconsin Poet Laureate Commission in 2000 and serving as its founding Chair, with a repeat performance in 2012; serving on the board of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets; helping to launch and promote, among others, *Verse Wisconsin*, the Fox Cities Book Festival, the Foot of the Lake Poetry Collective, the WFOP Chapbook Prize and the Harmony Café Poetry Series. Visit cathryncofell.com for more information.

About the Publisher

Cowfeather Press is a project of *Verse Wisconsin*, versewisconsin.org, an independent, mission-driven, print & online magazine located in Madison, Wisconsin. Author audio and other supporting information is available at the website.



Luz de Todos los Tiempos / Light of All Times by Moisés Villavicencio Barras

Available June 2013 from Cowfeather Press.

\$15 (add \$3 shipping/handling for mail orders)

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About *Luz de Todos los Tiempos / Light of All Times*

In this bi-lingual collection of poems, *Luz de Todos los Tiempos / Light of All Times*, Mexican poet Moisés Villavicencio Barras explores the idea of crossing from a multitude of perspectives, and comes again and again from his various journeys, back to the central figures of his parents. This is a book of love and homage, as well as a tender but honest exploration of what it means to grow into adulthood and reconcile oneself with the past. Writing of his family and childhood in Mexico and also of his own children growing up in the Midwest, Villavicencio Barras has a strong sense of himself as survivor: "I am the one who still walks the prairies / inventing my self / speaking the language of things" he writes in "Ancestros"/ "Ancestors." Having lived now in Wisconsin for over ten years, Villavicencio Barras moves between languages and cultures, between the natural world and the city, between dreams, memories and the day's sharper delineations. As poet Roberta Hill puts it, "his self-reflective vision of living at once in the North and South awakens us to what is near, just outside the window, and to what is far, the jaguar in the ravine." Distance brings desire; as Wisconsin's Fourth Poet Laureate, Bruce Dethlefsen, acknowledges, these poems give us "a dark, familiar theater of heartfelt longing." And yet, the poet responds by finding gifts in the mundane, "like that small rainbow of car oil on the sidewalk."

About the Author

Moisés Villavicencio Barras is a Mexican poet, translator, fiction writer and co-founder of *Cantera Verde*, a magazine that has been one of the most significant literary publications in Mexico for the last twenty years. His first book of poetry *May among Voices* was published in 2001. His poetry has been selected for several Mexican anthologies, magazines and CD's. His children's book *Urarumo* (2005) was published and distributed by the Department of Education in Oaxaca, México. He received two writing fellowships through the National Commission for the Arts in Mexico (1993-1994 and 1996-1997). His poetry also has been published in the United States (*Verse Wisconsin, Beatitude Golden Anniversary*) and Canada (*Contemporary Verse 2*). His newest children's book *Tito, the Lost Bellybutton* was published in December, 2012, by the Department of Public Instruction of Oaxaca, Mexico. He has lived in Madison, Wisconsin, since 2001 and teaches second grade. Visit the author's blog at migrations2012.blogspot.com.

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Lavaplatos

Yo miraba las manos de mi madre
ir de a un lado a otro de los platos.
El limón se comía la grasa
y la ceniza el cochambre.
El agua sucia era
para los jazmines y los geranios.
Pensé muchas veces en sus raíces
retorciéndose como los intestinos de los gatos
atropellados en la noche de mi barrio.
Sordo escuché las quejas de mi madre
hacia los posillos de estrecha boca
y los vasos de plástico.
La vi sangrar lágrimas en monosílabos.
Mi padre me dijo mientras se afeitaba:
Los platos, los desperdicios y rosarios
son asuntos de mujeres.
Uno hace las cosas duras que le tocan al hombre:
Encontrar los yacimientos de peces,
masticar tabaco y tirar las redes.
Hoy yo también me quejo de la redondez
estúpida de los platos de tantos vasos
y de tantas tazas.

Dishwasher

I used to watch my mother's hands
going round and round on dinner plates.
Lemon ate grease and ashes grime,
filthy water fed jasmines and geraniums.
I often thought about their roots twisting
like the intestines of cats killed
at night in my barrio.
Deaf, I listened to my mother complain
about our glasses with narrow mouths
and our plastic mugs.
I saw her bleed tears in monosyllables.
My father said to me while he shaved:
Dishes, leftovers, and rosaries are women's business.
We men do the hard work:
Fishing, hunting and chewing tobacco.
Now I complain about the roundness of dishes,
so many cups, so many glasses.